

Vennie Kocsis & DUSTED SHELVES



memoir of a cult child



Also by Vennie Kocsis

Cult Child

Becoming Gratitude

Dusted Shelves Audio Version

Available at:

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Dusted Shelves



by
Vennie Kocsis

This book contains descriptions of mental, sexual, and physical abuse as well as dissociative and near death experiences, which could cause triggers for survivors of trauma. Please read with caution.

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*For the ones who cried with me
Alone in the night,
We write pages of pain
To give away.*

*For the ones who cry now
When no one hears
And the sound of
Your fingers against
The keys your
Pen spilling ink;*

This is for you.

M'Lady

M'Lady, do not cry
beneath the darkened sky.
The rain merely falls
to cleanse your eyes.

Butterflies do not spring
from silken cocoons
to fly their beauty
into the blackness of tombs.



Dusted Shelves

Table of Contents

...the anger - 5

Herstory
Born Crazy
Darling Blackness
Footsteps

...the angst - 17

I Am
Miracles
Metaphorically Speaking
Sea Angel
So Different
Sometimes

...the aftermath - 29

Wind
I Looked At Us
Never Easy
Pieces of You
Scar Kiss
Tide is in
You I could paint
Darkest Night
I Bleed
Inevitability
Oh, But If I Could
Spills
Throat Lumps
You Run

...the anger

Herstory

I waved flags to catch their attention.

I was only four
sitting on dusty floors,
scratching out letters on papers,
reading full books,
seeing inside souls,
and I didn't know
how to process or verbalize,
what was caught inside.

I cried angrily to make them notice.

I was only seven,
sitting at the entrance of hell,
waif of a girl in a washed-out shell
drawing faces on cardboard
with broken pencils,
and they made me discard them,
because clutter was not allowed.

I spat putrid liquid into their faces.

I was only ten,
skipping about the mouth of lion dens
while she pretended
that I was normal,
only possessed by demons.
God would be my freedom,
and I couldn't give much thought, you see,
I traveled my childhood in fantasy,
to escape the invasive insinuations

of religious damnation.

I smiled at their failures to taunt their hatred.
Neither man nor demon could destroy my created.

I was only thirteen
passions unfurled
in a wisp of a girl,
lanky and tall with blonde curls.
Turning my back on their constant abuse,
I wrote poetry to cure what they used.

I gave my virginity to the homeliest boy.

I was only sixteen,
defiled and unclean.
Sex became my weapon.
I would fuck out the anger,
build up my walls and become
imminent danger.
Piercing light eyes,
with devilish glare,
I held back my screams,
read books, and I dreamed.

Along came a child to cure my wild.

I was only twenty,
life was before me.
Started this journey
to heal what has ailed me.
My successes all failed me,

still I wrote on,
an endless song
of pain and suffering.
My voice cried out through the muffling
hands that covered my tender lips.

Tied to an anchor my fists could not grip,
I drowned in oceans
of a thousand emotions.

Thus, formed a poetess,
a prowess of words,
master of all the world's deepest hurts.

No weight on my back,
I fly weeping like kites.

≈

Born Crazy

I hurt myself because nothing else could make it better, and I called the Devil to my bedside to take me out of the darkness, back to Hell where things were constant.

I licked His wounded belly, sucked the blood from his never healing scars, begging life eternal to surge my veins. Freshly torn from His battle with God as he warred to claim my soul, I held his bitter face and wept at the wager that would never end. Oh, and I seemed dismal, did I not? Tied and bound against his dagger, a puppet of use, and how I could not find my satisfaction, no finality for my graven pain.

Hands determined to cast out demons with their organs that left me wanton, demanded my outing, yet could not pull me from my craze. I slept in fetal positions, my thumb tucked between my sucking lips, whispers in my night haunts taunting “evil” and “witch”.

I scribbled rhymes describing my vividly remembered fields of flowers, standing at the edge of a sea of yellow eyes, my ruffled skirt blowing in breezes that swept heat between my thighs. I didn't give two shits when they called me mentally deranged for even in their wicked normality, I felt estranged from nurtured life.

"You make no sense, demon child."

They kept me firmly under their watchful eye for punishment was non-existent as torture was mere pleasure.

Nighttime found me alone as none could fathom, and even as they desired my flesh, they ran from my countenance, child eyes encased by tangled hair, my hands gripping charcoal, scratching images of horses on torn paper.

