

Ramblings

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I wouldn't call this poetry.

More like the mindless ramblings of a confused teenage girl.

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1 - Composure Lost

It was your expression that always killed me most.[br]
We would laugh together endlessly, until sleeves rose too high.[br]
Composure lost.[br]
Your brown eyes met those red screaming lines and everything was gone.[br]
Our smiles, our laughs, now forced and false.[br]
Not a word you could say could reach my head, only your eyes.[br]
Only your face.[br]
My weak, shallow existence, you were now aware of it all.[br]
The deep hurt within your eyes hurt more than anything I could do to myself.[br]
[br]
Your reaction is always what hurt me most.[br]

2 - Teenage Fake

False smiles lead to fake laughs.[br]

Fake laughs lead to meaningless words.[br]

Meaningless words lead to a churning stomach.[br]

As the bile raises in your throat you think to yourself, *this is all wrong*.[br]

Let's give a round of applause to yet another teenage fake.[br]

[br]

3 - Who You Thought I Was

Every time you smiled at me, every time you kissed me,[br]

was like a knife through the heart.[br]

You kept on smiling.[br]

I kept on lying.[br]

You told me you loved me.[br]

I smiled and kissed you.[br]

I didn't know what else to do.[br]

You were so innocent,[br]

I was so sick.[br]

I wish I was who you thought I was.[br]

4 - Release

I press my face against the[br]
cold porcelain.[br]
My body is covered in[br]
shakes and shivers.[br]
Everything just kept building[br]
up and up.[br]
I couldn't take it[br]
anymore.[br]
Busting down [br]
the door, I flew[br]
into the bathroom.[br]
Release.[br]
Every single heave brought more[br]
and more tears.[br]
My stomach is sore.[br]
My mouth tastes repulsive.[br]
I just can't[br]
take it.[br]

5 - Forever

Forever was always met with a bitter smile.[br]
As soon as the words tumbled from your lips, my lips mouthed liar.[br]
I met your then questioning glance with a smile.[br]
Bitter was all I could force out.[br]
Forever was your favorite way to describe us.[br]
Forever me, forever you, forever us.[br]
As your car backed out for one last time, I watched with dry eyes.[br]
My phone and yours lost our numbers.[br]
Miles went by, days went by.[br]
I guess forever only exists in fairy tales.[br]

6 - Wrong and Right

Every memory of you seems to have a bittersweet tinge to it.[br]
These feelings shouldn't be forming,[br]
But in the back of my head,[br]
[I think I want them too.][br]
You keep listening, even though everything that falls out of my mouth is just mindless words.[br]
Words scrambled together just so I can feel you listen.[br]
What I'm feeling is probably wrong,[br]
But god am I sick of feeling right.[br]
[br]

7 - Waste of Time

I still wear the ring you gave me[br]
on a chain[br]
around my neck.[br]
All I have left of you.[br]
My memories left are like wisps of smoke[br]
rising up into the gray sky.[br]
Only there for a second and[br]
when I try to reach for them,[br]
they always evade my grasp.[br]
Even today as I clasp the ring in my fingers,[br]
I just can't remember.[br]
I seem to have already forgotten[br]
your name.[br]
Everything I slightly remember[br]
concerning you,[br]
is covered in shades of gray.[br]
Little mysteries that were once figured out,[br]
now lost in time.[br]
I would like to say that[br]
I miss you.[br]
But missing someone you[br]
don't even know, seems like a [br]
waste of time.[br]

8 - Perfectly Broken

As I'm downing another bottle,[br]
my mind wanders to you.[br]
What would you think if you saw me now?[br]
Broken.[br]
Pathetic.[br]
Little ol' me.[br]
I can already imagine it.[br]
Your stunned face moving closer,[br]
You would take my trembling hand and say,[br]
"It's going to be okay."[br]
Because that's what you love to do.[br]
You like to chase away the nightmares,[br]
scare off the monsters that lurk in my mind,[br]
and haunt me when I'm all alone.[br]
It's what you love to do:[br]
Fix what is *wrong*.
Fix what **needs** to be fixed, so that it will achieve your state of perfection.
You would shake your head at my scars and say,
"Don't worry, I'm here now."
It's all going to be better."
But dear,
I don't believe in "Okay".
I don't believe in "Better".
I don't want to be fixed.
I want you to love what I am:
Perfectly broken.

