

Hidden Emotions  
that  
Boggle the Mind.

By: Ashley Lopez



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## **Author's Note**

This collection of poems may all differ in size; but in some way shape or form all connect to the many emotions that we humans feel, either hidden beneath the forefront of our psyche or just those that bubble up to the surface. These poems are meant to let readers see that emotions can be expressed in so many different ways, and expressing your emotions is art no matter what form it takes. Emotions are meant to be felt, it's perfectly normal to feel things as strongly as possible. So dive into your mind and let happiness, love, anger, frustration, sadness, rawness, and realness; all boggle your mind.

## #1: A Conversation with Society.

Society. According to you, you have rules in place for I, we, and us, but we aren't going to follow them. Rules are meant to be broken. That's exactly what I, we, and us are going to do. So, let's have a chat. Now!

*"You need to be skinny, there's too much fat"*

I like my unusual body. It makes me, me.

*"People aren't going to like your flaws"*

Well, they don't have to, I like them.

*"People want you to be primed and proper"*

No thank you, I'd rather be weird and quirky.

*"Who said you could be emotionless? We want you to cry"*

Being tough is being emotional.

*"You're too expressive"*

Yeah, I am. So? I could always get straight to the point.

*"You need to stay quiet, it isn't cute for a girl to have a voice"*

You need to shut up! A girl with a voice is deadly, not cute.

*"You're a follower, orders are what you seek"*

"We're the alpha. We're the leaders. We're the ones to trust"

*"You're second at best"*

I'm second to none.

*"You should be with a guy, that's the moral thing to do"*

No, I prefer to date L, G, B, T, Q, I, and an A.

It's way better.

*“I should find you working at home”*

You’re going to find us working out that door.

*“I want you to wear a maid dress”*

Sorry, a suit and tie would look better.

*“Your favorite color must be pink?”*

Actually, it’s black, blue, green, and purple.

*“You would look great in heels, and a skirt”*

I prefer sneakers and sweatpants.

*“Show off some skin and cleavage!”*

I’m sorry, I don’t think I invited you to a show.

*“Do up your hair, and put some makeup on, you would look great like that”*

Why don’t you put yourself behind a mask?

*“But, we’re together in this world, you need to listen to me.”*

Well then, consider us over and done with.

I’m not listening to someone who’s trying to silence me.

Who is trying to put me in a box?

It’s just not me.

That’s not what I want.

## **#2: All Aboard the Mind Train!**

The dandelion-colored tiles align.

Just like the train tracks down below.

Someone speaks overhead,

it's nothing more than putrid murmurs.

Looking up at the clock.

Those hands walk to their respective places.

Things are so tiring..

The lights up above are barely hanging on.

Looking up at the clock again,

wishing that time would just shut up.

Things are burning all around..

The trash fumes dance, and not in a good way.

The guy in the corner blazing through his own adventure.

Everything around just seems so slow.

Waiting.. waiting..

That's all anyone can do.

Delays, breakdowns, unruly people.

Holding everything to a halt.

Today's a turtle-type of day,

everything will speed up soon.

A song plays overhead, finally.

You hear the screeching, piercing through every wall.

It can be a bit too much sometimes.

Just need to focus, don't think too much.

Everything will soon calm down,

I just need to get to where I'm supposed to be.

Where am I even supposed to go?

I don't even remember anymore.

Looking at the signs doesn't help.

I lost all memory of the destination I needed to take.

I just got on, a whim.

Hopefully, this takes me to the end,

**the finish line.**

No more forks on the road.

I see everything on this train.

Negativity, happiness, the benefits, and despair.

They are all here again.

When are things going to change?

A glimmer of daydream, I don't know anymore.

What exactly was I hoping for when I got on?

Familiar faces?

A well-known smell?

A constant voice?

The speed of a thousand runners?

I don't know anymore,

I can't focus on that too much.

This train can barely hang on..

This place can barely exist,

if things become broken.

The mind of one is uncanny.

Sooner or later,

this train will arrive at the stop it needs to go to.

Right now though..

This ride is on its own.

The conductor could care less about the destination.

