

Poetry Series

Marcellus Watts
- poems -

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Marcellus Watts()

Poem Biography: in 4th grade our teacher taught us how to write poems, i never wrote a poem again since i didn't pay much attention, in 6th grade i started writing them with the art i drew, since pictures i saw inspired me to draw and write the meaning of the picture and i wrote it in the form of a poem.

Things have changed, and i mean for the better. Older now and much more experienced i plan to share alot of things. Not many personal things but some. I haven't been on here in years and over that time i have written many, and many poems.

I don't exactly release them in the right time order when they were written so i may seem a little bipolar. But really I'm differently normal in a good way.

2 Weeks

14 Days left

336 hours

Until the end of this chapter

The chapter of hell in my life

2 weeks until I leave

8 hours a day

8 hours of hell in this school

Dealing with ignorance driven by people

Pushing back judgmental walls

After all 8 years in this prison

All I have is 2 weeks,14 days,336 hours left inside this hellhole

Now I can't figure out what to do

Skip graduation, or stand on the stage and face the music?

That answer has left me then came back

In just 2 week I'll be gone never to set foot inside again

In just 14 days I'll leave and never turn back

In just 336 hours, my face will be erased from this place

2 weeks until I graduate from 8th grade

Why now, it must end sooner

In just 2 months I'll be in high school

2 weeks...

14 days... 336 hours...

The memory of me will be gone

Marcellus Watts

24 Hours

24 hours in a day
1 day of life
Each day I waste 1 day
Procrastinating
Waiting... for nothing
Wasting 24 hours each day
Waiting for nothing
The right moment isn't there
It never will be as I waste time
Never setting anything into motion
Wasting my 24 hours
My life with nothing
Emptiness
Boring
Lifeless
Pathetic
I sit on my ass wasting 24 hours
Wasting so much time
Live each hour and day to the fullest
Never regret a minute or you would have wasted time
Never waste time...
Never waste your life
24 hours...
I live for nothing...
Wasting 24 hours living
for nothing...

Marcellus Watts

And Forever

Forever is impossible to live
Forever is possible when
Death is reached but which life
Forever is no fear of
Death,

Forever is eternity no death
The only cure of old age
Forever is never possible only in death
But forever without death
Is null and void who ever new bff is so sort

The only forever, forever is a simple
Hour glass that's your life line out of
Time you realize before your time
There no forever the sands of time tell

The truth there is only one
Forever after death heaven the sand of time
Are full and there is forever

Marcellus Watts

Back Then

Back then was great
Yes back then the past
My younger self...
Before the mask formed
Before school, when friends were plenty.
We were pure but weak
Back then before it all...
Before enemies
Before I became a fighter
Before I realized I was weak
Before I threw away and broke my mask.
Back then was great
Things were so easier
Things were made up, and acceptable
I was in a small shell, protected
Back then before I threw it all away
Back then when I got away with many things
Back then when my imagination was large and pure
Back then is dead....
Now after I took many things for granted
I see and compare things from back then
And see how much things have change
Back then the whole world in the same spot
Now we made many steps forward
But some many back,
Back then when the thing I loved was original
Now it's replaced and hated by original fans
Back then when soft music made me wish I was there
Now I wish I could feel more pain
Back then before Homophobia captured me
So far back
So deep into the sea of lost memories
But won't fall into the abyss
Cause it's collapsed on itself
Back then I see a small hole to see different memories
Back then when CORE ruled Tomb raider
The thing I loved but took it for granted
Now Crystal dynamic's killed Lara
Now I wish I could runaway and hide from the truth

Back then when quiet protected me and made me safe
Now the quiet scares because it always screams the truth
Now the quiet means karma coming and I'm in for regret.
Back then when lies helped me and kept me from the real world
Now I fight and criticize the truth.
Now I doubt and lie to myself,
But I also believe in what I want to believe
Back then I never had to fight battles
Now I fight and battle between christen beliefs
I fight old adversaries after back then
I fight my friends, enemies and want to fight the world.
No matter what back then died
Because of Time, and me
Back then was murdered in cold blood
It was left behind and forgotten
I am a ruthless cruel bastard
Back then when I never hated my father
Back then when he never sold drugs
Back then before I was born when my mother was together with him
And back then when he was still free and not in jail
Now I want to beat the shit of him
And give him a black eye.
Back then my mother beat him up 3 times
Now she dosen't cares if he's alive or not and still never talks about him.
Now is great also great.
Back then my mother would drink herself silly
Now she's three years sober and takes pills for her liver.
Back then I barely talked to her
Now I see her everyday when she gets from work and talk to her every 2-5
minutes
Back then when my older step brother did drugs
Back then when he was kicked out
Now he's changed and back into our lives
Back then when my step father drunk to much and smoked everyday.
Back then when he threw up, from drinking.
Now he only drinks a little and has a job.
Back then when my mom had her job before I was born to 2008
Now she works at a better new job.
Back then when I barely knew my family
Now I know all of 6 uncles and 2 aunts they all love me
Back then when I knew Tomb raider and Edios didn't fire CORE
Now it made me wish Edios was dead.

