

The entirety of my frustration

By: Kyara Maddox

Listen to my heart pound in a room full of chattering boxes, it's ruckus and the complete cause of my bothered ears

taste the difference of lips, chapped, Luscious , sweet and bitter, small and big, so tht sometimes gentle even hardcore memories generate in the back of ur throat.. just DON'T bring back THOSE memories, chaos... Inevitably trapped in my bothered mind

Feel the grunge of wrestling moths in your abdomen, and in a small corner of your room where floating spirits fly, notice two softly lit eyes..ur innocence....but do not go near them admire it from afar do not reach for them..ur body should be tainted if u do.

Smell the crushing aroma of vanilla and chocolate and know that u will forever be... 1 soul..doomed to survive the waves of love...just never forget the many emotions that nearly drowned you, and never forget to thank the one that helped you..cause if it had not been for it..! don't think YOU would have found you

See everything, never jump blind sighted. That's a long way down..just remember patience is a virtue reciprocated..just never let it go unappreciated..

Always listen first,see first, feel first, taste first, smell first

THINK first

KNOW first

FIRST!

Use all ur common freaking sense

Questions by Tyrik Williams

I look into the mirror, into my eyes,
and find
so many questions lurking along the sidelines

What if?
What if I did this?
What if I did that?
What if today I put on that hat?
What if I had a cat?
Would it change that outcome
Without them
Would it be pointless?

But who cares what the point is?
Point is, I can't find the answers.
What if I changed this?
What if I changed that?
What should I do when I react?

Would that change them?
Would that change me?
Would they care if it did?
Surprisingly, and yet the most obvious part
These questions aren't mine to answer.

And that is the most frustrating part
The questions I load into the cart that is my mind
Cannot find the answers in my store.

For the world has more in its store for me than answers to my what ifs.
And what if I can't handle that?

The Insanity of the Bloke

By: Taylor D

you put this fear in me; a fear no one should ever feel.

like a prey facing her predator, i run,
but i see m to never get far.

every time the bloke raises his arm, i fall back worried i'll soon feel the wrath

of his insanity, but the only insanity I felt the wrath of was yours.

deep scars, and the wound still won't heal.

Help me, help me want.

Help me need.

the beast to her beauty, but that beauty didn't last long.

like broken glass, it's hard to put all our pieces back together.

trudging up enchanted hills to break another beautiful vase,

28 building blocks make up the 1 place we thought we felt safe.

but you took that away.

moonshine seeping through the cracks,

piercing cries haunt me in my dreams, so i fight to stay awake.

and now love is so distant for me,

numb to touch, but it leaves me needy.

i want to feel again, but each time i think about it,

The fear comes again, and I stumble back.