A prodigy of screaming emotions that can't completely escape the cave, I need a messy room in which to write and paint.

≈

Darling Blackness

Midnight finds me
sitting beneath your apple tree,
branches covering,
protecting me
from my own imperfections.

I don't fear rejections
if your lips brush another.
I'll find comfort
in knowing
your faults are not mine
in their own refined
state of being so obvious.

I am flawlessly
damaged.

Morning's creeping
finds me weeping
beneath your shady willow.
I bury face into my pillow
screaming so none will hear.
I am riddled with angst and fear.
Charted by waters swept by wind,
I am a hurricane of sexual sin.

If there could be a cure for me
a smidgen of purity

slashed across my soul's tearful flood
a smear of painted angel blood
maybe...
just maybe...
you could understand my twisted
tongue that flicks the wicked
words I write on pages
making you question my phases.

The blackness,
Oh, the blackness
like a cashmere blanket of summer scent
we have time spent
wasted on figuring out each other
beneath satin covers.

I can feel your lips in my missing.
You are murmuring and kissing
behind my knees.
Does it please you, darling,
to know that you are harming
one so charming
as me?

≈

Footsteps

If only you could have understood
what happened to my childhood.
How I fight to make myself embrace
these haunting faces.

Last night I dreamt they were chasing him
small white boy did a sideways deal they
beat him senseless then his body flipped.
I can't seem to force my mind to get a grip.

I'm stuck in a midlife thesis
writing words to release this
demonic grip on my mind's plague.
I see rays of light, so, so vague.

I feel stuck in mud,
dragging around junk
tied to my feet and I can't weep
enough tears to let it all seep.

I'm not happy, happy like the general pop.
Truth be told I pray that the raindrops stop.
Tell me to get over it, get up and get on
not so easy when you can't hear life's song.

Four years old in a cold shower belt whelps
 wet the bed; he had my mouth held
 I'm claustrophobic
 fighting for breath in that steaming closet.

I have a project,
 my son's room going to make it clean.
 paint pictures, do it in an oriental theme.
 He loves anime, and I need to be absorbed
 in something besides the thoughts, I abhor.

During this five to seven-year itch
 want to dance in circles and chant my witch
 lines leave a spell release my rage
 or is it sadness I fight to disengage?

My hamster wheel's spinning out of control
 claw my way through this desperate hole.

Call my name so I can glimpse and
 wade in the water till my sins get rinsed.

≈

My Truths

I chased my youth, I chased my years,
I chased my pain with crystal tears.
I ran through lifetime's dark desire,
drank the truth of passion's fire.

I ran from freedom, escaped its love,
let my night wind release the blood.

Here I stand in this hazy shroud
my skies so black with wanton clouds.

Kiss my lips that I may strive
to escape the stinging of the poisoned hive.

He asked me to dinner, I said "no".

Can't let him in just to watch him go.

Those who want me, have always left
stealing the remnants of my mother's breast.

I kneel at the edge of life's lonely stream,
can't separate reality from what I dream.

I crawl into the safeness of this cave
rocking in the absence of what I crave.

I touched my center, I touched my breath,

I touched my birth,
then I touched my death.

I touched the circle of magic's power
wishing to be ripped apart and devoured.
If one should come and say they know me
with silent words that speak to show me
maybe then I could believe their truth
and raise my face to smile at you.

I sleep to make the time go by.
 I sleep so that my eyes won't cry.
 This mask I wear does not reveal
 the sadness I attempt to conceal.

I murdered your mind.
 I've slain your words.
 I sing the songs of a thousand birds.

I flew to futures, explored their wonder.
 I have torn my own sanity asunder.
 I purge to survive, cannot keep this inside
 will not contain what could cause me to die.

I wish to be held, wish to be accepted,
 forever apart of the abnormal rejected.

*"An oddity, she's crazy, don't you see,
 why can't she just be normal like we?"*

I hear their whispers in the black of night,
 no hope of knowing, dark gift of sight.

I carry my burdens, I carry my sorrow,
 I carry your worlds into forbidden tomorrows.

A forgotten fiend, I watch you walking away
 as I fight to keep the scratching
 hounds at bay.

≈

...the angst



I am a poetess, a prowess, a lioness;
ripping through emotions; shark in an ocean
of sadness and incapable expression.

I am your words, unspoken, unheard,
representative of pain; what you restrain,
broken and torn, cries of the unborn.

