



POEMS BY LOUISSA PAYET

LOUISSA'S YOUTHFULNESS

BOOK ONE

LOUISSA PAYET



Chapter 1:

The Woman of hibiscus petal scents and mysteries.

Poem 1: Seasons of Louissa's youthful world

Winter

I've never seen snow,
But I know the pain of when the cold,
Hits you and leaves with a blow

Autumn

I've never felt autumn,
But I know the loss of someone you love,
Either leave you,
Vanish,
Or you leave them for good,

Spring

I've never watched spring devour the untouched land of man,
But I sure as hell know the feeling,
Of people change,
Move on and bloom with disorders,

Summer

But I have walked through summer
Said some things and done some things that i regret,
Threw some punches On many
none living things And denied
many goods Accepted many
wrongs,
Why?
Cause the sun has left its mark
On my broken soul for life.

Poem 2

Who do you believe?

When I tell you that she's lying?

Who will you believe?

When I tell you he's unfaithful?

Are your friends even helping?

Or are they lying?

Cause you're my blue rose,

And I am not even hiding,

But what are you going to do,

When hell hit's your silence,

Please don't come running in my direction,

Cause I'm already on the highway to hell,

But I'll always remember,

How he showed our pain with bandages,

How we loved liked savages,

It's such a shame,

This love was gold,

On the verge of becoming a diamond piece,

But distance made its heart rot,

From the inside out,

Fame,

Money,

Power,

What the hell does it have to do with our hour?

Cause these things don't matter,

Don't try to blame me for never being there,
I was always there,
You should have remembered,
But,

Who do you believe?
When I tell you that is lying?
Who do you believe?
When I tell you that is
unfaithfulness? Am I even helping?
Or do you still ignore me? Cause
you're my blue rose,
And I am not even hiding.

Poem 3

I tried crying,
But something tells me not to,
I tried denying,
But my broken soul has cracked too many times,
I tried thinking over it,
But there's always two sides to a story,
Maybe....,
Maybe if I did show,
The pain would slip out,
But it's a price that can't be bought,
A memory that can't be forgotten,
A wound that hasn't healed yet,
Maybe....,
Maybe if I did show,
But then again I haven't done that yet,
You know why?
Cause this fearless girl,
Is too worried to drink,
A new pill,
That commits her to a new experience,
A new world,
But I guess,
There's always two sides to a story, We just
need to see the ending.

Poem 4

I need some time,
I need some space,
To be in a place,
Where I can breathe,
Just to replace,
These thoughts,

Because some nights I can't sleep,
Stay wide awake,
To the point where I have talks with the moon,
Or sometimes,
It is the opposite,
I'm dead asleep,
To the point I miss out,
But my days are better,
My days are healthier,
When you're not around,
But what is the difference,
Their still all bad people,
We are all bad people.

Poem 5

I met it once,
In my abnormally symbolic dreams,
Were at one time I would occasionally die very aware of the way i did, After 3 dreams
later,

It was no human,
No god,
Maybe an evil or cunning monster,
That would poke at me once in a while,
Only wanting to see my true nature be awoken,
In its realm where my light could destroy it and everything it had,
Why?
I don't care,
But in that dream 'it' was a shadow man,
My shadow,
As I screamed in full formation,
Faith in myself was no longer alive,
But I met him again,
This time up close and personal as one would say,
Awareness became my sudden mentor,
Yet when I focus on my memories,
I remember I don't have "a" shadow,
I have several and he's one of them,
But I can't be quick to judge,
Maybe he'll save me from death,
Or maybe he's my destined executer,
But my prophesized lover,
Now that would be a whole new level of spiritualism,
And finding inner peace

Poem 6

It was a dot at first,
On the corner of the beholders possession,
Growing and growing,
And it was amazing and very peculiar,

How the white disguised itself as black,
Leaving you in an empty hole,
You search for the light but at times find nothing but your true fear and disturbing
self depending on yourself in this life,
Maybe the next,

As you dive into a state of nostalgia,
As you're surrounded in a condition,
Where you're in a cold winter bliss as everyone walks around,
Carrying all seasons on their head,
Most times misusing it,
You seem to be frozen in time.

Poem 7

You see,
These are the sort of things,
That drive me insane,
Locks me in,
And pulls my brain,
I've always fought,

Until one day I felt pain in my lower rib,
Time healed it but not my skills,

In such a devilish play,
I wish I could lay my pieces on the table,
Wish that I could scream at the top of my lungs,
But they say ladies should be seen not heard,
But grandfather liked boxing,
The spit of anger and the taste of blood in a fight,
Father once considered the ring,
As a sport, a job,
He would've love the gravity of his fist in someone's jaw,
But didn't take it,
And now as blessed as they come,
This game bounces in the chambers of my heart and rings in my fiery blood,
Yet girls go down faster they say,
But in my experience,
I've had more balls than my opponents.

