

Poetry Series

alisha gonzales
- poems -

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alisha gonzales(02 02 1990-8/22/06)

im not much of a people if you get in my circle of friends consider yourself pretty damn lucky.

im in department of childrens and family custody and it sux, but im moving soon to wyoming, YAY.....finally

i used to be a really sick person, so fucked up in the head, but after years of therapy im better {a little bit}but ive learned no matter what life goes anywayz i consider myself a professional poet

(god) Part 3 A Beautiful Awakening

i woke up
my body was cold
i climbed off the bed
i tried not to fall
i couldnt see
everything was a blur
i remember being beat
before i reached unconcienesness
i heard them speak
they talked of blood
and the next chapter to
the book of shadows
i felt the blade
but it didnt hurt
i couldnt speak
maybe i couldnt even breathe
all i know is right now im in the hospital
laying in the bed
i hear the breathing machine behind me buzz inside my head
who makes the decision?

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(god) Part 1 Questions With No Answers

are you really there
if you are
do you really care
if you do
why am i so morbid and depressed
if you know why
cant you help me
if you can
please take away my scars

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(god) Part 2 The Blood

i had a dream last night
i was tortured by a clown
and avidly pissing blood
i went down a slide
and i bled
the clown made me do it again
yet i still bled
what is the meaning
why am i so disturbed
was it the vicoden i took
or was it sadie
trying to be heard?

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A Beautiful Soul

a tasty shade of milk chocolate
a beautiful soul
a thousand ways i could show
how much i love you
every day the love grows
addicting personality
such a broken spirit with room to grow
a bruised rose
an abused child
emptiness that fills within
another attempt to let rainy days begin

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A Letter From Sorrow

inside i am ugly
nothing but darkness within
no beauty to behold
only sorrow to be shamefully told
inside theres no such word as god
theres no carefully written x's and o's on the letter of my soul,
but it painfully wrote

My name is Sorrow
my thoughts are morose
i wish to die
or stay silently in a state of comatose
i wish to be numb to the anxiety
i want to get away from the pain
i need a place to bleed
i wont eat
i want to get high
i wish i could sleep
i want to get these scars off of me
i want a door open freely to leave
i need a place,
 a place for me
 sincerely,

Sorrow

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Any Other Day

im standing on a cliff
with a needle in my arm
i stare at the clouds while
the voices whisper around me
ive always hated you mother
and nows my chance to show you what i mean

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Dark Light

i remember crying at night
when darkness fell upon my room
how the curtains turned to ghosts
and emotional stability was broken

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Didnt I Promise?

i promised

i would no longer cut myself

i will no longer fall for the next boyfriend

i would no longer feel joy in laughing at the cross

i promised

i would no longer bite my nails

i would no longer chew on my hair

i would no longer o/d

i would no longer drink

i would no longer have sex

i would no longer exploit myself

why do i still lie to myself

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Dopamine

is there a meaning for our acquaintance?
something hidden in the chaos of life,
still and silent the wind whispers our fate,
the mind is a sanctum for my tainted heartbeat,
twisted thoughts of this world confined,
nothing stops me from speaking my mind,
thoughts of you are like dopamine to an ailing heart,
something to help heal the pain,
something i need more and more every day,
save me from myself,
save me before i hurt some one else.

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Dreams Take Form

i pick my brain for words i feel
a generation not afraid to speak
i pull out rhymes and emotions to bleed
and in time they become my dreams
and then my dreams take form
and they soar
they leave me with a feeling ive never felt before

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Evil Is Sadie

it runs in my veins
its stamped on my brain
i cant get close to anyone
i just hurt everyone
its not intentional to hurt anyone
only intentional on myself
stop alisha
stop
you cannot stay here anymore alisha, youve been bad

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Fear

Your religion based on fear
What are you waiting for,
Hes not real, Hes not coming back
WE ARE ALL ALONE
theres nobody there.
what the hell is wrong with u,
WAKE UP*-----
everything here dies alone

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Grrrrrrrrrrrr

grrrrrr

i woke up this morning

grrrrrr

i went to school

grrrr

i think i fell last nite

grrr

i think i hit the floor

grrr

im getting tired of grrr

but grrr right now i cant thing of a more perfect word

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Handprints

I see the world in my own array of colors
I paint my story every time I bleed
I leave a handprint where I used to be
i live my life
you watch me bleed
and no one hears me scream help me

