

# The real pain

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*these are a few poems i have written, more sober though, my fave is 'hell to heaven; recover from the pain' enjoy :P*

*Andi xxx*

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# 1 - How can you love? - Poem

## How Can You Love?

How can you love?  
When you don't know how  
You thought you could  
But your wrong now

How can you learn?  
When trust you lack  
You did trust once  
But it ended black

How do you start?  
When it's all blurred  
Your friends aren't friends  
And your fears' uncured

Who do you pick?  
That one person  
To start anew  
It might just worsen

How do you know?  
They won't be the same  
And it'll end up  
Like the previous game

A Endless Circle  
It Becomes  
When someone's sent  
To hells lonely drums

Without love,  
Missing trust,  
And NO idea  
How to start again...

## 2 - Hell to heaven; recover from the pain

I have never ever written anything more from my heart than this, and it feels so good;

.It's all true.

I dreamt last night,  
I actually dreamt,  
And to say the least,  
it wasn't pleasant,  
I never remember my dreams!  
So why this one?  
Why now?  
Why about you?

For all that you've done,  
all those years of my life,  
living in uncertainty,  
sadness and fear,  
because of you...  
...and your words.

I remember,  
not 2 years ago,  
I left you behind,  
you and your cruelty,  
straight from heaven to hell,

It's strange really,  
I notice only now,  
That you are the reason,  
why I was like that  
last year,  
why my confidence was gone.

2 years...

That's how long it took me to recover.

I know it was true,  
because art is part of me,  
but you even managed

to take that away from me  
My drawings from 4th grade  
were better than the ones last year,  
not to mention they were  
screwed, evil, and demented

Now I am well,  
with help from my family,  
not you, my true family,  
and friends,  
and undoubtedly, myself,

**But I still can't forget,  
because scars never heal,  
because you can live with them,  
ignore them,  
cover them up,  
but you can never forget them,  
because they're engraved.  
Like you in my mind.**

And then what about my dream,  
it was about that night,  
before the years of straight hell,  
who remembers things from when they were 5?  
me.  
And only that.

You can stand up and lie,  
with your 'oath to the bible'  
but my memory is clear, and true,  
a child's worst fear,  
You hit her, you did,  
and my memory, my heart, and also my dream,  
told me so.  
A child can't testify,  
so what could I do?

You did it only to hurt mom,  
but do you know how it hurt me?  
The files I found and read  
and worst, believed,  
because you paid him to lie,  
against the bible, in front of all  
the judge, Mom, Sean,  
For what seemed eternity I believed it...

Then mom realized and told me,  
but then she had to tell me everything,  
that's what hurt.

**Because I'm not small,  
don't underestimate me  
like you have all my life.  
Treating me like I can't take in anything.  
It's the biggest mistake you ever made,  
because I know what you are,  
I know everything that was going on  
in those frozen years.**

I wonder sometimes,  
Do you know?  
Do you regret? Repent?  
Do you care?  
Do you feel bad?  
do you feel sad?  
Do you feel sorry?  
Can you feel?

Now here I sit,  
thinking, and typing; my way out.  
**And yes, you are forgiven,  
because it is not for me to judge,  
God will do that,  
and when you stand in front of him he will know all,  
your intentions, you life, your lies,  
and he will judge.**

I hope you repent  
otherwise it won't be a good turnout then.  
If it isn't then maybe you will know how I felt,  
but I hope you never do,  
I hope no one has to go thought that, not even you,  
because although I hate it, and I can't help it,  
I still love you.

Because you are my father,  
I believe good is in everyone,.  
Even the murderers and the thieves,  
everyone has a reason, even you.

Forgiven, you may be,  
but that doesn't mean that we are OK,  
because I don't think we can be.  
I don't really want to see you,  
I know I'm safe here, in Canada,

where we moved, or escaped,  
England haunts my memories  
and I only miss the people in it.  
I f I ever go back  
I will be eating my long awaited 'fish & chips'  
pondering, should I visit, but I caution,  
If you read this,  
the outcome probably won't be in your favor,  
if you still care.