I am a servant
echoes of the quiet haunt
moving ghosts in the wind
beginning when you long to end
the truth you can't pretend.

I am a woman writing sins upon the sand
expressively accepting my lessons.

I am your calm
protector from the harm
acceptance and forgiveness,
healer of your sickness.

I am you; familiar to your hues
locking eyes lest we forget
love we whispered into our ears
and if you were here,
I would kiss your tears.

≈

Miracles

I am neither made of miracles
nor hold magic wands
that sprinkle dust of
"It's going to be alright", but
I am made of hope
that tomorrow is one day closer
To something I just am
not sure of what.
I sit on fresh bed sheets
above a mattress
soaked with our passion.
I sit alone watching their joy,
and I am envious of white dresses,
lacy pumps, *"I do's"*, I want them too.
I am not made of perfection
or some random cure
to mend the broken
hearts we carry, but
I am made of love divine.
Somewhere if I can find *"it"*
maybe I can fix all this.
I'm not a healer or maybe I am.
Maybe I can carry all this weight;
just haven't yet realized
the full extent of my strength.

Metaphorically Speaking

I am building castles
with moats where desperation drowns,
tall brick towers Rapunzel can't
even grow hair enough to climb.

I am building walls
with barbed wire at the top,
slices of my heaven inside.

I would invite you in
but you wouldn't stay.

I am planting seeds in fields,
growing herbs of sweetest scent
so when doom comes knocking
my hunger will be satisfied from within.

I am building.

I am planting.

I am growing mountains and trees
from sunflower seeds,
majestic visuals this earth has
never seen!

I am writing verses
wailing voices of unspoken agony,
joy buried, unable to swim
these oceans held by dams.

My words explode
bombs of truth!

I am singing songs
lilting tinkle of throat vibrations
like angels came to play
within the confounds of my soul.

Even God smiles, and I agree.
It is well,
building songs,
planting verses
growing my life's needs into
the tallest and greenest of reeds.
I am sixteen miles from passion,
and I am running,
pumping legs of steel so I
should not have to deal or feel
anything that I choose not to!
I can float on air
spread wings of mercy to fly
far away from chains that stretch
to grasp the hem of my garment as I
"You can't catch me!" giggle taunt.
I am elevated above normalcy,
iridescent and knowing.
I am painting pictures
of future's golden sunlight
all selfishness hidden beneath the
tomb of the burned-out moon.

Funny. I don't see you.

≈

Sea Angel

I'm falling down deep
into the blackest of waters.
It is silent here
in my liquid tomb;
no predators only the quiet
of being locked away.

My arms cannot move to
glide me to the top.
I await this death as if
God Herself has cupped hands
beneath my flailing head.

I have lost the will to breathe
no air in my separated lungs
only smothering gifts of
crashing weight against my chest.

I disappear from existence,
become memories for the whispered
nighttime reminiscing of days
when *"Didn't she laugh in the
sweetest of ways for life was happy?"*

Long after I leave these words
in their ears when something about my
voice brought peace and ramblings
in the pits of stomachs that kept
me at arms lengths,

they move on to walking forward.

I float down to coral reefs
where colorful beings
swim between my ribs
devouring stomach linings
of bloodless flesh.

I am bone and skull,
skinny fingers adorned of pink nails
scratching sand dunes moved by waves.

I am invisible to the world,
angel of the sea.

Remember me.

≈

So Different

"I used to be a teacher; you know."
 She was standing beside me at the corner store.
"I wouldn't teach these kids nowadays.
Things are too different in too many ways."

"Yeah." I agreed,
 not conversationally engaged,
 but I knew what she meant
 about things having changed.

Mores, those were my first cigarettes,
 my first taste of tarred breath;
 when sandy beaches couldn't erase me
 and too many beers didn't waste me,
 chasing boys mama wouldn't let me call,
 thinking I was fat, although lanky and tall.
 I remember standing in front of the mirror
 Away from the girl that stood before her,
 hands on a stomach concave in its bow
 confusing the rhythms of her flow.

I'm inside out, what was spirit is flesh,
 I saw it tonight when I donned my dress,
 silky skirt that flowed past weighted knees,
 chest sucked in towards the chilling breeze.

"Addiction," I mused, *"it's one helluva ride."*
 She nodded her head and silently sighed.
 The counter reflected the dark green pack.

