

Poetry Series

Lauren Ruark
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lauren Ruark()

I am 18, I started writing poems in the 10th grade. I use poetry to express emotions and feelings that I can't express through 'normal life'.

I started cutting in the 7th grade, so most of my poems are about my personal life not just something I dreamt up or create out of no where. Each poem tells a different story about different times of my life.

Blood Type

The blood is gushing out
I don't know what I have done
you say it isn't right
but I wish it wasn't wrong
the blade keeps touching my wrist
I don't know what I have become
I wish I could just stop
but it's too late
the light has already come

Lauren Ruark

Even A Dead Rose Is Beautiful

'My best friend died in a car accident in June of 2009. This is a poem I wrote for her for all of us to remember the wonderful things she has done for all of us. We miss you Shauna Rose Kaufman' L.R

Thief of poets.

You speak and do as they do, but never come out the same.

Your heart is warm and firm as you open it to the world.

Your intriguing ways unite us as one even though we were not the same.

You are the light god sees at night shining above us all. You are the path we take when we are in need.

You were the one that changed the world. What you have put in us has already started to grow.

You never thought of the world as just one colour.

You saw things that no other person could describe.

You could sense things that only a nurturing person could sense.

Your colorful and warming personality will always stay with the ones you touched.

You may not know it but you have changed the world just by gifting everyone of us with your presence.

Lauren Ruark

House Of Secrets

Shh It's okay, it's okay
This is our
Dirty, little, secret

We're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
And I, I, I, don't feel pretty
Today

And there's a lady in a stable
Her daddy reads her fables
About the moon and his bride
He's in her room every night
And feeds upon a table
Of silken robes, an altar of stone
But the child is unable
To run run run
And flee his tower of babel
So blood blood blood
Slithers down her ankles

We're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
And I, I, I, don't feel pretty
Today

Come one, come all, witness the fall
Cry to the sky
Today we break away
Uprising
In the house of secrets
What happens here stays here, say nothing disappear
Uprising, what happens here stays here, uprising, say nothing disappear
Uprising

Locked away
In the chamber of hysterics
Here
In the house

Of secrets
In the house of secrets
I will tell you of loneliness
Shhhhh

Lauren Ruark

Maybe If I....

'For the love of my life. Desi. I am always here for you no matter what. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH'

Maybe if I slit my throat
Things would get better
No one would hurt
And pain would be ridden of
Maybe if I sat in silence
And sewed my lips shut
Someone would actually listen to me
For the first time in years
Maybe if I fell down the stairs
And my skull cracked open
My secrets would be easier to tell
I'd be easier to read
Maybe if I pretended I was dead
Someone would cry for me
Someone would bleed for me
But I highly doubt it
Maybe if I ran away
Someone would chase after me
But in the end
They'd just tell me I forgot my bag
Maybe if I shot myself
The bullet would penetrate my heart
And stop its cursed beating
It's annoying thumping
Maybe if I hurt myself
I would feel better
I would feel okay
I would feel alive
Maybe if I took my life
If I stopped my breathing
Ceased my heartbeat
I'd do something right for once.

Lauren Ruark

Milk Of Regret

Was I just your surrogate?
Was I just your revenge?
was I just your surrogate
was I just one more regret
Well I have no regrets yet
and I
have no regrets
You'll wish we never took this ride...
You make me do this, you make me do this, you make me
wish I was afraid of suicide,
Long ago before I died
We should never be this high
I wish I was afraid of suicide
Once was I, made of glass,
Long ago, before I cracked.
Once was I, made of glass,
Long ago
before I cracked
YOU MADE ME DO THIS
I just can't forget
The blood,
The stitches,
The bite marks,
The kisses,
The glass memories reflecting back
The suffocating black,
Ill milk of regret
Just smile and pretend
it never mattered anyway
smile and pretend
we never mattered anyway
You'll wish we never took this..
I'm starving,
I'm starving,
I'm starving for affection
Your heart is made of ash
you were just a phase to me,
A sacrificial lamb
Rejection, Revenge

Deception, Damaged
I might be going down in flames,
But you will burn with me
You'll wish we never took this ride
I just can't forget
The blood,
The stitches,
The bite marks,
The kisses,
The glass memories reflecting back
a suffocating black,
Ill milk of regret
just smile and pretend
we never mattered anyway
No one will know
This is the perfect place
To hide the crime and burn the remains...
I was so naive
I refused to feed
Waiting for you to nourish me
I was so naive
I refused to feed
Waiting for you.
LIKE A LOVESICK ANOREXIC
I just can't forget
The love you twisted
The lies you enlisted
to kill us quietly & beat me down
I hope you drown in this milk of regret
I WON'T FORGET
I'll help you drown while you're world is burning down
I'll help you drown while you're world is burning down
The whole world is burning
Your whole world is burning
Your whole world is burning
Your whole world is burning down

Lauren Ruark

My Autopsy

Open wide, look inside
Open wide, look inside
At my autopsy
I feel like
A woman
I feel like
I care
I feel like
I shouldn't
I feel like a child
Of despair
I feel like
It's over
I feel like it's coming
After me
I feel like
It's closer
I feel like this is all I'll ever be
I feel like
A failure
I feel like a hungry
Parasite
I feel like
A razor
I feel like a prayer
Lost in flight
I feel like
I'm hopeless
I'm afraid I'm a slave, I'm weak and average
I'm afraid I'm a slave, I'm weak and average
I feel like
A hammer
I feel like
A nail
I feel like
I'm guilty
I feel like the wrist that it impales
I feel like
A butcher

I feel like
I'm being deceived
I feel like a beautiful loser
I feel like all you sheep
Are laughing at me
Open wide, look inside, at my autopsy
My autopsy
I feel like a complete waste of time
I feel I'm
Transparent
I feel like I can't
Escape my mind

Lauren Ruark

Orange

Orange is the color
of my blood which runs through
onto my skin.

