

Poetry Series

**Tina MacAdam**  
**- poems -**

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Tina MacAdam()

# A Moment

A whisper in your ear in the dark  
A feeling deep down inside  
A moment of weakness

A cry from the shadows  
A chill runs through you  
A moment of fear

A scream from within  
A warm sensation rips through you  
A moment of anger

A pleading voice calling to you  
An empty void swallowing everything  
A moment of defeat

A vision flashes through your mind  
A numbing feeling taking over  
A feeling of surrender

Tina MacAdam

# A Single Rose

A single red rose  
Painted that color  
With drops of blood  
The thorns created  
When touched  
By an innocent soul  
Such a beautiful flower  
Inflicting such pain  
Sometimes the beauty  
We see in things  
Are not true  
The pain  
On the other hand  
Is as real as the rose  
Sitting in my hand

Tina MacAdam

# Am I Free?

no details  
no anything  
no, thats not true  
i have something  
but its not something i want  
i didnt want it then  
i still dont want it now  
but its what i was given  
a gift  
a token  
something  
no those words are wrong  
a token or gift, is something given, usually out of love, or something to that  
effect  
this is not  
this came from something else  
from anger  
hatred  
an compulsion  
a desire  
a need  
a want  
but not by anything close to love  
but  
i get to keep it forever now  
i cannot give it away  
i doubt i will forget  
hell  
i can still hear, see, feel, smell, everything  
thats what i get for being me  
for being forgiving  
compassionate  
hopeful  
kind  
me  
blind to true intentions  
regretfully  
there is a cost  
and now that i have paid

i hope it means im free  
not free for the taking  
just free of a debt  
it was collected  
i paid it  
i want to be done

Tina MacAdam

# Broken Glass

It is hard to carry on  
When every step hurts  
More than the last  
When the pain is unbearable  
When your will to go on  
Is diminishing with every step  
It is like walking along  
On a million shards  
Of broken glass  
Along the way  
You are not sure  
How much more you can take  
When every step feels like  
it could be your last  
You have dragged yourself along  
Through all the pain and turmoil  
Only to look ahead  
And never see an end  
There is nothing there  
But the reflection  
Of a million more  
Broken pieces of glass  
To stumble though

Tina MacAdam

# Caged

Haul me away in shackles. Lock me in a cage  
Its probably the safest place, considering all my rage  
Anger takes over, Words are spoken out of hate  
Sometimes it can be controlled, Sometimes it is simply just too late

Haul me away in shackles, Lock me in cage  
Every time a new feeling, Every time a new page  
Sometimes I think this might be for the best  
I will never fill the bleeding hole in my chest

Haul me away in shackles, Lock me in a cage  
This is probably the safest place, Considering my rage  
Throw away the key and leave me there to die  
As you walk away, you will never hear me cry

Tina MacAdam

# Depression

A dark, deep cavernous hole is where your lost  
distant from all that matters to you any more  
all of the evils you have faced are there with you  
teasing and tormenting you, clawing and reaching for you  
the sound of the cries and screams of your fears are deafening  
the feel of their hands upon you freezes you through to the bone  
the cold uneasy feeling of knowing they have won  
that everything they took, you will never have in your grasp again  
the flashes of their faces in front of you in the dark, everywhere you look  
remind you that your not as strong as the monsters your facing now  
you cry and scream for someone to help, to rescue you, to save you  
you know no one is coming, no one ever has  
you have been lost in that hole for a long time now  
trapped inside your own personal nightmare  
never to forget, always knowing  
waiting for the day that everything is consumed  
by the darkness that wraps around you

Tina MacAdam

# Don'T Let Go

Can you see the tears I cry  
Can you feel the pain inside  
Everytime I watch you walk away  
A part of me dies inside

Sometimes the hardest thing to do is let go  
Sometimes the hardest thing to do is walk away  
I just want to hang on a little longer  
I just want to keep you by my side

I watch the world change and people pass  
Sometimes it feels like everything is going by so fast  
Everything changes in front of you  
Faster than you can reach out and hang on

The people in your life come and go  
Nothing stays the same  
The world you used to know  
Is something you will always remember