Poem 8

Lately I'm rude,
Lately I'm fucked up,
Lately I'm this,
Lately I'm that,

But can't I just be something you like for once,

I'm just looking for a preacher,
Who can heal me,
Amen,

I don't need a sinner or a saint,
Because I'm all wrapped in one,

Even though they tell me things,
I'm never going to really listen,
And yes,
I'm stubborn,
Yes, I'm foolish,
But yes, I'm nervous,
And faces are watching,
They're cutting my skin,
Not the core,
But my path is the only thing smiling,
So what the hell,
But can't I just be something that you like for once,

Blue turns black,
Instead money does not smell the same after you lose your game,
It's simple as that,
You don't pay attention you lose direction,
You don't pull your socks up you lose composure,
But that's how I felt at one time,
Now I don't feel a thing anymore,
They can hate,
They can laugh,
They can judge,
I'm heartless now,
But you don't look at me the same,
What happened?

Oh,
But I get it,
Just make-believe tragedies,
Grow inside families,
They burn you like melting pots,
Making you believe that you'll always be loved,
But you're not,

There's favoritism everywhere,
And it spawns like the devil,
And yes, it's true,

But can't I just be something you like for once cause,
Lately I'm rude,
Lately I'm fucked up,
Lately I'm this,
Lately I'm that.

Poem 9

It's not a feeling,
It's not an emotion,
Nor a taste,
More like the cycle my life was supposed to go through,

Tears fill the eyes,

The cycle of unwantedness,
The cycle of being misplaced,
The cycle of no comfort breaks down barriers,

Makes me bolder and stronger in places,
Yet,
Tears me from every direction,
Makes me realize,
That I don't want this,
I've got to find my peace of mind,
At least chase something that drives me near the edge of a cliff,
Makes me want to throw myself in deep waters till my lungs explode,
Or burn the skin of my body to its full pleasure and desire,
Lose my mind till I'm tied to a chair locked with chains with dripping' rage around my
jaw,
Then only I'll feel like I've met my very dark epicenter,
Just the thought of no endless cycle makes the broken pieces of my backbone reunite
and shift back into its exiting positions and crack back into life.

Poem 10

Rudeness shatters the glass just like a bow and arrow was meant to be,
Silence kills the music like a rose to a grave full of remorse,
Anger boils like water in a cauldron beginning to realize its full potential of pure
destruction,
Pain is no longer a word or feeling but a piece of our life essence that we must all grasp
now and then,
Numbness dances through your bones slowly making you sink further away from
humanity,
Darkness no longer the enemy,
Invites all and does not need to dilute the blood for it knows it has already won,
Memories spike through the vision and brain like alcohol through the vein,
Phobia's spawn like angels bringing so many blind desires as well as negative emotions,
Madness no longer needs a hand's pressure but a little steam to ease the voices of the
unknown figure,

Depressions have developed and surpassed us as we no longer need to cry as we now laugh at our devilish thoughts and broken past as we lay like waste surrounded by a cloud full of the feeling of death,

Victory doesn't live here for it comes when summoned by the minds spirit in need of deep affection,

Patience is a good friend as it enjoys watching its master's time come to an end day by day,

Fear will always be a company on the shoulder and a language denied to conjure,

Sadness is the smile on the face of this young nation,

The more yellow teeth the more you learn about the past.

Poem 11

We don't always need guns,

As politics kills with a more growing effect,

No need for knives or sharp objects,

As corruption cuts you in just the right places making you paralyzed,

Oh,

But money yes we need,

The devils language,

Cause it cures all physical wounds,

As you drag deeper in its trap,

But spiritually you are screwed,

As you've lost touch with your creator,

Oh! But wait,

Money is your god,

Sometimes I think you need a punch or a kick up the ass,

To put you back into place,

But then again you decide what to do with life,
Judgment is coming soon,
And I've got to prepare as I've got a bomb ready to explode full with my sins,
But who truly needs pollutions when we can't even speak or share without a war that
takes more than a few cigarettes to inhale and exhale out the guilt,

Prison we built to trap some but leave the rest running around to spread pain,
That sadly I've digested in.

Poem 12

I never really knew that you were a part of me,
I would talk about it,
Making my curiosity,
Until I finally settled and found out,
That you were not only a part of me biologically,
But physically,
All along, yes you clang to me,
They all saw,
If not came to realize,
That after the ink finally dried up,
That I was unique in the strangest way,
But to tell you the truth, I love it,
It's my DNA's mutation,
It's my body's weakness,
It's my minds psychosis,
And my personal difference,
That this world, if willing to listen to this overdeveloped heart,

Can either judge,
Or accept me for who I am,
Though the closest don't always understand or refuse to listen to these words,
To these words,
With a somewhat influential energy,
Will eventually learn,
Or maybe I'm just wrong,
Finding out a part of me,
That's just in my mind,
But I guess it's too late to turn back now From what
I've poisoned myself into.

POEM 13

I saw the good in the bad people,
It was as though I could see past their madness,
When my families blood,
Couldn't mix with others,
Mine would,
Or it would be in reverse,
But truly,
I will never be fully grateful,
No matter how hard I try,
Blood will always be blood but never mix with water,
The same way alcohol engulfs the liver,
In my kingdoms of 9 fruits where,
Revenge eats the holy,
Envy burns the motivated,
Pain swallows the bridge of love,
Nostalgia brings back memories forgotten yet still lurking under the skin,
Desire is a restless curve at the waist of dancing girls,

Ungratefulness rules the emotions above all,
Violence replenishes the rush like an everlasting waterfall,
Trickery plays yet sings along with you as you fall down its tree,
And last but not least,
Time is as cunning as it can be,
As its smile gets bigger,
As it self-destructs slowly.

