

Poetry Series

Rachel Weaver
- poems -

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Rachel Weaver(11/13/90)

My name is Rachel Weaver and I've been writing since I was nine years old. Journals and poetry. Here are some of my more recent works..the picture is an edited picture of myself that I made in psp.

A Ghazal

In eight lines I could explain my life
I dont want to thou

He is up on a cloud watching
'Sorry little brother I try not to do this often'

The water is so cold
And the wine bittersweet

You were so alive
Fireflys in your eyes

I'm a fetus still moving
They dont know what in hell they are doing

Rachel Weaver

An Epigram On Living

I haven't started living but I'm ready to go
All I've learned has been stuff I don't want to know

Please grab my hand
Take me to your opium wonderland

Rachel Weaver

Brandyn

Your my heroine, one taste and I want more
I'm in a coma inside of you
Wake me up my love, I'm dying
You are the cocaine that gets me through the day
So obsessive, so compulsive
I'm a disorder with no cure
The medicine doesnt help me
Just not anymore

Rachel Weaver

Broken Dollie

I look at broken dolls sitting on the shelf
No smiles left to gaze upon, I'll curl up on the window sill with a book of ghosts,
hold onto broken dollie.
Ive grown so old and so has Dollie.
The dusty curtains go right through my face.
My eyes are just like the curtains, worn, thin, but still sane.
My innocence is like tainted glass.
I can pretend but it wont last.
I cant erase the past. Dollie cant erase the past.
Dollie wants to kill me, she's been in my attic for years.
'Ive been in his' I try to explain.
But there really is no reason to abandon anything.
Dollie tells me how she was stuffed in a dusty trunk. I tell her 'So was i! '
'Well thats no excuse' she says 'Because dollies cant cry'
She is right. I mourned in my dust covered trunk.
She sat there silently as her painted smile faded off.

Rachel Weaver

Broken Insight

My words are broken and I write ignorance
With feelings of apathy not knowing what reality is
My smile never makes a persons day
So it always fades away
A key is a meaningful thing
Im a lock with no key
No reason to be. She said to me
My echo speaks to me of my stupidity
While my reflection screams at me
My perspective has perspective
With and insight to match
I see what they cant but I'm not skitzophrenic
When I am alone I am together
And my shadow has friends
Monsters make us run but angels are no fun
What is there to do when there is no one

Rachel Weaver

Damaged

Take the razor, pull out the blade
Everlasting condemnation, bleed into a memory
Damaging darkness, blinding reality
Eternal mayhem, due to my stupidity
So ominous yet so cunning
Confront the violence and the demon spirit
Crawling in the dark
Searching for my life, ending up back at the start
Fearing neither death nor pain
Thoughts of chaos running through my brain

Rachel Weaver

Dear World

Dear World,
You really never had the chance to know me
You never will get the chance
Because these words they are the last

I never asked to be here
In fact I dont recall asking anything
But maybe I was more humble than I'll ever be

I suppose I could try and say that I loved my life
But you wouldnt believe that if you saw the knives

Maybe I'll tell you a story about when I was a little child
But oh god its been awhile

I might be able to get my point across if I do this simple thing
I could pick up this gun and leave the boom for you to hear ring

Rachel Weaver

Desire

The puzzle piece called you doesnt quite seem to fit
Doesnt form the way I want it
As a puzzle piece I seem to change my shape
You dont want it to stay the same
It has to fit your puzzle
Does it?
I want it to
I try to cut the sharp edges off
They just cant seem to get soft
I'm sorry but my life kind of made me cold
Im still young but I feel old
So fit me in your puzzle
Thats where I want to be
In your life
Im not always right
Niether are you, but its something you refuse to see
I want to be with you til the sky falls into the sea
So fit me in your puzzle baby
Thats where I want to be

Rachel Weaver

Disney Princess

Its a horror story in disguise
Its inside his eyes
My fairy tale
My fantasy
Price charming didnt slay the dragon
He slayed me
I'm not sure if I pricked my finger or ate the apple
But either way its been a disaster
I wish I could say that kisses solve everything
But in my fairy tale they havent solved anything
Cinderella could change her looks but not who she was
In storys thou its all about love
Rags and smudges to glitter and shimmer
These storys are pointless
I'm still an orphan..a love letter never delivered

Rachel Weaver

Earth Journeys

The promise that was broken
Holds no token
Not in you anyway
Not in anything we say
Your supposed to be here always
Looking out for me
But you weren't
Cause I'm still sitting alone
Just being nothing again
Writing some self pity lines
On a paper about old times

Rachel Weaver

End Of The Song

Stand still and hold on
Dont let go its not the end of the song

A little tired now
But I still hear some distant sounds

In the darkness, fading in and out
Wishing I could always sleep

Stand still and dont hold on
Let go its the end of the song

Rachel Weaver

Forget Me Not (A Balad)

A woman stood on the subway
Drinking her coffee and reading
She was minding her own buisness
In a skirt that was inviting

A man lunged forward
With a box knife
Threated her with it at her throat
As he stole her virginity and her life

People acted as if nothing was happening
Stared out windows with wide eyes
Prayed he wouldn't kill her
When he finished she fell and covered her thighs

She'll never forget that day on the subway
People stood by and watched
She looked up with tears in her eyes
She said 'Forget me not.'