9 - Together

I want to shatter glass with you one starry night,[br]
then hold your hand and try to piece them back together.[br]
Because then in the back of my mind,[br]
I would pretend that it was us that were shattered,[br]
and together, we would mend old wounds,[br]
and smile at the scars that are left[br]
together.[br]

10 - Meaningless Nothing

Pointless nothings
Whispered words
Hiding behind locked doors

What for
Pointless nothings always lead to heartbreak
Hurt hearts
Friendship loss

I'm oh so scared to lose you
And almost as scared just to keep you

So please
Let's not be like that
Let's stuff this with words and meanings
Made of something,
and just a pinch of everything

Let's make this a meaningful something.

11 - Blind

You are blind,
you are deaf.
So hard headed in your ignorance.
You set free your guide dog,
head off into the world unknown.
Thrashing and stumbling,
you just try to make it through.
Fighting everything and nothing,
you left your guide dog whimpering in the rain.

12 - Twisted Brain

With eyes laying low,[br]
I fixate them on our hands, [br]
now intertwined tightly.[br]
Raising my eyes to meet yours is a nervous notion,[br]
for I fear my blood will soon rush to my face,[br]
and I'll begin to stammer.[br]
I started out by looking for an escape in you,[br]
but my twisted mind still couldn't be satisfied.[br]
Non-expected feelings are a frightening thing,[br]
but as time flies,[br]
I get a little less scared. [br]
You brought back my reds and blues,[br]
I'm seeing in greens and yellows.[br]
Such a nervous notion burning bright orange.[br]
But still, [br]
I keep my eyes on intertwined hands,[br]
one large, one small.[br]
Maybe someday,[br]
I'll raise my eyes,[br]
and let my twisted brain unravel.[br]

13 - Freezing Rain and Floating

My mind fills up with pitter patter.[br]
The rain from the outer world has entered my mind and is washing me away.[br]
Thought. By. Thought.[br]
[br]
Everything now seems so surreal.[br]
Please take my hand and pull me back,[br]
because I don't think I can *come back down*.[br]
[br]
The early spring rain that had earlier entered my mind is now freezing over.[br]
I'm shaking and shivering in my fortress.[br]
Walls are being built, roofs are being raised, all the keep this cold out.[br]
But the door will always be unlocked for you,[br]
and only you.[br]
[br]
Soaring is a funny feeling.[br]
There are no strings to hold me down this time.[br]
And I just keep getting higher and higher.[br]
[br]
The only thing left to fear is,[br]
what if I get so high that you won't be able to reach me?[br]

14 - Who are you?

If I were to ask you who you were,[br]
I'm expecting an answer of your name.[br]
If you were to ask me who I am,[br]
I would tell you that I'm....[br]
A young girl drowning in air.[br]
A female who can never get enough of what she can't have.[br]
Someone who's faced their demons.[br]
A person who likes to scream just to hear the shrill sound of it.[br]
Someone who'd rather watch her blood flow, then shed a single tear.[br]
A girl who likes to get lost, just to feel truly hopeless.[br]
A female who's afraid for the truth, but asks anyway.[br]
[br]
Who are you?[br]

15 - Skies and Eyes

Bright eyes and light smiles,[br]
stifled laughter and stolen kisses.[br]
I feel as if these moments belong in warm sunny days,[br]
not in the rain drenched shivering eves that we share.[br]
Maybe this is all just a sign,[br]
that these girly affections are telling me spring is on the way.[br]
So I'll stare at this notebook, [br]
and scribble down these scattered fragments before the lakes melt.[br]
Our skies have already turned that bright blue,[br]
but I'll always prefer that perfect shade of blye that only your eyes can retain.[br]

16 - Stars and Space

Clawing hands rarely make it far,[br]
so upturned palms must reach the stars?[br/>Turning my palm over and over,[br]
it seemed to make no difference.[br]
That is,[br]

until you placed your palm with mine.[br]
I imagined the tingles throughout my fingers to be the stars,[br]

and the dark in the theater as space.[br]
Such a simple change,[br]

who knew it could possess such results?[br]
The fictional stars withing my make-believe space was the decision.[br]

My mind was made.[br]
And my palm,[br]

still clasped in yours,[br]

would be yours to keep.[br]

17 - YouSavedMyLife

How do you thank the person who saved your life?
All it took was some simple metaphors and a pretty voice.
To convince a lonely girl,
standing among a crowd on a hot summer day,
that life **was** worth living.
It was going to be okay.
Wake up every morning.
Keep on struggling.

