

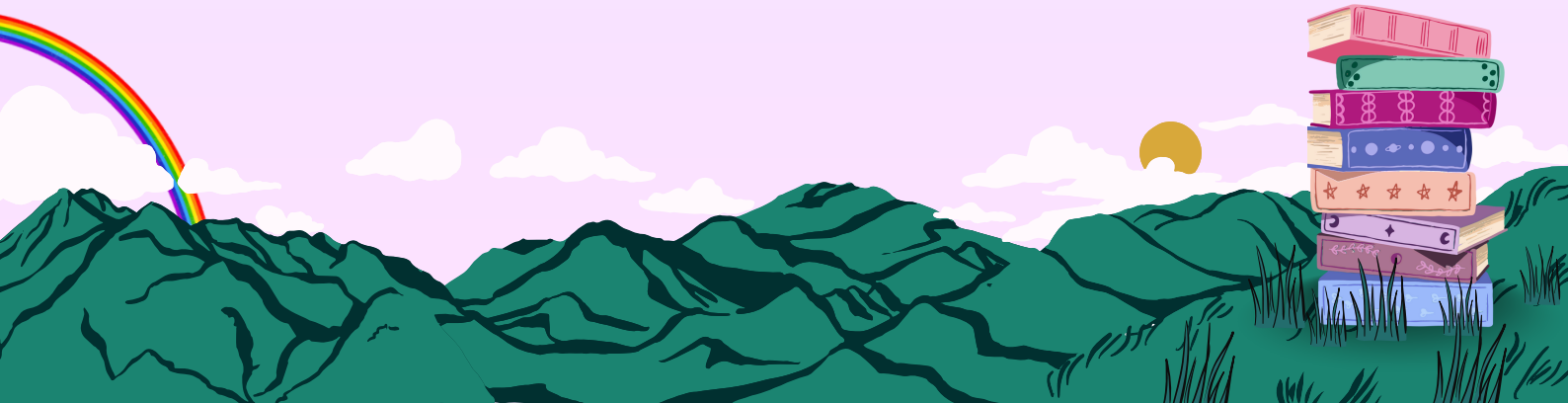
OUT ON THE SHELVES SELECTION

Mia Rose

Original singular poems selected from own collection, written from 2022 to 2023.

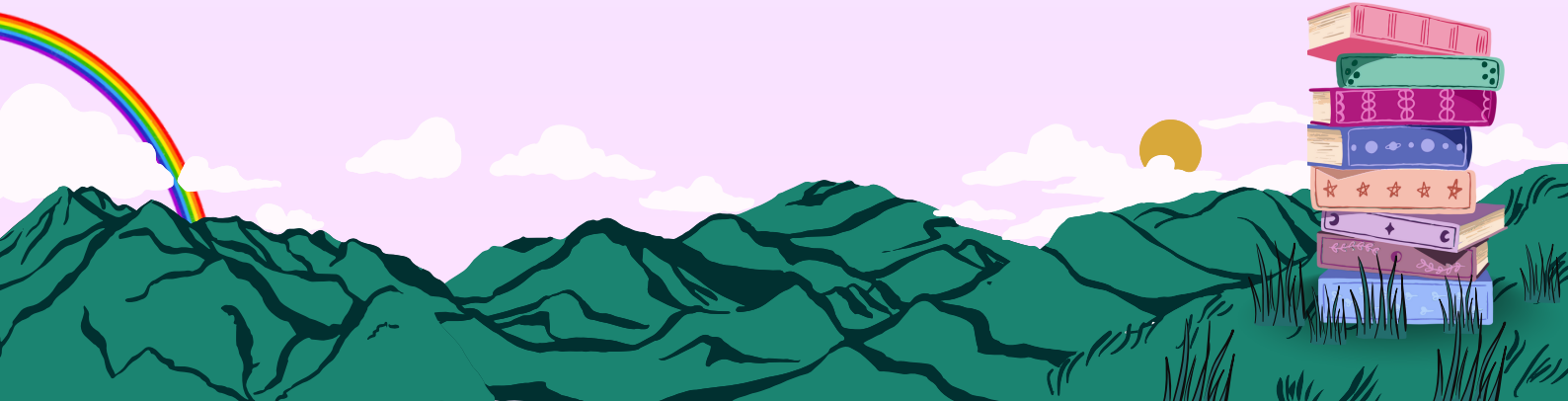
51. She lives inside me -
the girl in those photos
the ones I take of myself
she isn't me
that isn't who I am
and looking at those photos
it feels as though im watching someone else live my life
but she isn't me
that face is not who I am
those clothes don't suit me
she and I are two separate beings
living in harmony
until I am ready to come forward
and it is her time to leave.

