

Manuscript 1

STONE COLD POETRY

I dedicate this book to: Alexa Kari Weimer

“The person inside of me nobody else has ever met, my demons lay inside with the inspiration of my smile on the out.” –Alexa Weimer

I wrote a metaphoric poem to represent my feelings during a rough relationship that called

Lead

Dear whoever cares...?

My heart hurts
my stomach hurts
my chest hurts
actually it's my entire body.
I feel like I forgot how to breathe.

This isn't right
this is wrong
this isn't just a bump
it's a huge hill that I seem too tired to get over
I try to run
but
Fall and smack my head in the slippery grass
I try to walk but seem to stay in the same spot
I try to sit and relax
But just tumble back to the bottom.

I can't get there and I'm out of ideas
I hear the whispers from the wind that the hill is giving up on me
My time is up
I'm too obsessed with getting over the hill when the hill doesn't want me
At one moment the hill will be good to me
It will be dry and I'll get farther then the day before
But in a split second
I'll move the wrong way
stop trying for a moment
And the hill will become wet and slimy and I'll slid back down

I can't get a hold of it
I can't be tired anymore
I need to get over this hill
Not to the other side
I'm giving up
and
I'm letting the hill sit and wait
till it's ready to let me over

I won't climb it
I won't sit on it,
Walk on it,
touch it

I'll give the hill the wind and I'll let the hill come to me
Lead me over, lead me to happiness

Shits Just Shit

My mood varies a lot
The smallest littlest things
I can say

Life takes you tumbling
365 days
Most good comes
But
The other times
Hits like
A cold rock
Deep
In the gut

Makes you start to question
Everything
Starts with
Sadness

You may cry
Moving to
Anger
Causing a slight

Depression
You question
Who you are
Why everything matters

Struggle
Just to survive
What's the concept?
What's the reasoning?

You question
Every detail
You reply over and over
Situations
Again and Again
Angles
Views
Perception

Nothing makes sense
Or Fits
Or even remembering
Every detail
Every Crack
You can see

Shits Just Shit.

Rain Play

Rain

Elegant

Sad

Strong

Releases a sense

Tingle

Passion

A place in the world

Play in the rain

Why not?

Clean and fresh

Laughter

Wet

Silk

Soaked

Sex

Cold and frozen

Rains Relaxation

Fun

A day worth Celebrating

Suffer

The red rose
Bleeds

The water
Screams

The people
Cry

But the rose will
Smile

The water will
Be Ice

The people will
Be okay

Small and so Tiny
But demands so much

The winds stand alone
Watching

Everyone Suffer.

New

New Area
New Place
New Person

People

New, Fresh, Innocent

There's Dark in all
But Light as well

People Stare
People Judge
People Kill

Understanding is Hard
Acceptance is Difficult

Being free is expected
Not always Deserved

Put on a smile
Breathe Deep

This may be the beginning
From a False Ending.

Tough He

I once knew a Cracker

How handsome
And
Unique

Mysterious
But
Obvious

He doesn't agree
He doesn't face
Anything True

He's Different
But
An Asshole too

He hardly ever calls
But when he does

An Answer isn't an option

He's driven to craziness
Thoughts pouring too proudly

Making the urge a Reality.

Boredom

Bored
Spacey Thoughts
Deep Concentration

Love Ponders
Hatred Wanders

Being Alone
Being Painless

Non-stop
On the go
Tiring, unhealthy

Life passes so slow
In moments like these

Moments that have
No Meaning

But mean everything
To everyone

Double L's

Rough as Sandpaper
Soft as a cloud
Loud as the ocean
But Quite as a mouse

You learn to Walk
And to Talk
Love is consumed
It's not a lesson
But part of a confession

Humans need each other
Just as we need Water
It's not always so pure

You may cry and weep for it
Dream and Fantasizes about it
But the Real things always
Ends in Lies

Breathe Deep, Move on
Because Life is a Lie.

Stuck

Worthless, Useless
Same thing
Every Damn Day

Wake
Work
Sleep
Repeat

Life's too short they say
So live it
Struggling
Depressed
Different

With no motivation
Failure is key

Same town
Same Room
Same look in the mirror

When in the End
All surroundings suck

When it's
Pure hate

For yourself.

Series

Series

Of
Pure
Bad Luck

Money
Men
Friends

Loneliness
Appear

Work is Easy
But
So Tiring

Series

Event taking place
From

Birth to Death
From

Peace to War

Objection is necessary

Poker

Poker
Fun and Witty
You take your chances
Feeling lucky
Cards Passed around
Like a cigar at night

You're scared to lose
To feel empty
To Lose sight
Of
What matters?
Or doesn't

Being in Paradise
Poker, Sex, and Drugs
Just miles and miles
Of mistakes
Down the strip

Darkness in the Deep of Addiction

It's an urge
It's a force
It's a tiny voice
That beats and creeps through the brain,
Through the body
Almost like a type of pleasure
A type of feeling you can only experience through
Lust, love, music
it's a high.
It's a vibration
A motivation
To be something different unique
Like a black rose the sign of death
The sign of the end but the beginning
Nothing like the feeling of pain
Mental
Physical
Emotional
It's a sarcasm
But the closest to the feeling to fear
Its deep and its dark
And nothing compares to the heat of fire but this
This meaning everything meaning life
Moving forward as fast as light
But still in the past
Living the same days over and over.
The presence of the difficult demons
The lay of opinions
And the action of what really matters.
What really is the meaning?
Of this feeling of these so called thoughts
These crazy cringes
Anxious to be the one
The one once you hit that other dimension
The other world
Where the glass is clean
The smoke is pure
The party inside craving
to reach the tongue
The drink to be sucked downward
ingested
It's that fault it's that difference
the crave is a form of torture
When it 's obsession
becomes the nightmare
But the fun of pure desperation of a good time
That just collapses
The beat
The dream
The will power.
The Life.
It's a phase, its time period, won't last forever,
Its young slightly pure,
Has a destination to arrive,
But never an end,
Until the end.

The End.