Rachel Weaver

Hidden

Halloween is coming
Put on the third mask
Maybe you'll look more like who you really are
Im not much of anything, but your not much of nothing
Your surrounded but your alone
I am just alone
But I can see your face
Its in the mirror, its on the floor, on the ceiling and behind my closet door
I dont want you here, leave my heart, leave my soul.
You dont care about me and I'm not sure I care about you anymore
When you go trick or treating this year dont bother knocking on my door.

Rachel Weaver

Its September

Lay the knife down next to me, it shines so nicely
Lay the gun down next to me, it looks so inviting
Now you lie down next to me
I see no difference in these three things
What are you? What is me?
I'm a bullet and your my impurity
Loving me isnt easy obviously
Because I'm alone, stuck in this room
A place I'm supposed to call home
Its nothing but a cold bleak place.
Nothing but a little personal space
At least in here
Im without you
But you'll never see or understand what your doing to me

Rachel Weaver

Karina

If we hold you tight and dont let go maybe you'll be alright
If we chain you up and stare you down maybe you wont fight
You see your mother being beaten up right in front of you
You see her trashed
You see her smashed
You dont want that to be you in the mirror
You couldnt be that weak
'Im a sinner' In your mind you repeat
No your not, I try to say
We all make mistakes
But dont believe the girl with the bandages on her arms and legs

Rachel Weaver

Medicated

Through these prozac colored eyes
I see many things
But I don't see anything that makes me not feel misery

Through the buspar eyes I don't see anything
The only thing it does is to help me not to feel until the razor stings

Then I put my lithium eyes on and I see everything
But it's blurry and I get very dizzy
I'm pissing all the time and I can't quite quench this thirst of mine

Benadryl is the only drug that I don't have eyes for
It's over the counter and it makes me sleep the pain away
At least until the morn

I just want my eyes
Eyes that are mine
One's that let me decide on my own whats wrong or right
Ones that let me feel the razor sting
Ones that let me feel what I'm supposed to be feeling.

Rachel Weaver

Mona Lisa

So sweet and simple with a devil inside
So perfect and pretty with those empty black eyes
I see myself behind her looking through the eyes
At the people with thier gaping jaws and amazed eyes
Grin of sin, grin of sing
You look at me over and over again
Whats so amazing in simplicity?
You always miss me, I always miss me
Captured in a moment that never existed
Not a single chance of resistance
Listen, listen
Shes speaking now
Of a life she never had
Thier all amazed, it just seems so sad
The rain coming, it streaks her fair face
After eachother, the raindrops chase

Rachel Weaver

My Disguise

Im lost again in a confusing place
I hear its called my mind..
I dont want to be stuck in this darkness
But I dont wanna step into the light

I look in the mirror..
Now Im scared.. no one's there
I run out of fear..the rain starts to fall, and so do the tears...
The blood drips from my eyes.
I wish so hard that mirrors lied.

Rachel Weaver

Never Learn

I cant go down that trail of regret again
Never..we are just friends
Dumb as hell I was
I love to hate I hate to love
He said that once
Its the only thing he ever said that stuck
What you see is what it seems
And now hes here..not the other
And Im in tears, but not for the other
I just cant just wont end up like my mother
I cant go back to that time
When safety contract after safety contract couldnt save my life
So far I haven't been in a situation time hasnt healed
But I am waiting..eyes shut and lips sealed

Rachel Weaver

The Art Of Life

Everything in life is a question and I dont have the answers.

My innocence has betrayed me.

I pray to nothing that this will go away.

My dreamcatchers broken and the dreams are leaving quickly. Breaking the hollow doors to get out, quietly not making a sound.

With broken wings and shattered hope I'll try to fly but fall to the ground and wonder why.

Why do only sinners cry? Why do the nice ones get to die? Why arent they punished and left to linger in this hard life.

Life is an art and I'm all out of paint, maybe I can use some charcoal, that was a mistake.

Now life is black and grey. I fear living more then dieing, maybe because I was never taught about trying

Rachel Weaver

There Is A Place

Words dont mean a thing
Actions dont either
What matters is what I feel
What matters is the cure

Yourself is a mirror of a man I hate
I didnt want you to be him
But its too late

Theres a place I go when theres no snow
A rock, it's relaxing and old
That is where I pretend away my life
That is where everything is right

Theres a place
It knows my face
Theres a place
It knows my taste

Rachel Weaver

Under The Carpet

I think I'm supposed to sit here and take it
After listening to that they expect me to make it

I want to achieve what they want to see
But I dont want to be what they want me to be

When we sit in the pew
We look like a perfect family with no flaws or issues

I know they all know theres something wrong
It just doesn't show

I like to look at the old pictures
Frozen in time
We look happy, everything seems alright

Even then I remember the arguments
There was a lot of hardships

Now I sit in church
Filthy and unclean
Sitting here among the perfect and the pretty

Rachel Weaver

Winter Beauty

The bleak of winter leaves me among despair
Thier is only anger and chill in the air
No happiness or laughing
Just grey clouds and bleak white sky
Dont let it all take hold of you for it has a strange beauty within.
A cold beauty
Like a beautiful woman with an empty soul.
In the winter I walk the slushy streets alone
I see the children play
Making angels and happy as if it were May
They seem to love the cold
But oh how this changes when you get old
Winter is still beautiful
In that strange cold way
Everytime it comes around thou
I feel I'm going to fade

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