Back then when my apartment with neighbors was still up.
Now it's destroyed because the inside burned up along with my two cats.
After that I think the wrong ones died.
Now I haven't cried about it in 2 years
Back then is alive and locked in my head
Back then is angry and being sadistic,
Back then took advantage of my naive self
Back then I didn't know what to do with myself
Back then I was mixed up with time
Also with life.
Now is the present and is my ally
Now I have myself together and know what I want to do
Now I see the truth and won't try to run away
Now I won't accept lies
Now I won't be in a shell
Now I'll fight my battles
Now I'll think about what I do.
Back then I was nothing...
Now I'm who I want to be and make most of my rules...
Back then I was helpless and could keep anything together
Now I I'll yell and cuss and interfere to keep relations together.
Back then is the past
Now is Present...

Marcellus Watts

Balance

Balance is what keeps the world at peace all the time
Balance can be good Balance can be bad but balance in this world is unknown

The Unknown is a mixture of good and bad and something else
a Third portion of Balance what is that?

With out the third the world would rain h-ll distortion would be full chaos and
destruction

If there is only good there is no balance the world be out of order
if there is only Bad the world would be destroyed 50/50 is balance 50 is good

50 is bad, good keep the world form being destroyed
Bad keeps the world in order it like a hour glass good sands and bad sands they
each fall touching creating balance we have balance for now and Forever

Marcellus Watts

Blank

Nothings here
Nobodies here
It's nothing
Silence is the only sound around here
The population is zero
Empty
Dull
Just a big blank space
Boring
Quiet
Unexciting
Just nothing
No one is home
It's bland
It's dry
It's uncreative
Nothing in existence
Just a blank space
Quiet
Mute
Silenced
Blank...
Nothing or no one
Just blank
Nothing at all
Only blank
Dull
Boring silence

Marcellus Watts

Corner

sitting in a corner alone
Used, broken, sad useless
Left behind by Time

Laying in the corner
My only friend the shadow
alone, empty, angry

feeling of agony inside
just feeling nothing at all

You look at me
with those old, unfamiliar eyes
only once, just once

confusion in your eyes
i know the truth of what your thinking
debating in your head
weather to throw me away or keep me

You never did, you left me in that corner
You said i was just there
It's hard to throw me away
You were always there

left alone in that corner
alone, only with my shadow
with only you to look at me

Used, pathetic, fake
cold, mean, empty

all because you left me in that corner
all those years ago...

Marcellus Watts

Devoid Of Emotion

Emptiness
Nothing
No feeling
No emotions
Just regret, anger
Thus the result of procrastinating
Trying to retrieve a empty emotion
Trying to express nothing
Just a fake empty former shell
Resembling a black hole
Devoid of emotions
Unable to feel human
Nothing to express but nothing
Murdered scene left behind
The victim an emotion

Marcellus Watts

Don'T Follow Me

I'm a person in bad shoes
I'm a person whose shoes
You'd never want to be in
Depending on your point of view
I'm not a person to look up to
I'm not a role model
I don't make kids smile
I only make them cry
I only disappoint adults and peers
They shake their humble heads at me
Looking down on me
Throwing their judgmental glares at me
I've sin and ruined relationships and events
I'm "that guy";
So don't follow me
Never take after me
Just leave me on my own
Leave me in my own mess of ruin
Never hail me a hero
Not even a good person
I'm far from any of that
I'm stained and polluted
So don't follow me
Never try to follow me
I'm a disappointment
To those around me
So never follow me
Never look up to me
It's a laughable thought
"Don't follow "that guy";"
"He's a hazard"
"Carbon monoxide is safer than he is"
They all say
So don't follow me
Never ever try
Don't take after me
Leave me on my own
So don't follow me
Stay away from "that guy";

Marcellus Watts

Emotions And Poetry

Writing poetry

Denying Poems

-

Writing emotions

Denying emotions

-

The same cycle

Nothing changes as emotions rises

Denial is the mental world

Hanging its fishing lure over you

-

Dropping the hypocritical mask

Dropping the nice fake mask

Killing the loyal lovely façade

Revealing the true sociopathic

Cruel petty mental abusive psycho

-

Left defenseless to fend off the judgmental world

Of so called justice

-

Getting so sick of writing emotions

Showing how messed up in the head I am

"Rehab won't work babe" says a person

-

As a person says

"Those mother f*ckers know how to float"

Denying emotions, he says.

-

They float and hurt from the inside

They show and laugh at you for being so emotional

They regroup and divide like Cancer

-

Killing once your death is known

Releasing them with quiet but loud results

Tearing down others points of view

-

Rehab won't help babe

Says my ex-boyfriend...

Right before he dies

-

My emotions exploded
Resulting in murder and love
The feeling of blood and remorse

-

The pencil doesn't stop moving
It's manipulated by someone's sick imagination
Twisting words in the form of thoughts
And words of true mentality
Instead of "the right answer"

-

Creating poems that never rhyme
True poems instead of forced words
Corrupted, empty, abused.
From a vocabulary...