Sometimes the hardest thing to do is let go  
Sometimes the hardest thing to do is walk away  
I just want to hang on a little longer  
I just want to keep you by my side

I cannot walk through this world alone  
Haunted by your memory  
I cannot face every day knowing  
You will never be here

When I wake up in the morning  
The sun does not shine  
When I go to sleep at night  
The moon and stars cry out loud

Sometimes the hardest thing to do is let go  
Sometimes the hardest thing to do is walk away  
I just want to hang on a little longer  
I just want to keep you by my side

Tina MacAdam

# Door

A closed door  
between me and the world  
blocking everything out  
keeping other things in  
hiding things from the world  
if only the door was not closed  
then the world would know  
then you would know  
then i could tell you  
things that happen behind closed doors  
stay behind those doors  
they are not for the world to see or know  
I want so badly to open that door

Tina MacAdam

# Give Up

Left a broken pile on the floor.  
Alone and crying.  
Scared and confused.  
I do not why it happened.  
I do not know what to do.  
A touch can hurt so much.  
Words can be so empty.  
I have become empty  
I have given up.

Tina MacAdam

# Here

I sit alone and think  
I feel alone sometimes  
Even when I am not  
There is a chill in the air around me  
I wait for a glimmer of hope  
I wait for a sign that things will change  
i wait for the feelings to fade  
I want to feel your embrace  
But not like this  
I want to feel something other than this

Tina MacAdam

# Home

A broken window, covered in dust  
An empty glass sitting on the table  
A love letter, never opened, left behind  
Pictures still hanging on the walls  
The door left open, swinging in the wind  
Flowers in a vase, long ago wilted  
Ornaments on the shelf, buried in cobwebs  
Everything remains, exactly as it was before  
The only thing different is the feeling you get  
As you walk around looking at everything  
Touching things to see if it is real still  
The love, the anger, the romance, the pain  
The feelings are still there, buried, hidden  
From everyone, under a layer of dust

Tina MacAdam

# I Want

a release, an escape, a longing. a yearning, a desire, a need, a want. whatever you choose to call it.

dark. quiet. alone. the best place to be. nothing to distract you.

you feel nothing. no worries. no cares, no feelings. nothing.

nothing can hurt you. no one. anymore.

feelings rush through you, like a wave.

thoughts flood your mind, like a storm.

none of them matter anymore.

your screaming inside but no one knows

no one hears it but you

everything fades, the pain

the noise, the screams

the light

its dark, its quiet, its alone.

its where you want to be

Tina MacAdam

# I Wish You Could See

In front of you I stand  
I hold my heart in my hand  
My eyes are cold and pleading  
Waiting, Dying. Bleeding

My life flashed in front of me  
If only I was not the only one to see  
This world is a cruel place  
It is reflected in your face

My body falls to the floor  
I can give you nothing more  
My spirit and soul are fading fast  
Soon this will be considered the past

My heart stops beating  
I am no longer pleading  
I am letting go  
Too bad no one will know

Tina MacAdam

# It Flows

like streams coming down the side of a mountain  
into a pool at the bottom

blood flows

like an orange when peeled with the insides revealed  
the juice runs down your hands

blood flows

like a tear shed out of sadness, uncontrollable  
leaving stains down your face

blood flows

like an over filled bathtub, unable to hold any more  
the water pours out onto the floor

blood flows

like anger, building up inside of you  
waiting to be released

blood flows

Tina MacAdam

# Leave Me

Please do not leave me here like this  
Bound and broken on the floor  
Crying and begging for it to stop  
Searching frantically for an answer  
A reason  
Anything

Please do not leave me here like this  
Bleeding and bruised on the floor  
Pleading for it to stop  
Grasping at anything to save me  
Something  
Nothing

Please do not leave me here like this  
Gasping and struggling for breath  
Begging for it to end  
Giving up and letting go  
Accepting  
Forgetting

Leave me here like this  
As everything grows dark  
Everything goes numb  
Not fighting or screaming  
Fading slowly  
It will soon be over