*"You should drink more milk
for the bend in your back."
(I thought)*

She turned, her face a silent smiling muse
as she stepped up in her Mary Jane shoes,
*"I don't know what to do
with you folks nowadays.
This is what happens to
bones that have aged."*

When does one stop looking ahead;
when only memories remain,
and the future is death?

Does time cease to matter
as voices become banter
and minutes are passed
with senseless chatter?

She left me indifferent, no fruit for the feel;
with realizations of being over the hill.

I once hid my face in an oily mane
no saddle, no stirrups, no heavy reins.
Yes, things are different, and it buries me,
caught in the churning with a broken wing.

Brother is struggling. Mama is dying,
Sister is silent, while angels are crying.

Behind my closed eyes a girl in the mist
bracelets of flowers around her wrists.

If only I had known
the whisperings meanings
I might have held tighter
to their distant singing.

≈

Sometimes

Sometimes I want to run away and hide,
to drift on a raft solitary creek
with the greenest of leaves
hanging over the banks and
sunlight beating onto my face.

Sometimes I want to be understood
in silence, no explanations,
just an acknowledgement,
a look of comprehension.

Sometimes I want to reach inside my chest and rip
out this tingling feeling
that has no core of nervousness
or hurt or tears,
just an ever-present feeling
that has no reason.

Sometimes I want silence
that is not mistaken for anger.

Sometimes I want to not be
the one always taking care of.

Sometimes I want to just
be completely swept away into nothingness that
covers me from sight.

Sometimes I just want
complete peacefulness that
hasn't been fought for;
it just is.

Sometimes I think that I am alone
in this cerebral realm
with no boundaries but
invasively infiltrated.

Sometimes I hate it.

Sometimes I welcome it.

Sometimes I feel numb.

≈

...the aftermath

Wind

The wind is screaming,
and I'm hearing Kem's "Say".

Loving his sultry,
It takes me back to a day
we sat at Ocean Shores.
Remember?

The whales were traveling
the entrance from Grays Harbor.

It was mid-April,
Springtime sand between our toes,
we danced that night
around a fire.
I was drunk on gin.
They are right.
It made me sin.

We smoked heat.
I was sure I loved,
mixed up infatuation.
It was worth the ride.
The next day we flew kites.

I was out of breath,
running along the water line
to make it glide,
and we giggled.
I was free.

I hear the sounds
of the bells that I have

hung from the balcony eave
sweetly saying my name,
or at least I imagine.

This peace is
overwhelmingly beautiful.

I am welcomed within myself,
no regrets,
only memories for the bookshelves
lain dusted over the years.

Wispy strands of bangs
blow over my eyebrows
as I turn to see myself
smiling at my reflection.

I feel appreciative.
I am floating on these tones
of unspoken never mind.

I am back again,
and I am fierce;
wise in my years.

We fed the seals that spring.
Their sad faces made me tear.
I took pictures that were black
except the shining hollow
of their pleading eyes.

I have seal eyes
begging angst
and romantic wallow.

This is precious
as the silky deep purple iris
sitting solitary in a vase
on my kitchen table.
It is stolen from The Colony
where I went to sit a friend.

The wind is screaming.

I am not.

≈

I Looked at Us

I looked at us side by side.

Our eyes are the same.

Sadness.

Not melancholy,

but disdained,

desperate,

and searching.

We want answers to why
about the world and
disappointments of
decision and non-decisiveness.

I looked at us side by side
and realized
our beauty is the same,
not worldly
but knowing
open mindedness
and willingness.

Answers to why
Would satisfy you and I
If chosen to be believed.

I looked at us side by side.
Our love is the same,
Existing,
not pure like Harlequin
but surviving,
belonging
to each their own,
possessive yet not possessed
just open.

,

I looked at us side by side
not to see differences
for we are likewise
equally thirsting.

Answers to why
the pushing and pulling.

I looked at us side by side.

≈

Never Easy

I didn't say it would be easy,
laying roses on my bedside table.
Sprinkled candle wax dripped on mahogany,
and I watched you slide your jeans on,
waist sucked in as you held breath.

I feigned sleep.
You kissed my eyelashes,
tasting wet tears,
because leaving wasn't easy,
and if I whispered promises
of never forget me
they would float on wind.
You said you missed my laughter
and my smile,
more than you missed my sex.
Although I understood,
it was no consolation
to the absence.

Waiting out seasons,
watching them change,
I rearrange rooms to feel new.

≈

Pieces of You

I saw pieces of you
In the cloud formations.
It was as if your soul moved
Inside of each change.

