

Poetry Series

Tonya Kincheloe
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Tonya Kincheloe(9-17-91)

my writings are all about feelings except for a few

All Hearts Bleed Red

You said you loved me.
But you didnt act like it.
You knew my heart was black.
Yet you stabbed it.
Expecting black blood.
Instead the blod was red.
If you would've asked.
I would've told you.
Even black hearts bleed red.

Tonya Kincheloe

Gone

The blood runs
Runs down the drain.
The knife falls
Falls to the floor.
I am bleeding
Bleeding to death.
The rain falls
Falls to the ground.
No one cares
Cares about me.
You turned away
Away from me.
And now I'm gone
Gone from this world.

Tonya Kincheloe

How Much

How much pain can one handle.
How much anger can one hold back.
How much violence can one take.
How much sadness can one hide.
How much does it take to get your attention.

Tonya Kincheloe

I Am Silent

I talk.
I scream.
I cry.
But no one hears me.
I play guitar.
I play trumpet.
I play tuba.
But no one hears me.
I hit the wall.
I slam the door.
I break the window.
But no one hears me.
I cut my wrist.
I want to die.
Because I am silent.

Tonya Kincheloe

I Cried (For Miles)

I cried when we fought.
I cried when you was mad at me.
I cried when you first said you loved me.
I cried when you was hurt.
I cried every night knowing I could never meet you.
I cried wishing you was beside me.
No one sees me cry.
No one knows how I feel.
I don't cry often but,
I'm cring while I'm writing this.
And last night I cried myself to sleep.
Cause I was thinking of you.

Tonya Kincheloe

Lost Love

My love isn't here.
My love isn't near.
I'm going to die alone.
I feel so lonely.
I feel so sad.
A tear falls down my cheek.
A tear hits my pillow.
Love is just a game in life.
A game I lose every time I play.
I can win at almost every game.
Love is the one I can't win.
I lost love.

Tonya Kincheloe

Love Hurts

I cut my wrist.
I feel the pain.
I feel the warmth.
I told you how I felt.
But you turned away.
And my only wish.
Is to turn back time.
And never tell you.
How I feel.
I knew love hurts.
But I didn't know.
Just how much.
Til now.

Tonya Kincheloe

Mellow(In Memory Of A Close Friend)

Hooker is what she called me.
I don't expect you to understand.
The pain I feel.
My hope and my dreams.
Are no more.
My strength is gone.
I'm lost and confused.
Without her near.
She was my friend.
My sister.
She made me break
A promise to myself.
Everything a had.
Died with her.
That summer's day.
July 5,2006.

Tonya Kincheloe

My Grandpa

My grandpa is a cowboy.

My grandpa is cool.

My grandpa is always there for me.

My grandpa is a good teacher.

My grandpa is sweet and nice.

My grandpa is a loving person.

My grandpa is a poet.

What is, is now a was for he died

That winters day on Febuary 23,2003 9: 15AM.

Tonya Kincheloe

My Knife

My knife is my friend.
My knife understands.
My knife doesn't push me away.
My knife listens.
My knife agrees with me.
My knife knows me.
My knife is dull.
My knife cuts me.
My knife lays beside me as I die.

Tonya Kincheloe

Pain

I see the rain.
I feel the pain.
I'm going insane.
Not using cocaine.
The pain is strong.
It's been going on for so long.
I'm sitting among.
The band playing a song.
The pain is too much to bare.

Tonya Kincheloe

Shadows Of Love

I sit in the shadows.
There I can't hurt anyone.
But everyone hurts me.
I watch everyone else find love.
But I can't find it.
For I am in the shadows.
No one knows I can love.
No one understands
I need love.
Will I ever find love?
Or will I forever
Sit in the shadows of love.

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide

I need pain
a knife against my wrist
is not enough
well it's pain,
but i need stronger pain
Pain that will make me scream
I need to see blood
to smell and taste it
I need the feeling of my blood
draining from my veins
I grab a knife and in a moment
all around me
my blood is flowing
I see flashing lights
hear shouts and screams
but I am afraid
they are to late
They rush me to the hospital
but there is nothing they can do
the cut on my neck is to deep
they cannot save me
My parents are planning my funeral
their actions slow and sad
my sister is crying along with my friends
they did not expect it
I showed no signs
at my funeral people are crying all around me
but now it is time for my sister to speak
the first thing she says is
'I can't believe she was suicidal.....'

