

Poetry Series

**Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice
Williams
- poems -**

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Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams(30/11/1994)

Am I Right?

It's the middle of the night.
As always.
Thoughts are running around my head.
As always.
You're in there.
As always.

I take deep breaths.
Breaths.
Am I doing the right thing?
Things?
Is being with you ok?
Really ok?

I love people.
More than just platonic.
They're all my lovers in my head.

Is being with you right?
Am I doing the right thing?
Things?

I love you all so much.
You're all the things I need.
I'd die if I lost you.
Any of you.
Just takes one.
To break my heart again.

Can a heart love this way?
More than once?
Obvious can.
Am I doing the right thing?
Things?

Marry me?
Yes...
Well, what about the others?
Marry me?

Now I don't know.
NOW I'm confused.

Am I doing the right thing?
Things?

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Blow Me A Kiss

Oh, my sweet love.
That one kiss we shared.
It wasn't meant to be, really.
but that kiss, my sweet dove..

It gave me tingles.
It felt wrong.
It felt right.
I quivered and shook, and got the wriggles.

Was it from fear?
Enjoyment?
Guilty?
I felt as delicate as a doe, dear.

Blow me another kiss.
Send me another.
Or better yet, take my tongue, like before.
Something I never want to miss.

There was a spark there.
For me, there was.
For you, there wasn't.
It's hard to bare.

How can I call you love?
It was one kiss.
You're with another, as am I..
But, oh, my sweet dove.

Blow me, just one more kiss...
I promise I won't miss.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Broken

Things were hard.
You broke me.
I'm not your toy anymore.
Just because our love changed at the end,
Just because our love began to bend,
Just because I started to love another,
Just because the one who told me was my brother,
Mean nothing.

You hurt me.
You broke me.
You ripped me apart.
You broke down every wall I had,
Burnt every bridge that you thought was 'bad',
Used all that was good in me,
changed me from what I used to be,
You fucking asshole.

I can't get back to normal.
Normal, I can't remember.
I will get stronger.
It'll take time,
It'll might take another man and me to dine,
It'll be me taking baby steps all over again,
It'll be great, once I do, and when,
I'll be better than you'll ever be.

Don't hold your breathe.
We're never getting back together.
As much as it hurts, just no.
Go, leave me alone,
No longer a thing for you to condone,
Go, don't even bother talking to me,
Leave me be.

You may have broken me, but I'm still better than you.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Damn Right

Damn right I'm a bitch, you know why?
I'm a female dog ready to bear my teeth at the world.
I wanted to be non-binary, but I got told by others I was a bitch...
So yeah, I'm a bitch.

I'm a female dog ready to maul my way through the injustices in this world.

Damn right I'm a bitch!
I'm a female dog protecting her pups from harm, going for the throat of all who threaten my self-worth.

Damn right I'm a bitch!
I'm a female dog that gets fucked, either by life, or others, then has no choice but to deal with the consequences.

Damn right I'm a bitch!
I'm ready to bare my teeth at the world.

So if you see me smiling a full smile, it's not because I'm happy, it's because I'm a fucking bitch. And I'm a promise, not just a threat.

Damn right I'm a bitch!
Female from birth, but otherwise a non-conforming entity that will not be put down.

Damn right I'm a bitch!
Barking, snarling, biting, clawing, howling. Woof.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Drowning

It's not easy y'know..

Looking inside to think that there's something in there.. hiding away..Just waiting for you to fall.

All it'll take is a few more blows..

It'll get what it wants. I can feel it inside. Digging away at it all.I'm trying. I'm not just sitting here sulking.

But you took things the wrong way, I didn't want to argue.

I still don't. It makes me shake, like it feeds the thing lurking.

I found out why I'm like this. It took time..hours of sitting on a pew.

I'll build it up, but it can't happen just like that.

Though I can't let you down. This is something I promise.

I'll burn this thing out like it's a rat.

Only if i have to. I'm so used to it now.. It's apart of me.

I do love you, more than earth.

Heaven can wait..

And the Devil is scared of me.. Or will be.

I'm sorry for being so stupid for so long.

Can you at least.. still love me too?

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Forever

We got so close.
Even naked.
Under the sheets, breathing heavily.
You said no, just holding me.
We can't hurt each other.
It's too soon.
You have a baby soon.
Even still.. I think about you at night, holding my pillow to me chest like you held me to yours.
My heart dies a little more each time.

We're only friend.
We're only friends that look longingly at each other and wish to kiss each other.
It's not fair..
Kiss me again, just once, tell me it's the last one and kiss me forever..
I beg.
I shouldn't be so attached, but.. You..
You..
Hold me, kiss me, love me.
I beg you.
Forever.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Hanging On By A Thread.

