

Poetry Series

**Muriel emerson**  
**- poems -**

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## Muriel emerson()

i write it because it is how i feel don't like it then they can leave me alone most of these poems are about desiree gray i have many more

# Cold Blood

I sit in this pitiful thing we call earth  
Surrounded by doubts  
Surrounded by the past  
By fear  
By all the things that leave me alone in this room  
Sharp knives coming from all angles  
Stabbing my skin  
Piercing my soul  
Until there is nothing left to be killed  
But the lifeless body lying in cold blood

Muriel emerson

# Confessions Of A Cutter

This blade glides across my wrist  
Back and forth  
Back and forth  
Blood spilling onto the rough carpet beneath me  
Will today be the day I get the courage  
The courage to end the misery  
That some call my life  
The courage not to go back and forth  
But up and down  
Watch more blood  
Blue lifeless blood spill from my icy veins  
That icy veins lead to a cold heart  
But if I am so cold where did this blood spill from?  
Maybe once it left my vein it got warmer  
Only to be rushed by gravity to a lifeless floor  
That will show it no more mercy than I will  
I tell myself I am ashamed of what I am doing  
This is my last time  
But there is no last time  
It is an addiction  
Once you start it is hard to stop  
All you think about is cutting  
That feeling of release  
That you can't seem to find in anything else  
For that moment all your troubles  
All your worries are spilling out of your body onto the floor  
You lie to everyone around you telling them I can stop whenever I want  
But knowing you will never stop  
You hope that tomorrow you won't wake up from this nightmare  
You like the feel of this cold blood  
These are the confessions of a true cutter  
But that is not who I want to be anymore  
But just like any real cutter I don't know how to stop

Muriel emerson

# How Do I Love

I look in the mirror  
Wishing to see nothing at all  
Hoping for the day someone will love me  
Hoping for the day i care  
Hoping i wake up  
And no fake Friends are there  
I wasted all my time with them  
I use to think the world of them  
Acussing me of doing wrong  
When they messed it all up  
I lost respect for them  
and myself  
looking in the mirror and see what they saw  
Fat and dumb  
I want to love  
but now I realize in order to love someone else  
I must love myself for me

Muriel emerson

# My New Life

Sometimes in order to live  
We must be willing to die  
In order to die you must be living in this world we created  
No respect  
We revolve around money  
Poor  
Resession  
The rich and famous  
I want to live another life  
but my old life must die first  
Get rid of these scars  
quit my old ways  
loose weight  
and unlike all of you my world won't revolve around money  
in order to live this life i must Die

Muriel emerson

# Nothing But A Lie

I want to be someone else  
I want to live another life  
To forget the past  
And move forward  
But a heavy cloud holds me down  
Forbidding me to move on  
Reminding me everyone I loved has left  
Or died  
He seems different  
But inside he is still the same  
You can tell me that you care  
But I don't see it  
You can tell me that your never going to leave me  
But I don't believe  
You can look into my eyes and pretend all you want  
But I know your nothing but a lie

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# The Beginning Of My New Story

## Chapter one

### Provoking it

This war started long before Jesus Christ, before modern science, before pictures, before modern schools, modern countries, before humans figured out how to make clothes, and before all magic and alchemy was pushed out of human's vocabulary. This war started as a small feud about something called a philosophers stone, this stone was said to help you make modern metals into silver or gold but only few knew how to make the philosophers stone and everyone else wanted to know how to make it. The few that knew how to make it refused to show anyone else and thus a small feud was started. For years and years this war went on and it only got worse when a book called the codex was made. The codex is a book written by Abraham the Mage and is said to hold the secrets of immortality. The book usually hid in plain sight of everyone but no one knew exactly what it looked like, the same person usually never held by the same person for too long, and usually when people got the Codex they would go into hiding to avoid any conflict until Nicholas Flamel came along.

Nicholas Flamel was born in thirteen thirty three and everyone knew he was going to be trouble. He was the next chosen one to handle the Codex.

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