**The bold are the most meaningful (to me) verses there**

each sentence symbolizes an entirely new and different struggle, each word is carefully placed and is meaningful if you can figure it out. I hope you enjoy this note from my soul :P

### 3 - Death's evil laughter

I don't have any idea why i am writing this, i just woke up and the words were forming in my head :P

A brother

A sister

A mother

A friend

All are life changing until they reach their end,

In a crash, or a scream,  
or a shot of a gun,  
they're gone  
leaving you to writhe,  
in helpless denial,

But knowing deep inside  
that there is no hope,  
how can *it* be alive,  
that now monstrous sight,  
with its head de-attached from it's body?

Or if someone merely brings you the news,  
with a sober, or crying demeanor  
To tell you of your grandma's demise,  
You stare at them in horror and shock,  
but then, WHAT? you have to turn away.

For it's not tears, or wailing, or fainting,  
you feel coming on, but a light,  
shaking laughter, soaking your body,  
and unable to stop it a giggle bursts out,  
everyone stares and the laughter continues,  
you face in a grin, you laughter roaring,  
and you, doubled over, rolling around on the floor?

I felt sick, what was wrong with me?  
Was the devil planting this horror of smugness within my body?  
Because i knew that i definitely felt sadness for my grandma,  
but the more sadness i felt, the more laughter i felt,  
and i fled from the room, not crying, but giggling.

yup, well that is the reaction i get when i hear someone's died, i just laugh, and laugh, i was horrified at the start, but then my mom explained to me that it was a reaction people got, (well thank god, i was terrified at myself) i guess because crying and laughing are 2 very similar emotions (you can start crying when laughing, or when very sad) your body mixes them up...

## 4 - Wooden Heart

Hate is the fire  
burning in the land  
igniting the now monstrous hearts  
we thought we understand

fire because it blazes,  
magnificent and powerful at true  
and because it could rupture anywhere,  
say the innocent heart of you

It victims are shapeless and many,  
human bird or beast,  
in rage aggravation or envy  
it consumes all sense as a feast

Never dying. Ever hungry  
It cinders any wooden lock  
Protecting the heart, so take this advice  
and harden yours to rock

Andi

## 5 - Rotting Apple

Inside is where the pain resides  
inside where nobody sees  
what has happened is unchangeable  
but the past is the sharpest knife

-

Like cats eyes in the darkness  
I'm the only one  
who knows about this pain  
And knows how deep it bleeds

-

It tugs and pulls at every moment  
each thing of daily life  
it rules and it dictates  
tying me to life's ground rock

-

My life is almost faultless  
its only me that's at fault  
if God gave us each our lives  
then why not give mine to the angel

-

There are the crying children  
at hells gates, yet innocent and pure  
who would not waste the fruit,  
yet I'm stuck with no mouth to eat them

-

If I were to sit at hells gate  
which once I know I did  
at least I would suit my surroundings  
and save that lonely kid

-

Its like wasting sugar on a rotten apple  
while fresh ones lie in wait  
Why not through it out, as rot can't heal  
its gone and can't come back

-

although I try my hardest  
to use here what I've got  
It's so painful with that looming shadow  
whispering in my ear just dirt and rot.

## 6 - The flailing Fists of Life

### Flailing Fists of Life

It goes so slow, and yet so fast,

we know just not enough  
that would suffice  
to make decisions  
to try and righten life

And so the days crash down on me  
like waves in stormy sea  
and they throw and catch and swallow me  
dizzily rapidly

Strangling kindness from us  
So how can we take our time think?  
And so we plunge and thrash  
at our most but it drags us down to sink

The currents take us under  
spinning and tossing us around,  
like baby seals with their meat  
in life no solid ground

But in the midst of the darkest kayos  
we search for our ways out  
but like moles in metal cages  
there is nothing but sewn deep doubt

But the rescue is always there  
but only visible once accepted  
and once you do you'll see it rest  
the anchor next to you

And so you take it by your hand  
and and tug it only once  
and up it rises steadily  
through eroding influence and cons

now only brushing your feet  
the now passed flailing fists of life

as you reached the surface  
and still the monstrous waves of strife

I'm saved, at peace now,  
and so you can be too  
risen above confusion,  
I can think through what I do

If you believe, it'll be there, that rope  
Made of gods hands, and filled with hope.

- Anna Deeley