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide Hug

I see him.
He sees me.
He is leaving.
We knew our fate.
But we did it anyway.
I wrap my arms
Around his neck.
He wraps his
Around my waist.
We embraced each other
For the last time.
We pulled away.
We fell to the ground.
When we landed
My head was on his chest.
His arms holding me close.
Someone screams.
We are dead.
Our hug was suicidal.

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide Kiss

I touch his lips.
Ice cold and blue.
I hold his hands.
Tightly with love.
His eyes are closed.
I can't see.
His blue eyes.
His brown hair.
Combed.
I look at him.
I can't believe it.
I used to love him.
And now he's gone.
I lean down.
I kis his lips.
Th I fall.
To the ground.
Because the kiss.
Was a suicide kiss.

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide Love

Love isn't easy.
For me to find.
I'm feeling queasy.
Which makes me blind.
I have to say.
I don't want to hurt you.
It may not and it may.
I have to go.
So say goodbye.
After the show.
I'll be up high.
Looking down.
Ready to jump.
With a frown.
Don't get pumped.
Don't get sad.
It's for the best.
You're getting mad.
I have to rest.

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide Thoughts

Boyfriend mad
Tried stop
Can't stop
Blood thirsty
Me thinking
Bad life
Dad lies
Sister hates
Mom gone
Can't think
Nothing else
Knife table
Knife cutting
See blood
Smell blood
Taste blood
Blood floor
Hide wrist
Can't run
Can't hide
Hit floor
Goodbye friends

Tonya Kincheloe

Suicide Wish

Everyone wishes
Upon a star.
But their wishes
Consist of good things
Happy things like
Horses, cats, and clouds.
Some wish for
Houses for the homeless.
Money for the poor.
Some wish for more wishes.
But me.
My wishes are bad.
I see a star.
The first star tonight.
I make a wish.
I fall to the floor.
I was limp.
I made a wish.
A suicide wish.

Tonya Kincheloe

The Suicide Note

I can't be what everyone wants me to be.
Everything I do is just another mistake.
I can't make anyone happy or proud.
I only make them mad and dissappointed.
I understand that everyone hates me.
I understand no one will cry.
I know im not loved.
I don't know how to love.
And now I never will.
I just wish.....

Tonya Kincheloe

The War

.I sit wacthing silently
as a silent war stirs inside me.
I ask myself one question.
will this war ever end?
no one knows about this war
for i keep it inside. not knowing who to trust
for i can't trust my own parents
i guess my friends are all i can trust.
but the news of this war
i can not say
for i fight alone.
then i another question stirs inside me.
is there anyone who can help me?
i answer that on my own
but the answer is no.
i fight alone.
i need no one else.
i only protect.
i don't need protection.
no one knows
about the war
for i am the only one
who will fight.
i think i'm losing
but i won't give up.
it is then that i ask myself
have i already lost?
is this the end?
the war i mean.
i know i'll never be free
for i have lost the war
and can never return
to fight for freedom
cause hope is gone
and i have no more strength
to carry on in this life.
goodbye my friends.

Tonya Kincheloe

They Tell Me

They tell me I have to feel something.
But I feel nothing.
They tell me I have to show emotion.
But I have no emotion left to show.
They tell me i have to stop fighting...
Stop fighting the pain.
But I don't feel it.
I am numb to this pain.
They tell me I should cry.
But I have no more tears to shed.
They tell me I have to stop cutting.
But I can't let go of the knife.
They tell me I will die.
And all I say is.....
'Let death come upon me.'

Tonya Kincheloe

This Is The End

i want to die
dont ask me why
i can not say
i cant go away
so let me be
and make me see
what ive been missin
i cant go kissin
away the pain
and see the rain
coming down
so i can drown
down ill go
and ill never show
my face again
cause this is th end.

Tonya Kincheloe

When.....

When his arms are around me.
I feel warm and safe.
When his eyes are locked with mine.
I feel like I can fly.
When I whatch him work.
It seems we're the only ones alive.
When I hear his voice.
My heart melts away.
When he moved away.
I cried.

Tonya Kincheloe

You Don'T Care

I want to show you my wrist.
But you'll just turn away.
You can't see the blood on my shirt.
Because you don't care anymore.
I've always been lost.
But you never tried to find me.
I tried to tell you to take the knife.
But you didn't hear me.
Because you don't care.
You can't hear me at all.
Because you don't want to.
Because you hate me.
I cut my wrist.
You can't see I'm in pain.
Because you don't care.
You don't care if I'm in pain.
You don't care if I die.
You just don't care.
And I know it.

Tonya Kincheloe