Tina MacAdam

# Lie

countless years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, wasted on a lie  
a lie that consumed everything in its path with no remorse, no emotion  
the things that remain are meaningless and empty, broken and lost  
there is nothing beautiful, nothing amazing, nothing worthwhile  
a lie that controlled everything, hid everything, destroyed everything  
the things lost, will never return, they will never be the same  
the once beautiful and amazing things fade into the shadows, forgotten  
ashamed, afraid, hidden from everyone, fading into the background  
a life, love, forgiveness, and everything else, consumed and destroyed by a lie

Tina MacAdam

# Life Is A Gamble

flip the coin. heads or tails? roll the dice, does your number come up? nothing is certain. nothing is guaranteed. life is a gamble. its a risk. its alot of things. but one thing it is not is permanent. you could wake up tomorrow to find everything and everyone you know is gone. you could wake up tomorrow and everything could be different. providing you wake up at all. you have choices, but you never know if they are the right ones. sometimes they are, and sometimes you wish you had chose differently.

flip the coin  
roll the dice  
its a risk you take  
you could lose it all

Tina MacAdam

# Lost

a swing  
empty  
rusting  
abandoned

a playhouse  
deserted  
silent  
dusty

a house  
dismal  
cold  
quiet

a person  
broken  
defeated  
hopeless

a memory  
chilling  
disturbing  
terrifying

Tina MacAdam

# My Angel

An angel came and sat with me  
We sat and talked all night  
He said he would always be here  
He has never let me down  
I know he always will be  
But I have to let him go  
I cannot keep him to myself  
I had to let him go  
The road ahead is one that's long  
And it's somewhere he cannot travel  
I have to go alone

Tina MacAdam

# My Box Of Crayons

I have a box of crayons. Inside the box is a rainbow of colors. Everything from sunshine yellow to turquoise blue. I could color amazing bright beautiful pictures with my box of crayons. Some of them are new, some of them are used. some of them are broken, but they are no less colorful. I have a pad of paper to draw anything i want in. I could draw a beautiful beach somewhere tropical, I could draw a castle perched up high on a hill overlooking a giant forest. I could draw rainbows and sunshine. I have drawn a few pictures with them, but no matter what i do, they always come out dark and gloomy. No bright colors, no sunshine, no rainbows. I think the colors have all faded to shades of black and grey. But i will continue to use my crayons. One day I will have to buy new ones. Maybe then the colors will be different.

Tina MacAdam

# My Broken Heart

My hands are bleeding and cut  
from the shattered pieces im picking up  
scattered all over the floor in front of me  
i have spent hours sitting here on floor  
on my knees crying and sobbing  
trying to pick up every little peice  
My tears fall to the ground  
they swirl into the pool on the floor

Tina MacAdam

# My Demons

The demons reach for me in my dreams, they claw and tug at me as i struggle to get away from them. they emerge from the shadows, of the dark deserted corners of my dreams. they scream at me, in a language i cannot understand. their hands grasp onto me like that of a monster with claws that rip through your flesh like a knife. leaving you in a state of panic, you cannot run. you cannot hide. they are everywhere, there is no escaping them. they will not let me go, they want to keep me here with them. they want to keep me locked up in a cage. I will never be free of their grasp. they are everywhere i look, everywhere i go, hidden within people, within objects. within myself. the flowers are wilted, the clouds are dark and letting out with a deafening noise. the fire burns so bright it is blinding. no matter where i go, which direction i run, where i hide, they always find me in my dreams.

Tina MacAdam

# My Poison

A glass, half full, half empty, whatever way you choose to look at it is still just a glass that I will soon be refilling with poison this weekend to escape the everyday, the normal, to mask this and that from everything and everyone. To subdue thoughts and feelings for a little bit, a temporary fix of sorts, to wash away the things I wish to forget, even if only for a short while. The glass will eventually be empty, but only until the poison flows again from the bottle, poured by my hand, fueled by a longing to forget, to not have to worry about it all, for a mere moment.

