

Poetry Series

**KrIsTiNa CoTTo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## KrIsTiNa CoTTo(may 3rd)

For me writting is my passion, writting is something that i have loved all of my life and it is such a beautiful thing. When i write it expresses me and what i am going through or simply thoughts that i am thinking about. I write on all of my emotions and most of my poems are written when i am upset or mad and sad. Then you have the happy and lovey ones some of my favorites. Writting is one of the things that matter most to me in my life and i take it very seriously, please read and comment.

# 10 Times As Worse

my pain went away with the 3 pills i swallowed.

It took it away and now i am me again.

It feels good to be alive, free and blissfull

but is this me?

i cant feel my legs. my hands are numb, and my heart is racing.

im sweating and my hands are shaking.

My eyes are watery and im dizzy.

I cant sit still and im twitching. Im itchy

and everyone is looking at me. They are all staring

Whispering about me and they are about to come for me.

im scared and im pulling at my hair. It comes out just like butter.

My skin is peeling peice by pice and now it is slipping off.

i fell to the ground and my muscles are weak. My legs i can not feel they will not allow me to move. it feels as if i am sinking into the ground. My hands i put to my

face and they talk, they talk to me telling me to follow the butterflies. I look

around and all i see is fairies and mermaids. I see in the sky peices of fire

rumbling about ready to flame out in the world taking action.

where am i?

im scared. Am i dieing?

Why cant i move? i scream for my mother i see her but i can not reach her. She calls to me yelling my name but i cant get to her. She puts out her arm but it is to far away.

Mother i scream help me help. Im shaking im shaking i hear my name calling over and over again. I open my eyes and gasp for air. My chest feeling as if it is caving in. Im in a sweat so bad im soaked. My mother gazes at me in a scared shock. I look at her and we stare for awhile. We grab eachother and hold tightly. She asked what is going on. I told her, i wanted the pain to go away all this pain, heartbreaking adn overwhelming, i just wanted it to go away. Only it is worse,10 times as worse.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# A Smile Today

a smile today, one in a million.  
it came from you and it livened my soul.  
I seen you before and the first time was a blast.  
we locked eyes caught a moment and there it was a smile on that day.  
you said something sweet and for on that day you, yes you gave me back my  
happyness. for i do not know you but i know that i want you.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Alone

Lonely in the night as well as the day.

Lots of pain no time to take it away. no one to talk to

no one to see, all alone it is just me.

no smile, no laugh, no glow, no shine. i feel sad,

left out, neglected of your attention. i have no one, not even me.

No one gets me no one understands, wanting to scream but knowing that no one

will hear. Its like im in a room full of people that just see right through me. Im

tired of all day being by my self, isnt there someone here? here for me?

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# Another Love Poem

A thought I dwell on, you I can't leave you alone. Days and nights I think of you and a smile appears on my face. Can I really say to this feeling? This feeling I've dreamed about for a long time. This feeling that took me by surprise and kidnapped me into a life that is filled with bright lights, screaming people, and me. It took me by surprise with that smile and those eyes. Drilling millions and millions of thoughts into my mind causing my mind to be on a high. Nothing to say because there is just way too much to be said.

Treating me right and the best way possible. Making me smile when there really isn't anything to smile about. Your tender words embrace my heart like a snake to his prey. You've touched my heart and captured my soul. I ponder into a thought that has me thinking is this love? I have fallen into the arms of a person oh so sweet. Holding me tight, please don't let me go. It feels right it has to be right I tell myself.

Nothing feels better than being next to you with my heart popping out of my chest. You leave me breathless and with tons of words to say but when my mouth opens nothing comes out. Nothing is sweeter than your scent and your touch. Bringing tingles to my arms that follow to my chest. Giving me shivers down to my legs, what is this? I ponder into a thought that has me thinking is this love? A rush of this knocks me down but it is so strong that I come right back up. No more will I be sad knowing that you're in this world that also carries me. No tears from my eyes my comfort is your arms. We share this special moment in time where our hearts came together and cried happy. We will walk together against the rain to make that sun shine brighter than ever. This poem could go on forever and ever because the feeling is one of a kind, unique and grateful. I ponder into a thought, I sit and think, think, and think, no more will this feeling have me wondering if it's love, it is love. No doubt about it it's love, ha I'm in love.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Battling

