

Storms and Calm



DartNerd

Acknowledgement

This is to God for emotions, Family for support and Amala for love.

Igloo II

I feel lost, isolated, dried out, forgotten
By a world
Not this world or the next
They Don't matter to me
By the one that matters the most: My world

I feel divided,
I have lost touch with the inner me
The real me that understands
Or, is this the real me?
Has she been laying in the dark?
Awaiting these days of distress?

I feel confused,
I Don't know which is me
They both feel right,
Still do well to feel wrong
Maybe I should pin the blame on growth

I feel dead,
They say when a man stops doing the things that matter
He is dead, he never really existed

Maybe I am but a fragment of my imagination
A mirror of nothing

I feel nothing
My subconscious tells me there is nothing left to be felt
This soul is torn already
Footing lost
The heart has given way
The body has been given away

I feel trapped, caged
A victim of my thoughts
A prisoner to my imaginations.

Turning, tossing, trampling, tranquility. All I did while you were away. I tried to find peace in all I could, even my work failed me.

Everything that wasn't your voice increased my restless, all that wasn't your presence made me sink deeper. Everything sickened me, deep into my stomach.

Day after Day, I felt drained. I hit rock bottom. Breathe after Breathe, I wanted more than void. I wanted to remember the feel of you under the sheets with me.



“Every Man has a dark side
Some darker than others
A time comes that man has extorted his ghosts
And all he is left to fight with is: Man

Man suffers the pain of acceptance
Continually wallowing in the depths of his thoughts
Shedding tears that break the soul.

Man is pain”

To Him, Jane.

Tell this to him Jane;
That I do not feel like a monster no more
I feel alive and I am living

I am better,
His plans to crush me have failed
I Don't feel any less of myself
I have uncovered that inner peace

Jane, sing to him I have found something
Something words fail to describe
That makes me walk around with a grin from my heart
Something that filled the hole
Something that makes me feel healed

Tell him of my strength,
The light I share
But
Do not tell him,
I told you these with tears in my eyes
Keep it to yourself
that my soul you see is broken.

Who?
Who is this existence?

A little girl who thought the University would be her escape from depression
Who struggled with fitting the impression of people from Eve's day?
I am not so different,
But
Manipulate with a few twitches, scars and twigs that makes weird

I tell me it is alright to be who you want to be
But
I still look at me in the mirror and cry
Cut me with words and blades
In a bid to feel
I still struggle to accept the me everyone has accepted
Who is this existence?

I feel something for you

I do not understand what like is

But

It might be it

If like is the silly conversations that make smile

The matching energy

The heartwarming smiles

Writing this

I think of nothing

Absolutely nothing that can make it a like

I am just stuck to you

Because

You are comfortable



In my world of uncertainties

You have been stable

I like you

I like your stability

But

I am done playing games.

The Broken One III

The sun goes down
I know you'll love me in the morning
The fights, hours wasted ignoring, little words typed that pull us apart
There's a huge smile on my resting face
I figured you will still love me in the morning

Busy days, crazy nights, love lost
Loneliness thickens in our atmosphere
Apologies fly like mosquitoes in the cover of the night

You slowly faded into the background

We slowly, consciously drift apart
The words unsaid got us through cold nights
Words said created stab wounds
Every Word that could have helped; we kept to ourselves

We start to worry,
We stopped being sure at night
That when the morning comes
The love would still be the same.

The Broken One II

There was frustration building up
I picked my pen again as my caffeine
I get tired too;
Tired of being lonely and hiding under work
Tired of feeling weird to interact

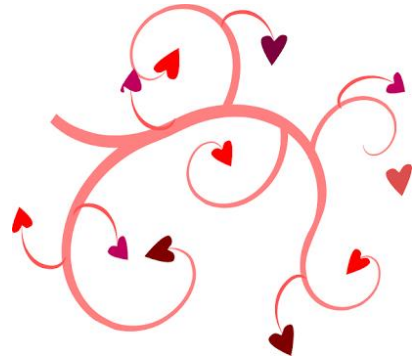
My room chokes me some days
I look at the walls, they confine me
Separate me from everyone
I desire to tear them down in anger

I have grown weak of the endless internal battles
I have grown to despise hiding in my igloo

Here's what you do not know:
There are days I crave to throw caution into the wind
I want to love and cry when hurt
I crave to laugh from the heart in a room full of strangers
I desire to be 'normal'

I want to love and be loved
Live and live well
Be who you think I am

But
I can't be.



