

My Lament

By : [needtobreath555](#)

I am only 13 years old, and really would like some honest feedback on my poem. Don't hold back. ;). I've had quite a time in my years, with my mom drinking and my parents divorcing, etc. I thought poetry would be a good way to get it out. This poem somewhat sums what it feels like to be hurting inside... its certainly a dark poem.



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By Emma Taub

With all my trials in so short a life,
I am aged far beyond my years,
My brain, stricken with what seems everlasting strife,
My pillow, constantly damp with tears.
Beneath this mask I wear, there is almost nothing left of me,
But an empty, aching heart,
And a tender, raw, inner psyche.
Those who I thought cared for me,
Quickly turned away,
The once gleesome happiness within me,
Instantly poisoned and dismayed.

Although all joy in the world is escaping,
And I fear the worst is around the bend,
I have a small hope that this hell imbedded in me,
Will finally be put to an end.

So, onward, I march.

Onward in this endless sea of artificial laughing grins,
While they tease me,
Poking and pecking at me,

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I wait for my last spark of hope,
To, at long last, come out, and save me,
From this cavalry.

But, alas, I am pulled into this parade,
This Mardi Gras of fake ecstasy,
 Plastered with this painful smile,
 With these inner demons inside of me.

When I lay my head to rest, at last,
Hopeful of some long-needed peace,
Thatâs when the real terror begins,
 As whispers of demons fill my ears,
And every nightmare Iâve ever witnessed, suddenly released.

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