In the depths of our weakest point we salvage to survive the fights we endure. The pain we cause to one another couldn't compare to death. We strive to look past this ugly moment in our lives together but the glass will always remain filthy. We've tried to smile and giggle and laugh but the pain within blocks the real happiness. We've managed to knock each other on the ground only to step on our face and limbs each time we try to get up. Can't get over the rage from inside we can't even pretend. To the world we show a fake and behind closed doors we unravel the hurt. We look for a way to solve this nonsense only to find that it is a way back to this pit of misfortune. The words we use are unbearable, sticking to the core of a body that is just bones, no flesh, no blood, an empty body as well as an empty heart. We've left each other cold and with no trust for a person. We live in regret hoping that life was just a dream, when we wake it'll be fine just a sweat upon our heads. Hands shaking scared to say anything not knowing the outcome. Living scared never taking a risk, living on the command of each others mind and words. Drowning in the uncertainty of our love will it last and stay? Absorbing like a sponge the blows to our hearts, acts as the water. Shooting each other down deeper and deeper making the wounds cut farther and farther. Never knowing when to stop so we keep on battling. The fight is on the best one wins only we both are the worst. We pick our sords and knife and go at one another, the walls move apart and shine the light upon you then upon me. Revealing what has come of us. Two humans filled with hate and disgust, only one look we take more we turn and walk away. The fighting is down, really outdated our bodies can no longer take anymore.

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# Blank Face

What do you see when you look in the mirror? big brown eyes. Little nose. Small ears? When i look in the mirror i see a blank face. i see nothing because i am nothing. others see into the future back in the past. i see nothing. i see nothing because i am see singers actors doctors lawyers. i see nothing because i am see a cute new hair cut. i see nothing because i am nothing. i look in the mirror and see a blank face. ive used all of my emotions and non are just one, one is nothing. because i am nothing. i am nothing. not a good writer, not talented and no sense of humor, just nothing.

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# Brutal Reality

My brain exploded last night and it went all over. i stood above you as you leaned over me and begged for me to come back. i seen you cry i seen you hurt but no matter how hard or how long you pleaded for me i was last thing you said to me was i want you out of my life....then came the truck that took my life. it smashed into me banging me and smashing me 20 feet and smashing me on the concrete. i died instantly. your leg was broken but you ran, you ran as fast as you could to get to me. to help me to save me. but it was too late.

i died along time ago, my heart took its last pump when you stopped looking at me. when you became something other than the one i knew and adored. when ur attention went no longer on me. when i was the last of ur worries and when you didnt notice if i was even took me as a joke and didnt c me like before. i missed you tons and wanted and wanted an armful of you but instead i got an armful of tears and lonlieness. i feared this day wen you wood finally notice me but this time its too late, im gone, im dead. you notice me when im bloody, broken, and not breathing and now ur feeling s nothing you can do no second third or fourth chance nothing but terrible memories for you to you look back and regret these times and wish for another day with me. you think of a million ways it couldve went different but no time to do it. what difference does it make if im gone? huh what difference? , ill tell you, no difference. i was invisible then as now i am too. its something you wished for, hoped for, prayed for. Are you happy? cuz you certantly got ur way. you woke up the next day and relized how terrible you were hoe vulgre, aggressive, and mean you ing over nad over why oh why please come back. not knowing it was a nightmare seeming like reality. a bitter taste of a life with out me, a glance of my life in our life as you treat me.

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# Dead Soul

Looking in my eyes can you tell im a dead soul?  
I have no spirit no guide or sense of control.  
I lash out on people walking down the street  
And my hair hasn't been done in weeks.  
My eyes are blood shot and there are dark bags under my eyes.  
My lips are cracked and chapped.  
Im the definition of the walking dead.  
No blood in my veins and my flesh well it is going away  
My fingers are falling off piece by piece.  
My brain is oozing out of what is left of my right ear  
As it drips to my shoulder I realize I am the walking dead.  
Walking on an earth that it is just me no voice I have  
No point no need.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Death Please

A scratch on my face.  
Im bleedy and it is running done my face.  
Warm and thick.  
I don't clean it up I let it dry and sit.  
It is sick I am sick.  
My mind is full of thoughts of dieing why not who will miss this?  
I bang my head on the wall and love the throbbing pain,  
It excites me.  
I brake my leg on purpose to watch my bone pop out.  
It hurts so bad but I love the pain.  
I drag my self in gravel as the small pointy rocks puncture my fragile skin.  
Scorpions and tarantuals surround me putting up there army of poison.  
Knowing it is my time but it just wont happen.  
Looking for anyway out is there an out or am I just stuck?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Fate Was In Its Own Hands