Poem 15

“Don’t worry we have enough time”
That’s what I tell my restless soul,
But it isn’t going to work because it’s twice as clever as I am,
And destiny told me,
“Just one kiss and you’ll be free”
But I’m not fully ready,
To be written on its walls.

Poem 16

Things seen yet unseen,
My eyes are crying,
Yet no emotions,
What is wrong with me?
Took the wrong steps,
Walked not only into my head,
Where it’s unfaithful as usual,
But what can I do,
Path that I always took was clouded,

But how can I get to the end,
When I don't even know the beginning,
But let me bathe in the dust of my passions,
As it leaves and sinks my skin,
Replenishing my mental,
And making me realize I'm human too,
As I have blood pumping in my thin veins,
Oxygen turning into steam going up to my brain,
Suffocating me harder,
And my pain and emotions all tattooed over my body,
As i walk in a place where there seems to be two faced people everywhere.

Poem 17

I think it's inevitable your placements will be if you choose this,
Cause the more and the more and the more and the more you do it like an adequate
infectious curse,
You will carry it down like failure,
The worse and the worse and the worse and the worse it gets,
The worse and the worse your ancestors will judge and mishandle your gifts,
There's no stopping you,
There must be a stopping to you,
You were more angel than this faceless god you pretend to be,
Choose the destiny no money nor matter how small

Poem 18

Will I burn in hell?
Or will I walk in the light?
Will I pay the time?
Or will I run away?
Will I tell you my sins?
Or will I lock them away?

Will you let me down? Or
will I find myself? Will I
break the law?
Or will I follow corruption?
Will you pull me up?
Or will you drag me down?

Because I,
Know what I like,
When I want,
I'm not a savage,
But I have to be,
Cause times are changing.

What's the point of thinking? When I
know I'm going to fail, What's the
point of living?

When I know I'm just dreaming,
Everybody's priceless,
Everybody!

I'm hungry for power,
That makes me greedy,
I don't like losing when it comes to something I love,

And you'll probably leave me,
Cause I'm not good enough,
Rolling in my own disaster.

Poem

Poem 20

As I pray,
I place my hands together,
As one would normally do,
But tightly,
Because the things I'll ask are greater,
Then any good person would,

As silence rains down on my body,
I listen to my heartbeat speed up,
Like a wolf observing her wild prey,
As I begin,
I place my troubled self,
In a state,
Were there's only the lord and I,
Where I lose myself,
Forget myself,
Rejuvenate myself,
Rebuild myself

I ask the lord questions,
That he already knows I will ask,
For when I open my eyes,
I would say I have been reborn,
Killed the old me in just a matter of minutes,
But every time I say that,
I walk out,

Seeing the old I as usual drenched in the cologne, Of goodwill
because,

She will truly never leave me.

Poem 21

There I've stood,
And there I've waited,
I'll take my time,
To finish that line,
To start a new marathon,
That'll last a lifetime,
Whether it'll kill me,
Or spare my soul,
I must keep going,
For I've prayed,
I've given,
I've saved,
And I've forgiven,
All I must do know is run,
And die along the way if I must,

Whether or not to let go of some of the best experiences of my life,

Poem

But if in doing so it grants me my dreams,
Or starts my life afresh in a garden with no fears,
Then let the curtains unfold,
The palms sweat,
And the dead hearts beat once more.

Louissa Payet

Poem

Poem 22

She told me to take it easy,
Yet I should,
But at times I'm too easy on myself,
I shouldn't,
I asked her to do you believe I can manage what I want,
'Yes you can' she told me,
She then told me,
'Don't chase after the money,
Cause even though we are surviving,
We are wealthy in our own way"
I looked up and told her 'no I'm not after it
It's about the joy and ambition,
That drives me to all my madness"
But crawling under my skin,
Somewhere,
Somehow was an unwanted greed,
Dripping in injury.

Poem 23

It's shocking yet wound deep,
I'm helping myself develop from this angry,
Yet fearful girl,
To this calmer,
Yet braver figure,
Maybe it's only for a while,
Then I'll change,
Maybe it's my time to camouflage,
Yet grow a distinctive trait,
Just like an exotic flower,
But maybe it's because of my experiences,

Some would say it's nothing,
Some would sigh,
Some would look down on me,
Some would cry or feel a slight taste of blood in their choked-up throats,
As I clean the wound of my change,
I dress it how I want,
Because I've changed,
For me,
But partly because of something else,
Lately because of someone else.