Marcellus Watts

Escaping Reality

Leaving the very spot I am
Leaving behind myself
Leaving behind my troubles
Running away or leaving...
There's no difference
Escaping from life itself
Though be it temporary it's enough
For a break I'm in desperate need of
A short break or long break
Let me hide away from life itself
Cruel and relentless
No matter what I'll never truly escape
Life will find me and retrieve me
It'll pump me with fear, depression, and despair
Life and reality will find me once again
There's no way I can escape them
As I hide in my fantasies
Let me pretend to fly away, far, far away...
Leave me with my fantasies
I've escaped reality
For now I'm free until reality retrieves me
Please let me escape reality
Fantasies please hide me away
Imaginations please carry me away
Reality is on its way to thwart my escape
Once again I'm escaping reality
Soon it'll find me then pump me with anger, sadness and angst
Let me run and escape to my fantasies
Allow me to escape reality
Let me pretend to fly away to my fantasies

Marcellus Watts

Everything Around Me

People, objects, materials, micros
Everything around me is changing

-

Everyone around me are leaving me behind
Everyone around me is maturing to fast
Everyone around me is being secretive
Everyone around me is my enemy
Everyone around is becoming an enigma

-

The whole world moving to fast for me to catch up
The whole country is maturing to fast for to criticize it
The whole universe is becoming too deadly for me to be safe
The whole state is becoming to tolerate for me to understand
The whole galaxy is moving to slow for me to wait

-

My friends are becoming to distance for me to celebrate
My friends are becoming too immune to my attacks
So I can't inflict any emotional damage.....
My friends becoming to orderly and nice for me to stand it
My friends are moving on to fast for me to keep and emotional tie
My friends joining with my enemies to fast for me to defend
My friends are knocking down the thick wall and I can't protect myself
My friends around me aren't my friends.....

-

The objects around me are to quiet and still for me to move
The objects around me are crowding in on me...
The objects around show me what updated freak I am
The objects around me too stiff and hard to move
The objects around me are betraying me...

-

Everyone around me is moving on to fast for me to say goodbye
Everyone around me are starting there lives to fast for me to think
Everyone around me is against me and hates me

-

Everything around me is changing to fast for me to notice
Everything around me proves I'm a hypocrite
Everything around me dies too quick for me to care
Everything around me...
Everything...that's in my life

My life is everything around me
Everything around me wishes I was gone...

Marcellus Watts

Expanding Distance

Quiet and tense atmosphere
Eyes aren't making contact
A guard is up between two
An invisible tall and thick wall
Separating the two people
The term friends cannot be used
The term family has long ago withered away
The term associates is nonexistent
A better word for the two would be...
A dirty, uncomfortable and loose word
Strangers
The two strangers sadly
Long ago they were close
Long ago the two preferred each others company
Long ago they were friends
Now they are complete strangers to each other
Physically close in presence
Though extremely far from each other
A great distance where even a car could drive
Emotionally
Light years they are away from each other
A distance that is expanding
Expanding like the infinite universe
Expanding and growing like life itself
The emotional distance
Large and by no means can be measured
An expanding and growing distance
Between two... strangers
A shattered bond long left behind
In the path of the expanding distance
The bond has long turned to dust
At the ends of the expanding distances are two separate strangers
Completely distant

Marcellus Watts

For Things To Stay Still

Time waits for no one
every time person should know this
Time walks constantly
Never stopping and always moving on
Leaving those behind who can't keep up
As the seconds grow into minutes
Grow into hours then days
Life blooms then blossoms
Quicker then we can enjoy
as life and time allows things to die
much faster than it grows
Things move on in time
Attempting to keep up with ever growing life
Treasures are never enjoyed
to the fullest
Life's blessings are over looked
In the struggle to keep up□
with the eternal flow of time
Things never stand still
Things never stop
Time doesn't pause
Life doesn't halt
Earth never changes its revolution
Things don't stand still
why can't they?
Why can't we enjoy every possibility?
But only time itself is able to□
What it would take for things to stand still?
For our lives to stay still?
For us to be happy?
What a cruel and selfish thing time is...

Marcellus Watts

Goodbye Class Of 2009

Good bye class of 2009
I always regretted making that mistake
The event at the age of 6
I always think back and look at myself now
And say, why?
But now because the class now that I dislike
I was reunited with you and newcomers
And welcomed by the same faces
That misunderstood me from all the years back
And have grown, and accepted me.
All the conflicts we faced this year
Have all been resolved by you separating
And starting out on your future
While I, because of that little mistake
Is getting left behind like last time...
It saddens me to say goodbye to you
Yet I should be happy for you
And for me
You were all ready while I wasn't
I am now, but is still being left behind
Hello class of 2009
Goodbye class of 2009
You all standing up on the stages
Ready and waiting for your future
Smiling with strong, anticipation.
While I sit down in a seat
And judge you from there
Not moving anywhere while you go away.
All the cussing, conflicts, and friendships we had
Have been left...but not forgotten
Goodbye Class of 2009
I'll miss you and maybe will never see you again
But maybe some of you when its my time
All from that simple mistake,
It's gets me now
Karma sucks
It's won in the end from all I did
To get that mistake.
Forgetting I had to say goodbye

I wasn't prepared, but I had my good karma
That simple mistake lead to many events
Events that made me who I am,
and am a better much grown person
with all who I am, though sad to say goodbye
Goodbye Class of 2009
And thank you for giving me an alternative thought
And most of all a wake up call
Goodbye Class of 2009.
I'll miss you.....

Marcellus Watts

Home

Home is a place where you get the feeling of belonging
Home is a place where you can feel safe
Home is a place where you first did many things as a child.

And so on

Even if that home is burned down, torn down, destroyed
It'll be there, a remnant of it though.

Your memories still there and are held there.
The site where your home is...
Gone with no trace but you as a sample.