Hanging on by a thread,
Like a wheel running out of tread.

I'd sleep, but I'm scared of all the thoughts I'd meet.

Hanging on by a thread,
Would I be better off dead?

I don't know.
Some days, yes.
Some day, no.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Here In Your Arms

I get this strangest tingle at night.
Not one you're thinking..
Just a tingle. Like a kiss or a love bite.
Just something small, almost like blinking.

Then it gets better.
Arms around my waist, kisses on my shoulder.
Sweet nothings in my ear, like a whispered love letter.
Strokes along my side, a soft hand over my stomach boulder.

As I wake,
Arms disappear, kisses waste away.
Sweet nothings are nothing, kept at bay.
Warm soft feelings melt away into my empty bed, as if faked.

My empty shell moves out of my bed, hopeless, and lost.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

How Can You See Me As Beautiful?

How can you see me as beautiful?

How can anyone?

You're eyes are obviously covered by wool.

What I really look like, is different to what you see, it's a con..

You look at me like I'm your angel,

I'm not, I'm ugly underneath this skin.

My soul is one large empty well,

It's sucked you in, I appear to win..

I don't. Love is not a game to be played.

I love you, more than anyone knows.

There's even things I think I don't know about you, but those things can't be weighed.

People tell me my love is false, but they're nothing but crows..

My heart is yours,

My soul, your toy.

No matter what the laws,

I hope to bring you nothing but joy.

Deep inside, I'm a monster.

How can you love me?

How can you see me as beautiful? I'm a monster.

But if you want to love me, so let it be.

I love you.. dear angel..

Take my sin away, my saint,

God gave me an angel.

I will love you, even if your heart does taint.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

How I've Grown

How I've grown.
How I've grown to love this thing inside me.
It's strange, we hate each other.
And yet.. And yet.

I dream of us talking.
Her holding my hand, stroking my hair.
This a new game?
This something to trick me?

She's wanted 'out' from the start.
Does she want me to let her?
But.. If I love her, why would I?
If this is a new game, she loses either way.

I'm confused.
She mothers me now.
She knows we're both beaten.
She knows we're both bruised.

The bruises make for better conversation.
Has she finally given in?
My pain is still there.
It's hard to give up, when your habit is fighting.

But.. Even then..

How I've grown.
How I've grown to love this thing inside me.
It's strange, we hate each other.
And yet.. And yet.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

I Am A Fire

I am a fire, that burns so bright, I am blinding.

I am a fire, that flares up so strong, then dims down to embers.

I am a fire, that lights up those around me until we all burn out.

I am a fire, that bellows out smoke and chokes out the night sky.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

I Regret

I regret.

I regret the person you used to be.

Not for the good times,

But for the time you were that good person.

Oh, how I weep for the person you used to be!

What would you say now?

Well, you'd call yourself an asshole! That's for damn sure.

You'd punch yourself. You'd damn near kill your new self.

If only you could see,

What you've done to me.

If only you could imagine what you would have done to you, too.

I tried.

Truly, with all my heart.

I wanted it to be perfect.

I wanted it to work.

I wanted to fix you.

But you weren't broken,

Not until you became what you were.

I'm so sorry, old you.

I tried to stop it.

Your corruption has spread to me.

I will fight it!

I won't break like you.

If I do, I'll be sure to join you on that darkened horizon.

Until then, I'll weep.

I'll weep for the old you.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Inside Out

What is it?

What do you think it is?

Inside what?

Outside what?

We're inside the universe,
so what's outside that?

We're inside our own skin,
so what's outside that?

We're inside organs.
We're inside blood and muscles,
and more.
But what's inside that?

What is inside emotional stress?
What is inside our brains?
Our hearts?
A soul?

So then what is a soul?
What are we?

What would we all be, if we were...
Inside Out.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Listen

Listening.

It's the hardest thing for the human to do.
Saying you're a good listener means nothing.
At least, these days.

Though it's an art form in itself.

It's not what we hear.

It's what we listen to.

Common sense should tell you what to do with that information.

Human evolution has taken away common sense.

So what now?

You're here to listen to me.

That's lovely.

But then what?

What will you do then?

Pity me?

Hold me?

Lie that everything will be alright?

Listening.

It's the hardest thing for the human to do.

Why?

Because you only hear, never truly listen.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Memories

I remember a few things.
Not a lot.
But a few.
The things we used to do.
All three of us.
Power of three,
mad as could be.

You taught me to talk.
He taught me to be a princess.
You taught me to stand on my own two feet.
He taught me to balance.
You both, taught me almost everything.

Almost.

I can't drive past your house.
It's just too much.
Too Many.
Too Many Memories.

