

Poetry Series

**tesla blackburn**  
**- poems -**

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## tesla blackburn(march 22,1994)

Um... im a sang. vampire. fuck wid me and i will do sumthing 2 u. no if, and's, or but's bout that. i get along with ppl well but i'm a very sensitive person. i do have an embrace of confidence surroundin me but inside is a different story. yes, im a bit depressive but aren't we all in sum shape or form depressed?

# A Witch Can Switch

there once was a witch  
who could switch;  
from good to evil  
she had a poisonous bottle of pills  
she could give you hugs  
but there can also be tugs  
one day she gave me the pills  
said happiness is what it makes you feels  
she said they were happy pills  
and i didn't know that it kills  
i took a few  
stomach begin to brew  
i threw up a lot  
she gave me a potion from her pot  
i then pasted out  
when i woke up she shout;  
how are you still alive?  
do i have to use a knife?  
i smiled and said, 'I spit them up;  
and never drunk from the cup  
while you wasn't looking.'  
trusting between us isn't hooking  
i forced her own pills and potion  
gave a big donation  
of her poisons to her  
before she died she slured  
i gave her  
her own medicine.

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# Beat'En

he thrust the whip  
on my bare skin  
blood slices down to my hip  
starving and thin  
i grabbed a piece of glass  
and begin to stab  
i stabbed his a\*\*  
grabbed his shirt and dab  
at my slices  
then begin to run  
dodging the mice  
i didn't stop until i resaw the sun  
a man yelled, 'Ma'am, please let me help.'  
i then stopped  
slices stung like kelp  
he then literally hopped  
and carried me in his arms  
i cried  
this man wasn't of amy harms  
and i then died.

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# Being On The Dark Side

vious  
devilsih delious  
death  
my own meth  
killing  
my own filling  
thoughts  
are my haunts  
cutting  
is my loving  
blood  
will be my happy flood  
graves  
make me brave  
anger  
make me sainer  
depression  
stops my aggression  
being on the dark side  
makes it easier to hide  
no hope  
can be a cope  
becuz than there's no disappointment  
there's no more abusement  
scremo  
and being emo  
makes me feel so  
much better  
writing suicidal letter  
taking life as a joke  
ends that annoying poke.

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# Being Strong

hate me  
but you can't brake me  
bleeding  
but i'm still breathing  
you want some  
get some  
hit me  
but i'm still standing  
i'm a survivor  
your a liar  
my soul's on fire  
your not my sire  
i'll come back for more  
me; you wanna mess with for sure?

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# Beloved Daniel

Everytime I cried out in pain,  
Daniel's there to comfort me,  
Everytime I feel I can't keep sane,  
Daniel makes me hug him and flee,  
Everytime I feel I'm trapped,  
Daniel sets my heart free,  
Everytime I feel I'm about to snap,  
Daniel makes me feel alive,  
Everytime I would make him mad,  
Daniel wouldn't mind that my heart was deprived,  
Everytime I cursed at him and made him sad,  
Daniel would kiss away my tears,  
And take away my fears.

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# Beth Vs. Death

my name is beth  
my enemy's death  
im a survivor  
my enemy's a liar  
he wants suicide  
i want to be alive

life is a cycle  
death runs after me on a bicycle  
he cant catch me  
because eventually i will be free  
cant trap me in a hole

i will fight back  
happiness is his lack  
all he wants is greed  
all i want is to be freed  
from death  
the story of Beth.

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# Boogey Man

i fell asleep  
woke up and peeped  
because i heard a sound  
my heart stopped from what i found  
i was staring into my closet  
i heard a running faucet  
i yelled who's there  
answer; i would dare  
all was silent  
everything around content  
except for the thing in my closet  
jumped from bed; running is set  
i looked closer  
and seen it was the boogey man  
i wonder if he has a clan  
my heart pounding non-stop  
jumped on my mattress top  
and jetted toward my door  
but was then dropped to the floor  
and was drug  
feingernails dug;  
into the floor  
until sore  
and bleeding  
where is this leading?  
it begin to claw at me  
my tears stung like hot tea  
my whole body became limp  
he smacked my like a pimp  
i begin to respond  
i am not very fond  
i punched his jaw  
he stopped one claw  
i kicked his stomach  
my body was an ache  
i then got out of his grasp  
as my breathe turned into gasp  
i ran out the door  
before he even got off the floor

and locked it  
there was no time to sit  
i ran to my mom's room  
she was asleep as assumed  
i told her about the boogey man  
and she looked for his clan  
then she unlocked my door  
and looked at the floor  
she checked every where  
but he wasn't there  
she said it was a nightmare  
as she obviously doesn't care  
i looked at my arms that was clawed  
but they wasn't even flawed.