Home is not just a building
It's an important place in your mind and heart.
In which you, friends and family make up
And always can have somewhere to go back to
That's a home.....

When friends and family are gone
And all happiness and familiarity are undetectable
And the place you came back to is empty...
Cold, ruined, quiet.
Then your not Home...

Your home in which you can always stay
And is always welcome
And can always come back to
That's a home.

Marcellus Watts

Homophobia

Homophobia is a Murderer.

Homophobia is a unseen Murdering Parasite.

A parasite that lives' and feeds off the ignorance of Humans.

A dangerous constantly spreading Parasite.

The world is blind to the pandemic that Homophobia is causing.

The world is blind because it's been spreading sense the beginning of Time.

The world who is infected itself is blind to it.

Homophobia kills love.

Homophobia kills acceptance.

Homophobia kills beliefs.

Homophobia kills and breaks bonds.

Homophobia kills lives.

Homophobia is a Murderer.

An unseen Murderer.

Homophobia is evil.

Homophobia manipulates its victims.

Homophobia destroys mentality.

Homophobia deceives and corrupts the world.

Homophobia infects those's its set's out to destroy.

Homophobia is self-destructive.

Homophobia uses Kamikaze as a protective wall.

A wall filled with fear.

Homophobia is a Coward.

Homophobia is a Parasite who uses it host to do inhuman acts.

Homophobia bends a man's/woman's will.

Homophobia is judgmental critic who judges from the side lines.

Homophobia is made of fused Fear, and Hatred.

Homophobia hides behind its host lies of what god wants.

Homophobia is a constantly spreading Parasite.

Soon enough to be hated more than Hitler.

Homophobia has Family.

Homophobia is a cousin of racism.

Brother of Bigotry.

Great Great Great Grandson of Discrimination.

Homophobia.....

Marcellus Watts

Homophobia Won'T Get Me

Homophobia will never get me.
Homophobia surrounds me and is always near.
Homophobia has been injected into me many times.
Homophobia has been thrown at me.

Homophobia has murdered many people in the world
Homophobia is constantly on my skin.
Homophobia is constantly watching me waiting to get me.
Homophobia has held me captive for 12 years.
Homophobia has held me in its sight, researching me, until it can find what makes me immune to the very virus.

Homophobia doesn't know still.
The Antivirus has been in front of it eyes.
Marcellus evey Watts is what makes immune to Homophobia.

Homophobia will never kill my Mother's love, my friends understanding.
My family love's, God's understanding and love.

Homophobia can try and try but It can never Beat me.
I'll always place my bets to win and I will.
Homophobia tried to infect me it only got a a- whopping when I broke free.
My Antivirus is immune and will reject any means of Homophobia.

Homophobia didn't realize the spot it missed when it changed me.
As I said before I'll him, it, all of them that they missed a spot.
I'll show I can reject Homophobia and Hate it.
I'm a Fighter and I'll fight and defend, Myself, my family, friends From
Homophobia.
I'll always win against Homophobia.

You missed a spot on me when you tried to inject me with the virus.
Now I'll show you there are others, who won't stand for you.
Even if I do lose a battle against homophobia.
I have many other people to support me, and to fight with me.

So Homophobia I have my Antivirus and its ME
I'm what's makes me so immune to your virus.
So Homophobia I'll go down swinging if I have to, but I won't lose to you.

Homophobia you may have most of the world against me.
But I won't lose to you.

Homophobia you won't get my mother's love, acceptance
Homophobia you won't get my Friends support.
Homophobia you won't get family belief and understanding.
Homophobia you won't get my thoughts.
Homophobia you won't get my blood.
Homophobia you defiantly won't get Me.

Marcellus Watts

How Long For Memories

Memories one
Just like cards
That tell you
Your past and friends
Just how long
Can you remember
Before you memories
Are casted in oblivion

Marcellus Watts

I Can Pretend

I can pretend that I'm fine
I can pretend that I like it
I can pretend that I ignore it
I can pretend that I'm immune
I can pretend that everything's fine
I can pretend that I don't care
I can pretend that I don't notice it
I can pretend that I don't hear them
I can pretend that I don't hear the whispers
I can pretend that I don't notice the frequent looks
I can't pretend that I fit in
I can pretend that I'm a part of the crowd
I can pretend that they like me
I can pretend to ignore the facts
I can pretend and act ignorant in bliss
I can pretend and laugh about it
I can pretend to not care
I can pretend to shrug off the name calling
I can pretend and ignore the hate
I can pretend like it's all well and dandy
I can pretend that I'm positive about it
I can't lie to myself
I can pretend to pretend
But I still can't lie to myself

Marcellus Watts

Ignorance

Ignoring the truth
Going to a quick judgment at sight
Naming hurtful labels
Opposing facts and knowledge
Reeling in bitterness and anger
Applying stereotypes based on looks
Never really knowing the person
Continuing cycle of racism and homophobia
Extinct ignorance never will be

Marcellus Watts

I'M Gone

I'm Gone

You could tell I was alone

You could tell I was f*cked up

You could tell I was fake

You could tell I was in Pain

-

I could tell you knew about me

I could tell you knew...

I could tell you knew I was gone

-

You all woke up

The next day I wasn't there

The next day there was no one to yell At

No one to ace all the Science work

No one to fail at math

No one to talk to at lunch

The next day "Marcellus Watts" Absent

No one cares but are surprise

Because I'm Gone

-

Mother had no one to joke with

Step Dad had no one to watch pass by

Cats had no one to expect

Family had one less person to see

Cinnamon pills had no one to take them 15 times a day...

