

Poetry Series

**misty sa...**  
**- poems -**

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## misty sa...(5-28-91)

i like the color black..... alot of people thinks im emo..... i dont smile or laugh much..... i like to have fun with my friends..... this year is the worst year of my life people that i care about have died and my good friend might have to have heart surgary and other things.....

# A Messed Up Poem! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Just Read It And U Will C..... Read It Up And Down And Compare They R One Of The Same.....

dead im now, happy im now says she  
light a then around all darkness sees she  
care you dont, see you cant says  
everyone to up walks she  
hands her down running blood  
slice slice  
wrists her to blade the puts she  
around everyone to invisible is she  
her hears one no  
her sees one no  
halls the walks she

the real poem:

she walks the halls  
no one sees her  
no one hears her  
she is invisible to everyone around  
she puts the blade to her wrists  
slice slice  
blood running down her hands  
she walks up to everyone  
says cant you see, dont you care  
she sees darkness all around then a light  
she says now im happy, now im dead!

misty sa...

# Because Of Drugs, They Took You Away From Me..

why did you have to leave  
leave me here in this world  
a world with confusion and pain  
your in my mind and thoughts  
every moment and every single day  
you haunt my thoughts  
i see you in the shadows  
i miss you so much  
it hurts to remember  
the promis i made to you and broke  
to remember your funeral and every thing  
your gone in a flash  
you were fine when i seen you that morning  
you werent messed up or high  
than your gone because of drugs that night  
i know i could have saved you  
by a few words, 'me or drugs'  
but i didnt want to loose you  
by you picking drugs over me but  
now i live in regret.....

misty sa...

# Remember Me! ! ! !

i used to be able to talk to you  
but now i cant  
i cant say wats going on with me  
or how much you hurt me now i have to depend on something else  
to make me feel better  
so i put the blade to my wrist and  
slice open my arm again and again  
so remember how i used to be  
or the next memory will be mu death! ! ! !

misty sa...

# Why? ? ? ?

why do people shut down when they find out about me  
when they find out wat i do  
how i handle things  
why do people act like everything is fine with me  
when they know its not  
why do people look me in the eye and just ignore wat they see  
when they see is pain and hurt  
why do people find out wat happened to me  
than stop talkin to me  
why do people judge me before they know me  
when they call me emo and goth  
why do people.....  
i just want to know why? ? ? ?

misty sa...