

Sat, 6 Sep 2008

11:18 PM

Excuses, Excuses! (I don't need your lines)

I'm feeling so unmotivated,- maybe because the only poetry that I ever understand are love songs.

And these words that I'm writing do not remind me of home.

My pen is full of acid and I'm stealing thought from little kids.

My creativity is miles away, basking in the sun with my pride.

I'm scared that if I use big words then things might get too complicated,- just like us.

Us.

I love that word, it implies so much and so little.

A You and a Me, together.

Don't you just love that?

Well, I didn't sleep well last night so maybe that's why I'm a bit neurotic today.

But this is all your fault anyway.

And now I can't write because of You.

You, and the things You say that go right over my head.

And you never listen to me, never.

I would ask you to put yourself in my shoes, but they would fit too tight.

(That was a metaphor I wrote for you, I hope you caught it.)

I'm writing you into my poetry, when all you ever did was write me out of your life.

And don't you look at me with those sleepy, puppy dog eyes because you can't see past yourself.

I know that I'm just a clanging cymbol, but you're just a fading memory.

And soon you'll be so jaded and faded right out of my mind and life.

Security: Public

Location: Not Specified

Mood: Complacent

Music: Emery--Studying Politics

Sun, 7 Sep 2008

12:37 AM

scene tees and ripped jeans are just so cliché

Who am I, really?? If I look in the mirror, what am I going to see? Someone that I'm proud to be? Doubtful. I'm nothing special. Ordinary looks, ordinary personality, I'm just ordinary. Nothing to fuss over. I try and try and try to make myself into something that I'm not. I've tried dolling up to attract attention from boys, and found that it does get me attention. Just not from the right people. Then I tried changing the way I dressed, and yet again I was met with people who I didn't like. And so I've come to the realization that scene tees and ripped jeans are just as cliché as pearls and polos. Whereas those who wear pearls and polos are alright with conforming and fitting it. But, if I wear an obscure band tee and skinny ripped jeans I'm trying to set myself apart. Except I'm not. I'm still fitting into this neat little clique of people who are conforming just as much as anyone else. And I would deny that if ever asked, but deep inside I know it's true. And I don't really know where exactly I'm going with this, but I just know that inside I'm hurting. And these cliques and clichés are doing nothing for me anymore. I'm tired of being who I'm not. I'm sick of trying to impress you. When you don't even care about me, why should I even bother? But we both know that it isn't

that easy for me. Words are just words and my heart doesn't like to listen. It's deaf to all things reasonable and this is no exception. You and I are two cars meeting on a one way street, both of us knowing that one of us isn't going to make it. Playing chicken the whole way until one of us gives in. And we both know that I'll be the one giving in. Because I'm the weakest link and I'll always give up first. It's just in my wiring, I guess just part of who I am. Well, maybe not who I am; but who I've become. I've allowed myself to be so corrupted by society and everyone else that I've forgotten how to listen to my own thoughts. I no longer think for myself but let someone else do it for me. And at the risk of being broken anymore than I already am I think it's time to relinquish my identity. I think it's finally time to be me again. With no inhibitions.

With love, me.

Security: Public

Location: Not Specified

Mood: Not Specified

Music: Emery