

Poetry Series

**JayCee Mitchell**  
**- poems -**

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# JayCee Mitchell()

# Crazy Thoughts

Crazy thoughts in his head,  
all he wants is to be dead.  
Inside he's screaming, feels a lot of pain,  
day by day he's going insane.

His drinking increases he wont stop,  
all that including smoking pot.  
Drugs thinking for his, she can't think,  
all he wants is for his mind to be blank.

He plans the day, says goodbye,  
we think jail, but that was a lie.  
He's screaming we don't hear him,  
'This is the only way', he thinks,  
'I'm not going back to the pin.'  
he tries to seek help, they don't listen, they didn't care how he felt.

That night he took a rope put it around his neck and choked.  
No more pain, at least not for him,  
all because of drinking and drugs I lost my best friend.

No more crazy thoughts in his head,  
he got what he wanted...now he's dead

JayCee Mitchell

# Cuts

I take away beauty  
I take away lives  
I tear apart families  
You'll live in my lies

You'll cover me up,  
with sleeves  
I'll isolate you-  
or at least that's what it seems

you'll feel so deserted  
you'll feel so alone  
I'll drive you insane  
I'll make you feel numb  
yet my pain you just can't get enough of

the pleasure the pain  
the release that you feel  
maybe you'll need stitches  
just so 'it' will heal

the more you use me  
the deeper you slide in  
the more blood you see;  
the deeper your drawing begins

I'll help you draw the lines  
I'll help you pain stars  
and the more you abuse me  
the more I'll leave scars

but if I cause you death  
you blame me  
you took me in hand  
this I know you can see

I'm caused by depression  
Mr. Razor's my name  
you can try to cover me up

but I'll still leave an emotional stain

so don't dare forget me  
remember my name  
you'll be thinking it later  
as you cry out in pain

JayCee Mitchell

# Shit Life

Day by, day every one looking, and ponting at me like I'm nothing. One by one every one hated me. I'll never fit in I'll never be like that. I didn't feel live so I cut, One cut, Two cuts, Three cuts the blood came rushing down my arm. Me thinking the pain the pain is so nice to feel a live, I wore long shirts to keep people out. And if some one was to see them I would say it was the cat. Three years later, the same shit when on and on. I said 'THATS IT I'M DONE! ' Ran home went to the pills three by three they went into my mouth. My mom walked in a wave of sadness came over me. Death was so close I fell on to the ground seeing the white light. Thinking it's all over. When I woke up I was in a cold white room. I wondered if this was where you went when you where dead, then a voice from far said 'Every thing was ok' I wanted to know where I was. Every thing just different I knew I wasn't dead. When I saw a girl who became my friend.

Who knows?

JayCee Mitchell