137. Conditioned -
From a young age
What to eat
What to say
How to sit
How to act
Movies condition how we love



Parents condition how we treat who we love
Friends condition bad behaviours
'Role models' condition good
And we condition thoughts
Negative and positive
Turning sadness to happy
Turning hate to love
Treating others the way we think of ourselves
Is Where we go wrong
We verbalise how we're supposed to act
We hide what we truly wish to do
We keep our bodies isolated from harm
And protrude the dark thoughts through the safety net
And like a pufferfish we hurt the ones nearest
Toxins cleared of one system
Only to mix with the blood of another

67. Loves constant -
love isn't a constant
and there are days where its remains are a mere crumb left to hold onto
its absence brings people uncertainty and doubt
this is because we are taught to believe love is this overwhelming emotion
that we will feel strongly as a constant
love is taught to be felt like the grand vastness of the ocean
when the way it is felt is much more closely compared to a river
the flows and bends
rocks piercing the surface creating a split in the running water
a river's water is constantly changing



highs and lows like that of a tide as it reaches the end of its journey to the sea
love is an ever changing emotion that cannot be described or encapsulated
within a few words
no two love stories will ever be the same
love will never conform to the mere words we use to describe it
loves only constant
is us

27. what is love -

they say love can be heard

but those soft spoken words are nowhere to be found

left unspoken on the tips of the tongues of those who waited too long

it is said to be felt

but craving touches and laced lips are nothing but lust

people starved of physical contact who use love as an excuse to get what
they want

seen in the eyes of the hopeless romantic

but endless gifts and money spent is merely bribery of the heart

acts of kindness a mere show put on to earn trust

we smell it in the air

but its aroma has grown bitter, as last weeks flowers are rotting in their vase

signature scents lingering like the memory of those who left

tasting of sugar and spice

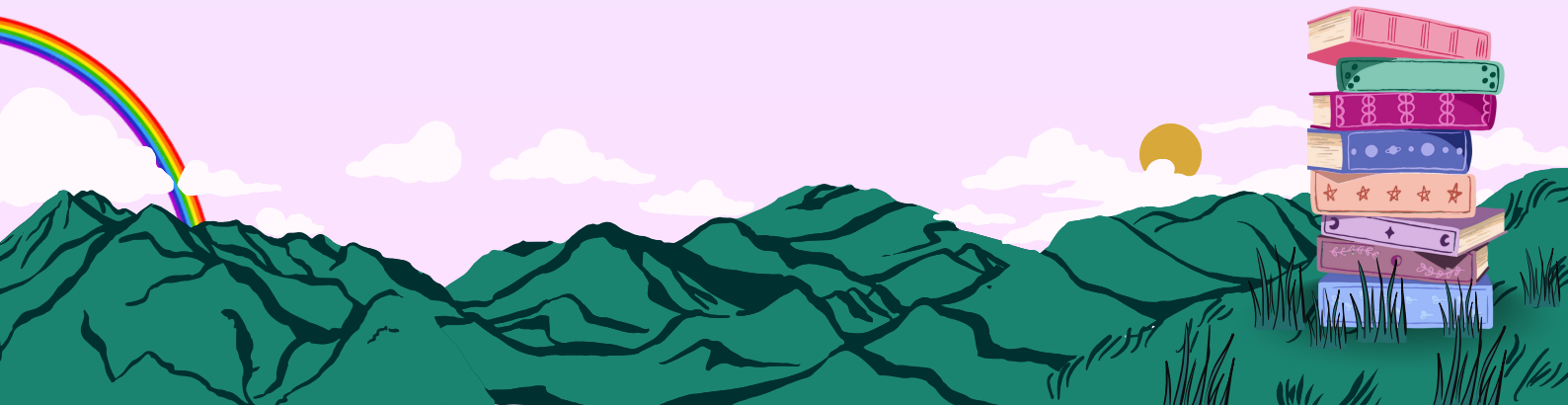
but it has been poisoned and the aftertaste is foul