Instances of moments,
I saw tears fall as rain,
illuminated by sun beams.

Inquisitive, my questions came
"Is this all of you?"

Imminent passion,
I feel love.

Irrespective of my past,
it would be an honor
if you asked me to dance.

≈

Scar Kiss

I want your death kiss,
the one that will reduce me
to anguished tears,
dying for your breath
to push inside of me
and revive my life.

I want your poison touch,
the one that sears like
lava flowing as
scorching blood
inside my veins.
I want your death,
and then I want
your life.

I want your kisses
To burn scars into my skin
like liquid mercury,
so that when I run my fingers
across the jagged flesh
I will always
Recall your lips.

≈

Tide Is In

I ride waves,
 Emotion.
 like tides that don't die.
 I am singing melodies
 distant songs of lost love,
 and won't you
 sing with me just once?
 We who flew beyond clouds
 so far away that
 only misted signals
 are left to be images
 holding hands from a distance.
 I will count teardrops,
 enough to fill many oceans.
 I lay inside this valley
 knees bent into my chest.
 I cannot feel his lips
 Not like I used to
 When the breeze would
 Creep my neck so lovely
 it was as if he traced
 the whole of life onto my skin
 until all that was left were
 scars to remind my soul
 of when love brushed her lips
 over our passing moment.

≈

You I Could Paint

You
I could paint;
the bridge of your nose,
the way your neck meets your shoulders.

Could I capture the true essence of your eyes on
canvas?
Would my brush be able to make them speak?

I would make your lips kissable.

You
I could paint.

Casting shadows from your cheek bones,
they would say "*who is he?*",
and I would whisper
"*The last panther.*"

You
I could paint

≈

Darkest Night

Outside myself, held onto hope,
 your hands around my throat,
 the darkest night was desperation,
 saddened separation.
 You became demon to my angel
 as you strangled me.

My soul split. One stood beyond
 behind throngs of innocent eyes,
 hypnotized from fighting for air,
 closer to death; mode survivor;
 my fingers like pliers.
 Pry away the thumb
 that has my throat numb.

“Sorry” isn't enough
 when your jugular's been cut.
 “*I was wrong*” is not a sequel
 doesn't bring love to fruition
 because you threw the towel in.
 It wasn't futile, your control
 with my refusal, and so you
 snapped, leaving behind
 lemon rinds sour with time.
 Traces of passion drops fade quietly
 when you are being loved violently.

≈

7 Bleed

So, I bleed once again
because red is familiar,
tearing open wounds
that never completely healed.

So, I cry once again
because drowning is my method,
sinking low beneath waters
that never cleansed from my lungs.

So, I am angered once again
because I am tired
of being placed aside
from the feigned face of want.

So, I shut down once again
because blocking is bearable,
no dealing with banter,
that never had true meaning.

So, I walk once again
because leaving is easier,
rid myself of this baggage,
that you are too weak to control.

So, I kiss once again
because this sex has no emotion.
Momentary pacifications
don't scar everlasting.

Inevitability

Floundering like dead fish
 I splay against my bones,
 down to the white meat
 where nourishment resides.
 I could right now, get up
 throw caution to the wind
 divide my belongings between friends
 and run so swiftly to nowhere.
 Stagnating I'd lay in ponds where
 salamanders scuttle about hoping
 to turn one day into something
 bigger, like a frog, maybe
 hop away from this churning.
 Pot boiling over I am ready
 to fly birdies to somewhere,
 somewhere, nowhere

I am lost
 so lost.

Redemption I have found
 between these words.
 If I speak it shall come to pass.
 Stimulate my soul
 curled up like a fuzzy caterpillar
 that hopes not to be stepped on
 before she crawls into her cocoon.
 Beautiful butterfly
 next summer emerges.

Until then I am seeking
a tombstone where they can
rub their hands
over the engraved words and say, "*Remember
her?*"

Will they?
Remember?

Long after the silence has dissipated,
my meanings debated in smoking circles
(*dig a pit, yo, in the sand and burn*)
I smile somewhere in the heavens,
if I earn that space,
if my sins are erased,
if my angel wings open.
I'm hoping.

≈

Oh, But If I Could

I want to bring wishes in baskets,
 Mend broken hearts with love patches;
 Sing the sweetest of music
 To the ears that refuse it.

I want to breathe life eternal,
 Pull their sadness from the inferno
 Dying reeds upon the stagnant water;
 Become their mother and their father.