Because I'm Gone

-

As they woke up

On that Winter night

They all saw what happened

But never believed there eyes

-

I walked out as the sun began to rise

The snow began to disappear and melt

Looked at mother with her confused look

and all the neighbors with there Judgmental look

-

I'm Already Gone

You all knew...

You all knew I was in Pain
You all Knew I was fake
You all knew I was I F*cked up
-
I turned to the sky's moonlight
opposed to the Sunlight
I spread my arms wide
as the sins went threw my head
and the blood on my hand began to show
The moonlight engulfed me
I let go of all the ties and emotions I had
and I was gone...

Marcellus Watts

Inerasble Sin

That unerasable sin, that I committed
The sin you see before your eyes

All the blood on my hands
All the blood I spilled, never will be washed away

With lies spreaded, deceiving many others
All the lies in the past...

Paying for it Now
With all the ones I lost.

As I sit now in solitude
This is my punishment
Alone now, Sad and Broken

That unerasable sin
That will never disappear

My unerasable sin

Marcellus Watts

Just A Drink

I need a drink
Just one drink
A shot of alcohol, tequila, Vodka anything
As long as it past my lips.
Down my throat
Then rested on my tongue
To Taste the bitter sweet Jin
The sour nice taste of vodka
My lips on the glass
The lemon slice at the other side
Just a drink I need
To escape this life consciousness
Just for a few minutes
Just a drink of liquor, wine, Vodka
Anything...
I just need a drink to get away from it all
Abusive father, broken down school, loveless family, Dead mother
Just a drink
To numb the pain
Just a drink...

Marcellus Watts

My Friend

The one I trust most
The one who still accepts me
Through all my twisted ambitions
Stands beside me
You're my shield
I your sword and knowledge
My friend
You

Marcellus Watts

My Hero

My hero

A person to look up to

A person who strong willed

A person who will never give up

-

An honorable hero

A person who fairs and real

The man or woman who will fight

With love and acceptance in there hearts

-

They'll stand up for what they believe in

They'll stand alone if they have too

Ready to take on Reality

Ready to break down the wall of the "world"

Marcellus Watts

Night Darkness

Night

The end of the day
the end of hell so called Day
The end of work
the end of Life

Night

The beginning of Darkness
The beginning of Truth
The time of moon and not the Light

Night

Time stops
evil rises
Darkness comes out to play

Night

People become alert
People die
There hearts sadden and become Real

Night

battles the right to stay
It flees at the sight of lights
Darkness is Night

Night Reality

Marcellus Watts

Nightly Theme

Night time comes
So ending the day of others
Ending The Daylight I call Hell

The Darkness comforting me
The Dark sky shows its beauty
Infused Blue, True Black and gray
Mixed up to make the starry Night sky

The Night supporting how Antisocial I am.
Scaring the Fake, Hypocritical Humans away
Afraid of the reflecting dark sky
which makes them flee.
The streets clear, Quiet depressing
The Night knows me

The Night sky rewards me with its Starry sky
which I paint with my eyes and personality
The Night is my world, which I know and Love
The Stars are rare but show to shine as do I
Emotions and words are my only weapons at Night

Nightly theme
The greatest Theme on me
The time where I revile the true me
The world of Night has Darkness
Real people
Depression
Judgment
Devious activities.
Murder

The Greatest things during Night
Im never lonely, I have the Darkness
The Moon to keep watch
The touch of Gray on every object
and my Dark personality

The Red moon

The god of The Night world
watches as Murder happen
controls every event
gives and Bloody Murder aura
The theme I love to observe

The Night is my world
I die when I born when the Daylight touched me
and was reincarnated by the Night
Night Theme

Night
The Time karma is killed
The time all my sins are out
The time real People come out
Fake people run to hide
Night is my world

Marcellus Watts

No One

No one can see me for me
No one can understand the real me
No one will ever love me the way I do
No one will ever look at me the way I do
No one can ever think the way I do
Or even understand my thinking
No one will understand my life
As the gods reveals it to there eyes
No one, No one but the gods
No one can understand my beliefs, as they shift
....and twists.
No one can understand what's inside.
No one, No one but me...
But the gods, Me, My journal and Me.....
No one.....

Marcellus Watts

Pain And No Place

My name is Marcellus
I am 13 still no place for me

I hope to find a place
And yet in my own pain in my Heart
I mentally say 'I hate you'

But when it's thrown into Chaos I have no place
Friendship moving father apart

Oh how it pains me to say goodbye to those I hate
it pains me that you hurt your friends

Falling into deep Darkness it pains me to just watch
Losing my place into a Dark abyss
i hope to find my place in my own pain and Sorrow

My name is Marcellus
i am but 13 i found a place not in the dairy of Mary Jane
not in my own pain or Sorrow

But yet in my own imagination I always feel the same pain as always inside
I hope to find my place in the world of Marcellus watts

Marcellus Watts

Pain Inside

Dark clouds cover the Sky from the Havens it's rains
i fell into a sea of Hopeless depression
i had lost all hope when i saw what happen to them
It was worst when i found about the Monster inside me
i don't know what's going on
But i have no choice but to fight
This Monster inside i can't control it
This blood lust, this need to kill
It's to incredible to control it
I hope not to hurt any of my love ones
But I'll try to fight to protect my love ones
I'm the only one who can defies my fate and destiny
I Kill and Kill and Kill
Blood fall from the sky
Sadness and Madness are written on every one face
But one day I'll accomplish my Purpose I was born with and
I'll turn them into smiles...