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# Court

i stromed into the courtroom  
in confidence as assumed  
stood tall  
got my skinny jeans from the mall  
put on a straight face  
ready to fight for my case  
my sister crying tears  
i hid all fears  
mom's nostrals flarred  
lie; if he dared  
put my files on the table  
today tears are unable  
seen his eyeballs wide  
now he can't hide  
smiled in reassuranced  
that he doesn't have a chance  
i have the truth  
he will be in a prison cell  
they will know he did rape me  
i promise they will see  
is justice in my courtroom?

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# Creme Da La Creme

creme da la creme  
is as hard as it seem  
to become the best  
and expected no less  
the most intellectual people  
stand tall, like a steepal  
they are our leaders  
the brain power feeders.

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# Death

why keep hope  
when it makes you lose your cope  
to stay alive  
so much easier to just dive  
and die  
to not feel a huge tie  
of misery on your shoulders  
smiling while looking at the boulders  
bursting out of the water  
my blood pulsed harder  
hate misery  
hate anger  
hate depression  
hate being trapped  
hate not finding a happy way with life  
wanna slice my wrists with a knife  
i jumped off a cliff  
took my last sniff  
of air  
if i hurt love one's dont care  
i crashed into the water  
swimmed to the bottom a lot-er  
my vision came weak  
i felt at the peak  
of peace  
saw a light in the east  
death came  
never felt the same

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# Dramatic Stages

why so much drama?  
why so much trama?  
all the choas  
all the lies on people's fa-oce  
so much shock  
heart feels like a lock  
face is just a disguise  
why all the lies?  
and pain...  
is like a sharp fang  
enternally biting you  
and you cant stop it  
because you dont know kong-fu  
so all you can do is think about it  
and cry  
then lie  
if someone says whats wrong  
if you speak the truth  
dont talk long  
now i'm scared to go in the booth  
of hell  
i can hear that dredful bell  
of depression  
wanna burst in agression  
cant let it out  
cant even shout

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# F^ck Everything

f^ck your mom,  
f^ck your grandmother,  
f^ck everyone,  
f^ck the goverment,

f^ck the world,  
f^ck McDonalds,  
f^ck ex-boyfriends,  
f^ck the future,

f^ck purple,  
f^ck preps,  
f^ck all the small-minded cunts,  
f^ck laws.

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# Fight Or Flight?

i heard a strange sound  
my heart begin to pound  
in my ear  
is it true what i hear?  
turned around  
and i found...  
a monster wantin to fight  
my body wanted to flight  
my eyes screamed to close; from the ugly sight  
muscles became tight  
should i fight?  
my brain screamed yes, feel light about this monster  
i can't breathe any longer  
should i run, take a flight?  
i'm terrified a HUGE slight  
feel like a confused child  
this monster is mild  
i looked at the positives  
they were about my size  
no gun  
no knife  
i can mostly keep life  
i looked at the negitives  
could get beat up  
could get hurt  
could die  
its anger isn't shy  
thats a fact!  
fight or flight?

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# 'Got To Kill That Thing! '

I looked at the man.  
crushing his pepsi can.

I smiled and said, 'Hello.'

He said, 'Hello.'

I asked, 'How are you? '

He said, 'Fine. How are you? '

I said, 'Lonely. I want someone to go fishing.'

He skeptically asked, 'Fishing? '

I said, 'I'm the only one going tomorrow.'

He said, 'What such sorrow! '

I asked, 'Would you please come along? '

He said, 'Yes. For how long? '

I said, 'Only two hours.'

He asked, 'At the lake with the big water towers? '

I said, 'Yes. Meet me at eight o'clock.'

He asked, 'Is it a boat to dock? '

I said, 'No. I got all of the equipment.'

He said, 'I will dress decent.'

I said, 'Bye.'

He sighed and said, 'Bye.'

I laughed wickedly.

So very sickely.

We met.

and fishing was set.

I said, 'I got to go use the bathroom.'

