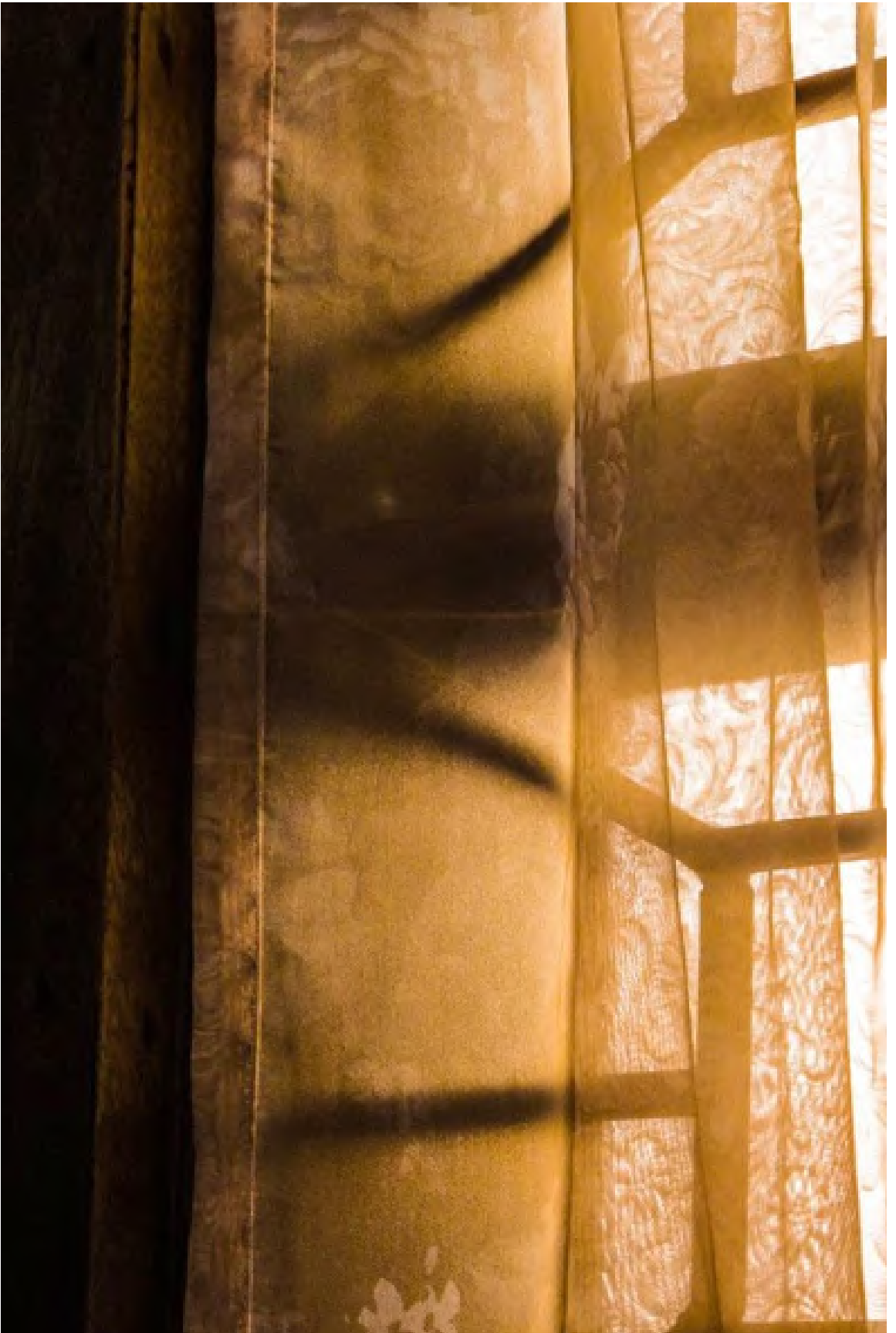


c e s e s t r e l



handwritten





Resurrection

Like a single cloud I am
Floating alone in a blanket of blue
Hovering over the vast lands
Searching for a companion, ever so true

I walk alone in a different direction
As people brush against my shoulders
I was shoved in contradiction
By giant lifeless boulders