Marcellus Watts

Purpose

On this day I found my purpose and it was horrible on my heart and my soul I will fulfill this wish.

In my mind whenever someone says his name I could smile.

Ever sense hope was lost he was cold and cruel, but his smile is still left in my memories.

We're born into this world for not only life, lives each ones contains a Purpose or a wish.

I feel such sorrow in my heart but I feel such hatred too.

I will do all I can to help my friends

It pains me to watch them grow father apart.

I wish things would go back to way they were.

I can't go on living with such sorrow and pain or depression.

Instead of dwelling in the past I rather embrace today now

Evan if it means putting myself threw pain and loss...

Marcellus Watts

Rain

the weather that forms
Mixed with sadness and emotional Pain
Death at its Core.
The sky cries for one
who didn't deserve to die
The Heavens shed tears
Pure Angles sadden
The gods watches our Misery
at a quiet Funeral
For one who didn't deserve to die.
Everyone cries
with Pain or Misery in the hearts
everyone dies...
The Rain continue
Its all Painful

Marcellus Watts

Rant

I'll speak my mind
I'll tell it how it is
I won't talk sh-t

I'll keep it on subject
Then I'll just talk and talk

I'll say it's BS If that's what I think

I'll explain it and Rant on it
I'll speak my mind

I'll tell it how it is
I won't talk sh-t
If I'm ranting on it

Then you'll know it's a problem

Marcellus Watts

Remorse

The feeling of regret
The feeling that destroys like a Parasite
The feeling that is my only emotion
or so call "human" emotion
besides Pain, Sadness, Fear
Remorse is the Most hated Emotion to me

-

when the Blood is on some ones hand
There pathetically emotionally weak
Regret fills there eyes
Pain, Fear and misery wells up in there heart
Showing how weak they are

-

The Blood on my
Sickness, distance, and Happiness
filled up in my eyes
as I looked down at the sliced up Body
and it bled, the red liquid
it reflected in my eyes and I smiled at my work.
No remorse here
Karma died when I was 12

-

Just Sadism, torture, Knives, traps.
No remorse when I blew up my boyfriends house
No regret when I lit fire to my girlfriends father
No Pain, Misery or sadness when I framed my Best friend
I just laughed when he was shot down

-

Karma got me today, not with prison
Not with my mother sending me to the "Funny farm"
My father still floating in the sewer
Step dad, stopped drinking
Karma got me good.
It got me with my own emotions
Remorse I recoiled in regret and hate

-

Hate that I had that emotion
Hate that I felt that weakness
Hate that the 25 people

in so called Heaven and hell
are laughing at me now...
Hate that I'm so f*cked up
Regret that I didn't take those pills
Regret not killing my Cat...
Hm...

-

Remorse got me...Karma coming
After 3 bleeding year now 16
Karma coming
Guess I'm not that immune
I'm over self mutilation not 14 anymore
But Remorse is still here
My blood falls to the floor.

-

And the lower half body of my ex Boyfriends falls
Sliced it in half, though he drugged me then rapped me
Still loved him, he couldn't tell.
Since I sliced him in half last thing he heard
"People like us belong in hell sweetie, we deserve to die"

-

Remorse inside.
Sadness yes.
Fear No
Pain No
Regret yes,
Karma is still bullocks to me

Marcellus Watts

Remorse & Regret

Remorse the feeling of regret
the regret of doing a event
The alarm of Knowing your Human

-

The feeling of which we all like Kill
The feeling that comes, when murder happens
But is unseen, neither Good, Bad
Just Unknown

-

Death, abuse, Blood, carnage
None of it is Ne or Unknown to it
Its just unknown to itself

-

No mercy in spreading itself
No remorse...
just regret and Fear, its job
building and growing like Cancer
Until you self-destruct

-

Remorse does its job
and so does Karma
But never equally...

Marcellus Watts

Repeating Cycle

That usual, stressful day
As we argue and fight
Then go home to the end of the day

Then the shifting cycle starts over again
We start the day again, just to be pulled...
Into a endless repeating cycle....

Just a repeating sickening cycle
As I try to break and disrupt the cycle
Just to be pulled back inside

That tiring cycle that can never end
Unless you want to break free.
By using your own path to break the cycle

That usual, stress day
As we argue, and fight
Only to be pulled back in.....

Marcellus Watts

Sad Picture Piece

The picture we took together
And put together piece by piece

All of us as a Group
With smiles on our faces we
Were laughing together

Creating what we thought
Was a big happy picture

Now in the future we look
At that big picture piece
And see a sad picture piece

Comparing it to today, most of us...
Dead, war reached us.

What use to be happy picture piece.
Turned to what it really was.
A sad picture piece we put together
As a Group.

Smiling, laughing, naive
Naïve of what the future
Could bring

Friends dying, revealing what they
Really did with there life
In the past, happy as can be
Together wishing for more

Seeing that picture now
Remembering all the thing's I had
In the past, also with things I lost

Now you see a picture with lies
But also the truth
Both makes the group shot of friends
We put together

A big, but small sad picture piece.