He said, 'Okay. We might have to go. The clouds are gloom.'

I ran into the woods.

adrenaline in my veins flood.

i found my backpack.

nothing i lack.

i took out my bat.

gave the tree a light pat.

than put on new big boots.

i hope nobody shoots.

than the dark clothing.

'got to kill that thing.'

i heard the sharp voice say.  
i have to obey.  
i put on the gloves.  
kick gravel like little shoves.  
put on hairnet.  
action is set.

jettied to the fishing place.  
anger fogged in my glaze.  
i became momentarily deaf.  
examine my left.  
than my right.  
hatred pure in my sight.  
not a thing around.  
hopefully no one hears a sound.  
i beat him with the bat.  
as he sat.  
i ducktape his arms and legs.  
heard his hateful begs.  
decktape his mouth.  
dragged him south.  
tied my back pack to his body.  
checked for any body.  
clear.  
i saw his tear.  
pushed him in the lake.  
I'm craving for some chocolate cake. mmm.

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# Hatred For Love

If love was a dog  
i would beat it with a lgo  
until it died  
no more did it lied

if love was a boat  
i would steal the captain's coat  
and crash the boat into a glacier  
for killing is my major  
so people sit still  
and let icy water numb you; so you cant feel

if love was a preacher  
i would become its teacher  
hang him by the neck  
let crows peck;  
on his flesh  
no more of this mess

if love was a tree  
it wont be free  
i would chop it down  
let it rot on the ground  
no more pain

if love was the air  
i would stop breathing without a care  
try to save others  
especially their mothers  
i would fly to mars  
no more scars  
on my heart no love cart

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# Hostile

i feel hostile  
my wisdom spreaded a mile  
i now never smile  
even down a weddile ille  
such depression is vial

i want to be free  
i want to be me  
and not stung by a consent bee  
i dont wanna be she  
or he  
i want a gold key  
i want to be  
and be me

let me out  
let me shout  
let me pout  
no more doubt  
in me

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# It's My Choice!

u gotta fight for everything  
even to sing  
i'm tired of fighting  
tired of lighting;  
up cigerate after cigerate  
talking to idiot after idiot  
of being shiz on  
of them being a con  
what's wrong with being pysco?  
they call me loco  
i'm just smart  
at knowing how to tare people apart  
you could say i got an evil mind  
but at least the truth can be find  
i'm just bold about things  
truth just sings  
i wont lie  
even if u threaten to die  
i am very quiet  
becuz my mind is set  
on if people are trying to maipulate me  
for that's all i see  
yes, i am paranoid  
but at least i'm not unemployed  
i dont believe that people has issues  
just some pain layered tissues  
just trying to find yourself  
not pretending to be as happy as an elf  
i might be depressed  
but at least i'm not badly dressed  
i might be wrong  
but i wont be for long  
i might drink  
but at least i can think  
i might do drugs  
but at least i dont hallucinate about bugs  
i might be bipolar  
but at least i have a solar;  
universe

and has a music verse  
i might be suicidal  
but at least i can walk a mile;  
in my shoes  
and i can choose  
i can do what i want  
and wont care what or who will haunt  
its my choice  
its my poise.

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# Kidnapped

as i walked down the street  
staring at my feet  
a car pulled up  
a man hollered, 'wats up? '  
i just rolled my eyes  
i should have ran from these guys  
next thing i know; someone grabbed me  
i was so scared that i peed  
i was shoved in the back of the van  
on the floor was empty soda cans  
i tried to open the door  
and punched the windows until my body was sore  
i screamed  
in the man's blue eyes joy gleamed  
i cried  
i should have died  
they should have shot me  
so i would be free  
of this pain  
my emotional control was then gained  
i grabbed a can  
shaped it inot a triangle  
put it to my neck and in a 90 degree angle  
i grabbed the bottom part  
i quickly stabbed at my heart  
blood gushed  
i made sure to hush  
so they wouldn't stop me  
because some way i was going to be free  
i cried one solid tear  
and lost all fear  
my heart slowed  
and then i felt a glow  
everything became blurry  
suvicide for me was a hurry  
but peaceful  
and releaseful  
of pain  
victory in my veins!