Oh, if I could just give this to self
 To sew together the broken, frail
 Pieces of my confused missing
 It would be my lips heaven kissing.

Smiles that mean something real
 Besides masking the saddened feel;
 Oh, if I could drink from that cup,
 Skip through fields of black eyed Susans
 Throw away deference and excuses.

And if I could just know true passion
 Around me, not coming in small rations
 Enveloping my neck, whisper to my ears,
 Rocking into nighttime my tearful fears,
 Oh, but if I could just get up.

≈

Spills

It spills out
Endlessly, bursting.
If my eyes could bleed it,
they would run continuous blood.

I cannot paint enough,
write enough,
sing enough,
or cry enough.
Reach inside my skin.
Scratch it raw.

Sleep brings no rest,
aching even in my dreams.

If I could just love enough
to chase it away.
Oh, but if I could want to,
but I don't.

≈

Throat Lumps

I have throat lumps. I am sad and hopeful for no apparent reason. I see moon moments. They creep behind clouds, mocking my eyesight as I sit silent. I take special care in choosing these wind chimes. I test their tinkling, select harmony, the dragonfly platinum one the smallest, and its voice seems to catch my ear the most as I fade to sleep, my bedroom window partially open to the entrance of the night breeze. I have let myself love weak. It is inescapable. Years left cold and closed, I lay my head back against the soft cushion of my chair and smile to myself. Yet I have let myself love, and this is strength. This is progress.

There is a little girl playing on the balcony across the walkway. She has folded a blanket in a shoe box. I see only the top of her soft, dark head as she speaks in a low voice to her precious, ceramic infant, urging her sleep, sweetest lullaby of hush little baby floating through the lattice. She has an angel voice of song, *"Oh don't fall, please don't fall"*, and it speaks to me, but it is her play child she urges. Do not grow up, young one. Do not love. I beg of you, stay pure, so tiny and innocent. *"Do not ever love, one"*, but I do not mean it. Just don't love like I have loved with random, sporadic choosing, and when they abandon you, do not be tricked into reopening your most sacred haunt.

I realize that I have been whispering, moving my lips, my lids closed, and as I open them, I see her eyes, dark pools of wonder watching me through the open weavings of our wooden partitions. Our eyes meet for seconds, and she moves slowly away, clutching her blanket-wrapped treasure to her chest. She pauses at the sliding glass door, and turns, for just one moment, before she disappears behind the vertical blinds. I sigh to myself. I was never you, dear one, never untainted. I am half red heart and half glass, opaque, translucent mystery. I want to speak, to be rectified, yet there is no purpose in it. I want to explain to deaf ears, to chase away the envy and scream the understood, but it has no meaning to simple minds.

≈

You Run

You run.
Run from danger, your anger,
deception, happiness,
the ground beneath your feet.

You run.
I can't catch your swiftness,
your step quickened,
legs pumping air.

I care,
care for your life, your love,
your wellbeing,
what you were feeling.

I care.
I can't fix it, your addiction,
agitated stillness,
clinging to solitude.

You lie,
lie to yourself, to others,
trying to feign being recovered,
ready for commitment, resistant.

You lie.
I can't find your truth,
your lips a falsified urn
for what you yearn.

I cried,
cried for your absence, your pain,
what you seek to find, but cannot gain,
your readiness that is so unwilling.

I cried,
only to purge my hurt, to divert,
and be alert, as not to look behind.

I cry while you run.

≈

...epilogue

I survived. I am here. I have dusted the shelves of my past and learned to live. Sometimes words can help us know that we are not alone in our fight to survive.

You too are a survivor.
And you are here.

~vennie~

I Was Born To Be Poetry

I was reared by a single mother who took me and my siblings to live on a cult in the seventies. I spent my childhood suffering through physical, mental, ritual, and sexual abuse all in the name of religion. It was an often-hopeless existence.

When no one around me cared about the state of my wellbeing, I wrote poetry on scraps of paper which I hid beneath my mattress. It was immediately a natural part of who I was, and no one could take those emotions no matter how much they hurt me. Poetry helped me survive.

May poetry heal you, release you and remind you that nothing and no one can ever take from us our words or our souls.

I am Poetry.

Vennie Keesis

About the Author

Vennie Kocsis lives in the Pacific Northwest where she enjoys nature and being involved in the mental health community.

She writes regularly at her personal website:

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