Tina MacAdam

# Nothing But A Photograph

i hold it in my hands, eyes closed, turning it over and over  
everything is just like it was then  
every sound, sight, smell, feeling  
they all come back to me like they had never really left  
everything flashes like a slideshow  
moment after moment  
again and again  
sometimes i want to open my eyes and have it all be back to this moment in time

sometimes i want to keep them closed forever  
im torn  
not between right and wrong  
but between what i think and feel  
and what i should be thinking and feeling  
torn between holding on tighter or letting go  
between love and hate  
happiness and sorrow  
im torn apart, on the inside  
where no one can see  
not like the photograph  
i hold in my hands, eyes closed, turning it over and over

Tina MacAdam

# On The Edge

standing on the edge of the cliff.  
the waves crashing into the rocks below  
the sound drowns out the screaming in your head  
close your eyes  
take a deep breath  
turn around and look at the world around you  
the mist in the air and the waves are almost hypnotic  
close your eyes  
take one last deep breath  
take one step backwards  
let the waves wash it all away

Tina MacAdam

# Out Of Control

A mixture of emotions are fueling this fire  
It burns bright and it burns long  
The sparks burn through everything they touch  
The smoke is overwhelming sometimes  
It needs to be put out  
Not left to smoulder on and on

The heat it is creating is intense  
The flames engulf everything around them  
The emotions that fuel this are too much  
It cannot be stopped

Tina MacAdam

# Paint A Picture

Let me paint you a picture, on canvas of white. The contrast is brilliant. Using a vibrant shade of red. Let me draw on the canvas with my fingers, one line at a time. Let it drip and run freely, nothing holding it back. The once white canvas, now changed into a painting of a scene from my mind. Something I want to share with the world. It says something, without words. It has a meaning like no other. But no one else understands it but me.

Let me paint you a picture on a canvas of white. The darkness that covers it runs off onto the floor. the walls. all around the room. The black drips from everything. Covering the room, so no one can see what has happened here before. The black hides everything. much like dark, the night. it will be nothing more than a memory

Let me paint you a picture, it will all be a lie. The colors are mixed much like my feelings. they run together like my emotions. In the end it will all become a mess of colors and feelings, like red on white. my hands are stained by colors that run freely from within me.

Tina MacAdam

# Please Take My Hand

I held out my hand to you  
Hoping you will take it  
I held out my heart to you  
Hoping you wont break it  
I gave you everything  
Hoping you would love me

My hands are cold and empty  
My heart is broken on the floor  
Everything was never enough for you  
You took it  
You broke it  
You had everything

There is nothing left  
I have nothing more to give  
There is nothing left to take

Tina MacAdam

# Ripple Of Life

Like a single dropp of dew  
Falling to the ground  
Landing in a puddle  
Created by last nights rain

The ripple it creates  
Continues on and on  
Until it eventually just  
Fades away

Although faded away  
It will never be forgotten  
Everything appears calm  
After last nights storm

Tina MacAdam

# Running

The wind chills you to the bone  
The rain runs down your face  
The sounds of the night surround you  
Closing in like wolves on a deer  
The thumping of your heart echoes in your head  
Frantically your searching for safety  
Your running for your life  
From something you cannot see  
It does not matter how far you run  
They never give up

Tina MacAdam

# Save Me

Seemingly lost and alone in the dark of night  
Everything fades from sight, The sounds become whippers  
The clouds roll in once again  
To rain down upon you

The last storm you will see  
You await it, knowing it is coming  
You stand in the midst of it waiting  
For it to take you away with it

The pain it brings is unbearable  
The rain drops turn to blood  
The lightning slices through you like a razor blade  
You lay on the ground helpless

In a murky pool of blood you feel cold  
And alone and scared  
Not a soul is in sight  
No one will know until it is too late

A voice from the distance whispers to you  
It is never too late  
you feel a hand placed upon you  
Everything fades to black, nothingness  
The voice tells you to hang on

The storm passes over as quickly as it came  
Leaving broken things and puddles everywhere  
But you are still laying there  
Sheltered by the words of another  
To carry on another day

You may have alot of things to fix  
It will not be easy  
But the storm wasnt strong enough  
Thank you for not letting go  
Thank you for holding on  
Thank you for not letting it be too late