She stood looking into the eyes of the man she had loved, lost, hated. Trying to push the tears back, keeping all the memories that had started to rush to the surface covered with a lid.

“what? What do you mean by you were trying to protect me? You still think me a weak child? After everything I survived with you, you still think so low of me? You did not deem me worthy of your trust?” every word she delivered with anger, hurt, tears and her feeble hands hitting the chest she used to call home in pain.

He did not make a move to stop her. He accepted everything she threw at him. After all, he had thrown her out in a not so mild way a year ago. “it is nothing like that, V. I thought low of myself, I knew it would ruin me if anything ever happened to you, I selfishly wanted you safe”. He hoped to God she would hear his sincerity in his fumbled words, prayed she would understand.



He realized he was wrong. He was so engrossed in keeping her from him he did not think of how much of a danger she could be to herself. She was His. His and His alone. He forgot that, he forgot that no one could be to him what she was.

Why was he feeling this way? Why does he have so much regret? Why does looking at her fill the void within him? What was this sudden peace in his soul? Why did he try to live a life devoid of her?

She looked at him in disgust. “you stupid fool” She muttered in between her fresh sobs. “You ignorant, egoistic fool. You should have told me how you felt. It's too late now”. She got ready to leave, she had gotten the closure she agreed to meet him for.

Why did her heart still ache? Why was she feeling regret building up within her? Why did she feel like she made a mistake? What was this “do not walk out” feeling?

He held on to her left hand, in a plea.

She understood.

Theirs was a story that could not end there.

Faded.

Out of reach

Out of mind

Out of sight

I know I have to let go but days you drop by with no intention of staying,

My heart beats,

I feel

I am at a point I feel invincible

In the crowd but with myself

Not present, not even in my absent

The connection feels frail, fragile, breaking

It really is hard,

Living without your pain - med

Fighting to overcome an addiction

To live without your face

In the absence of your eyes

It's hard to understand,

You're faded.

Let us take a moment to examine the words not spoken
Dancing in the dark air
Swimming in the pool of our face

The words that control the tension in the air
Matter the most
Direct the gestures
Make the living still and the dead uneasy

The one's that create the tears at a burial
Make smiles at birthdays

The words that take life
Give life

Not the words said
The one's read

Why do we understand the message in a handshake?
What if we only choose the safe option?
Deliberately ignoring the thousand other meanings

Kisses are for love, Greetings and lost
Shakes are for formalities and greetings
A smile can reflect sadness; when tears have failed us
Joy when words have failed us

Words seem to fail us a lot
More like saying 'it's a pleasure to meet you'
Or sorry
Knowing you feel it is not your fault
Knowing you do not really care
It is more like laughing to a dry joke.

Why pretend?
Why not speak your words?
Why deceive with gestures?

Leap with me.

He decided to take a leap of faith, two idiots facing their fears with the intention of drowning in it. I am a bit intrigued by his thought process, I mean how could he be that dumb and why does he think I want to die?

I am scared of the unknown. Who am I kidding? I can't stay in a new environment without Panic attacks yet for some reason, I am willing to drown with this one. I feel this is right, letting this one hold my hand while taking lung filling gulps of water filled air that might be your last or not. Looking up at the world slowly fading from your view while you assume you're holding the hands of the right one, the one person you want to lay beside every night till dawn.