I tread through this journey in utter melancholy
Walking alone in the sands of life
I need an ally to be with
Ready to defend me with a sharp knife

But the truth is I have no one
All I have is myself
I walk alone under the heat of the sun
As I cry and scream for help

I was trapped in this lonely abyss
Where no one could hear me shout
I swear the sounds were hard to miss
But the echoes of my scream slowly faded out

I had enough of being weak
Beneath me, I gripped the sand
My palms were itching with havoc to wreak
As I held the sharp knife between my hands

Take my hand again

Your hand in mine. My arms wrapped around you. I felt safe, the safest I've ever been. Knowing that people like you exist in this world.

But distance, time, and change are what pulled us away from each other.

I poured my tears onto you, and you poured yours on me, and sadly that damp shirt is all I have left to remember you.

You led me to the right path. Guided me with every step. But now I'm lost and I keep wondering... if anyone would ever take my hand again.



Why the light shines

Many people go up to her and just smother her with affection and admiration, like she was some new creature just waiting to be discovered. But did they ever stop to think that maybe... she doesn't want to be treated that way? The athlete, the writer, the musician, the artist... the "overly talented" girl as they say.

Yes, she writes. She plays. She paints. But, is that it? Do these words really define who she is? People tend to look at the positives, they look at the good things, the silver lining. But they don't even bother to take a look at what hides underneath that light. What made her into this "gifted" girl that everybody adores? A light cannot shine without the darkness that hides inside, and it is high time that we stop believing in the "Look on the bright side" cliché.

It's not bad to look on the negatives every once in a while. If you were to come across her at the school corridor, you would often find her with in an unfocused gaze. Looking here and there, staring at who-knows-what.

She is a seeker, an observer. She notices every little thing... the good and the bad. All those beautifully heartbreaking poems and paintings didn't just come from out of the blue. She experiences them, witnesses them, and sees them with her own eyes.

She makes unbreakable bonds with the people whom she trusts, and they are quite a few. Although she may not be the best at maintaining strong communication, she stays with you, silently protecting.

Break that bond, and it will never be restored... and a number of people already did. Where do you think she came up with all those tear-jerking songs? Much like a wolf, she travels alone, still looking for the right pack to be in. She may have a few comrades along the way, but none of them have ever stayed.

The reason she is so "unbelievably talented" as the people call her, is because this is the only way to release everything dark that is inside.

Nothing but the wind

In silence the wind blew
As you walked right past me
I tried no to glance at you
But it was hard for me not to see

My head throbs with confusion
My feelings I tried to shove
Maybe it's just mere infatuation
Or maybe it's love

I remember how you broke my heart
With the words "I love her",
Your words hit me like a dart
You and her... together

It's been a year
And I still don't know
If my wounds have healed
then why doesn't my smile show?

I try to hide the truth
But secrets always come out
I still love you
Do I have to shout it out?

This will all end soon
I'll toss my love in the bin.
Next time, when you walk past me
I'll feel nothing but the wind

Gratitude

Thank you
For everything
You were the one
Who started it all

Thank you
For showing me that you didn't deserve me
Thank you
For revealing your true colors

Thank you
For giving me pain
Thank you
For breaking my heart

Thank you
For all the tears
Thank you
For the false hope

I wrote my poems,
But they never came from me
You had each word
And I just stitched them together

You are the poet
Behind my poems
The artist
Behind my art

You gave me something
To create
And I can never
Thank you enough.

Realize

I was alone, sitting on our roof admiring the soothing pitter patter of the small raindrops.

Until not even a minute passed, and the drizzle became a storm. I looked up and saw that - strangely - the sky was still a bright yellow.

That's when I realized that even the happiest people could be conjuring up a storm inside.



Lost Petals

Rose in hand
Offered to another
The cycle continues
Over and over

Hundreds of hearts
Joined with their pairs
And I was there
Watching from afar

Each rose
Lost a petal
As the couples twirled and
swayed
drowning in the music

But no one
Seemed to notice
That one soul

Hand in hand
They walked off into the night
Leaving what they once held
Slowly drifting
out of sight

And I was there,
Amongst the lost petals.