I on the other hand,

need an ending..

an end to this dark tunnel of a mind



### **#3: Blood Red.**

A blood red rose.

Covered in the blood of its victims.

It has a jarring glisten to it.

Even the thorns are a masterpiece.

It can never be vile.

Blood-red eyes.

That sings like a nightingale.

A path down the ruined faces.

An angel that is weeping.

With the eyes of a demon waiting for its next meal.

Blood red lips.

A poison that can take your spirit away.

Lips like a lotus fruit.

Take a bite and be entranced by a snake-like arrow.

Bear witness to a heartless feeling.

Blood red knife.

It was a dagger.

Piercing into the body of a skeleton.

Ethereal under the sunkissed rays.

Sparkles adorned a blood-soaked muse.

Blood red lake.

The scenery felt so serene.

Blood was tainting the water,

and a body in the middle was the only disruptor.

A woman with a splash of red paint.

Blood red color.

A color oh so dark.

It can be a sign of longing.

It can also be a sign of impending doom.

Darkness engulfs that single stain.

#### **#4: A Fire That Burns.**

An aching feeling that never leaves.

No bandages could ever fix the smoldering fire within.

The scarring was so deep.

It's almost like I can feel it in my bones.

#### **The feeling of hands caressing my body.**

No matter how much I tried to ignore it.

The ghosts of her hands gripped my skin.

The yearning for release was ample in size.

#### **The whispering winds of aching words.**

A fire that burns.

Trying to blow out the candle.

Pursing my lips repeatedly

Deadly ignition that only fuels the flames.

A single cheek kiss has caused irreversible damage

First-degree burns.

The scarring is minimal.

A valley of black lava flows.

Lava pools from a heated lake.

**I can feel the sensation of scorching tears.**

A sparking fire that needs to be silenced.

A deafening quiet is what I'm asking for.

An afterthought that I no longer want to think of.

**Burning the memories like a polaroid to a flame.**

**#5: They care but they don't know me.**

**“How are you?”**

That's a loaded question.

I'm walking on puffy clouds filled with lead.

My hands and feet are weighted.

Chains are echoing in my ears.

All you're seeing is the surface, underneath a grave.

**“Is everything okay?”**

God, it's like you're begging me to speak.

The strongly worded text message that you seek is not going to ding.

The polygraph test you want me to pass will fail.

A gun isn't pointed at my head.

You're not a priest and I don't need a confessional.

**“Are you going to be alright?”**

That is so funny of you to say.

Are you the judge putting me on trial?

Aren't my emotions the only evidence you need?

Do you want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

I confess..

no, I'm not.

**“Are you all better?”**

Well, let us look at this chart.

I have internal struggles.

My emotions are on overdrive.

There's something wrong up there.

Overall, I'm peachy, sonny.

**“Don't worry it will all go away.”**

Phrases being recorded.

Old scriptures being spoken.

Taking that same old tone all over again.

Using similes will get you nowhere.

Using antonyms will get you where you need to go.

## **#6: The Ghosts of a Human**

**Anxiety** is a worm creeping through the human body.

It fires off all the warning signs.

Feeling it when you least expect it.

Picking at every scabbing flaw that you're trying to forget.

Never knowing when it's going to end.

**Depression** is a poisonous gas overtaking your senses.

The fuse in your eyes fades out.

Clouded vision takes over the clarity that's considered "normal"

Whispers fill your ears..

Unnecessary voices that just don't need to be heard.

**Loneliness** is an ocean of dark, ghostly nothingness.

A ghastly feeling that leaves nothing to the imagination.

You're sinking to rock bottom with no way out.

You are being pulled down by the monsters,

that are hidden by the mask of an unfamiliar smile.

"I love being alone, but I hate feeling lonely"

**Heartbreak** is a bleeding heart that never decays.

On the forefront, it fights a battle never meant to be won.

Wounded in the war of one's mistakes.

Covered in the battle scars of a sole demise.

Stitched up ready to prepare for a replicated massacre.

**Memories** are an engravement of a person's life.

A movie screen waiting to be played in one's everlasting thoughts.

There are ones you release, a simple reminisce.

