

Words of the Soul - Poetry

By Boo810

Submitted: November 29, 2008

Updated: December 15, 2008

I feel the need to express my emotions through poetry. Feel free to read & comment. ^^

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Boo810/54969/Words-of-Soul---Poetry>

Chapter 1 - Life of the Wanted	2
Chapter 2 - Our View of Life	3
Chapter 3 - If Only...	4
Chapter 4 - Family Trouble	5

1 - Life of the Wanted

*I live on the streets
Never knowing when
I might be captured
When I might
Die*

*I'm just a wanted girl
Not sure why
I haven't done anything
Wrong at all
Ever*

*The ones I love dissapeared
Since I left
Ever since I ran
Far away from
Death*

*I don't know why I
Run from them
When all I have
left is myself
Me*

*I've thought about giving in
But I can't
Come to terms with
What it is
Death*

*I'm scared of living
Scared of breathing
Scared of moving
Scared of running
But scared of death
I'm just wanted
This is the life of the wanted
It seems*

2 - Our View of Life

"The way I see it, life's a test. You pass or you fail, either way, your only trying to die. You try and pass, you be nice, you help, just trying to get to peace when you leave. Some people don't see life as a test, and just kill. They're mean, and spiteful, and when they're test is over, they're sentenced to detention for cheating or failing. Life is just a test. No point wasting so much time over it, because what we really want, is for it to be over."

*"Torture? This isn't torture. Physical pain is not torture. My life, **that's** torture. You call **this** torture? I call it pointless. Living just one day in my life, now **that's** torture. My mind is constantly filled with death, devastation, emotional pain and hate. Cuts and bruises don't mean a thing to me. I see my blood run down my fur all the time, it's all normal. See, you can end my misery and kill me now, or you can **really** torture me and let me live. Either way, you can't win, and niether can I."*

"Life? Hmm...Think of life as a burger. There are many layers. There's the emotion (the bun), the phisical (the cheese), the mental (the burger), the objects (the salad) and the death (the pickles). We all try eating the layers, but some of us just hate those pickles..."

3 - If Only...

If only my eyes
Where shiny and blue
If only they glistened
In the silent moonlight

If only my smile
Was pretty and fair
If only it made you look
Instead of turn away

If only my hair
Was long and golden
If only it was beautiful
The kind you like to stroke

If only my body
Was thin and gorgeous
If only it looked good
When you passed me in the street

If only my mind
Would stop playing tricks on me
If only I could know
I was beautiful inside

4 - Family Trouble

I panic
A lot,
I worry
A lot,
I ponder,
Scared,
Whether something
Will
Happen, to
Me

My father is in prison
For violence and abuse,
My mother isn't coping
With the stress she has to take,
My brother won't leave me alone,
He takes my stuff and hits me,
My sister is spreading rumors
About some silly things I never did,
My uncle isn't quite alright
Inside his deranged old head,
I'm not sure how or even why
That he wants me dead,
My auntie doesn't seem to know
Who I even am,
Her stroke has nearly killed her and
She's the only one that cares
My grandparents, well,
Let's not go into them,
My cousins are a real pain,
So everyone is terrible

The only
Person
I have
In
My life
That
Cares, is
My
Best friend,
Me