Still watching
from afar.

Donuts and deep talk

I still remember the first day we walked in that café. It was all just a joke at first, but what was once just a little game turned out to be something even more. The coffee was brewing, the hot chocolate never smelled so nice, and the donuts fresh on our plates. You were sat across me and your smile was real... it was genuine, and that's when I knew that we were happy. Time flew by unnoticed and the next thing we knew, we were lost in our own nonsense stories and the moon had already replaced the sun. Maybe, just maybe, we could do this again some time.

I went to that café again yesterday. The table for two was already waiting for me- for us. Our usual spot. The coffee was still brewing, the hot chocolate was still there, and the donuts... well, let's just say that not a lot has changed.

But only this time there was one donut instead of two, just hot chocolate and no coffee, and the gray chair in front of me remained empty. I didn't wait for the moon to come out, instead I left the place with your memory.

But I'm hoping that maybe... just maybe... we could do that again some time.

Some time.



Balcony

Cold air streaming down my body
Subtle little raindrops dropping around me
The scent of petrichor roaming around
Despite the smoke mixed with the clouds

I can't see anything but the brightness of green
And the calmness of blue
I can't hear anything but the sound of birds
And the voice of my own mind

It was as if I was invisible to the world
Even higher than the clouds in the sky
It's like I was never here
In the first place

Seeing everything from new heights
Peaceful
Calming

But... scary

I fear that someone might find me here
And take me away
Fear of falling
And never getting back

But despite the fear
I always find a way to come back
To this scary
Beautiful place

Everyone's favorite nursery song

Twinkle, twinkle
little star
will I ever
get that far?

Up in the sky
with the diamonds flying high.
But will I ever
stop this lie?

Because, little star
there's this constant war
between my mind
and my aching heart.

Twinkle, twinkle
little star
I'm stuck
watching you from afar.

Too late

It's eleven o'clock
and I'm sat by the window
staring at that dark blue blanket covered
with thousands of stars.

Smoke from my steaming cup of black coffee
fogs up the glass;
blocking my view.

Beside it, lays a plate
with two pieces of toast
, just waiting to be devoured.

With each bite
sweet butter kisses my lips
but each bite
is too sweet for my liking.

A sip of black coffee
overpowers the sweet sickening taste
but as I finish half of the glass
bitterness engulfs my entirety
and my tongue, burnt and red.

But a choice has to be made.
To what extent am I willing to suffer?
Is it worth it to be hurt by the bitter taste,
if it meant giving up the disgusting sweetness forever?

But then it dawned on me
that these two flavors can become one.

The sweetness of the butter
and the bitterness of the coffee,
can be combined
into a bittersweet haven.

With each dip of bread
into the black steaming pool,
I see colors combine
I see worlds collide

But I was too late to realize.

For the plate is now empty,
and this is my last cup of coffee.



Last Dance

Tonight is the night,
everyone was shining
you were my light
in this elegant evening.

People were dancing around,
with smiles on their faces.
Swaying with a graceful sound
with slow and steady paces

Momentous was the occassion
all my friends were there
They were dancing with great passion
but their faces were tired and bare

I saw your face
and then I hid
I thought you didn't catch my gaze
but you did

You walked towards me
and gave me a smile
But it was heartbreaking to see you
dance with the girl
across the isle

A magic spell

You had me under your charm
Your words too enticing
Then suddenly I fell
For a magician's magic chant

But I was wrong
It wasn't a spell
It was a curse

I'm still awake at 3:00am

"I'm so tired of crying myself to sleep at night..."

and I never thought it would come to the point when I could say that out loud.