Tina MacAdam

# Shades Of Grey

I see the world in various shades of grey  
The bright vibrant colors have vanished  
The sun has become nothing more than a memory  
Along with the warmth it leaves on everything it touches

The world I see is the same one you view everyday  
But you do not see me looking upon it beside you  
I fade into the mixture of greys  
Hidden from everything

I used to walk amidst the colors with you  
The sounds of the world around me were not always silent  
There was not always a chill in the air  
I was not always alone

Tina MacAdam

# Smile A Fake Smile

you can walk around with your fake smile  
for the world to see  
but we all know that behind those eyes  
pain hides within  
you can walk around seemingly content  
with everything in life  
but we all know that it is nothing more  
than a lie  
standing outside looking in on your life  
all seems normal and happy  
no one sees the things you hide inside  
from everyone  
no one sees past the bright colors you paint the walls of your world  
no one sees the blood stained walls and dark corners  
that you try so hard to keep away from everyone  
you can walk around with your fake smile  
showing it to the world  
but deep inside we all know your crying inside, dying inside  
with every person who passes you and smiles back  
you can walk around hiding inside the shell of a person  
that you let everyone else see  
we all know it is nothing more  
than a lie

Tina MacAdam

# Tears

A single tear running down my face, falling to the ground, creating a pool at my feet. With each tear I shed the water grows deeper. Slowly the level rises as do my emotions and thoughts. I cannot stop crying. I cannot stop this uncontrollable feeling of defeat. I shed another tear. The water rises again. Images flash through my mind, tears fall to the ground faster and faster, the water level rising higher and higher, my will to fight becomes less and less. please just give me something to hang onto, i do not want to be lost adrift in this ocean of tears, I need something to hang on to. I cannot swim. I am afraid of what will happen if I give in and let the waves take me. The waves of tears I have shed already tonight. pooling on the floor at my feet.

Tina MacAdam

# The Flame

The flame on the candle flickers  
Creating shadows on the wall  
The wax melts  
It forms a pool as it hits the water  
Close your eyes  
Take a deep breath  
Feel the rush of relief  
As it flows into the water  
The swirl of wax and blood  
The pain and the silence  
The shadows on the wall  
Watch as everything fades  
The flame dies  
Everything grows dark

Tina MacAdam

# The Fog

It rolls upon you like a fog  
Everything is grey  
Things are not clear  
The sounds are muffled  
And misleading  
You do not know  
Which way to go  
Or where you  
Came from  
You wander aimlessly  
Hoping to find the way out  
You move with caution  
Straining to see ahead of you  
Never knowing  
What is coming your way  
You feel helpless  
Afraid and alone  
Searching for something  
You cannot find

Tina MacAdam

# The Mirror

Cold lonely eyes  
Filled with hurt and confusion  
Looking back at you  
From an emotionless face  
A tired drained emotionless face  
And a broken body  
Are what are looking back at you  
From a broken mirror  
Hanging on a bloody wall  
Down a very quiet hallway  
In a dusty old house  
That used to be called home  
Back when there was no broken heart or bones  
When the only pain that resided there  
Was fixed by something simple  
When the everyday was amazing  
When there was laughter and joy  
All of that has left though  
There is no happiness here any longer  
There is nothing but a eerie silence  
As you whisper goodbye to it all one last time  
You look at the cold lonely eyes  
Pleading to be saved  
In a broken mirror

Tina MacAdam

# The Only Day Worth Living Is.....

The only day worth living is today.

Not yesterday or tomorrow.

Yesterday may have been a bad day or filled with heartaches. Tomorrow may bring you a whole new world of problems.

But today is always a good day.

You can accomplish so many things today.

Dont regret yesterday.

Dont dread tomorrow.

Live for today.

Make what you can of it.

After all the yesterdays are gone and before all of the tomorrows come.... your always left with one.

Today.

Wake up today and decide it is a good day to change things you dont like.

Fix things that are broken and work on things you have forgotten about. If you sit around dwelling on yesterday, clouds will roll in and ruin today. If you sit and worry about tomorrow, you could be hiding in the shadows forever.

Let the sun shine and the clouds float freely as you carry on with today. all you need is one day to change your whole life.

Why not today.

Tina MacAdam