



Knives, Ropes and Pills: An Anthology

Tommye J. Turner

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By Tommye J. Turner

Introduction:

When writing poetry as a teenager you struggle to see behind the hormones and unnecessary emotions that prevent the true writing potential. Over the past five years, I have ignored this issue and indulged my angst-ridden mind in writing poetry that is full of clichés and disorganised points and meanings. I wanted to share these poems, however, as it shows a stage of my life where nothing mattered and I just exaggerated the truth for the fun of it. There are no rules here. No one is in control of this. My writing was fuelled by my past, and even though I have moved on from all that and I concentrate on the present and the future, the past still deserves a voice.

These poems are not about anyone in particular and none of them include my actual feelings.

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They Must

The running, the screaming. I can't take it anymore. Why is this happening to me? They have to die. There is no choice. Sunken and swollen, I can see how they think; they think they can stop me but they know that they can't. They're not ready but they are prepared. They are living but they will die. No one can know but how do I stop them? Do I cut it up? Would that work? I don't know. I'm scared. I don't want to die. They must die. Help me. No one is coming. This is driving me insane! Shut up. Shut up. Shut up! SHUT UP! SHUT THE HELL UP!

Knives, Rope and Pills

There is no hope for humanity
If the response to nature is death.
Issues, problems and malcontent
All doomed to walk the same path.

The weak cower and shake,
Whilst they sharpen and cringe.

Minds are the deadliest weapon
So control converts catastrophe, but
When there is no will only bones survive
To tell the tale of a broken mind.

There are so many options for dying,
It could take you a lifetime to decide.

Nothing is ever as it seems.
The situations undertaken by one
Is never the same for another.
To generalise is to condemn their life done.

No one can help you, but you.

The Father

Animosity surrounds the solitude
My life covets, yearns and craves.
The loathing of the monstrosity
Turns my atoms into slaves.
There was a time I became that brute,
When I sought out to destroy.
Now I can see that I was wrong to hurt,
Those whom I love and respect.

Because of that dreaded prescription
I was left to fend for myself.
Eight times I moves from place to place
Like a ragged toy thrust onto a shelf.
The folks were nice but not until nine

Did I find a household called Home.
They're good to me through good school and food
yet I still find myself feeling alone.

I hate that man that I do not know
Who left me alone in the dark.
Fury and Rage still haunt me this day;
That's old Daddy leaving his mark.
My features and genes are all that we share,
and I shall be the principled man.
Brothers and sisters and children alike,
I shall not be the father that ran.

Vorfreude

The anticipation is driving me insane!
I can hear her pulse through the smell of sweat on her breasts.
The sweet, succulent sensation striving to be taken by force,
And I am the one who must fulfill this task.
My heart beats with hers in an attempt to connect.
Furious! She looks away as I stare into her eyes. Why?
I have an urge that must be satisfied like a serpent devouring a mouse.
I must feed or I will die, I must devour or I will not survive.

Watching

Delicately, Carefully,
I see you lay there.
Motionless, Cover-less,
How *are* you so fair?
Perfectly, Wonderfully,
You twist and you turn.
Trembling, Reeling,
My tips go to touch.
Softer, Rougher,
I sink into flesh.
More awake, more alert,
You're free of it now.

Death of Evil

I was drowning,
Downing in a sea of worms, grit and disused memories.
Insects besieged my collapsing skull as I wondered about this secluded prison.

So there is no Heaven,
So there is no God,
So there is no Hell,
So there is no Devil.

My life was obsolete, futile, useless and idle.
Why then was I forced to endure the good and the bad of my life before?
There is no special deity or divine being watching over the world,
There isn't even a demon to torture me for eternity.

Maybe this is Hell,
Maybe this is my punishment,
Maybe my mind is my harrower,
Maybe this is all I am.

The abyss that encloses my carcass burns into my soul,
Exhibiting my shameful, sadistic sins,
Showing how menacing my compulsive actions were to those who suffered at my fateful grasp.

I was him,
I was the terror,
I was the tormentor,
I was the traumatic,
I was the tragic.

Playing on His Mind

Havoc
Playing on his mind.
The child;
Swollen and
Broken,
Talking to white walls.
Revenge?
Or anger?
No consequence
For the consciousness
When he sits
And soaks up the screams.

She

I have a heart and it's tearing up,
The pieces, I choke up at night.
They pull themselves up and do reach through my throat,
I wake, scarcely breathing, and spit in my cup.

Death's my tormentor, my torturer, my teacher.
She screams through my mind so that sleep still evades me.
Her wild, wild eyes prove my life is for the taking,
Embrace this, I shall, so my dearest shall stir.

The neck is pulsating so vividly I see,
He pulls up so harshly and points upwardly.
The Lust! It consumes me! Their life in my hands,
I'm now playing God, so their God will be me.

Deciding on guilt or a thrilling escape,
I feel for the family, but not enough to retreat.
One more every month, that's how it shall be,
She wants me to fail now but I shall make no mistake.

Alone

Are you so sure
In yourself
That you drive them all away
Leaving you alone?

They all care
About how you are now
Yet say nothing
Out of fear you will drift yet again.

No one is like you
However friends are still important.
You want to be alone
But there is one you want with you.

Don't Cry at Me

Don't cry at me,
Smile at me.
Why so many tears?
I love your laugh,
Your magical laugh,
So smile at me my dear.

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