

Porcelain doll on a pedestal.
Fragile female in a dress just right.
Her skin is bleached white.
Her clothes fit nice and tight.
Nothing about her is too drastic or unsightly that would give you a fright.
Porcelain doll of perfection a playful companion whom bats her big
eyelashes at everything that is said.
She has a permanent smile plastered on her porcelain head.
Agreeable in nature.
Her pink lips perturbed.
Even if she tried to speak her voice SO soft spoken
Heard barely over the wisps of her dress
moving as she curtsies and swirled in circles by a man's hand.
When will this ever end?

Do you speak my language?

I hear only the beats that match the rhythm of my fragile heart.

Be gentle with the broken parts-

slightly out of tune, create depths of sound unknown to you.

Not unpleasant to the ear it sounds a little odd/distressed with straine
and

use over the years.

Pain, all I feel is pain or numbness.

There's this sense of emptiness, this lingering in this endless void.

I try to make myself feel better but I feel more empty than full.

When I have to interact with another everything is always "All good,"

How can it not?

Knotted, tense and restless even though my sleep is endless.

I distract myself from this sickness with anything trying not to be
reckless.

I can't even trust my own thoughts so I drown them with music and wine.

I felt peace for an instant; calm not in another state of panic.

Just rest.

I want to feel better, I need to feel better than this.

Emotional lows and sugar highs.

Salt water taffy, honey sticks.

Caffeine fix and nicotine kicks.

Share this bag of chips?

Munch over thoughts.

Eat my feelings.

Worrying about where to get my next fix.

Caffeine and nicotine I can't get enough.

Splurge on this, indulge on that.

Try one of these please...

A Rainy Day Perspective: Trying to gain perspective.

Google: The Middle East, Africa current events and local news.

Try just turning off your computer and walk outside and talk to your
neighbours.

I see issues too close to home.

People cold, hungry and seen too much shit .

People choosing to starve themselves against corporate corruption and
the rape of the Earth.

Indeed, people being raped everywhere.

Rights taken advantage of and starved of an education and facilities to
thrive.

The balancing act of trying to survive independently and as a community .

Abundance exists.

The revolution will not be televised.

Maybe google, facebook and twitter will share twisted truths through the
filtered Eye.

The Convoluted Universe...

Cosmic chaos doesn't skip a beat.

Blessed by sunflowers in the street.

Flashes , streaks and dots of light.

Goosebumps cool to the touch as day turns to night.

I observe, watch and witness sometimes turn a blind eye.

Let go of tunnel vision , check my blind spots.

I control my thoughts.

Focus.

Be free to be perfectly you.
No thing is wrong nor is it right.
Some are filled with light while others find it refreshing in the shadows.
Either direction you'll be sure to grow.
Expand your horizon and dig deep.
Remove the blinders which, you didn't even know could go.
Not all can be known.

Night follows day in a haunting display.
The clouds creep in to keep the warmth within.
I've lived without and managed all my doubts.
The thunder rumbles my mind as lightning strikes my heart.
Weathering my challenges.

A pill for this and that, having troubles?

Hmmm, why don't you down a cup of pills that ought to make them turn
to rubble.

Have some real advice, time to talk or philosophize?

Yeaa right, join an AA meeting or two, your just a drop in the ocean of
tears of abuse.

Having it good or bad or happy or sad it's just a de ja vu.

I've experienced this bullshit before I slammed the fucking door and said,

" I don't want to hear it, I can't bare it."

I wish I was ignorant.

Buying the stairway to heaven leads to Hells gate.

What's the meaning?

Is love fleeting?

My heart pounds and it pains.

Please rip my heart out so I don't have these feelings pumping through
my veins.

I'm damaged goods-baby.

You don't know how misunderstood I am, baby.

Life is short,no time to talk, have a complaint?

Wait it out...Trying to express who I really am when I'm in a jam.

What's your choice of normal?

Is it dark as night or is it the first morning light?

I'm fond of both as you now know.

I chase the Sun into the night hoping to catch a glimpse of my vice...the shadows.

(I like to watch my shadow.)

The Pace is set and it's out of my control.
Feelings of frustration, fury and being forgotten are in my control.
How to compute them in beneficial ways.
I remind myself I know little of what has affected the others day.
All I know is where I'm coming from and where I wanna go.
Hopeful the other wants to help me get to where I need to go.
I believe the matter boils down to trust.
I don't even know.

I take it one moment at a time remembering the intense power of breath

to move my feelings and thoughts through me.
Each a single seed that may prosper or tumble away.
So much value in a moment of reflection instead of reaction.
In an instant so much may change.

Music makes me feel so much.
Happy, sad, lust to fuck.
Tickle my fancy and I'll be your every fantasy.
So damn,
go slowly.

Closet erotica, sexual desire contained.
Feisty and ferocious no need to be tamed.
Seeking a worthy adversary.
NO time to second guess this goddess.
Fulfill her fantasy, take her to an indescribable place of play.
She's looking for a great lay.
Seeking to unleash her inner beast.

Compassion-To Suffer...

By Mackenzie Lynn Devereaux

Who can she really trust to release this desire.

A woman is one of many surprises.

What do I do with my weeping heart?

It's torn apart.

This love doesn't disappear.

It's very clear.

An artist has a piece of my heart.

Torn apart.

Broken down.

Put your ear to the ground, you'll hear the sound of my heart.

Torn apart.

Add the sound to your collection for deep thought and reflection.

Morn my broken heart.

Torn apart.

My heart is worn.

Torn.

Heartbroken like a break in a song.

There's a longing , an anticipation of what comes next.

Play my heartbeat on repeat.

Mix it up, dilute it and convolute it to the core.

Make it unrecognisable, completely disguisable.

I can't bare its raw beat.
My heart is homeless livin' on the streets.
Dirty heart, blackened deep please,
disguise its beat.

Love pains, agony grows in my veins.
What I feel is no gain but, an illusion of my heart.
What feelings are real?
I must think smart.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