The leaves are down, the rain has will be getting dark soon.  
As the rain grows heavier the sky gets darker, I fear I am not alone on this street.  
Alone I walk with my arms huddled to my chest, walking faster and faster.  
Car doors slam, doorbells ring and my heart pumps faster.  
All I hear is swoosh on the ground the rain this now pouring I am getting drenched.  
My hair is soaked and my socks are wet I can not walk any quicker.  
The pouring came into a down pour and now I can not see. My vision is gone  
I put my hands out to guide my path. Scared out of my mind I try my best.  
Hearing car after car the cars are driving faster, I fear I am not no where I am.  
Being cautious of my steps, not knowing what is in front of me still being brave enough  
To take that step forward. The cars are beeping slamming their brakes, will they stop before me?  
People yelling at me 'get out of the street' my eyes are wet but not from the rain.  
I cry  
I am scared I am terrified of this street, but still I fear I am not alone on this street.  
Slipping upon my steps arms and hands still out in front of me, Falling onto the pavement slashing and scraping my knees. Shins are bare and fragile, burning and stinging. Hands are shaking I lost my shoes,  
My toes are cold. My eyes are wet but not from the rain. My heart is beating practically jumping out of my chest. I find myself laying on the ground but not being able to pick up this body. I feel this body that I call my own evaporating into the ground. People calling to me but no response can I provide.  
All of these folks gripping my limp body slapping my face lights in my eyes.  
No breath from my mouth nor my nose, am I dead, anyone can suppose.  
The night is dawn the dawn was night, the sky lit up dark.  
The sky let out its tears as it knew what the night would bring to me.  
The cars speed around me so my fate would end good but the fate was in its own hands

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Im Better Off

Im better off not seeing your face. Im better off not seeing those eyes. Im better off not seeing your smile your hair slicked back your slender body, im better off that way. Im better off trying to forget you little by little im better off ignoring your texts and ignoring your calls. Dont wanna hear your voice or feel you around me. I loved you once upon a time but now i dont wanna im better off not loving you. Falling for your trap time after time now that trap lead me to that door where im better off. Im better off on my own struggling then taking help from you and im better off being free. Wanting what i got from you but im better off ignoring the in the arms of my protector but im better off risking my life on my own. once in love with you madly but im better off waiting ten years to find it again. Im better in a life of loneliness than the shit you gave me. Im better off planning for my future again and again than planning a future with you. Im better off not yelling arguing and being sad becuz in my life mad sad and angry no longer exist. Im better off watching your sadness from afar than holding you tight and telling you itll all be better off holding my teddy late at night than you. Im better off being huddled and cuddled by myself than with you. Im better off forgetting you forever im better off being better off without you.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Instead Of Killing Me You Slowly Killed Your Self

you liked rock, i liked ballet. you liked sloppy joes, i liked roast beef. you liked tap beer, i liked white wine. you liked watching party dirty movies, i liked watching liked just living with your dad and your dog named warley, i liked living with both of my parents and three birds. you liked the thought that you never finished high school and just got ur g.e.d and was planning to be a half way engineer, i liked the thought that i did finish high school got my diploma on time and went to a college for computer websight design and was planning to design my own websighte full of my designs. you liked the whole no committment with that girl, i liked the feeling of how that boy made me feel. you liked being out there and being wild and carefree, i liked being safe and staying home to study and also play the violin. you liked to not love becuz you felt trapped and smothered, i liked to be in love and be all mooshy together. you liked the fact that i gave you the time of day when on the other hand no one like me really ever did that before, i liked that you were so different from me and unique. you liked that i was semi interested in football and hot dogs, i liked that i was having fun for a change and no one was there to tell me different. you liked that people seen you with a good girl rather then the slizy whores your used to, i liked the fact that you stood up for me and protected me when i needed you. you liked how daring i was and surprised by the risks i took when with you, i liked how with you i was able to be myself and more. you liked the fact that i was always there for you whenever you needed me, i liked helping you and being there. you liked fighting and sometimes you started it just becuz you were to attented to, i liked how honest you were and how your true colors came out when we faught. you liked takeing your anger out on me and getting a good puch in or two, i liked hiding it becuz all my friends said it wood happen but i didnt want to beieve that was you. you liked how i shut my mouth when you told me to, i liked how when i did shut up the puching wood stop. you liked that i gave you space to cheat and think it was fun and funny, i liked how when you were gone i cood cry away the pain and figure out why i am still in love with the man you have so scaringly became. you liked how not being around me feel and how it felt so much better, i liked how when you were not around me i slowy grabbed my things and moved them out. you liked how you havent seen me in a month or even more you coodnt even remember, i liked how when you came around again i still stayed just so you woodnt think anyting was up but i was all packed with a letter for you that i wood later deliver to you. you liked how controled i was to your every command, i liked how you hated me it was easier for me to leave. you liked how one night you came and you were drunk and beat me for hours leaving me to bleed and later be dead. i liked how when i healed i got my revenge and shot you four times in the back leg arm and heart. you liked how it hurt cuz you told me

when you were laying on the floor you never regreted any of the things you did to me cuz i deserved it, i liked how easy it was for me to know that you were shit and i wasted my time on you. you liked how everythings happened and played out, i liked leaving you there to bleed and be in pain just like how i was many times. now you cood no long like anything cuz u were done, gone, and dead, i liked how you are dead cuz i was dead to you all the time.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# It Was You