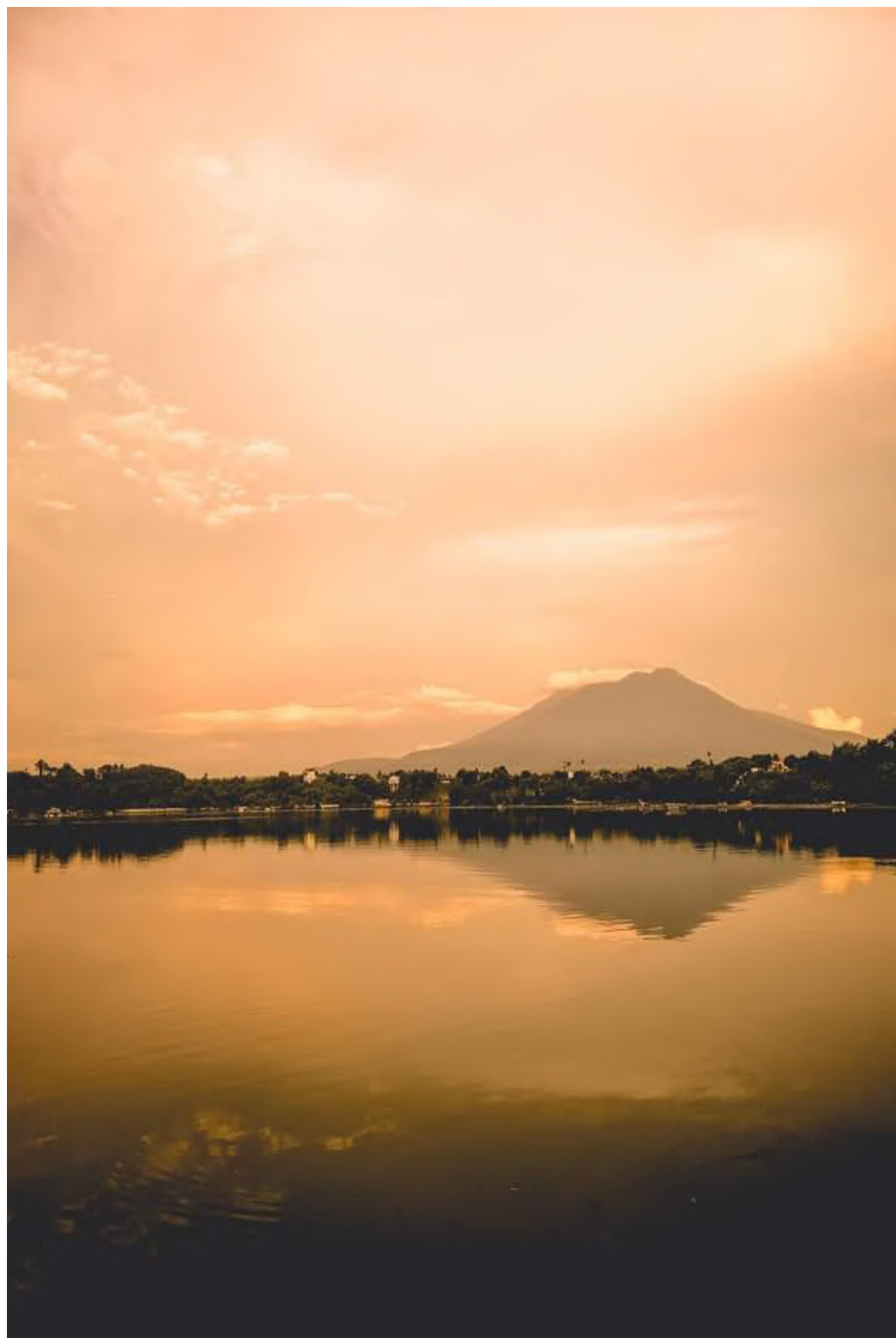
Empty

A square with no sides
A circle with no turns
A scream into the void

All fading into nothing

An emotionless gray statue
Not sad,
Nor happy

Just empty.



Of wine, smoke, and first times

I've never known that wine tastes like. I've never felt the sensation of smoke floating in your lungs,

I don't understand why most people drown and suffocate themselves in a sea of liquor and in a fog of tobacco smoke.

Every time I see someone take a quick swig of a cigar, I can see their lives being taken away with every puff of gray smoke coming out of their mouths.

Every sip of red wine seems like torture. I see them cringe with disgust every time they finish a glass. But they still come back for more; raising their glasses in cheers as they fall in line for another round of s hots.

I don't understand any of it.