Marcellus Watts

Self Destructive

I blow up on my friends
Dropping things on them in an attempt to control them
Showing my twisted complex nature
Destroying everything I ever strived for
Poisoning and crushing the souls and hopes of my relations

-

Twisted, quiet, Bitter and angry
I hide my pain acting as if I had evolved
But I only get better at unleashing my pain on my self
Others around me

-

Becoming more twisted then the characters in my book
More twisted then anyone can ever appear to understand
Cutting and piercing my skins watching as the blood falls
Punishing myself for no reason but control over myself
And also others and the pleasure of my suffering

-

Being self destructive I blow up
Taking others with me as I spiral down and explode
Self destruction

Marcellus Watts

So Sick Of It

I'm so sick of it
Making me feel like I'm sick

So sick of this
So sick of it all

When I finally got sick of it all
I just let it all out, I changed more and more
Explaining it and speaking my mind
Writing it all down on sheets of paper
Explaining why I'm so sick.

I'm so sick of it all
This world, Reality, all this bigotry
Can't get enough of this
I can't take it anymore I have to stand up
And fight against this sickness

Battling which is that repeating cycle
Battling Homophobia

I've done it so many times
It makes me wonder why I'm so sick

I'm so sick of it
Going threw the same f*cking thing.
Wanting more and more

Realizing it couldn't ever be real it sadden me
I thought it over and over and then
That's when I got sick of it.

Got me thinking me of it then reminding myself of reality.
It happened over and over that's when I got sick.
Making me feel sicker.

Regretting all of the stupid thing I ignored
Remembering I gone threw the same thing before
Anticipating myself 0.99 seconds before the actual thought

I'm so sick of it, all the things that make me sick
All the things I fight against.
Im so sick of it...

Marcellus Watts

Sweet Summer Days

Summer Days

The beginning of the vacation of that you laugh
Your freedom from the asylum of so called school

The time to have fun

The only time to enjoy life

The time to get everything together and plan things

-

The United States where all the action happens

You let all you feeling out and explore them in private

You get use to new things and change

You get active and spend all your time with the ones you love

Planning trips and strengthening relationships

-

Summer sun with its heat

All the hot shirtless guys with the sweaty shinny muscles

All the attractive slender busty women with there small bikinis

The rare occasional summer rains

The wind rustling threw your windows

The storms of lovely dark nightly gray skies

-

The end of the year almost nearing

People coming together in harmony and peace

People conflicting with one another

Everyone becoming one and sharing a connection

-

The politics all coming together

Peace by peace

Rulers and countries showing there colors

The world getting hotter in each situation

Old things becoming open and clear

-

Sweet summer days

Full of luscious feelings and gatherings

Summer days with heat and cold

Both balancing out just for you

Your freedom and Vacation

Marcellus Watts

Talking Through Written Words

The words on paper
No matter if inscribed in ink or pencil marks
People will read them
People will give attention
People will try to read between the lines
The words put on paper
Always represent your thoughts
As you would say them
As if you were speaking
Voice and tone
People will understand
Some will not
No matter how it's written
Ranting
Reporting
Singing
Expressing
Explaining
Describing
They are your words
How you would say them
As if you were talking
You express something about the subject
No matter what it is
You're talking
Through the words you wrote
Silent but direct
Unheard but seen
Read and understood
Read and misunderstood
Opinion and fact
You're talking silently
Expressing yourself silently
Through writing

Marcellus Watts

That Mask

That things that keeps you from me
that thing that grows
Hindering me and you in Life
driving me from your heart
Keeping me from your heart
The mask that makes you fake
the mask that gives you a fake smile
That mask that made you suffer
it drove me from you
it blocked me from you
that façade
I was your vent
I was your pen and pencil
you were my guide
you drove me to create art
I wrote art and you created it
That mask took away your canvas
it blocked and locked away your pencil
that mask became a cancer
slowly killing me and you
I'll break that mask
I'll save you myself
from that façade, that mask

Marcellus Watts

That Spot You Missed

They changed me
And showed me a new me
I liked what I saw
I never believed it myself.....

Someday I'll show them
That they missed a spot, and left
One thing, a shattered broken
Piece, a small remnant of that childish old smile

Someday I'll show you
You wanted to see it....you'll see it
That spot you missed you'll see

I can be different, will be different.....
I am who I am, you'll see.

That spot you missed....watch me

Marcellus Watts

The Blood I Can'T Draw

I wish to hurt others
Afraid of being hurt back
I recoil in self defense

-

Always having the right emotions
Tools and calculations
I never act on them

-

A coward maybe
A pitiful fake fool probably
Maybe even a confused pure wannabe
No never...

-

The attempt to draw blood from myself abuse
No blood falls as I'm too weak to cut deeper
The blade edge not sharp enough

-

Me the handle holding the blade
Attempting to somehow go further
To get the blood I can't draw...
And the blood I'll never get from others

Marcellus Watts

The End Of Marcellus

The end of Marcellus Watts

Beginning at the age of 14

Stopping at the age of 14

-

Starting 8th grade to move on

Beginning with pre kinder garden

Starting as bad, changing into fake

Beginning into real

-

Ending into a true human

Hypocritical, crazy, nice, bipolar

-

Finally getting his wish

Not knowing it's too late to change

Beginning of the end like he wanted

Expressing everything he was into words

Explaining it was the end

-

Leaving behind sad feelings

Leaving behind pleased, unused pleasure

Taking with him his secret

"There" secret of which the world hates

Taking with him his dislike for humanity...