It was you. You oh you. The person is you that I do not know  
But nowing you or not I love the smile you brought to me.  
You captured something inside of me and it entrigded me.  
We caught sight of eachother and you warmed my soul  
You brung all those deep down smiles out and all at once it  
Attacked my face and took over. Butterflies flutter sweet toons  
And melodies in my mind and stomach expressing how it is to feel happy.  
You were the voice inside of my head capturing my thoughts and  
Making me want what you are giving me. I look at you each time  
And smile more and more.  
You brought something to me without knowing me but I want more.  
What is it about you?  
What is it about me? My heart melted into the ground for the  
First time in a long time and it is all cuz of you.  
You oh you, the person Is you that I do not now but I want to.  
You have given me the sun in my eyes.  
Yet I do not know you and you don't know me.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Just A Poem

Loving who I am, but not knowing who I am.  
Not knowing my real name, my real age.  
Knowing I wanna know but cant figure it out.  
Cant seem to understand the world and the  
Obstacles put forth to me. What is the real me?  
That is the question I struggle to know. Always  
mad, never stop, is this who I am, who am i  
really supposed to be? Never follow the rules  
is this me? Knowing I know better, but how?  
All around me influence of the wrong kind.  
All I know is bad. My wrong doings hurt people,  
Make them sad. So why cant I stop? Why cant I  
Open my eyes to a better life? A better way of  
Thinking. A better me. Why cant I know right  
From wrong? I want to change. Show people  
I can be good, I can recover from this demonic  
Situation. I have to want it, want the change

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Life In My Eyes

When will I stop feeling like this? When will I ever stop being so sad? When will I ever stop looking in the mirror and wishing my face my body my mind was different? I live my life the same everyday and it is slowly stopping my heart. I don't need proof that I'm slipping in the cracks as I cry. I sit and sob to the pillow and pour out little bits of my heart more and more. What am I supposed to do with my life? As I sit I think to myself and Honestly there is no point my existence. I've done wrong and I only do wrong. I'm not good at letting go of my anger or stopping my attitude and you don't like that about me. You wish you met the real me. The real me who I don't know who that is. My presence is rotten to you and you can't stand me. Well what if I can't stand me either? What if I hate me? What I see me as a terrible person with no life and no point at all no reason in this whole entire world to be here? What if I want to die? Who would stop me? All I am is sad and angry. Once in awhile I shed a smile and a laugh but how long will that really last? You try to fix me but maybe I'm a toy that is too old to be fixed, maybe I'm too old to be fixed. Maybe I'm worn out and all used up. Maybe my life is over. Maybe no one will care. Maybe no one will notice. Maybe it is for a reason that I leave this world. I'm alone. That was my fear, to be alone. It is my mouth opens but there is nothing that comes out of it. Quiet as usual and no one there beside took the life that was meant for me. You took it and you took everything I was and am. You took my breath and used it and I was breathless. You left me there in the road and I turned around over and over again and yet you just never came back. You said your goodbye and yet I'm torn apart. I have the sickening image of your face in my mind and I want it gone. It means nothing. I'm alone in this world with me up against the world. I'm fighting for the right to be happy and live. You took the life that was meant for me. You took it and you took everything I was and am. You took my breath and used it and I was breathless. You left me there in the road and I turned around over and over again and yet you just never came back. You said your goodbye and yet I'm torn apart. I have the sickening image of your face in my mind and I want it gone. It means nothing. I'm alone in this world with me up against the world. I'm fighting for the right to be happy and live.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Love

You put your hand in between my hand  
As we danced beside the ocean  
Are bodies close and yes there was love in there.  
Your eyes sparkled in the moon light and your hair glistened  
The aroma from you grew under my nose and it was sweet.  
Are eyes met and we stared, for a moment in time it stopped  
And are hearts intertwined and shined bright. We moved about slowly and  
With perfection. Our bodies met and our hearts shared a beat.  
It was brilliant and magical, a fairytale moment.  
I pulled me close and breathed slowly in my ear, whispering  
"Your mine forever" you rubbed my back and squeezed gently.  
The ocean breeze on our faces progressed to our bodies.  
We looked out to the water and seen our shadow  
We felt our hearts and souls become one.  
We melted to the ground and rolled in the grass, just slightly  
Moist and dewy from the early mornings gloss.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Me

I cry

I hurt, it sucks to be me.

Wonderful at nothing, fabulous at ruining things, and well dont think for one second that you can tell me to that everything will be ok because, how do you know how i feel? Are you me? Do you see what i have seen? Do you go through what i go through? Do you cry at night in hopes of looking in the mirror and seeing a better sight?

do you feel that you are stupid and pitiful and not worth anything? Do people hate you? especially your mom? are you unworthy? are you a total failure? no your not. okay just get it in your head that me well im just a poor excuse of a person. a waste of space. a blob of nothing. im just a person that is nice but just a person that i hate. a person that breathes no purpose and deserves nothing. A person that is alone and alone and alone but not quit 100 percent insane.