Until there came a time when I wanted to give up. I wanted to disappear, to vanish into thin air, to stop existing. reality has taken the best of me, and I would do anything just to escape this cruel reality.

I found myself craving for a glass of wine. I wanted to inhale tobacco smoke and let it burn my lungs. The bitter alcohol left a cold trace in my throat, and the next ting I knew, I was laying on my bed. I couldn't move and my head stung with pain.

For the first time, I finally understood why. For the first time, alcohol entered my mouth. It was like I was dying. The bitter liquid left me in pain. Life drained out of me. Death was staring me in the face.

And that was when I decided
That my first sup of wine
Shall be my last

Trespass

I've put up my walls
But you never stop
Trying to get over them

I've chained myself up
I caged myself in
But you keep trying
To set me free

But no
I don't want to unshackle myself
From the chains
Of my own mind

I gave multiple keys away
They are kept by
The guardians of my mind and heart

And no
You are not one of them

The never-ending dilemma

She is I
I am She

I wanted to hide
She wanted to break free

Eyes of disguise

Your eyes speak the words
That you fail to say
But I can't help but wonder

Can those dark eyes hide something even
darker?

They say that
Eyes never lie
But does that mean

They always speak the truth?

Ashen sky

What is the use
Of a fresh coat of paint
Or a new shade of blush?

What good would it do
To cover the scars
And hide the real you?

The truth seeps out
Through the white lie
Your marks, dark and gray
Reflect the ashen sky

Cruel as it might be
For me to say
That your pathetic little cover-up
Doesn't make you beautiful anyway



Reflection

Mirror, mirror
On the wall
Can you show me
Where my fate falls?

Go on and show me
What my future holds,
And let my destiny
Slowly unfold

But does my reflection
Have something to hide
Maybe even mirrors
Have the ability to lie

Sunrise

The night holds more than the moon and stars. For in its darkness lies the secrets of my mind. Drowning in the waters of uncertainty.

How long will it take until I wake up to a beautiful sunrise?



Of time and teddy bears

All grown up
With nowhere to go
They say I've matured
But what do they know?

I miss the child
Who I once was
Not a single care in the world
Not even making a fuss

The thing is
I can't go back.
If only I could invent a time machine
To get me back on track

Impossible as it seems
To go back in time
I have this little teddy bear
To remind me of what once was mine

The Lost Boys

Everyone talks about Peter Pan
The boy who never grew up
The one who could fly with just
A little help from Tinkerbell
The one who could take you off to Neverland
The one who could fly you to the second star to the right
And straight on until morning
The one who believes in faith, trust, and pixie dust

That magical... mythical boy.

But no one talks about the lost boys.
The ones who endured real pain
The ones who followed Peter's steps.
The ones who could never reach the sky
The ones who dreamed of greatness
But ended up being lost

No one talks about the lost boys
The ones who smiled despite of darkness

If you ask me, they're the true heroes

It wouldn't hurt

They told me it wouldn't hurt
To put myself out into the world
to wait for another pair of eyes to stare into mine.

They told me it wouldn't hurt
to pour out the words I've hid inside
and write poems and prose of all kinds.

They told me it wouldn't hurt
to share an afternoon conversation with you
over a cup of coffee, and maybe a donut or two.

They told me it wouldn't hurt to tell you
all the things I've decided to keep
locked in a journal
until dust collects in its paper sheets.

They told me it wouldn't hurt
Oh but it did
When you told me that you and I
just didn't seem to be the right fit

I was lost for a while
Like a kid in the park
who was mistakenly left alone
to play outside until dark.

I tried to lock myself up
from the world outside
from other eyes
and from the poems and prose of all kinds.

A heart so numb
grew itself into place
because maybe I didn't want to get hurt again
maybe I've just lost this race

But I can't lie.
Because each day that passes
I feel like it would be nice
to have a hand to hold
or a voice to hear
and eyes to stare into
once the morning becomes clear.

Fear has lingered in me for too long.
So I let out a huge sigh.
I guess maybe this time
it wouldn't hurt to try.





