

KCaramel

Ponder My Thoughts

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Thought

Ancestral patterns,
Different walks of life,
We manipulate to penetrate the things we strive,
Open your heart to fall apart,
Only within in small time,
Well...I shall wait as time is patient,
And fall into line.

What's mine is mine,
No one can find,
As it's written in the stars,
"I will succeed" as a reminder I read,
With no regret or disregard.

Reflection

What makes me you,

My hair? My clothes? My laugh?

What makes me feel the way I do?

My speech? My thoughts? My reflection?

What makes me stare?

My mind racing at a point of no return only to find nothing was learned?

What makes you me?

We are who we are

It grows beneath the skin,
It festers within the soul,
'Pain will yield greatness' they say,
But who truly knows.

We advice, despise just to agonize,
About who we can and should be,
But the truth of the matter is,
We shouldn't have to because I am only me!

Blank

No one knows the things in mind,
No one cares to even try,
I show everyone who I want them to be,
But disregard all the negative feeling,
Well now its hard to ignore,
My life I seek the best in others even when they show me the worst,
I guess its my down fall because its taking a toll,
I try to be understanding to everyone's life, Even when they aren't to mine,
Would it matter if I wasnt here?
Life would carry on,
All I ever wanted was to be on someone priority list,
Not even #1,
But even to make just make it,
But its not going to happen and I thought I accepted that,
But my heart, mind and body can't seem to get on track,
My anxiety has worsen and my pain is excruciating,
But who cares...
I'll put a smile on until its my time.

Untitled

Feeling in the night,
The darkness consumed,
When your mood is too low,
You can't even move,
When tears keep flowing,
But your mind keeps on going,
The hurt inside thickens,
Thoughts of worthiness quickens,
But I,
Can't seem to shake it,
This feeling of impairment,
Feeling of being beneath any signs of endearment,
I need it...
No I want it...
I feel it,
But just as the dark room I lay in,
I'm alone,
No sign of any light,
Or anyone to ask me... 'Are you alright?'

The Sense

So low you can smell the silence,
So cold you can taste the freeze,
So dark you can hear the whispers,
But still I can breathe.

So gone you can feel the emptiness,
So closed you can see the door,
So wet as I'm drowning,
And yet I still can breathe.

-KW

What I missed

The beauty of it all is beneath the flaws,
Behind the brawls,
The attitude and all,
Underneath the tough exterior,
Innocence cries...no... longs for eyes,
Touch,
Anything to make it feel alive,
A pulse that's faint but fast,
A love that fades then crash,
'When will it be my turn?'
As curiosity killed the cat,
'Who will be my own?'
Lonely in a companioned world,
Buckled down to a stampede of damage, Girl!
'Wake up!'