

Poetry Series

**XX. EMO CHICK .XX MRT.
- poems -**

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XX. EMO CHICK .XX MRT.(9/14/93)

Bad Memory

HE HAUNTS MY MEMORIES,
TAKES OVER MY HAPPINESS,
KILLS MY SMILE,
EVERY THOUGHT OF HIM HURTS ME,
HEARING HIS NAME KILLS ME,
ALL THE MEMORIES OF HIM,
I WISH I NEVER MET HIM,
HE RUINED MY CHILDHOOD,
KILLED MY SPIRIT,
I CANT FORGET IT,
WHAT HE DID TO ME WILL ALWAYS HAUNT MY MEMORY

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Friend

WHEN YOU WALKED INTO MY LIFE I WAS HAPPY,
WHEN YOU BROKE MY HEART I STILL WANTED YOU,
EVERYTME I GET HURT I RUN BACK TO YOU,
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU TO BE THERE,
YOU ARE A FRIEND AND SOMETIMES MUCH MORE,
YOU COULD NEVER CAUSE ME TO BORE,
EVEN THOUGH IT HURTS YOU ARE ALWAYS TRUTHFUL,
IT IS SO HARD TO RESIST YOU,
I LOVE TO HANG OUT,
I AM HAPPY WHENEVER YOU'RE ABOUT,
IT IS SO HARD TO STOP TALKING TO YOU,
BUT WE WANT DIFFERENT THINGS,
I WISH YOU WANTED MORE MEANS.

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I Need Someone

When i cry myself to sleep,
I just wanna cut myself so deep
I want someone to care,
Someone who will share,
I need someone to be there
I want someone to hold me
I wish someone could unfold the mystery
I want someone to know
They need to show me that they can help
They should talk to me and not yell
I need them to be mellow and not turn yellow
I want someone that won't bailer
They need to be calm and helpful
I just wish someone could be the way i need them to be and could say things
that are useful to me.

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Lost

I LOVE HIM SO MUCH,
BUT DOES HE LOVE ME? ?
DO I STILL WANT TO BE WITH HIM? ?
I HURT SO BAD,
THE PAIN MAKES IT SO HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO DO,
IF HE LOVES ME THE WAY HE SAYS HE DOES...
WHY CANT HE STOP TALKING TO HER? ?
DOES HE SECRETLY LOVE HER? ?
WHY CANT HE JUST STOP TEXTING HER? ?
I DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO...
SHOULD WE BREAK UP? ?
I WANT TO BUT...
AT THE SAME TIME I JUST CANT LET HIM GO...
I DONT WANT TO LOSE HIM BUT...
I CANT KEEP GETTING HURT LIKE THIS...
I WISH I COULD FIND THE ANSWER...
IM JUST SO LOST..
I WANT TO BE FOUND...

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Mom

she crys
she yells
she takes my arm
she looks at the scares
she sees the new cuts
she asks 'why, is it me? ? '
'did i do something? ? '
'what could i have done to make you hurt yourself? ? '
i dont answer
i am quiet
tears in my eyes
i see her face
her concern
she is sad
she is mad
she looks disippointed
she hates me
she hates what i have become
what i have done
i ditched school...
got caught
she takes me to counciling,
doesnt trust me any more
doesnt believe a word i say
hate
lies
dispare
she cant believe a word i say
i love my mother
but...
i wonder...
does she still love me? ?

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Relief

Every cut, Every scare
a reminder
bad memorie
a bad day
some bad news i had to hear
relief
blood
i cut deepper
it helps
i stop,
watch the blood run down my arm
it drips
its on the floor
on the toilet
on the stall door
on my pants, shirt, everywhere
i breath
i feel better now
i clean up the blood
i hide the cuts
and go to class
with tears in my eyes,
running down my cheek
relief at last,
well for now that is.

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Sick And Tired

Depression, sadness
hopes, dreams
all things i have,
two things i want
i want to feel happy,
feel warmth.
im so cold.
i cant get warm. nothing helps.
blankets dont do any good.
im cold inside, not out.
my skin hurts
my hands hurt
they are sick.
sick and tired of cutting.
holding the blade
making the motion to slide the blade into my arm
tired of providing the presure, the pain, the blood.
tired.
sick.
sick and tired of it all.

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Take It Away

Pain, suffering, emptiness
A lone, nobody to help me,
to take the pain away, to fill the emptiness inside, to stop the suffering.
i cry out.
i need help! !
i need someone! !
i want someone, anyone, to stop it all! !
no more blood! !
i dont want the feeling any more! !
just take it away please...someone please...take it all away! !

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The Blade

The blade
its like a lifeline
it helps me breath
really, truely, breath
it makes an air hole
lets out the bad
the blood
it holds bad things within.
it holds everything bad in life, at school, at home, in my mind.
the blade lets it all out, lets it all go, lets the bad feelings flow out of my body.
helps me feel good
the blade is like my friend.
a friend...
that hurts me and helps me both...
at once.

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