Taking his twisted imagination with him

Leaving behind Himself

-

So called "the end of Marcellus"

Changes happening all around

Teenager hood coming around

Revealing what his eyes see

To be much worse to his mind

Leaving behind what was not his to inherit but a curse

Changing who he was, but never change,

But changed to others

-

The end of Marcellus is the end of him

Beginning in change ending in change

Everything canceling each other out as the end happens

-

He draws the picture to his future
He types the description of blood sex and murder
From his twisted dark deep mind

-

The end of fake laughs
The end of fake learning and smiles
The end of fake beliefs
The end of the so called answer
The end of kindness and light
The end of forced friendships...
The end of hiding in plain site
"The end of Marcellus....."

Marcellus Watts

The Reality

Reality the place you'll always be
The place that's never fantasy
The place that's ruled by logic, laws of physics
The place that's a place and never a home...
The place that proves how much human you are

-

The reality is a constant reminder how old you are
How young you are
It makes you estimate your death

-

The Reality is everyone dies ugly in there way
The reality is were never old enough
Reality never ages or gets any younger
The reality is there is no god or someone to watch us
The reality is we'll always be alone
The reality is we get what we get
No matter how good or bad we are

-

No matter how hard we try to escape
Reality is all around its matter
It's inside us, its time and space
It's everything about us
Body, sex, looks, hair, personality
It's has always been "what you see is what you get"

-

The reality is I'll always be immature
I'll never be as mature and smart as I want to be
That's Reality
The reality is I'll never have a fair life
I'll never be as old as I wanted to be
I'll never be clean from sins
The reality is I'll always be cursed
I'll always be the immature, crazy, out of control, bipolar 14 year old

-

The reality is...there's a reality

Marcellus Watts

The World Is My Stop

I watch a film
Everyone laughs...
I don't
I'm different from others
I'm not a freak
I'm not a weirdo
I'm a realist
I know the truth of death
I'm just not like everyone else
Everyone goes on to ignorance
They all go on to peer pressure
Everyone goes on to hypocrisy
This is my stop...
The world
The place where life rules
A place where money makes it revolve
The place where you can do anything
With its consequences and rewards
I've got to get off
I have to be real
I have to let people know what I'm about
No matter if I'm corrected
If I have to compromise what I believe in
That's how the world is
Ying and yang
Fake and real
This is my stop
I've got to get off
Excuse me... I'm not like you
Excuse me... I'm different
Excuse me... the world is my stop

Marcellus Watts

To Be Free

To be free
As i look at the sides.
Of my never changing glass prison.
i wonder in silence
what we all did to deserve this
yes its obvious.
But not punishment for taking our freedom.
To be free i wonder.
oh how many years its been since we've known.
what its felt like to be free.
listening to the banging and cursing demanding to be free
i sigh in hopelessness.
these spells bounding us to this earth
as punishment
this is wish to be free
anything is better then this
to be free i wish, but what if...what if...
we never get the chance to feel freedom
and leave this hellish glass prison

Marcellus Watts

What I Though Was My Life

I thought I was set straight
I Thought I knew what I wanted to do
With my so called starting life
It's was just a lie
I was starting out with my fiery emotions
Starting out thinking I was good at what I did
But then I got confused and didn't know
My path was cut off
Now I know my path reappears
I'll write out my feeling my thoughts
Become a novelist, writer
As long as I publish
People won't see my drawing off sickening fake aspiration
They'll see my world
my way
my dark mind...
This isn't what I wanted to do with my life
But it is now, with my heart.

Marcellus Watts

Wish

Wish...something you want
But you can never have
Darkness and sadness shrouds within me

Wish means to desire something
Something usually you can't have

Envy
Which is closest to wish
Envy is wish since it's to desire
Lust is another variety of wish
But more deadly and sexual

I wish
I desire

Wish hurts you.
The desire builds up inside
And the little lie wish, turns into envy
And the envy sometimes turns to lust

It's difficult to stop making wishes, when one desires something
A wish is depressing and empty when it doesn't happen
But wishes are illusions of our fantasy

That's what makes a wish a little lie...
"A wish"

Marcellus Watts

Writing Emotions

The emotions building up inside
The count down inside my big head
The hours are out

-

The day is light, I'm forced to mask myself
Hiding from the hideously fake world.
So orderly and unreal...

-

Emotions are set to divide up
Like Cancerous cells
Incurable
Unnoticeable
Increasing in number and size

-

The drug waving in front of me
As I finished the "lifes" work

-

The emotion distracting me
Filling me with ideals
Inspiration
Beautiful but horrible thoughts

-

Multiple thoughts racing inside me
Like the actual computerized advanced world
Numbers sending out commands

-

The emotions are exploding
The count down is to 1
The seconds are out

-

Everything is out of the closet
The emotions are down
Marked on a sheet of white paper
Letting out everything
Modifying them, and the very feeling
Reading them over, reflecting me

Marcellus Watts

Your Voice

Save Me from Pain
Keep me from Angst
Said your Tortured Voice
Your muted scream
Your tired cry for Help
No one could them
As they were silenced
And ignored.

Marcellus Watts