

Can't Cry

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By : Cherie Arlavine

Just a little poem about how to pretend.



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Can't Cry

Itâs often that when heard,
â Crawl under a rockâ
It sounds like a safe haven.
If only it were that easy.

Life is not fair,
I learned this as a small child.
I do not believe I was even of four,
When life had already decided to be miserable for me.

Itâs hard to look at the good in the bad,
When evil was what you are spawn of.
You ignore the bad parent,
You fight and fight and fight.

Until you fall.
Until the fight is gone.
But youâll refuse to cry,
Because it wonât solve anything.

He sees tears as weakness.
He tells you youâre an open book.
Why is the man who is to take care of me,
Torturing me for his own amusement?

He had a father once,
But why he would repeat the evil manâs actions to his own children?
Such a mystery.
God, I feel so sick, please make the memories, the nightmares, go away.

I canât wait any longer.
I canât wait for something right in my life.
Dear Lord Iâm torn,
Iâm not whole.

He canât deliver me to another person,
Not in pieces.
Why do I keep talking of this?
It will only hurt me.

Talking never changes the past,
Only makes it more real,
Again.
Yet Iâll let the whole world know.

Only to realize, that they cannot help me.
Even if I beg,

Can't Cry

Even if I get down on my knees.
No one can change what has happened.

And no one can stop what will happen.
Because as always,
Heâll talk his way out.
No one will believe me when I try to tell them.

Because heâll pretend,
Heâll deceive and make them think he could never do such a thing.
She must be over exaggerating.
She must be lying.

Heâd never do a thing like that.
Heâd never really hurt another.
She's just a liar.
She's just trying to make him look bad.

Canât cry,
Canât cry,
Canât cry,
Canât cry.

Crying is for the weak,
Canât show weakness or heâll win.
If he wins then that means I lose.
If I lose, then I break again.

Eventually Iâll be so small,
And how can I fight then?
Perhaps youâll mention David and Goliath.
But Goliath wasnât Davidâs father.

How to face the man Iâve always been told to honor?
Canât cry.
How am I supposed to win?
Dear God please help me.

Iâll never be able to do this alone.
I know that.
Maybe it made me stronger.
But maybe it also made me into a broken person.

How am I to ignore that?
So here it is world.
Here is my story.
You canât help me.

So why do I even bother?
Canât cry.
Canât cry.

Can't Cry

Can't die.

Just have to face the music.
The horrible, scratchy violins that are never played as they should be.
Can't crawl under a rock,
I have to stand on top of it and deceive everyone as he does.

I have to pretend to be strong,
Pretend to not be in pieces.
But though I wait for the memories to fade,
They only become stronger.

So now I cannot trust.
Now I cannot believe that I'll be saved because I won't be.
But I can't cry.
Crying is weakness.

Pretend to be brave.
Pretend to be okay.
You always have everyone believing,
They never believe you're really that bad inside.

Because you're so good at acting normal now.
Can't cry.
But it still happens,
I still break down.

No one is perfect.
But I'm not even close.
You have to be strong.
Is there really such a thing as strength?

Because all I know is how to pretend to have it.
So I'll never be right for anyone.
Because I can never truly find myself,
Without breaking down completely.

And I'm not allowed to cry.

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