You've never met me,
but when you sing,
life is worth it.

I don't know how to extend my thanks to you,
I'm hoping this silly little poem will do.

18 - Today

Today I forgot that my hair was black, and my eyes blue.
Too concentrated on seeking out imperfections to see what's actually there.

Today I looked in the mirror, and my eyes filled with shock.
I had forgotten who I was, thinking only of who I wanted to be.

Today I fell while walking down the street.
I only had eyes for my destination, not where I was.

Today I realized,
We tend to concentrate only on what's wrong,
or what we want.

Is this selfish?
Or is it just human?

19 - ThisIsWhy

You are the walls, closing in at a rapid pace.
You are the cloth, that gags me when I try to scream.
Rebellion is not a choice.
Conformity is your only answer.
As my claustrophobia consumes my person, you only mutter,
'What the hell is wrong with you?'
Voices keep screaming '**Confrontation!**'
But no peasant can stand up to the king in this puppet-puppet master scenario.
The clock chimes 8,
and God himself has ripped away all sound.
This chamber you have given me, is now a padded cell.
As many times as I hit my head,
sweet concussions will never come.

One day, when I'm long and gone, you will ask yourself '*Why?*'
Then you will hear these words.
It was you who drove me out,
daddy dearest.

20 - Curse My Name

[This is a song, not a poem]

Dear Ms. Majesty,
this is a song written especially for you.
I hope this night finds you on your own,
because when you hear these words,
I want you to think of me,
and curse. My. Name.
Flip me the bird, scream and shout,
cause tonight I'm not going to stop.

Bite your tongue this time,
because this time around,
you're face down.
And the gun is loaded.

Tie up your hair, smear on some blush,
do what it takes to cover up the hurt.
These are the days that even you don't want to be you.
What we had is done, and tonight's the night.
You're going to despise my very voice when we're through.

Bite your tongue this time,
because this time around,
you have no come backs.
And my words are sharp.

You're blowing this out of proportion dear.
This isn't a personal attack, this is man slaughter.
You think you're just oh-so cute,
but we all see through your fake-tanned skin and overdose of mascara.
I know who you are,
and you're just as cute as mass genocide.

Bite your tongue this time dog,
because this time around,
your words are just deflected.
And mine are laced with cyanide.

Now take some time and wonder this,
why am I even writing this song for you?
Honestly, in the end, you never really were anything special.

I'm sorry to say, but you deserve every. little. BIT. OF. THIS.

21 - Throne of Ashes and Bottles

Song not a poem. Written for my band, Ambient Awakening.

I guess that was the last straw,
so long hopes, so long cares.
But it's not like you'd really mind,
I was always more of an accessory than friend, now wasn't I?

So this is it dear friend,
smoke your smokes, drink your drinks.
Get as high as you can.
But when your make-believe paradise burns like a joint,
don't you dare mutter my name.

Keep on stumbling through you drunken nights,
dreaming of car crashes and astronauts.
Both of which are within your grasp,
but dear, this is a do or die situation.
Keep wandering through those alleys,
where your breath becomes smoke and your eyes turn red.
Keep on running girl,
because you can always reassure yourself with on more smoke.

You wrapped up your hopes and dreams with that green,
now they're burning, but you're just too far gone to care.
On your throne of ashes and bottles, you feel as if you're on top of the world.
But in all reality, this is just a small town,
and you're no royalty.
Lower than a peasant, you'll roam this place for eternity.

Look at the horrid hole you've dug for yourself,
clawing at the sides when you cry out.
No one will lend you a hand,
because you were not there when it was we who needed help.
Time to strike out on your own, you've chosen your own fate.
Sink or swim.

So many let downs for such a small person,
now it's that I let you down.
Live in your intoxicated blur, I'll live in my clear cut clarity.

This is good bye, I'm letting you die.