

Poetry Series

valerie montanez
- poems -

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valerie montanez(2/27/93)

i jus wanna say i love writting, it jus shows who i am...and that i dont have to hide from anyone...life is full of so many things... that anything that you do to show who you are is very powerful..just being yourself is powerful is amaizing....and a jus giving your heart to wat u really love lights every path u walk and a new reasoning.....i love you all..and god bless you (: ...am a 17 teenage girl with alot to write about (:

Addicted

Merely, I can't breath anymore.
Seeing u go was my worst nightmare.
Fairy tales is what I inhaled,
Every second, minute, and every hour that I've known u.
I'm addicted to you.
I'm addicted to your touch, your smile, your character.
Loving you was my only guilt.
Being imprisoned, trapped on your skin was my crime.
Your lips are tatoored to my soft skin,
Which you adored and desired.
I'm addicted to your smell, your stare..
addicted and convicted.
What desires of love it wasn't even love it was lust.
I loved the way you undressed me with your stare..
What I gave you no other women could of given you..
Thorns and darkness was my punishment.
Sorry babe..seeing your blood flow was a pleasure..
I guess my dirty secret was murder..
Loved it when you begged for mercy..
You deserved it..
I wasn't addicted to you! !
But death was! !
See you in hell! !

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I Wish It Was You

i wish it was you!
can't you see me in the mirror?
yes, you i am talking to a life with no figure..
see...i have a mind you cant read.
wheres there is times where i wish you could read.
see? i wish it was you...
you know..the one that could open the box full of love letters..
that my heart dedicated to you..
i'd always wished that you one day would take me under the moonlight and feel
the bliss of the night.
your biggest mistake was losing a heart..
the mirror doesn't lie in any way.
it reflects a murderer.
you stand with no shame
LOOK AT YOUR SELF!
you stand with the blood of your juliet,
stains on your shirt proves your guilt.
murderer..murderer..murderer!
i believed that your love was real..
as the mirror reflects your true being.
the blood drips down your hands onto the knife.
the steel knife is your slient accomplice of your wrongdoing.
seeing yourself sitting infront of your other shadow
shows your illness.
you killed her because she was the first woman who stole your heart.

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Life

what is life?

its a time of happiness, joy,

no it just agony served to us in a silver plater.

life is like sweet candy but when it starts to end it taste bitter.

many things that make us miserable is our bitterness.

we start it then we just die from it.

why do you think many die with heart attacks or

even die from guilt?

life isn't just bitterness its also a river of tears.

tears that over flow of many hurt and betrayal.

sacrafices that have been done but haven't been rewarded or acknowldged.

why do we seek for vanity, riches when really it just doesn't fills our desires.

It's our nature to be pridefull and hurtfull to others but have u studied yourself?

Guess not we think that we are perfect when really to be perfect u have to build yourself to get there.

Life is sweet on a silver plater but when the silver plater is gone

life its just a puzzle with no solution.

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Love Crime

knowing that love was my only sin,
it was worthless.

worthless to sacrifice the only
thing that was valueable,
my heart.

wishing, hoping that one day i could see

your

suffering.

seeing your pain, your begging
is satisfying to me.

the thirst of revenge running through my
lips.

seeing that you that your screams can't be
heard.

and claiming to me to have mercy on you.
should i have mercy on you?
think again.

your whinning and your begging won't
seeing your life fading slowly,
was the same way you took mine.
now die and suffer.

help you.

laying a rose in your chest
its symbolism of my death
and your death is symbolism
of my
resurrection.

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My Fantasy

seeking into an empty bliss,
i see no life, no coloring book.
knowing that black and white are shadows of loneliness creeping into a heartless
being.
running into a dead forest of dume
i see no light, no me.
how can i escape the sorrows of my being?
a forest that swallows every dream i exposed.
a dream that had color,
that had a heart.
where happiness never met sadness.
as i wake up
i notice my dreams were too perfect.
looking deeper
my sadness was the forest of death.
but all my happiness was a lie,
finally waking up i realize
i've lived a perfect life inside
a snowglobe.....

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Something I Never Felt

something i never felt.
i never looked at someone with such purity.
the stare of a strange one is so intimate.
i never felt it, but i've been told.
the innocence of an angel,
can't be ignored.
wings wrap her tight.
with such fragile heart.
its something i felt.
roses die around her precence,
but one stands.
and who may recall this creature?
its something i never felt.
theres a passion that i never saw.
and never will see.
the sand erases a heart by seconds.
who is this angel?
it is my soul.
the soul that recalls.
it recalls that love i never felt.
a love that i never saw.
my heart wants to feel that stare.
but it will never be
THERE! ! !

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