

WHITE
NOISE

rose grey

to him;

*thank you for breaking my heart
i would not be the person i was today
if i hadn't learned that lesson*

— *forward*

*it's currently 11:33 pm on a warm june thursday night
and my hearts in shreds
there's a bottle of pills beside me reading 500mg
in the past four hours i've taken 4 of them
in total i've taken 6
i've reached the maximum amount
but i don't care
i'm still taking more
and i'm numb everywhere
this is what i needed*

*i want to say you did this to me
but my mom told me to take responsibility for my actions
so i take responsibility for toying with death the last 6
weeks
the 6 weeks after you left
it's been hard
it's still hard
i want to feel again
but if there's one thing i can't take responsibility for
it's for that
because you did that to me
you made me unable to feel again*

*i forgot how it felt
how my body grows numb even as the pain courses
through my body
painting red on my skin
drinking into self inflicted comas
swallowing pill after pill
letting people enter me to fill the void you left behind
did nothing to help me regain feeling in chest*

*this is how i tried to help heal my broken soul
and as i write this
i'm still pretty fucking broken
but it's okay
i'll heal one day
because that's what i have to do
i have to heal
i can't leave everyone
it'll be alright in the morning*

— rose andromeda grey

how the rose broke

it's so hard not to
fall apart
when everything
is pushing you
over the edge

i hope to
fall asleep
before i
fall apart

hanging on by a thread

why must we be
broken
to be understood

they made it seem we would
not be loved if we had
scars on our wrists
to match the ones
on our heart

they made it seem
that we were
ugly for having
fought to survive

it's not your job to
compare wounds
and decide
whose is worse

i feel like i'm breaking
all my corners are cracking
splintering at the seams

and i wonder
if i should call for help
or
let my kingdom
collapse once and for all
in a screaming ball of fire

it's hard to keep
hard to wake up
hard to find a motive
when you don't give a shit
anymore

it's pretty fucking hard

i wish i was
someone else
someone who
didn't fuck up
as consistently
as i did

i should have been
moving on but instead
i found it more appealing
to lose myself at the bottom
of many many many
bottles of alcohol

they made sure she
would never live up
to what she was meant
to be

*if they couldn't have it
neither could she*

i want to cry
till i can no longer see
i want to scream
till my lungs give out
i want to throw things
till they break
i want to punch walls
till my fist is a bloody mess
i want to curl up into a ball on the floor
till my body stops shaking

*i want to hurt everything
because everything is hurting me*

i go to bed
hoping
to wake up
a little less
broken

i

feel

very

unappreciated

maybe it'd be
easier
if i was
dead

i'm demanding
i'm tragic
i'm raging
i'm crumbling
i'm a full fledged
forest fire with
no intentions
of burning out

i could hear them all as
their voices floated past my ear
with such softness
but what they said
hurt more than you leaving

what's wrong with her

don't let her feel loved
said everyone

i'm afraid of myself
i'm afraid of the raw anger
growing in the darkest parts of me
i'm afraid of what i could do with it

i'm not a thunderstorm
i'm a full blown hurricane
full of destruction and coming for blood
i'm not a bon fire
i'm raging forest fire
accidental but still as dangerous
i'm not a still lake
i'm an angry sea
the deeper you go the harder it becomes to breathe

i'm a tragedy wrapped in scarred skin

who did that to you
who fucked you up so bad
mentally and emotionally
that you've completely
shut down anyone
who tries to help you
you don't talk about
your feelings
you push people away
and let negative people in
you refuse to open up
or let anyone love you
and care about you
tell me
who fucking did that to you
he shouted to me as my heart
pounded in my chest

everyone did
i whispered

how the rose loved

our love will
go down in history
as the most tragic
as the most chaotic
to have been ever felt

romeo and juliet had nothing on us

alcohol may burn my throat
but the thought of you
burns my mind
i'd rather black out from
drinking too much
then stare at empty hands
that once held yours

i'm going to ruin you
loving me is tragic
you'll turn into someone else
i have a splintering heart that cuts
open anyone who comes to close
if you look closely
you'll see i'm not enough
i'm acid rain but you breed life

you
made
me
feel
alive

you can't
come back
from what
you said

he doesn't love you
screamed my brain
but his mind can change
countered my heart
it won't

but what if it does

i feel like there's a sign on my back
words scribbled on my forehead saying
she's not worth it
she's hard to love
she doesn't deserve happiness
because if there was
it would explain everything
that's ever happened to me

i wrote you letters
you didn't
you wouldn't
care to read

i wish
i could go
back in time
and make you love
again

but cities would burn
and empires would crumble
at the thought of
our nuclear love

the scars on
my wrist
are identical to the
ones you left on
my heart

if you tried
if you listened
if you acknowledged
if you understood
if you reasoned
if you fought
if you cared
if you loved

things might have been different

sometimes
i think about
jumping in front of trains
running into oncoming traffic
to get your attention

i shouldn't have been
surprised when you left
everyone leaves me at
some point

when you were younger
when life was simpler
there was a game you'd play

the triangle block goes
into the triangle hole
the square block goes
into the square hole
the circle block goes
into the circle hole

my heart had a hole
the shape of you
where you were
momentarily
before realizing

i don't love her

i should have read
the terms of agreement
more carefully before
saying yes

why was it
that you only said
i love you
when you had a
part of you
deep inside me

why did you
seem to only love me
when i was pressed
between your bed
and your body

why were you only
in love with the
idea of me
and not who
i really was

why is it that i'm
the one who has
to move on

i'm the one who has
to forget about the person
i loved so much
so deeply
so fast

but yet
you're allowed to still
be in love with someone
who wants nothing
to do with you

for once in
my short sixteen
years of life

can i be someone's first choice

note to self

*you can't make a home
out of a human being*