Chapter 2:
The origin of wolf

Poem

Poem 2

You don't know nothing,
You don't see nothing,
You don't hear nothing,
But you love everything about me,

Your mind is on me,
But your heart is pumping without blood,
It's beating as long as I live

You don't know nothing,
You don't see nothing,
You don't hear nothing,
But you love everything about me,

Your soul is as pure as gold,
And you know that,

Because you know me much better than I know myself,
But somewhere between the cracks of light I too know you so much,

You don't know nothing,
You don't see nothing,

You don't hear nothing,
But you love everything about me,
You'll paint a picture of me,
Even if we are artists ourselves,
You'll just draw,
Draw me over and over again,

But yet you know nothing,
Yet you love everything about me.

Poem 3

I screamed next to a stream,
Full of my dreams,
I cried but she told me not to,
You tried but you didn't,
But a day,
Is just another way,
That's what they say,

I loved you,
But I went this way,
And you went far away,
But when I found you,
You were digging a hole,
I stared and you stood there,
And as I touched you,
You gave me a look,
Then you took your gun and shot me,
But as I fell down,
There was a somewhat crowd cheering for me.

Poem 4

Why do I let you go?
Then the tide is low,
You know I'm not too slow,
As I too flow from the source of all the streams,

I have feelings just like you,
And you have feelings just like me,
But I need to live free in the wild,
So don't mess it up,
Cause you are not the one that I love,
For the one is above,
But you need to live freely,
But I will not allow it,
Why may you ask?
Well,
If you want me,
You'd be starting a war,
But yet you don't want a forever,
Besides me,
But I know that by breaking harder,
And letting you go,

I'll eventually be stronger than you.

Poem 5

When my eyes cry blood,

My sight is fully lost,

I am deaf,

And there's no one left,

All you feel is pain,

Cities burning down, Bridges

crumbling beneath your feet, Will you

realize what you have lost?

Or will you remember the one's you love,

As their ashes melt onto your face,

Full of fear,

Full of pain,

As the weather clouds your mantra,

And devours you,

Cause these things happen,

Everyday,

Almost everywhere,

Tsunami's smile across the land, Earthquakes rip
through her skin,

Leaving a wound on her half-forgotten soul,

Winds blowing part of her,
While bringing her into a depression,

Fires dance on fat green men,
Laughing harder as its flames burn her harder,
When she's weak,
With not even a strand of life flowing from her
body,
Or a scar of rebirth,
That's when she'll surrender to the cosmic void,
That once gave her a new start,

Now it's a shame she's giving up so soon,

But until then to now, she is still smirking,
Still flowing with life,
Still wiping of the burnt scars on her waist,
Still saving the heartless,
Why?

Because that's the love a mother gives,
The strength,
The unconditional,
The great and ungrateful love to some,
That's why she'll keep a little peace,
Though she's not the most peaceful,
Happy,
Or calm,

It's her duty to love you,
And only you.

Poem

Poem 7

Kings and queens,

Old and stolen,

How this great city,

Was told,

Through generations of legacies and failures,

It's become a mold,

And deep inside a baby lays asleep

With a pulse so cold,

Waiting for the new world order to begin its new pose.

Poem 8

Walk with me my sweet darling,

In the wilderness,

You'll here flowers in the breeze trying to talk to us,

As they whisper more words,

You'll be falling more in love,

You'll be falling on your knees,

Poem

While the beast go play,
Hear the crack in dry leaves,
As you walk away,
Hear the river flowing strong,
Like a distant song,
Keep the memories in mind,
Cause it will pass the time,

But,
Walk with me my sweet darling,
In the wilderness, Our soul
forever trapped,
In the snapped old trees.

Poem 9

A melody so pure and clear,
She swore she could not hear,
As her swords been through many wars,
Slid, cut and pierced many dry bones of this treacherous home,

Poem

She's conquered,
She's destroyed,
And she's joined many,
But just a word,
That brings a feeling she's so unclear off,

Every time the word is spoken,
Deafness plays its part,
And for the first time,
This brought the great warrior to her knees,
And as the rarest tear,
Came down her face,
She was kissed by the enemy,
Who,
Revealed her true fear;
Love.

Poem 10

The secret of our bases,

Poem

Was made,
Broken or coded,
That was the truth,
The true truth,
Like sunlight to blood on heavy water,
By the words we say,
Or the brilliant things we do,
Alone,
Or as a team.

Poem 12

This is what you make,
This is nothing but of choice of one,
Of the fine yet devilish life you choose,
It's only giving back,
Like poison to skin,
Like final words at a dinner table,
Like magic to its user,
Like men to weapons.

Poem

Poem 13

I watched her spit a venom,
Somewhat unlike her and her beauty,
In reality it was hate,
Something unexpected like her following her burst of anger,
Pure medicinal poison and lesson to those around her,
Eventual,
She wasn't made to be used or played with.