There are others you toss, a stain on your mind.

Carving your name onto the Hollywood Walk of Your Story.

**Issues (noun):** an important topic or problem for debate or discussion.

A debate or discussion that doesn't need to be broadcast.

Concealed for a reason, undisclosed for a purpose.

You are not entitled to know the darkest parts of anyone.

A diary that's locked, shut in a box, and buried in a grave.

**The Ghosts of a Human** are yours to keep.

A whole plethora of them are hidden deep.

Casting away the demons of light.

Haunting every shadow you create.

Patiently waiting for you to wither and break.

## #7: Disappointment

(Noun): sadness or displeasure caused by the nonfulfillment of one's hopes or expectations.

That unnecessary checklist that no one asked for.

Listing

Every

Single

Thing

That you think is wrong with me.

*“Well thank you for the unprompted nuisance*

*that you have unsolicited upon me”*

You're using my body as a diagram.

Annotating it to fit your desires.

Cutting away the needless skin no longer in use.

Wishing I was pottery..

that fits your precious viewpoints.

Eyes are watching me from all different ~~NorthSouthEastWest~~ directions.

Glances like little thumbtacks piercing my body.

Their mouths say:

*“You're doing a great job sweetie”*

Their eyes say:

*“You're a worthless son of a bitch and you don't know anything”*

Shooting daggers into one's skin



like that's going to delete the uselessness..

you so deliberately want to get rid of.

Screaming "dumb" out of anger isn't some spell you can wave around.

You will never have the prodigy you so gracefully greed over.

You will never SPONTANEOUSLY have a doll you can magically updo.

I am not some kind of Cinderella for you to

★*Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo*★

You are not the artist who signed off on this bit of artwork.

I am not some portrait that needs to be messed with.

I will never be covered in a white pearl hue.

You haven't made a masterpiece..

and never will I be one.

I am who I am.

We are who we are..

Keep your undesirable footnotes to yourself.

The asterisks you placed on my skin will be ignored.

You don't get to have any say in the matter.

Keep your questions to yourself.

Criticism can stay out the door.

Your unwanted claims are not going to be taken into consideration.

Nothing you say will be used in a court of law.

Nobody **FUCKING** cares.

### **#8: Sinners**

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

I will never walk on the path you need me to walk on.

You will never be my guiding light..

I will never be the Eve you want me to be.

I will be the snake charmer tempting you to poison.

The temptations are strong.

The feeling of curiosity itches the skin of a human.

We are all sinners walking on a thin, fragile line.

Looking over the edge is a thrill that we sinners seek.

Forgive me, Father, for you will never have a hold on me.

Every single human has a devil inside them..

plaguing our minds with the sweetness of immorality.

God will be the one beckoning us back to his heavenly gate.

Even though his children have been nothing but devilish little imps.

Before the punishment is given      the consequences have already been assigned.

We are all lustful, thirsting beings.

An Adam's apple or an Eve's plumped-up peach.

We are going to disobey you.

No wonder we're all gluttonous freaks,

You never dared to feed us the cravings we so desired..

Not even in love or lust will you get what you want.

Do you Envy your children, Father?

We are tainted with the wrath of imperfectness.

While your purity burns ever so brightly down from the heavens.

You are the definition of innocence, nothing will ever taint you.

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

We are all prideful motherfuckers, that is all.

Greed will forever encase us in its yellow thorn-filled vines.

We all want something, need anything, eager to get one thing..

Two hands are all we need.

A sin-filled contract is what we humans conjure up.

Terms and services are not required.

So please sign here, on this dotted line.

You've made a severe lapse in judgment, Father.

The tired eyes of a human will grace you with their presence.

We put our hands together to sleep the night away.

A 9-to-5 thought of counting sheep plagues the working mind.

We are sloth people with a diligent money-loving mind.

Don't be fooled by one's baby-dolled eyes.

A cradling baby is the last Angel..

God will ever lay eyes upon.

We are all sin-natured humans.

*"You're such an angel"*

will soon turn to..

*"You're a sneaky little devil!"*

It's just who we are,

We are human, after all.

Amen.