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# Love

as i cried  
my heart died  
as you held me  
i felt free  
as you embraced me  
i could see  
as i felt your warm, electricifying lips  
my stomach did flips  
as i smelled your colonge  
i known i was home  
as you looked into my eyes  
i saw no lies  
i looked down  
and i found  
you are real  
my heart's not a seal  
i could stare at you all day  
and not say;  
anything  
i could sing  
my love  
for all i ever known was shove  
before you  
this is true!

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# Love Comes With Hate

love  
confusing shove  
comes with ahte  
your heart is your bait  
happiness  
sadness  
hopeful  
doubtful  
hearts  
shreaded into parts  
barely sewn together  
barely even better  
always regret  
always a bet

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# Rose

she was like a rose  
her beauty was like a dose;  
of heaven  
but she's dangerous  
mysterious  
because of her thorns  
her anger transforms her ears into huge thorns  
her red hair shine  
she claims that she's fine  
when she's sad  
because her manners are bad  
can't find love  
nothing but shoves  
because of her thorns  
she asks, 'Why was i even born? '

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# Split Personality Disorder

I am Emily.  
always so smiley  
perfect teeth  
never took meth  
perfect grades  
dont have aids  
popular cheerleader  
a true love feeder

I am Roxy.  
people say i look foxy  
i love drugs  
dead bodies (i killed them): never dug  
i love alcohol  
i will chase you with a saw  
i love to take risks  
i cut my wrists.

'Split Personality Disorder.'  
I think not.  
What do you think?

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# Survivors

i am a survivor of abuse  
surviver of a loss  
stay alive  
dont dive...  
in that pool of death  
dont do that meth  
if i can survive; so can you!  
just believe that its true  
i've been through those dark days  
heard what the demons says  
dont take lafe away  
you may sway...  
from path to path  
but dont poison your pool  
believe you have something to live for  
and that changes earth for sure  
stay stronge  
even if your whole life's wrong  
scream your agitation  
scream to addiction  
of death  
enjoy breath :)

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# Suicide

feel older  
feel a huge boulder;  
on my shoulder  
so many options  
so many feelings  
that i'm confused  
about all this abuse  
people juast accuse  
eachother  
cant believe another;  
person  
cant trust another;  
person  
cant open up to another;  
person  
i wanna fly away  
away from all the trama  
why be fake  
for soiety sake  
just be real  
but i dont know what to feel  
about anything  
just wanna sing  
and bring  
insanity to my door  
let my soul just soar

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# Tears Of Blood

as i watched this horrible sight....  
my sanity lost all might  
i screamed in terror  
but i made an error  
i was watching!  
i was catching;  
every glimpses  
watching every limp  
i then felt a big hot tear  
and my whole body felt fear  
i caught it before it fell  
and it was a d@mnable spell  
it was not in water; but blood  
and more begin to flood  
i couldn't stop shaking  
and couldn't stop this making;  
this tragedy from stopping  
and the other people from clopsing  
i melt down to the floor  
and wanted to run behind ANY door  
but i was tense with dumfoundness  
this was madness!  
the blood kept coming  
i rocked myself; while closing my eyes and humming  
'It's going to be okay! '  
'It needs to be okay! '  
Tears of blood never did stop.

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# The Healing Heart

my heart is black  
a cold sack  
never beats  
no heats  
it slowly turns red  
i start thinking in my head  
it begins to beat  
blood became ate  
it turns pink  
sucks out the black ink  
it begins to shine  
proud it is mine

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# The Rejects! ! ! ! !

we are the rejects  
hallucinating about insects  
they call us dellusional  
we may be unusual  
we stay to eathother  
dont understand any other  
they call us weird  
we are feared  
just because we are different; doesn't mean we're crazy  
their creativity is just lazy  
they call us goth  
because of the black cloth  
and thick eyeliner  
we may be a minor  
but we aren't stupid  
we dont fid  
so you call us rejects!

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# Where's The Freedom And Justice?

where's the freedom and justice?  
trapped behind bars  
watching lightning fast cars  
where's the freedom and justice?  
why keep hope  
when happiness pops like soap  
where's the freedom and justice?  
cant breathe  
cant leave  
where's the freedom and justice?  
hate misery  
hate mystery  
where's the freedom and justice?  
you get raped  
get interviewed on tape  
where's the freedom and justice?  
goes to court  
but his bad luck is not the unlucky sort  
where's the freedom and justice?  
he get's away  
i like an idea that's revenge is a way!  
where's the freedom and justice?

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