Poem 14

To feel the vines growing underneath your neck,
To lie about it,
We all have our spirits that we don't share,

Poem

Cause I have my demons that I don't bare,

Centuries of hiding my suffering and still I'll nurture your wounds. 15

Numb,

Like the burn of ice through my heart of burning molten iron,

I am hurt,

Jaw is numb,

Like the punch that he threw around it,

He could care less if he had me bleeding till death would find me,

I am numb,

Because of the fight I thought I would win but I am not strong enough to fight
these relentless battles,

I must grow like iron in nature,

So call me a ghost,

I will not boast.

poem16

Dear you know who,

Forgive me,

Forgive me not,

Poem

I had to do it,
Whether you refused,
But as I watched my blade being forged in the flames of desire,
A mysterious love grew in the marrow chambers of my bones,
As the native symbols were tattooed on its steel-like body,
And I thought the grey sun in your great kingdom,
Would no longer suffer my dearest friend,
As it would rise higher now,
But born to the fields of destruction
Raised in good but cruel manners,
Descendent of heaven,
Hell,
Purgatory,
That still won't change the fact,
That my bones shall one day rest,
Not on a golden throne,
Not by the side of a lover,
But by another's blade,
Arrow,
Or hands around my neck,

I give the good,
Respectable or steady glorious life,

Poem

To my exotic and beautiful sisters,
They have a lot of royal children to give,
To this great city,
A lot of wise decisions to make,
Important events to wear all their favorite dresses to,
Whereas I have a lot of blood on my hands to balance,
Too many bodies to meet,
Conquer and bury
For I have always looked for the most vicious and unforgettable fights,

Told many times who I am,
And who I'm not,
But tell them I am not a dove, a fox,
Or a deer like my sisters,
But born a predator,
To new and old soils,
Across the vast salty sea's
As I was born,
The bloodiest and hungriest,
Of them all,
I was born a wolf.

Poem

Poem 17

I'll never ask for too much,
But never too little,
You can tell and confess your troubles to I,
But I never to you,
I can say I can be there for you,
But you will never for me, And as day
turns night, Faces will always be young
or old,
Never in-between.

Poem

Poem 18

Her paws touch the wet sand,
She feels the wind through her face,
She backs out of the darkness and finds glory in the sunrise,

How wonderful it is to be a wolf,
A lone wolf,
No pack,
No leader,
Just you and your origin of beast.

Poem 19

The last beast was looking at herself in the mirror,
She had not seen evolution take her over,
It had been eons,
But a slight eye to the left and the right,
Could it have possibly been her new fangs growing?
Yes it was,
Like a bloodthirsty hound,
She used it,
Ripping through skin and scales,

She left no drops of blood,
For she cleaned each body and left no flesh to be taken,
As she rose from her throne,
Those below descended like vines dying on the walls from great heat As
she walked through the crowd,
Stares all but around like creatures of the wild seeing human moved away

This was her world,
She was just purity showing her true royalty.

Chapter 3:

Cosmic tales of youthfulness

Poem 1

Just like your heart,
I started to collide,
Just like your mind,
I started to break down,

And it is perfect now,
You love it don't you,

Just like your spirit,
I started to fall,
But just like my soul,
It won't give up at all,

And it is ugly now,

Just like everything,
You tore from our branches,
There long gone,

And there never coming back,

Sometimes I wish,

It was the same for you,

Oh and now,

It's broken,

Like puzzles,

But missing its pieces,

From the box,

That you never gave,

So why don't you give up,

I'm getting so tired,

Of this frustration running through my veins,

I just want to run away,

Run away,

Just want to go to a safe place and hide away.

Poem 2

Silently and mysteriously,

This grey figure comes creeping,

Up around your feet,

Making you feel like your young soul has been trapped in a vortex,

As it grows up your waist,

Your fingers feel an unusual feeling,

As each fingertip is controlled by a chilling sensation,

Now Goosebumps pedal on your skin,

Leaving you levitated,

Poem

It's only fog,

But my mind plays uncanny tricks on me,

Leaving me half awake,

And passive aggressive.

Poem

Poem 3

In the beginning love could last till the morning light,
But it changed as the happy faces turned to burnt jealousy,
And the weather became darker,
Sooner love became a tale,
“I’d die for you,
You’d die for me”
As you’d drift away with your lover seeking inner peace and everlasting love with one
another,
But as the war began,
Distance was no longer a dream but reality,
Pulling you apart from your lover as people and nations played a part,
But once it was all over you could still love in a new era,
But then again war sings throughout the ages in new forms,
Such as guns or violence to pin your lover down,
Why,
Because you’ve taken a pill,
Drank your emotions away,
Or levitated on some powder that dulled your senses but don’t worry it will be over in
the morning,
But just remember,
Tomorrow you will see and shed a piece of you,
You never knew,
The bars can only control you,

Later love is associated with hate,
Pain and so much more,

When it was never like this until we introduced it to those dangerous methods,
Communication now begins to become worse as it was firstly distance now we forget
to talk and use boxes made of wires,

We forget the words we say or give can always break one another,

That will never change,

But we dilute these words so that everyone can see why,

It will change,

Yes,

Over the years to come but love will always be love,

But in a thousand years what will it become,

But what do I know,

I've never planned love nor wished for it.

Poem

Poem 5

He was a man,
Who couldn't stare at himself properly in the mirror,
Who was looking for something clearer,
All that time was thrown outside,
Just some love was all he needed,
Wasted by drinks,
Who kissed him a deadly wish each night,
He still thought of his past life,
Of a somewhat better future,
While he would break and insult just anything,

Hard to understand so you would just ignore him aside,
Like dust under a carpet,
Now he's just a dead man walking,
With liver drowning in sorrows,
Eyes muddy with hate,
A body that moves with pain but every step denies it.