Striving and struggling for nothing, not a dime, not a pennie, just a good for nothing no body. Is this me or is it just what i see? Why do i see this? why is this me to me?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Mother

Mom i sit here in many tears and just rehearing the many cruel things you shouted. i relize that maybe i am everyting you say and what you so proudly feel i am. But mom, why dont you like me? Why do you hate me mom? Why do you treat me like scum when im the one that is only there for you? to clean your puke from binge drinking. to make you laugh when you so mom do you put me down? why it hurts to a point where i dont look at life the same. where i know it is un true it only comes from the beer. But why mom why? why do you call me names as if i dont matter to you? as if i was one of the reckless friends you once had? Mom why do you say you want me out of your life? why mom why? i help with eveything that happens in your life. i am the reason you are still here. Why mom? why do you tell me to never call you again when you know with out me there is no you? Do i matter to you? did i ever matter to you? dont i help? i am the one who gets the ice cold clothes for your head from the pounding ache the drunken acts have giving there and ive been the only one. why mom do you hurt me? why me? youve said your thoughts and yet when it comes to the puch im there for you. the person you hurt most is the only person that can stand you and help you. others wont bother. why mom? why do i bother? why do i love you if you never loved me? why do i try when you could care less? why mom do i stick around when it kills me more everytime you confront beer with your thoughts? why mom? why?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# My Ear Hurts

Oh gosh my ear hurts.

Man oh man my ear hurts.

Ever since you opened your mouth my ear hurts.

When you started yelling my ear hurts

Your shouting and it is causing my ear to hurt.

When you bash me as a person and call me names my ear hurts.

just hearing your horrid voice makes my ear hurt.

I sometimes just toon you out and watch your lips move,

i sometimes picture myself in a place somewhere away from you so my ear

doesnt hurt. My ear burns and rings from the pain of disgust

and regret from asking a simple question that turns into an hour lecher. My ear

hurts cuz all i hear is my wrong doings, my mess ups,

fall outs, and forgetfulness. My ear hurts cuz you are always talking. Your

burning a hole in my ear that reaches all around the world. A hole that is very

unessacary that is so deep that soon ill be deaf. When i go deaf itll be the day of

happiness. You turn me into a monster a person that is insane. My ear hurts

everyday i hear you. My ear hurts when you scream and make me cry. It burns it

stings i want it gone, my ear oh how my ear is hurting. I cry i scratch it i pull it

nothing works to make it stop hurting. Shut up now stop talking, my ear hurts.

Make it stop please make it stop.

Oh gosh my ear hurts.

Man oh man my ear hurts.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Never

Never hearing your voice but just absouelty knowing it is the sweetest.  
Never feeling your touch but knowing it is the most gentle out there.  
Never taking a long gaze into your eyes but just knowing I cood get lost in them forever.  
Never holded your hand but knowing mine fits perfect in between yours  
Never kissing your lips but knowing they are silky and creamy.  
Never held a heart but with yours id put it on a shelf and praise it  
Never felt the butterflies but knowing they wood flutter a life time  
Never fell in love but knowing with you id fall in love forever.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# No Tears Just Cheers

Don't shed a tear for me when I die, you wont mean it  
Don't think a single thought of me when im gone  
Cuz you really don't wanna think of me.  
Don't waste ur money on flowers for my grave cuz youll regret it.  
Don't say youll miss me cuz in ur head your saying I hated her.  
Don't say you wish you coodve helped me cuz you really didn't want to do anything.  
Don't say I was always there for her cuz you ddint waste a minute on me  
Lets face it you didn't like me since the day I was born and that is fine cuz I didn't like you either.  
You said seeing me was wonderful wen really my sight to you was sickening.  
I made you pissed and your life hell, I yelled and screamed.  
You said you had my back when really youd stab me in the back with a huge pitchfork.  
You gave me breath and took my breath.  
You gave me life and took my life.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Paper

paper  
paper  
so much paper but not enough room to write

paper  
paper  
so many thoughts but no pencil in sight.

paper  
paper  
no pencil a crayon, or marker, or perhaps even chalk might.

paper  
paper  
chalk? a crayon? that is just not right.

paper  
paper  
so delicatly light.

paper  
paper  
now paper isnt a word

paper  
paper  
im all confused ill write it down

paper  
paper  
oh ya i forgot this poem is stupid and there is no pencil in sight  
no pencil in sight, gosh that is not right not right not right not right not right. i  
need a pencil to write oh chalk might but that is not right. like in the olden days  
a feathe ill use ill use a feather all though it is so very light but indeed i just  
might.

