

Girl

By featheredangel

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I wrote this when i was angry, with my parents. hope you like it!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/featheredangel/14236/Girl>

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1 - Invisible

Girl

She wanders through life invisible,
To all the happy people,
Who mock her ,
And laugh.

The invisible puppet strings,
Made by her parents,
Push and pull her,
Into the darkness.

You may search for her,
But your happiness blinds you,
So you cannot see her,]
And you just pass her by.

After finishing this poem,
I realise,
The girl is,
Me

By feathered angel 29/4/2005

2 - Chains

The puppet strings have turned into chains,
That hold me down,
Not letting me go,
And hurting me every time I try to be free.

As my life shatters into tiny pieces,
My friends and family sit there,
Point,
And laugh.

The bars on my cage,
Created by my anger,
Have turned to ice,
To resemble my heart.

As people try to help me,
I shut them out,
Not letting them in,
And throw away the key.

Now there is no-one to protect me,
Except me,
But I am weak because of my fury,
And rage.

By Featheredangel 2/5/2005

3 - Failure

My body is now frozen in time,
Because there is nobody around to care,
No-one to help me,
No time to spare.

I have now given up all hope,
In finding a friend,
In finding my heart,
In finding my sole.

The chains are still there,
But this time there stronger,
And now are killing me,
With every breath I take.

My icy cage has turned to fire,
Not to resemble my heart,
But the anger,
In my sole.

My clothes have become rags,
My mouth is now dry,
My stomach is now empty,
My heart is now black.

By feathered angel 2/5/2005

P.S this isn't true I am not dying!

4 - almost the end

I am barely alive now,
With no strength,
No love,
No sole.

I have days to live,
I am on the end of my tether,
I don't want to die,
But I have no choice.

I am now ready for death,
Its fiery pit of doom,
Where I will forever stay
And never return.

All my hope of being saved is gone,
For all those who I believed in,
Have given up,
Just like me.

My world is now over,
My life is almost gone,
I will see you in hell,
My heart is almost broken.

By feathered angel 3/5/2005

Like I said before I am not dying and I am not depressed, I just like writing poems!