Poem 7

You can keep me here,
You'll be thunder and lightning,
You can strike me anytime,
I'll be your mountain,
Tell me what I've done,
You can cover me and shelter me,
And tell me when I'm wrong,
Bang the drums, And bring
the horses,
Tell me what I've done.

Poem

Poem 10

Looks can kill,
This I surely know and now I've seen,
Far worse than words,
They are not as harmful as the slice of the eyes of glare
The deeper the stare, The less words come from the
mouth,
And the colder the hate becomes.

Poem 11

I mess,
I pretend,
And I joke,
But let me tell you the truth in this poem,
I never believed in love,
Where I stood in a position and loved someone,
Till my dying breath,
These other faltered thoughts of happiness have been buried in the graveyard of lost
love,
But some other love yes,
But because of an incident thinking i had touched a golden heart only ended up melting
my heart into pure hate,

Now,
That kind of love,
Doesn't exist in my arcade of discoveries,
Maybe one day,
One place,
Another planet,
Another solar system,
Another galaxy,
Another universe,
A brand-new day,
A brand-new life,
I'll be in love,
I'll be somewhere having no trace of this life,
This history,

These memories,
These chaotic dreams,
If I'm in luck.

Poem 13

I thought I did,
But I don't,
The same way,
Books will stay books,
Love will stay love,
Revenge will stay pure,

He thought he did,
But he didn't,
Just made a dead heart,

Pump confusion and hate,

Right into the core,

You broke,

What you thought you broke,

Made a blind path,

That you thought you made,

But enjoy your crumbling throne,

Before stars fall down on it,

Devouring everything you stripped from me,

As you did not create a new chapter in your life with your friends that you consider family,

But made my genetics realize,

And evolve into its true form,

So as my army grows,

My true circle stays small,

As yours gets more suspicious and greedier,

Your circle indeed gets bigger,

Inviting more enemies in then out,

But when you and I meet again,

Only one shall be left standing.

Louissa Payet

Poem 14

He's trying to get rid of me,
Or maybe you want me,
Cause I don't belong here,
But he's doing something,

Is it because my wrath is slowly approaching,
As the ground under my feet,
Gets lighter and crumbles faster,

So I guess he's afraid,
That a young predator like me,
Will take his immortal throne,

But what I'm worried about is that I hope I don't share one with him.

Poem 15

You don't have a crush,
But be honest theirs someone you admire,
You don't need a lover,
But there's one you'd like to acquire,
You have many enemies,
Yet your true love plays with your fire,
You don't need many people in your life,
Yet there are many your words desire,
But before you go to sleep,
Ask yourself this,
'Do I have to kill myself to live a little happier'? 16

When I lose my senses,
Oh my bloody senses that I take for granted,
I know you'll be unfaithful,
With all your words,
With all your lies,
And treacherous escapes.

Poem

Poem 17

58

Louissa Payet

Mother's loneliness,
She sits and waits for love,
And it never arrives, She
receives it from her cat,
Once in a while,
But nothing from her child,
Lover or mother,
Neither the god she believes in,
It's only mother's loneliness,
Only mother and her loneliness,
And now,
I have mother's loneliness.

Poem 18

I am earth bond,
When I die,
I shall walk the
earth, For a
thousand more, My
blood goes back to
earth in,
Every lifetime.

59

Louissa Payet

Poem 19

Bleeding majestic yet vivid eyes,
Moldered with tears,
She dreaded with confidence,
Water she never poured,
Came rushing from her heart,
What a beautiful yet dreadful waste,
Now she can't sleep and wishes that she was empty instead of full.

Poem 20

Put the roses in the vase,
Throw away the thorns but don't let them cut you,
Put the tea bag in the water,
Remove it gently from the hot water but don't the water burn you,
Water your body,
Fix the temperature but don't stay too long in your thoughts,
Sleep with ease and certainty,
Remember the life you had but don't let the old lovers break you.

Poem 22

Her

I miss your conversations,
In thousands of menacing full of hungry vile man,
It would scream with intelligence and passion.
Like a song being played endlessly;
I would never fall asleep,

Poem

I would find you at the piano playing and join you like a mad woman
who had seen the love of her life

Him

I miss your comfort,

Within those with bitterness for your kindness who have tried to
degrade your reputation,

My drink would stay in one hand and the other tapping
shoulders like a doorman, I would search in every layer of hell
and heaven, I would speak to damned ghost and ascended
masters,

All for your comfort.

Poem 23

Arms of archery,

When they find me,

I'm strapped and tongue tied,

My lips are sealed like blueberry jam in jar,

When I kiss you,

You fraud quickly but pull away even stronger,

Then,

Get even like polarity like a teasing bully,

Just like the sun

That was the strength of your gravity.

Poem 24

Not even the depression of darkness;

The darkness that the world speaks of,

Could dim the light of angels and beings;

The light that they hide from

That we through creation of thought create through our fierce passings
of life and death and amorous glares that have brought us from home
after every fight.