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I Cant Name It

poetic release,
how else do i let go of certain things
ive loved,
i hate,
but i still remain in my twisted world of fate,
theres no help, 'and no escape
sometimes i dont know how i make it through the day
but everythings fine
i'll be ok,
as long as i make it through another day

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I Remember

i remember you
your beautiful eyes
your soft lips
i believe it was a dream
yes,
a dream we first met
and i saw your face in the mirror
and then you disappeared
and my DREAMS took form

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Ill Be O.K

ill be o.k
im used to the pain
life is like a bitter pill
it can be used to help or
ultimately kill
i can accept fate
i can accept death
try not to breathe
it significantly reduces pain
im sorry to some extent
but i wont lay down my heart
for it is not there
im used to being cold,
after so long it makes for
a beautiful view

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Is This Make Believe

Is this just make believe
A simple cut
It doesn't bleed
It darkens the sky and reddens the sea
I open my eyes
Once again Im afraid to sleep
I stare at the hourglass
I count the seconds
Time is running low
And I begin to weep
Nothing is real you see
All of this is just make believe

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Last Thought

i have lived
i will die
this is my place to say goodbye
if only if only
you couldve answered my cries
life goes on but i will not
i will leave you here with this last thought,
you couldnt save me no matter how hard you tried

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Love

what is love,
what keeps it alive,
where does it begin,
and why does it start
memories they hurt
and everyone must shed a tear
and though the blade is pretty
for my own sake i must refuse
scars are old my skin is
painfully trying to repair
i could be an angel
but to live i paid a debt
for i would not be sitting here
i would have been dead
and all along your memory
burns in my brain
and i say this painfully
because love is hard to admit

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Love And A Razorblade

i made love to a rusty blade
more of a friend without a name
the blade cut mary jane and coke
but mostly my veins
i longed for the blood and the burning
sensation in my nose
i longed for the pain,
the only thing i felt
ive pierced my skin with surgical steel
but i wont ever forget the way the blade
made me feel

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Man Made Delusions

restrain my hate
fulfill my dreams
live a life that god made for me,
if there is one
anyways im left to wonder about myself
i was left unsure
is there a god
is there a me
is there a you
i was left to wonder,
unsure what to do

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Mascara

i bleed not blood but mascara
it seeps through my veins
i believe in magic
i believe theres nothing here for me
i like to play with words and manipulate your brain
i listen carefully and am quick to deny
beauty is bleeding, believing, screaming and
DREAMING
and bleeding mascara

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Memories

i search through the scrapbooks of memories
i sing the sorrow thats within me
i dream the dream of the weak
i see your face in the clouds
i bleed an assorted variety of ink
i think of painful lullabys
lucid cries of despair
nothing can fulfill the emptiness inside
no matter what i do, i cant get you out of my head

i dream of you
i believe in you
ONLY YOU

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My Dear Miscarriage

you came uninvited
you broke into me
and stole my soon to be new baby
you broke my heart
if only you could have went somewhere else
you seperated me from my one true love
i cried for weeks and wondered why
you caused me a maelstrom of chaos
and made me question my life
'help me' i cry
why am i bleeding
all i can think is, this cant be happening

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My First Bubble Bath

the bubbles are tickling every curve
theyre absorbing into places uninvited
hoping the silver jewelry i grace wont rust
i play with the effervescent rainbows
i feel the soapy slickness on my skin
sedated and dreamy: why doesnt this feel real
i cant breathe now i have to wake up
ive fallen asleep and drowned
now my bubble dream has been busted

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My Privacy

if i were concerned with my privacy
i would not put it here for everyone to see
there is a reason,
always a lesson to learn
always a secret to tell
i write for me
i write for release
i write so the world will know me

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Poetry

Priceless☐

Open-minded

Enigma

Timeless

Release

Yesterdays feelings

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Psychologists From Hell

numb to the expressions of the outside world
for years of exile
in my lonely dark room
i wait collecting tears
afraid to cry
darkness and time can solve your problems
psychologists have not risen from hell yet
Will i survive
visions of many eyes looking at me?
i shut myself away
a stranger with a door key i tell them i am just visiting

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Restraigned Ignorance

Everyone suffering
All of us
This written in tears
They say: no hope, my dear
It's a dirty obscene world
I want to die a martyr
I want everything
I don't want the world to see me cry, tremble and die
I can't show my weaknesses
I can't let them see that side of me
Abandoned, such a bitter teen,
Unreasonable anger and depression
Where does it come from?
Confusion so deep this time
Nothing but my ignorance can shine

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Sedated Dreams

if you can catch bubbles on your tongue,
can you also breathe pure air into your lungs?
do you believe in fairy tales?
do you believe that love prevails?
can bubbles contain wishes to be granted,
in a world where bubbles are everywhere?
they grow on trees.
they give us air,
bubbles containing hopes and dreams,
can this be real?
is it only a dream?