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# Selfishly Hurting You

I hurt you, I know I did, I am sorry, really I am but what if I liked the feeling of knowing that you would be mad. What if I told you that I liked the feeling of you finding out and crying your heart out, isn't that what you did to me all those times you walked out and turned your back on me. What if I told you I did it on purpose. What if I told you that I was privately seeking for you to find out. What if I told you that I lied when I was telling you the truth and there is so much more to say. What if I told you that it wasn't the first time or even the second. What if I told you that I'm not really sorry. What if I told you that you made this this way. What if I told you that it wasn't really your fault. What if I told you that I still love you, would you believe me. What if I told you that part of me still wants to do. What if I told you that my mind is getting the best of me. But then again what if I told you that I am trying to contain it. What if I told you seeing you cry made me regret it all. What if I told you that I am still in love with you and it would kill me to see us apart. What if I told you all the truth, would you forgive me? What if I told you I was so scared to do it all. What if I told you that I'm thinking two different things but I only want one of them. What if I told you that all I want to do is kill myself over the hurt that I caused you. What if I wrote all this for nothing and you hate me. What if I wrote this and left it on our bed. What if I wrote this and it was too late for you to forgive me. What if I wrote this and you felt responsible for me killing myself. What if you read this what would actually happen. What if this ever got to you. What if it broke your heart into so many pieces that is unfixable. What if I said caused your life to go chaotic and down hill. What if I caused, caused me in the end to smile and turn your back on your cries and hurt. What if?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

## She Needed Help

i had a dream last night about this women that really needed help. she was in a lot of trouble and everyone was coming after her. She didnt want to look back becus she seen all of the tourches and knives, along with guns and stones. All she did was cry and run, run and cry. All the whil had to stay strong for her little boy who was terrified. He whined little moans and knew somehow that they were in trouble. He didnt make a big fuss and ran along side of his mother. she sent a prayer to the heavens above and prayed hard and long. she weeped as the angerd people grew closer but with all her might she and her little one ran faster and faster. So tired and exhausted her mouth was dry. No time to stop or take a break. She was devoted to keep her family safe, so eger to get to a safe place and drink something. So anxious on where to go. The time was running out her legs were tighting. Her body needed a break. Her son was desperate he wanted to hide behind a tree. Acouple more minutes and her and her little ones legs would be mush. With her pride still raised high she had a thought to herself. Why are all these people coming after us? what did we do? she couldnt think at a time like this. She gave in stopping near an oak tree holding it gasping for a breath that was regular. Her son holding tightly to her thigh. The people were on her tail and they caught up. with al lher might she picked up her head and realized the terrible people were her family. She seen that image and looked in a way of betrayl. She protested holding her hands and arms up backing her son away so he would not get struck. She yelled and yelled why are you doing this? They all just looked angry and called her fowl words and names. Still not knowing she said fine if im that horrible do it do it all she said. She gave the permission to be struck over and over. She lechered them and told them that she wasnt what they were calling her. She cryed at there feet telling them over and over to just believe her and not hurt her. She was good, she was nice, she was helpful, and loving. She gave before giving to her cryed untill her voice went and her eyes swelled. They told her one by one that it didnt matter what they knew was the truth and that was that. They planned to get rid of her and not have a person like that in there town. Suddenly they got her and went at her with all her might. Not one stop or break they killed her and her son. finding out later that she was right, she wasnt bad or evil she was the helper. It wasnt her and her son did nothing wrong as well. Feeling the pain of regret nnothing they could do to take it back. now they cryed and talked to god but nothing they said mattered to god. They were in a state of punishment. and for eternity there life was hell.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The Decision

it was late at night,  
a tense and confused moment screaming louder  
and shouting to a point of no return.  
i heard a knock at the door, i went answer  
it, and to my surprise it was my heart.  
aching and hurting, it was shot with an arrow  
of sorrow and tears. it cried out to me and with  
its blood and warth on my shoulders i turned and just looked  
in ur very eyes and knew it was time.  
time to go. set free my pain

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The First Time.

My stomach drops, leaving my body shaking in nervousness.

The thought of us that close makes my heart race.

Feeling like the first time, the first time ever but trying with all my power to contain myself from screaming with excitement.

Hands tremble and become clammy, mind wanders back and forth hoping the first time is memorable, worth while. hoping it is good, hoping we don't back out, hoping we're not too goofy.

Time ticks, every second is closer.

Every second is more exciting.

Every second I think about it more.