Things we carry

I slam my notebook shut
and put my pen back in its case
Closing my eyes, I let out a deep breath
and put my shoes on, starting to lace

I can hear the crowd roaring
from outside my dressing room
cheering me out
even louder than the speaker's boom

My black guitar strapped behind me
with strings all new and bright
thousands of people waiting for me
to sing my heart out all night

Songs of joy and heartache
fill the pages of my notebook.
If people only knew...
If they could just look...

I step onto the stage
Standing in front of the screaming crowd
and as I strum the first chord
All the weight
seemed to die down.

Dreamscape

Some people think
that dreams are some sort of magical thing.

Dreams let you live
in your world of imagination.
They let you taste the feeling
of your deepest desires.
They let you witness the scenes
that you only make up in your head.

From the moment you slowly drift to sleep
a smile forms on your face.
The madness of reality slowly fades away,
as you make your journey to the dreamscape.

But no one tells you the cruel side to this story.

Dreams let you know what it truly means to be happy...
and then suddenly rips it away from you once you wake up.

Crumble

Walking through the streets
Without a care in the world
Each careless step
Accompanied with a catchy tune

As I descended the path
Everything began to change
Slowly, I saw my whole world
Crumble before my eyes

Doves turned into crows
Blue turned to gray
Leaves fell from the mighty trees
And a dead end was in my way

Suddenly you appeared out of nowhere
I was given a ray of hope
You walked towards me
... with an evil grin

Your mouth formed the words
And I couldn't believe what I heard

And that was when
My whole world
Came crashing down.



Dormire

Hush little girl, don't you cry
Look up at the stars in the dark night sky
See them sparkle, see them shine
and I'll protect you
as you fall asleep tonight.

Deep Within

At the heart
Of the dark forest
Lies a little firefly
With its soft yellow glow

Cold is the night
Despite the firefly's warm light

Isn't it strange
For a firefly
To hover alone?

For it cannot face
The freezing cold snow

A little lost
A little torn
Not knowing where to go

To be the only one left of his kind
Where does he find the strength
To continue his flight

Deep within the forest
Lies a light
Hope is growing slim

Deep within my heart
Is my spirit getting grim

Hush little firefly
You're trapped deep within

Keep hovering up to the dark night sky
Even if your light
Is starting to dim

grim.



My Fortune

Wouldn't it be nice
To lay down on the grass
As the cold breeze
Cradles me to sleep

To watch the stars
In the vastness of the dark
To see them twinkle and shine
As I watch them from afar

I remember when I was young
I used to lay down with you
As I pointed to the stars
You would point too

The second star to the right
And straight on until morning
"That's Neverland!" you would say
And we would hear Peter and Wendy singing

You promised to take me there someday
But that was a promise never kept
For you went to Neverland without me
And I stayed here and wept

But as the stars tell your story
I realized that you want me to be happy
You are my Neverland
And soon, together we will be

Starlight

You would always sit with me
Outside on the porch

It was the season of love
Happiness and lights

And there we were
Staring at a giant
Colorful star

“The star’s beauty
Reflects yours.”

I felt like a princess
Together with her mighty king

But time screws with us all
And changes everything

My king
Slowly faded away

The lights
Slowly dimmed

Smiles
Turned to tears

But the love was still
And always will be there

I still sit out on the porch
Whenever that night comes

I still see the star
Glowing and colorful

But I never felt alone
Because I knew that all along...
That the real star
was you.

Lone Wolf

The forest hides its every step
Darkness covers its black coat
Its amber eyes glowing
The only light in this cold night

Heading alone through the deepness
Unafraid of what might come
The moon being its only companion
And a few stars to guide the way

What hides inside this brave heart?
A mystery yet to be solved
The wolf itself seeks for an answer
Howling and hoping for a sign

Another howl echoes in response,
a surprise for a lone wolf.
Finally, it runs towards the sound...
Barking in sheer delight

“Tell the wolves I’m home.”



“The New York Times’ Bestselling Author”

In New York,
I shall find her.
Hood over my head,
I tread through the gray sidewalks.
Concrete buildings,
watching my every step.
And each day that passes,
is written in my heart.
A journey through New York,
to solve a mind-boggling mystery.
I only found the answer,
when I saw my reflection in a puddle at Central Park.