Poem

Poem 25

Call me Mrs. Assumptious,
Whoever that you may be Mr. Ardent
After our last meet,
Our last conversation of reparation
And I don't mean the end of the forgiving
I fight for many more chapters with you
I'll want you persistently and endlessly

That rose that you gave me will never replace that heart of yours that
you showed me,

The seasons that went by will never compare to that night where you
bolted a vein of anxiety and kissed me like a guitar string on the first
play,

That wallet you lost at the party that secretly found its way to us
leading to me That face,

The face I want all my generations to have,
Will always beat a single day that we spent arguing.

Poem 27

The color of his purest oceans;

Eyes,

His words;

Jokes,

Power of his simple lips;
Fights,
Because all he fancied like
candy, All dreamt of
desiring like a bowl of
sugar,
All he claimed was having me at all times.

Poem 28

Life in our 15th century palace,
Somehow the paintings speak of their
love, Walking down these stairs of
history lets doodle a heart,
Then they'll know that we were a part of them and love too.

Poem 28

Traveling to just see you was my favorite fault,
I travelled for half my shortest life,
I found you by rivers when I washed my face full of fears,
You came up to me and said goodbyes,
I found you by fire pits where I embraced each tear,
You came up to me and said good-byes,

Eminent moments belonged to you for everything did
in the end, For I travel half my life to have you.

Poem

Poem 29

That man came from my home; God,
depths of realms below the floors of light never dared coming,
Mind creative yet so quiet as so still in power that it pulsed as
pure as gold, The reassurance too sharp as sharpest as
diamonds brought up through the shaking of life's lessons,
And an extraordinary smile as brightest as gems floating
through the songs of parodies brought by the flying angels
wings,
A home in his touch as though they were the silk of silver
brought by god himself when I asked and he quickly came to
me with spark littering the room with his presence.

Poem 30

For words such as and must be, because "I belonged here for
you" so simple,

Yet,

Should devour a being in whole

I'm still waiting for more to come out my vague aching
distilled mouth and body that refuses to correspond to the
world around me

You have, are, been and will continue to be for me

For I chose to belong on this paradise of faults

I chose to live again

Not my death of thoughts to take me

But your heart to save me

Poem 31

Reminiscing about the life I had before

Now I live in the body crying like a moth by fire of someone
that I wanted to be from my youth

I just missed her strength to destroy and replace like lions

But every disease of mind and disaster of time makes you
become something different in the end

I will be different, I will be my disease and disaster

That the heavens and I shall conquer

Poem

That was the love

That was gifted from god he himself

For me

Poem 32

Shifting, dancing and running like bodies between this world and the other,

I like the way I'm never too busy in that one,

But here,

I'm forever moving like a snake with urge to prey,

Its infinite loop keeps me in control,

Now I eat dimensions of heavens and walk with the present.

Poem 33

I could without fail see this,

But,

For when I looked in your eyes I saw her eyes and they showed me her naked sizzling body and that was no surprise,

For I knew she was dancing on top of you.

Poem

Poem 35

I don't mind speaking to you till 12 in the morning and
having billions of worlds for discovery and fated destiny,
It is this world of creation that our creativity lies,
Where we explore and explain how to make,
It is also where you promise me that you won't leave forever,
Bittersweet lies and truthfully honest bruises of infidelity
awaits my heart.

Poem 36

Pressing all keys of the modern machine,
Home to vast world of technologies but no poetry
Any words of you
None that can describe all that you are born of
Such internal bleeding of the cerebellum
Instead I'm a blank wall

Designed by all my weaknesses

Poem

Poem 37

When old,

Unfortunately unforgiving like a curse,

The one in my chest and barren; 90

All alone with no me and looking for a sun; empty

Come like a source like nutrients to me

And whisper "the darkened light is here" so quick that it was
a mishap of a good night's job from the government of nights
sleep called death

Then we'll walk through a serpentine door of venom, so
painful and skin abscesses devour our memories of the life we
lived and say goodbye

And maybe to each other too

Poem 38

I'm listening,

Somehow,

Dutifully,

I do,

I keep listening,

But your hideous fatal and infectious words that come out
from your mouth,

From this very disastrous moment,

I refuse to acknowledge,

Like cotton used to address a wounded bleeding child after a
fall,

I make one preposition,

We end all love here,

Once and for all,

Let this be the night to our once harmonious world of
pleasure.

Chapter 4:

Heaven and Light in the making

Poem

Poem 1

Don't dwell,
Don't dwell,
Don't, Don't!
Don't dwell,
Think outside of it,
Think outside of them,
Right now you have to take a deep breath,
And give yourself even if you don't,
But remember,
This is heaven and light in the making.

Poem 2

Breathe in,
Breathe out,
All will be done,
And all will be good,
Even when days feel like endless darkness,
You must remember to smile at the devil,
Even if it's at those you love the most.

Poem

Poem 3

I took so much for granted,
The way I smiled,
The way I worried less,
The way I hated this and that,
But when I lost my mind,
Everything I threw away but kept meant nothing,
Maybe it is time to grow up,
But growing up's hard,
Because letting go leaves you empty.