Wanting the moment to come and not wanting it to end.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The Heart

My heart ripped out of my chest, thrown on the pavement, treated unkind, unfair, and unlovingly. Day to day blows to my chest, scaring to the core. You hated me twice, i loved you once, but three times the charm, your gone..were done. I was dirt. i was trash.i was nothing to you besides someone you took advantage of. you threw your words, you launched your punch, but no longer could i dodge you. you got your target dead on the spot, my heart. My vision of love is all black and blue all thanks to you.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The Night Is Done

the night is done and all that is on my mind is you.  
your thoughts your words and your kindness.  
your amazing and gosh i wish you were here.  
you make me smile and be happy and that is all for me.  
Loving all the messages and smiley faces.  
the worries and the happiness that im back.  
your precious not only ur mind but along with your soul.  
your brilliant and very talented. Your special and cool.  
in the air of the night i sit with the moon and wish on a star.  
'star light star bright first star i see tonight i wish i may i wish i might have the  
wish i wish tonight.' i wish a wish of many wish for you to wish for me. I wont  
see you in the morning or even the afternoon but i will have ur warm spirit right  
next to mine

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The One

The one that sits in the back of the class.  
The one that is quiet.  
The one that has no friends.  
The one that gets the business done.  
The one we all envy.  
The one that we all make fun of for being on top of the game.  
The one that never smiles.  
The one that passes tests like nothing.  
The one we only give the time of day to when we need help on that math test.  
The one that gets pushed and shoved.  
The one that doesn't have the best clothes.  
The one that has the grungy shoes.  
The one that studies on Friday nights.  
The one that is involved in all the clubs  
The one that won't have a date to the prom.  
The one that cries from being lonely.  
The one that has high expectations and big goals.  
The one that has the best college lined up.  
The one that has the driver's license.  
The one that has a college fund.  
The one that takes things really seriously.  
The one we all wish to be.  
The one we see graduating and we won't be.  
The one that makes it big in life while we sit back and collect failure.  
The one that we want to be in the future.  
The one we fear.  
The one we run from  
The one that blows our minds.  
The one that we could be.  
The one that we are.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# The Water Is My Fear

The water is my fear.  
I will drown and be drifted away.  
Swimming with the sharks out in the great big sea.  
I do not like the fish that ponders in and out  
I hate it I hate it  
The water is my fear.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# There Love

You put you hand in between my hand  
As we danced aside the ocean  
Are bodies close and yes there was love in there.  
Your eyes sparkled in the moon light and your hair glicened  
The aroma from you grew under my nose and it was sweet.  
Are eyes met and we stared, for a moment in time it stopped  
And are hearts intertwined and shined bright. We moved about slowly and  
With perfection. Our bodies met and our hearts shared a beat.  
It was brilliant and magical, a fairytale moment.  
I pulled me close and breathed slowly in my ear, whispering  
&quot;Your mine forever&quot; you rubbed my back and squeezed gently.  
The ocean breeze on our faces progressed to our bodies.  
We looked out to the water and seen our shadow  
We felt our hearts and souls become one.  
We melted to the ground and rolled in the grass, just slightly  
Moist and dewy from the early mornings gloss.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# This Is Me

What can I say, I cannot in no way change the way I live my life. It's not right, yes I know that but it's me.

Countless amounts of tries to change to be nice to not yell but it are not me. It may ruin relationships and anger some but this is me. Although I am fearful to the ones that I love I cannot help it is me and I'm sorry, I guess. Yes I feel bad for the pain I've caused but I do not regret it or want in any way to take it back. This may be selfish but I don't care this is me. I've lived the life that I now have for awhile and I know that this is just not what I want, who I am kidding. I am looking at life as if I am older than what I really am, not taking time for me. Who am I trying to trick this isn't me and hasn't been me. No more being carefree or risky, I now look over my shoulder with the pit of dume in my stomach. I now am hateful to some and sniky. I think twice before doing things and always wonder what if. Why, this is me my life which I am not in control of.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Today I Feel

Today i feel foolish. I feel tired but to awake to sleep.  
I feel broken but to put together to fall apart. I feel happy but to sad to smile.  
Today i feel crowded but oh so lonely to run away.  
I feel cracked but to much glue to fix it. Today i feel like an itch but to itchy to scratch. I feel hungry but to full to eat. I feel like i need my mother but to independent to ask. Today i feel like a child but to grown to whine. I feel scared but to brave to scream. I feel like i know where i am going but to lost to find my way. My head is hurting so i close my eyes. So much on my mind, it is shutting down. Im drained so my body sloutches. i am sad so i frown, dramatically. Today i feel skinny but to fat to do a backflip. Today i feel pretty but way to ugly to be a model. Today i feel like i just cant! i feel talkitive but to quiet to say a word. Today i feel cold but to hot to cool off. i feel relaxed but to stressed to put up my feet. i feel light but way to heavy to fly away. Today i feel like a strong weight to weak to lift a pound. Today i feel liked but way to hated to have a friend. I feel like water but to goeey to run smooth. Today i feel unloved but so loved i cant love. I feel like a million bucks but im nothing but a penny. Today i feel like im healed but to bruissed to say that im really ok.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Turned Around