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Shadow Of Death

i walk the valley of the shadow of death
i breathe aerosol needles
i feed on the blood of the willing
i break bread with the gods
i find comfort in my star-crossed lovers eyes
i dream of redemption
where the blood on my hands will be cleaned
i envision an empire of false hopes and ethereal dreams
i entertain myself with surgical steel
i love the night and its promises of comfort
i live on death
yet i am not alive
i am full of love
yet i still hate

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Sub Rosa

under the rose and in my heart
something i didnt know could exist
but thats ok because this has been proven to my brain

~SILENCE~

silently sorrowful soul
killing loneliness control
i have looked through your pain like a window
all i see is your beautiful face

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Tell Me Your Secrets

let me find an excuse embedded in your pale white flesh
let me taste the innocence of your crimson lips
let me glimpse into your soul through your stained glass eyes
let me find nourishment in your salty tears
let me feel the lukewarm bloodbath in your heart
tell me your secrets for i will not tell
lets share our soul for we shall prevail
give me your hand,

i feel what you feel

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The Five Expressions

my eyes throw razors
they cut conversations
my ears hear whispers
they ignore my roommate
my nose is big
so what im still sexy
my mouth tells lies it gets me in trouble
my hand writes poems
they saved my life
these are the ways i know the world
i have nothing else to say

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The Guinea Pig

The guinea pig doesn't run as fast as it used to, in fact I'm not sure if it's even there at all anymore. Maybe it wasn't ever there, who knows, who cares. Anyways there's bigger things at hand than just the guinea pig.

Like maybe the fact that if I don't stop cutting they're going to put me away for good. I've seen the place they want to send me to. All I can say is I'm scared. Ive been good for Se7en months, I haven't run away, I haven't cut, I've just been good. I take my pills I do my chores.

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The Human Stain

the life of pain
in a human stain
lonely and waiting
the stain becomes bigger
more and more blood
more and more cuts
my heart grows colder
as father time grows older
the flame of my life begins to smolder
i dream of beautiful beginnings
i dream of flying
and falling

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The Tree Of Death

what happens when the tree of life becomes the tree of death,
because we will forever be in its debt
a life deferred
a child very disturbed
therapy for years, no end
painful stress and missed periods,
a satan child to call my own
an experience that would make a normal person want to die
but the tree of death still gives life for the children of the night

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The Window

i stared out the window so many days looking at you
looking out the window wondering when i would meet you

you were always there
but youre on the other side

i want you but i have to wait till the pain subsides
i want to touch you but behind the window i wait

one day ill be there waiting for you on the other side
i want to love you but im held back

i couldnt find you so i drew a map on my wrist
i cut deep enough just to get to you

i drew out the blood and cleaned outt a place for you
i sat in regret because you never came for me

so many days i waited in pain for you
i asked god if you were right for me, but i prayed so much ive got rugburns on
both knees

i waited so long i gave up on faith,
but as of now i still sit and wait

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Trees And Dirt

Trees and dirt

I'm just like them I'm the scum of the earth

Chants and spells

For the well-being and revenge on which we dwell,

sickening silence

and fear of tomorrow

never again never again

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Wake Up

If I wake up then there is a god
If I don't,
Life goes on
And ive proved my point,
There is no god
So don't worry I wont be long
Death never lasts when you leave on a bad note
Being alone is never fun
So kiss me one last time
And pleasure me slowly for time has stopped for us

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We Bleed For Love

We bleed
As we close our eyes
This is our life
We live to die

We bleed
Sugar coated lullabies
Swim in sin
Drown in lies

We bleed
Kiss the sky
And gut America
Watch it bleed

We bleed
The musty smell of corporate
America the cancer causing
Air freshener companies

We bleed
Oil for blood
Blood for oil
9 11 all over again

We bleed
We cry
We live
We die

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You Will Bleed

I am cold inside from all the lies
I loved you so but you stepped on my heart
You watched me die you let it happen
Now I'm cold inside
I am laying here now that I have cried
I have let you go, so you too will die
I have bled
I paint the walls, I leave my mark
Therefore, your guilt cannot hide
I will make you feel the pain I felt
You will bleed as I did
I will violate you like you raped me
You will be judged like you judged me
You made me bleed; now you will too

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