The way you cooked.
The way we all laughed.
The way the birds chirped in the background.
And the dog's at our feet.
The way you two spilt..

You thought I didn't notice. Didn't you?
You thought I didn't hear the arguments you had.
Or you crying at night.
But it's alright. I may have been young, but I understood.
You loved each other. Just not.. together.

Still stung.
Still does.
Bullet ants have nothing on this feeling inside.
Bullets can't hurt me.
Losing you two hurt worse.

You were apart.
But we all stayed happy.
I was still princess.
Princess of you both.
Queen of nothing.

Years went by.
He died first.
I tried to die with him.
Even though you didn't know..
You were there.
You helped me.

Now you're not either.
I shan't try this time.
I know you still have things planned for me.
The power of three,
we shan't die..
Shall we? ...

Sweet dreams to you both.
Sweet dreams like you gave me.
A kiss on the forehead.
A strong hug goodnight.
A long drone of the heart monitor..
Dying..
dying out..

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Name It?

Huh?

Name it?

Name the thing that is my depression?

The thing I'd like to burn away?

Name it?

'Well, cancer patients often name their 'lump' to help them cope? '

Isn't this different?

This is me...

The thing at my very root, causing me hell.

Name it?

It doesn't deserve a name.

It's not good enough for a name.

I'm not good enough for my own name.

Why should it get a name?

Name it?

NAME it?

I don't understand..

I'm confused.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Pictures Of You

My angel.
My guardian.
My hope.
Your picture..
It's nothing like you.
Doesn't show YOU.

Appearances aren't everything.
Not to me.
Not for you.
You were perfect.
Fat, thin, sick, well.
Perfect.
A perfection I can't find again.

You died.
I lost.
I loved.
You died..
How the heart bleeds.
But it doesn't bleed perfection, like you.
Bleeds out of a weak human.
A weak no body, if human at all.

This time last year, you were here.
Sick.
But here.
Cancer took you away.
The cancer wasn't worth you.
Wasn't as perfect as you.
It ruined you.
It ruined us.

Your angel.
Your carer.
Your hope.
You grand child..
Broken, and alone.

Pull

Pull pain from my feet.
Pull weakness from my ankles.
Pull pins and needles from my thighs.
Pull lust from my lions.

Pull disgust from my stomach.
Pull precious air from my lungs.
Pull sweet love from my heart.
Pull strength from my shoulders.

Pull sense from my mouth.
Pull peace from my nose.
Pull emotions from my eyes.
Pull my soul out of my brain.

For without you, all of my gifts and talents seem like devil's work and not God's gifts.

For without you, all the struggle to get to where you are means nothing.

For without you, I lose the best friend I always wished to have.

I love you.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Spiriling

I'm shopping for things I don't need,
with money I don't have.
To impress a broken society,
so my life may have some sort of value.

Playing games for pseudo achievements,
posting on social media for fake attention.
Calling on people to fix my minor needs,
so my life may have some sort of purpose.

Eating food that tastes good, but is bad for me,
drinking drinks that taste good, but rot me.
Swallowing drugs that taste horrible, but sedate me,
so my life may be somewhat bareable.

All in all, I am my own worst enemy.
No way forward or backwards. Just side stepping.
Jumping from meaningless chores to even more meaningless opportunities,
So my life may not be as much of a waste, as I feel it is.

Give me purpose, give me work.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Ssdd

Same shit, different day.
Over and over again.
Over and over again.
1,2,3. Tick tock, over again.
Brain hurts, Eyes hurt. Where are my meds now?

Shaking cold. Swallow it all down. Can't cut it out.
Broken, make it break.
Make the screaming stop.
Get out of my head.

Before it take you too. Choke the light. Turn it off.
I can't protect you. Or her. Make it stop..
Just let the screaming stop..

Change the days. Make them different again. Give me something new.
Don't let me drown in this.

Its getting worse.
The buzzing is getting louder. Pain in my ears.
I rock myself back and forth. I hold my head.

One minute you're told not to bottle things up, don't let it get worse inside you...
Then you get screamed at, to hold it in, you're a bad person... you need to learn
to keep it in.

So which is it?

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Taptap.

Computers.
They can hold a whole life.
Tap.

Phones.
They connect our lives.
Tap.

We're obsessed with connection.
TapTap.

Click click. Tap tap. Bleep bleep.

We lived without them before.
Now we can't.
Tap.

We need to feel connected.
We need togetherness.
Tap.

We're human, it's natural.
We need communities.
Tap.

We need reassurance through status comments.
Pictures.
Likes.
Love.
More statuses.
Tap.

Click click. Tap tap. Bleep bleep.