□

Your face is the face I see in my head when I kiss another.  
Your face is the face that I see in my head when I hug another.  
Your face is the face that I see in my head when I smile at another.  
Regret pours into my soul and comes out as tears when I wrong you.  
A weight hits the bottom of my stomach only to leave me with guilt.  
How to take it back all back every single little thing, probably not possible.  
To know what I am messing up is critical, honestly, I mess up a lot and sometimes never but I never want what I do to you for you to do it to me. But in the end I don't care. I don't care if you cry from my selfishness, I don't care. You can ask me why I don't care but my answer cuz I just don't. I love you but not enough to give a hell on how you feel. It is funny, it is confusing I see you hurt I laugh. And when I see you happy im mad cuz then I didn't do my job right, didn't hurt you enough, didn't hit that bottom of you where you just wont hurt anymore. Your feeling aren't shit to me. Ill spit on them before I put them on a pedestal. I cared once, once upon a time. A vulnerable girl took that chance with at one time prince charming to find that he was only a dirt toad. You played me a fool you played me as if you could walk all over me thinking that since im in love it didn't matter like you could do anything and get away with it, but hey that girl came back twice as worse and messed you all up. Instead of me the one that ends up crying alone now you are. You left me to wither away you left me thinking that I would always be there but im not. You left me time after time in confusing with the room spinning around and around and now its ur turn, except I wont be back to stop the spinning figure that out urself.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Uncontrollable

The room went dark as my mind bleed.

Spun out of control from these drugs but no turning back now.

Far gone and blue. black and grey is all I see. There is no futue and there is barely a present.

My body holds no breath as I gasp for air. No soul or a conscience, a foul mind and a no good heart.

Dirty hands and dirty feet. Stepping into a pit a hole this thing called my life.

Pain I feel none and comfort is the binge of pulling hair yanking and gripping. I cry as I scrap and rip my nails off from this concrete wall I try oh so hard to get up to get out. No way no how will I ever get out of this. Im all skin and bones rages for clothes a cold rock as comfort. Im all alone in this place that I can not see. My eyes are swollen red and blood shot. My body shook last night, staying up late and planning a plot. Getting back to the ones that cut deep, to the ones that punched and slapped and did all that they could to me to get to me to get to the core. But day by day I stay here and take it like a sponge going beyond and above risking my life. Taking slashes to the heart. The last slash came and this time I was gone.

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Weirdo

A scratch on my face.

Im bleedy and it is running done my face.

Warm and thick.

I don't clean it up I let it dry and sit.

It is sick I am sick.

My mind is full of thoughts of dieing why not who will miss this?

I bang my head on the wall and love the throbbing pain,

It excites me.

I brake my leg on purpose to watch my bone pop out.

It hurts so bad but I love the pain.

I drag my self in gravel as the small pointy rocks puncture my fragile skin.

Scorpions and tarantuals surround me putting up there army of poison.

Knowing it is my time but it just wont happen.

Looking for anyway out is there an out or am I just stuck?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# What Have I Done

Sitting in this room filled with cold breath and frozen bones, i look around nothing, no one. But me in the middle of this room surrounded by blood and regret. I look to my hands and i see a trembling limb covered in this blood but whom i ask whom can i say this blood belongs to? my lips are blue, my skin is pale and im in a terrible sweat. what have i done i ask myself what have i done? This room is dark pitch black to be exact, no light no warmth, all there is, is a stale air we breath. Dawn shines through a little tiny hole in the wall and the rality hits. As you lay breathless on the floor my body staggers to the wall, clentching the wall with the little strength i have i fall to the ground. My breath has been took from me and my mouth is wide lay on the floor drentched in the blood i suppose is the blood that is on my hands. What have i done?

KrIsTiNa CoTTo

# Your Face

when i c your face it makes me smile, when i c your smile it lights up my day just a second or an hour of a day when i c ur face it excites me. it grows on me and makes me feel like a little kid with candy. your face brings me joy r face has no madness or sadness just humor and love. i love ur face cuz its you it the best part besides ur heart. i love to look at you and when i can i take a glimpse and it is a sight that i no longer want to look away from. seeing you and your face makes me feel that love and feel the rush of the butterflies inside of me. you give me that look that draws me in closer and closer untill boom its real its actually real, i love you not just ur face. ur everything to mind ur in my dreams ur in my head and my soul. when i look at you not only does your face talk so does ur heart and i know it wants me like i want urs. in reality we already have eachother just us to find out from my heart to urs from my face to c to urs to show. i love i can say it out loud and proud just look at me and notice that your face caused this all. your face your face what a beauty not only beauty but passion and control. i miss you and want to c ur face but when you smile with ur pretty white teeth and gorgeous eyes it sticks in my head like glue. so when i need you or want to c u i close my eyes that are on my face and imagine you my love and ur face

KrIsTiNa CoTTo