

Poetry Series

**Miss Velvet**  
**- poems -**



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Miss Velvet()



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# My Blood, My Flesh, I Am Still Bleeding.

I lay there with a half-open wound on my head.

Bleeding, while you said that it will pass as soon as it runs empty.

Your words hurt me more than the wound itself.

Knowing that you always think like this killed me while time passed.

My blood, my flesh, why this?

I will eat my own heart and brain, just so you can see that I indeed exist.

I will carve my skin as deep as you want me to, but seeing you feel something for me, would make me feel much more than all this pain.

My flesh and blood, your warmth keeps me alive but it does not nourish me.

I died and my whole blood is drained out.

But it never really passed on like you said.

In my death I am still bleeding.

Miss Velvet

## Be My;

Be the grass, that fills my lungs with it's scent.

Be the butterfly, that greets, with its colored bly.

Be the sun, that kiss my eyes,

Be the flower, between my fingers, it gently lies.

Be the spring water, that nourishes my skin,

Be the birds, that awake me in the morning and sing.

Miss Velvet



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# The Real Problem

The real problem is not that I left you to ignore you,  
or entirely vanish from your life.

It's because you want to stay,  
just to see me suffer and endure all the pain you inflicted me with your selfish  
ideas.

You see me crumble completely, losing my mental state, to the limit where I am  
on the edge of cutting all the lines...

And here you are, crying that you miss me, but all you are missing is someone  
who took your pain away.

You live your life, again, like nothing happened.

You ask me, why I run away and hide.

This time I am crying.

I simply cannot win and it doesn't matter how many times I try and how loud I  
scream,  
no one is on my side.

I sacrificed everything just to get all the scars and being called the lunatic one.

I don't know how to love anymore,  
to taste,  
to feel,  
to smell,  
to touch,  
to cry,  
to eat,  
to laugh,  
to think...

It doesn't matter anymore.

It really doesn't....

You won.

Miss Velvet

# Everything Seems Cold

The rains seem colder. The sun shines less. Your last kisses faded on my skin.  
And I still sit here, waiting, thinking if this was all in my head.

Miss Velvet



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