That your person that must only exist in writings as they are too perfect, go home to after a long day of life hitting you at all joints. The person that is perfect for your undiluted love because they fit into your dreams, help nourish your hopes and aspirations. Yes, Your Person. I imagine it must feel nice.

I Took his hand and jumped, savoring every second that gulped my way. I closed my eyes for what I believed to be my last but opened it again. A beautiful ring resting on my damp finger like it's found its home.

I said Yes.



Everything is an uncertainty
so, I guess I will never know

Still,
The question nags my soul

What is falling in love to you?
A facade?



We have the best conversations,
You know I am a words person
You use it to your advantage
Add a couple of " we" , " like" , " you"
In your sentences the best way

My heart opens

You ghost,
You say it wasn't your fault
Say you did nothing wrong
Say you were just playing

My heart closes

You come back
You say you didn't know
Say you wanted a chance
Say I didn't say

My eyes open
We keep drawing circles
I don't draw right
You say you'll stay

I am about to...
You ghost.

Days pass and I miss texting you
Miss being a goof with someone who understands

The screen flashes and I see the fights
The tears you never saw because they were fake

The pain I had to swallow because I shouldn't cage you
The stupid I had to be in order to keep you

Not again,
Better letting my nights go in a high frenzy
Than crying,
Wondering why I am everything
But
Not enough.

People don't like messy.
Society shuts the door on messy.
I have seen messy,
Messy is the rainbow you look up to,
Messy is the brightness you want next to you,
Messy is the very fabric of that which we call humanity.

Messy is;
the closet tears of sadness,
The satisfied laughter of the wins,
Strength to put the load on your wings,
The confused child making decisions,
Emotions mined to give.

Messy is;
The soul you lay bare
The tattoo you like
Rough bun you like to wear
Big clothes that cover your insecurities

Messy is You.
Messy is Me.

To be accept society
We need a mask we never take off

A smile that never fades
Good news in a very happy soul

We need to shed our skin
Ignore the person we think we are meant to be

Convey our emotions through tears
Properly articulate our thoughts
There's no room for tripping over words

Hold our heads high
Regardless of the pain of the neck strain

Never judge ourselves
All our condemnation must be reserved for others.

Here lays a child
Who tried terribly hard to smile,
Live life to the fullest and laugh

She ended up with a frown
Everyday
Till her soul broke

A child
Who struggled for good days
Woke with hope

She lay in bed at night
Lamenting over her terrible day
Shed tears over her dead soul

It is too early to play victim
You texted him
You let him in
Now that he is gone you have to shut the door

Broken, Beaten, all shades of battered
You have been left in pieces

Someone will try
Fight their hardest to fix you

You will fight
Everything, Everyone, Every time

You will bleed
You will try
You will not heal

Till

You forgive you
You accept you
You discover you



Do you remember drowning? Trusting the tides to lead you to never land? Remember how you believed in fairy tales? Told yourself you deserve love and will get it?

I am not trying to float in your face but how many heart breaks have you endured? How many of yours have you watched belong to another? How many have you lost? How many times have you shed from your soul?

You see, I feel the dread thy comes before a panic attack. I cry me a lot to sleep, one the days I can cry. Over time I have grown numb. I crave to feel but cannot. I constantly feel lost. I lose myself in my head. Existing in my thoughts, clinging on to the threads of my imagination as my breath. I long for the days I will stand as a victor over my insecurities and fear.

Till then, I will crawl on the broken glass on the road to redemption.

Your smile is one that lights up a room
I'd have a hard time forgetting your face
But
You go ahead and forget mine

That poem I read months ago
the ear that listens
actions that put you through pain
Must be sad

To feel this numb
Must hurt.



Storms and Calm



About the Author

DartNerd is a human that chooses comfortable clothes over looking good to her fullest potential then proceeds to blame it on everything except herself. She likes staying indoors and complaining about never being invited outside. She is always in her head, writing something and claiming everything is tiring. She cries too. She hopes you'll enjoy this piece of her heart.