We're obsessed.
I'm obsessed.
I feel alone.
Connection is what I need.
Connection is what I get.

Tap.

Friends.

Family.

Partners.

Jobs.

Tap.

We need it all.

Work it harder, make it better, do it harder. Makes us stronger.

Does it?

Tap.

Click click. Tap tap. Bleep bleep.

Connect with me?

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Trying

Everything I do is wrong.
Everything I try do to, is wrong.
I try my best, honest.
I work hard, I promise.
My best just isn't good enough, obviously.

I do everything I can.
I do everything I can't.
I bend over backwards.
I break my back.
I cry in agony but still keep going.
My best isn't good enough, obviously.

Everything I do seems pointless.
Everything I do never works.
I can't cope.
I need help.
help me?

I try my best, honest.
I work hard, I promise.
I really need the help, honest.
I won't let you down, I promise.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Victoria Elizabeth Smith (30th September 2011,10.43pm)

I held my breath and opened my eyes to look into the mirror.
I was scared, it was the first time doing this since you left.
I didn't look right, I didn't look like any kind of winner.
It was look the light from my eyes and soul had also left.
It wasn't that surprising. I just lost my kin.

I couldn't cry when you went away.
Had to keep all those emotions at bay.
I had to stay strong, everyone else needed me today.
Though seeing you there, the way you lay...
My heart broke, in every single type of way.

My breathing stopped, I plainly just forgot how.
The tears fell and my strong exterior fell to pieces.
I promised myself I wouldn't, but wow.
It happened so fast, I didn't even have time to catch the pieces.

You were the guiding light I grew up with.
You were the angel I depended on.
I took you for granted, so God took away all that he did give.

But it's not all tears, Nan, as there is one thing I've come to realize.
I still have your eyes..

Nothing has been right since you left.
Can't find the will to do anything, so I've ended up mostly alone
Don't feel like being my best..
What is that anyway? I'm not all that good. I've felt so...On my own.

Where are you?
Can you even hear me any more?
I used to love it when I was you baby to tickle and coo.
God took you, and..atleast for me, closed that door.

You forgive me, right?
You taught me so much, but I think I've lost the will to fight.

Night night Nanny. Sweet dreams.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

Welcome To The Mad House

Being mad, it's fun.
I'm mad, you better run.
Being mad, it's wonderful.
I'm mad, you will too fall.
Being mad, what a joy!

I sit here, alone, in the dark.
And here's me thinking, 'Boy, what a lark! '
This is nothing compared to what's inside my head.
Why don't you lay me to rest, or to bed?

Being mad, it's simple.
I'm mad, and you have dimples.
Being mad, it's scary.
I'm mad, you better be wary.
Being mad, it's terrible!

My straight jacket drawn in tight.
I don't know why, I always get out at night.
My eyes burn at the door.
What is the true sense of law?

Being mad, it's boring.
I'm mad, but I am alluring.
Being mad, it's depressing.
I'm mad, I'm not oppressing.

You look at me like something, I can't tell what.
Is it a good thing? Or are all your eyes set to robot?
Or is it that you're amazed that I got this far?
Well I haven't, not without someone else's help so far.

Being mad, I wonder if half of the things I see exist.
I'm mad, I sit here, writing things like this.
Being mad, or am I the only normal one?
I'm mad, loving this strange bond.

You want to talk to someone that's not mad do you? Well, sorry dear, but...
Everybody's mad here :)

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

What You Don'T Do.

I wake up in the morning in a bit of a rush.
Bright red cheeks, full of blush.
I expect to see you, so I look my best.
But then the rain hits, but none the less.
I sit in my seat ready and waiting.
You never show. But I'm still waiting.

I expect you to notice me.
But you don't.
I expect you to notice I've tried to be as pretty as can be.
But you don't.
I expect a hug and a kiss, and love from you.
But you, don't.

We barely talk anymore.
You just look at me and smile.
Am I still something you adore?
Or did that only last for a while?
I'm bad at this.
I just wish I was the woman you miss..

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams

You..

You and I.
Til the day we die..
We need to let sleeping dogs lie.
Anything is better than goodbye.

I waste away.
Not in weight, but in soul.
I did everything, for you to stay.
Life is just something we can not control.

Watching, waiting.
When will everyone else forget?
Would it even matter if they did?
Probably not, all we know is, this can not be reset.

Then you hurt me again.
Slash through my remaining soul so I no longer feel.
Your existence has become my life's bane.
This was not our deal....

Curse to love, too broken to breathe.
I'll drown in my sea of tears.
My newfound hatred will seethe.
I pray, your ugly head, will never re-rear.

Natasha Elizabeth Beatrice Williams