I lay on what use to be a tree.
Something glistens and catches
your attention.

You hope it will not,
though,

you already know
what has been done.

Leaves shuffle your hair.

Looking down on you is not bad,
looking up would be better.

Your knees drop,
your head bows,
your admitting defeat.

Stars fall from your face.

Lauren Ruark

Pleasure

A pathetic statement reaches my lips,
I swallow it down, bit by bit.
I bite my tongue so they won't know,
The stories I have left untold.

The pain sends me into ecstasy,
they've taken everything else from me.
The blade is always there,
to lift agony that I bare.

The razor is my only friend,
It's always there in the end.
It doesn't laugh, taunt, or tease,
It's only use is to please.

Lauren Ruark

Reflection

I have a thousand scars on my body.
You ask what's wrong.
My body cringes at the sweetness of your tone.
Is this really happening?
Is this what I need?
My mind swirls, my body rejects.
I come back, a thousand more marks to count.
The pain grows more intense.
Inside, I can't escape.
Your voice grows fainter and fainter as my body still rejects.
I want to call for help, I want to scream bloody murder, but not even a mumble
comes out.
The darkness creeps closer.
There is sharpness in my wrist.
Dark red runs through my mind.
DO IT! DO IT!
My arms are screaming.
You grab my hand away and fall to the floor.
I fall into your lap.
My eyes run wet as yours do too.
You hold me tight.
The darkness stops consuming.

Lauren Ruark

Stain On The Earth

I sit in the floor.
My fingers rub across cold metal.
Thoughts are running through my head.
Memories, memories I don't want to remember any more.
Can any one help me?
Is there any other way?
The metal carves across my wrist.
No fire.
My mind shocked, more stripes appear.
The sweet smell of success invades the room, but the marks keep appearing.
My mind races.
Am I addicted?
I can't be.
STOP! STOP!
My hand twitches, a click on the floor.
Air flows through my body more than ever now.
A dropp to the floor reveals true works.
The torturing finally ends

Lauren Ruark

Stories

Tears in my eyes
my fears alive
dreams were lost
hopes were dry
all alone
breaking of my heart
no longer wanting to be alive
to play my part
my family hadn't a care for me
my friends barley spoke a word to me
I feel left out
not a soul cared that I exist
and was actually there
but as times flew by, memory of me
disappears.

Lauren Ruark

Suicide Trees

I spent my
whole life
In love with despair
Kept my lungs full
With the breath of thier
Mute atmosphere
I became
What I hate
And thus
Shall I remain
To give birth to a
Mighty assasin
Armed with a weapon of words
To defy the lies
To never compromise
No
Today
My name
Is pain
I stood
Beyond the world
Whispering secret syllables in the
Eyeless dark
Dancing wildly
Round and round on the rotting ground
Surrounded by the dead dusts of hell
This is how I delet myself
And this is how I corrupt
Everyone else
Obey
Betray
You are not unique
You do not need to think
Take it
I will
You succumb
So nicely
Like an insect staring back
Like a dying dove

My love

So here we are again
The sheets are stained and bloodied
The animals scratch at my skin
Here we are again
My face is scraped and bloodied
I've nothing left to give

I wasn't there
I'm not involved
I'm innocent
It's not my fault
I wasn't there, I'm not involved, I'm innocent, It's not my fault
Here in the suicide trees

No, bloody, bloody, bloody
Murder
Among the excitement of my sins
It's not happening

So here we are again
In secret ceremonies
Changing shape, amen
Here we are again
Pretending not to notice
The illness sneaking in

I wasn't there
I'm not involved
I'm innocent
It's not my fault
I wasn't there, I'm not involved, I'm innocent, It's not my fault
Here in the suicide trees

Toil and labor, hate your neighbor, faith in favor, obey
Obey
Here I do as I please, obey, here in the suicide trees, obey
Hate your neighbor
Scratch at my skin
It's not happening until fade out

Tortured

and i was like 13
and it was a Sunday morning i think
and
i think both my parents were still asleep
i remember
i was gonna play sick so i wouldn't have to go to church that day
(don't stop)
(don't stop)
and i turned over
and there he was
(my beloved)
(my beloved)
holding a pillow
he smelled of sweat & regret
and he said....
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Lauren Ruark

What She Does

As tears run down her face,
she realized she's made a mistake.
An utter suffocation,
she's trying to hold on.
But the pain,
the pain's too strong.
The bloods running down her wrist
Her eyes are going shut
but she's trying to hold on
while voices in her head are saying
something is going wrong.
She doesn't know where she is or even why
she did it.
It started with a razor and a few little cuts.
But became addictive and she cut too much.
Now she's lying on her bed,
wishing she could go back.
As the world disappears and everything goes
black.

Lauren Ruark