

Poetry Series

Jacqueline Purcell
- poems -

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Jacqueline Purcell(10-18-1991)

I've been writing poetry since the 6th grade. I hope to combine my writings and my guitar skills to one day make a band.

I'm trying to improve myself as a writer, any comments are much appreciated.

Du Darfst Mein Bestrafer Sein

The storm is residing over my head, at least it'll keep the pressure away for now.
The intense heat is making me shake, my palms are sweating.
Could've made things easier; you love to make things complicated.
Word play is funny, but the truth overrules it, and it's a lot more comical when
I've got you in checkmate, but that's rare.

The hall has no corners, so many lights, just so I could find no cover.
I know you're watching me like this is a sick game, you feed off of this suffering.
My screams are gone, they've worn out and cant echo. (Now it doesn't even
make a difference) .
What do you want from me? You wont stop calling my name.
No. I cant say that everything is gone yet, just everything but the pain.
You know I am not one to gold a grudge against attempted emotional murder.
All there is behind me is a steel door with my regrets spread out across it.
You're forcing me to suffer, oh, don't you love this? I hope the worst for you.
what's the difference between open-minded and open-hearted? I don't care.
If I had the choice, I would be an emotion-less monster than had tried falling for
you.

This is sick, you're making my hallucinations real, why did I let you inside my
head?
Did you do this to everyone you loved or did you had it planned just for me?
I will get to you somehow, and even after all of this;
It'll wind yup starting off with more regrets and more wounds to try dragging on
with.

8.2.06

Jacqueline Purcell

In Treatment

Thoughts burn my mind, and my mind steals my soul,
My soul then gets transferred to who sought it long ago.
The sight makes me sick, but all I can do is sit by,
what's the use to get my strength back if I'm too weak to try?
To her, its entertaining, but to me its pure hell,
If she takes my soul, she should take my life as well.
I cant convince her to do anything in my favor, its just not fair,
The demons dance around me, and I cant do is stare,
So many emotions, but by this time there's none I can condole,
For the first time in my life, I wish she'd left me alone.

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Krieg

I've overcome these obstacles, and challenged defeat
Fell far too many times, yeah that sounds like me.
You cant struggle with evil forever, the insides all come together.
And I bet the truth will reach you before the troops.
And you'll forget the decision of "Peace" and go for "Shoot! "
Victory may be near, but its all you've got.
So instead of promising peace, you took the last shot.

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No Afterlife

Say anything. I swear you'll win me back
The hurt will go away as long as you're here
I've waited eternity, but I can feel the time getting short
Immortality is so cruel, love is so gruesome
Borne sickness, the bones are shattering on contact
Insomnia, suicide; Why? Why dream of what I can't have?
I can't have love and I cannot die-
What's the point of dreaming of an afterlife?

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Schizophrenic Pt.1

Comparing dusk to dawn, I can tell which hates me more,
The one I cared for, the one I felt for and adored.
When dawn has broken, I have begged for light to heal my wounds,
And when the sun begins to rise, I feel my world being entombed.
The sun and the moon are arch rivals, but I try to balance them neatly,
The clouds watch and laugh along, but they insult them meekly.
When they all turn on me, I wont even put up a fight
I'll die today, I'll die tomorrow, but I'll make it to bed tonight.

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Schizophrenic Pt.2

Never alone, all the friends you 'made' along the way will help you fine,
They want attention, but sadly for them; they must stand in line...
Enemies only with the doctors, who say the voices are never right...
Will you agree to do everything the voices say tonight?
The doctors say you're sick, and 300 mgs will help,
Bud they don't feel the types of feelings that you've felt.
They don't know the friends you'll lose if you swallow the M.A.S
"To be clean, this is all you need, " doctor, you should've learned!
I could never lose these loving friends that I have earned.

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Stuck In Between

I could be famous, for I have figured out something new
A grand new disease only one person could transmit to you.
Its not your typical bi-polar, I call it "aggressive-depressive"
The transmitter isn't against will, for she is highly non-suppressive.
Once it attacks, it's a one person all out war.
And you try to fight it until there's literally nothing left...

To her, its all fun and games. There's no after thought.
No guilt. The spirits, long after they've gone, they still cant find the rest they've
sought.
I am a doctor, I am the healer, I'm the only one whose fought.

Technicalities mean nothing, I know I'll die by your hand.

Why am I dying for everyone's sins? This is not my fault...
I had no part in this, just let me go.
I'm not meant to suffer, I thought I was supposed to do great things.
Any other disease would be merciful, just do it.

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Jacqueline Purcell