Poem 4

Angel's,
Simply angels,
Born to feel pain,
Human pain, That means
absolutely nothing,
When we've finished our mission on earth.

Poem 5

I want to be alone,
Like salt to peppered skin in an argument,
But I can't be,
I am sunny like the seas in winter,
I want to be sane,
Like something out of a poetry mythology,
But I have to change,
I want myself back,
But I can't be.

Poem 6

When the light comes for you,
It can happen at any time,
Sometimes at the strangest time,
But the timing is never truly wrong,
You will be stripped bare,
And every shameful and joyful part of you will be
tested, Until you realize that they all meant nothing,
As you will begin a new chapter, Where
all old beliefs will disintegrate,
And visions will be cleared.

Poem 9

Hey,
Don't cry,
Don't shut out,
Just listen to the birds,
Their singing for you,
Trust me you'll love better if you just keep your head above water and breathe,
Talk to the angels they hear you,
And there here for you,
Let them hug you,

Poem

They'll hold you in your sleep and whisper lovely songs to you and trust me,
You'll be more in love with everything that you'll do,
This is the last step,
Because the next one is approaching real fast.

Poem 10

Strange isn't it how we lose only to gain more,
But still lose because everything is temporary in this life,
Just like physical pain,
Then we all go to sleep,
Only to awaken in the next,
And start all over again.

Poem 11

Yesterday was a low point,
I was so human,
Full of ego,
That I realized how stupid I was,
And how I didn't want to ever be here,
But I was comfortable being this child,
But like all children,
They must learn,
No matter how hard it gets.

It's alright,

Love was never going to be easy to those who chose to secretly run
away,

Because love is scary,

But below it there's a bliss that needs to be reached,

But in order for it to be reached one must partially lose themselves,

This is where the discovering of the real self begins,

And also,

The death of oneself as well.

Poem

Poem

Poem 20

You've been doing this job for a while but since you were never prepared,

You fell and broke yourself even harder,

Now you are being ripped apart and this is what's hurting you,

However,

Prayers and a bit of hope is all you need for you to survive,

Your angels are here,

So are your guides,

And those who really love you and know you from a deeper level.

21

Its funny isn't it,
I go to places in my head,
Some real,
Some old,
Some are non-existent,
Some don't even know that they'll come to life in a matter of
minutes, But as time flies, I lose it and I gain it,
All in one.

Poem

Poem

22

Fickle nature,
Maybe that's all it is,
Because my ways are flickering in and out,
All these feelings have become black and white pulses that beat in and out of my body,
I don't see the world in color,
I only see the world in slow short motion days,
My happy nature has gone,
I only hold on nowadays,
The only playful colors I see are vibrations that shed some beautiful backstories and
painful truths.

Poem

Poem

23

Give me time,

Time to act,

Time to cry,

Time to accept the light,

Even when I don't want to be here,

Time,

Can be in my control,

But can also be in my opposition,

Because I've had seconds that have felt like decades,

And days that brought me so much happiness but felt like seconds, So,

How is that fair?

Poem 26

I could write on forever,

But,

Eventually,

I would have to wake up,

I would have to breathe for myself,

I would have to ask for forgiveness,

I would have to uncurse myself, I

would have to shame my own guilt,

Feel the light.

Poem

Poem

26

Writing these poems,
There's so much heat and energy,
I hope some of my emptiness,
Hopelessness,
Anger,
Pain,
Loneliness,
Is transferred onto these pages,
I hope it burns through,
Because I'm tired,
Of coming back to this place.

Poem

Poem

30

To mom

I love you,

I who came from you,

Was actually,

Born from I,

Gave you grace and pain,

Will hold you when you will be in great despair,

So that you will be whole again.

Poem

Poem

31

I'm changing,
Like beetle to new god
It is scary,
Like spices added to new dish in the pan
But with uncertainty comes new perspectives,
Like flowers burning over fire And new
religion.

Poem

Poem

33

I'm tired like an old warrior,
I'm done,
I'm exhausted like the kitchen,
I'm lost,
I'm scared like a lost cup in ocean floors,
I'm stuck,
But some days,
I'm good,
Hopeful,
Full of hope,
Actually, Full
of life, With no
worries,
Then I drown in myself.

Louissa Payet

Poem

Poem

Poem 38

What am I doing here?

Poem

I am going round like a circle,

I shouldn't be here,

I'm becoming pale as my sanity; I have none at this point,

I like my space,

Now I'm staring at a wall and I constantly keep screaming your
name,

I apologize.

Poem

Poem 43

Light my dear,
From your smile,
Their eyes
And the monuments,
That we have kept in memory of how you grew,
But left them all with forgiveness,
Acceptance,
And letting go,
Now just walk on even if you'll fall,
You'll rise higher in ascension,
And walk nearer to heaven.

Poem 44

Heaven,

Is a path,

Not were only the good part of you goes to,

But the part of you which you've hidden,

For its light is internal and external,

The dark side of you will aid in your transformation,

Just like a butterfly,

Only to one day reveal your wings through your cleansing.