

Poetry

I'm not some Shakespeare
I don't write for the people
I write for me
My style is far from eloquent
Just writing to get by
Letting words express my concealed feelings
I write so I don't feel the need to lie
When I was all alone on a Tuesday night
I chose to write
Words barely legible but none of a lie
Writing till the wells ran dry
Words bigger than feelings I understood
Wrapping me up like blanket to shield me from myself
A being much bigger than me would trip me up for sure
I write because it allows me to be me for the most part
Poetry

Is fragments from a bigger picture
It don't always make sense
But I find that I long for it when things get tense
All sorts of jumbled feelings thrown into a rhyme
All of which were never declared
I'm always scared
Scared that this all I'll ever be
Hoping that people like me for me
And not what I have been or what I could be
Because I'm not sure who I'm even meant to be
Poetry

I try my hardest, but it doesn't always reflect
The blood sweat and tears I spent
Trying to be the best
Working the hardest
Before I'm even put to the test
With all these busy days and sleepless nights
I've gained a tired body but a packed mind
I always seem to worry
Because the truth had always been too hard to swallow
Is it cause' of the possession of this gaping wound or my heart so hollow?
I don't know.

Truth be told I'm scared to be alone
I hold tight enough for the both of us
Because I'm scared of you letting go
Being alone
It's why one writes
Because when you fear what you feel
Is too much for the people
You pick up your pen
And let yourself do the rest
Poetry.