rotting teeth with its sweet distraction, eating you away from the inside

what is love

but an excuse for the behaviour of humankind

what is love



32. If -

if your eyes could speak, would they share what they've seen?

If your hands could speak , would they tell stories of nights alone?

if your heart could speak , would it still pine for love from him?

If your body could speak , would it ask for help?

If your head could speak, would it be able to let go of what it's hiding?

41. The writer -

she wants to get lost in her own words

embody the people she writes about

and become something other than herself

she cannot understand why she yearns for it

why she yearns to be written like the character of a book

to be read and reread until the book wears out

to be someone's favourite, their first choice

to get the happy ending without the pain

to skip the hardships and start her life

doing what she dreams of

so she writes of people

and lives the life she longs for through them

one day she will be the one talked about within the pages of a book

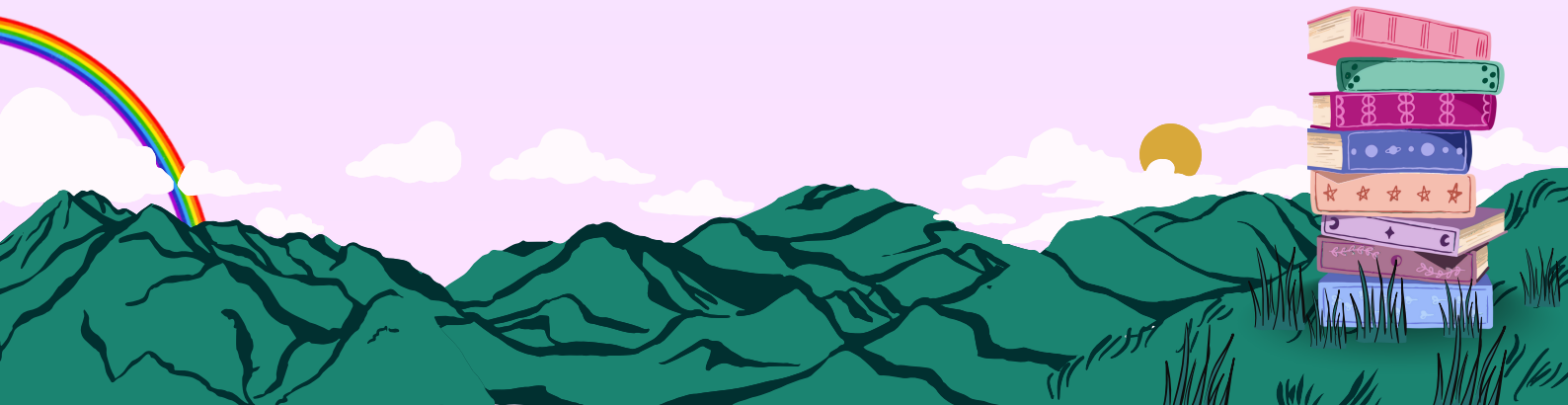
and all the parts of herself she never saw worthy of writing about

will be highlighted in great detail

she will be loved for the flaws she hides

and she will see

she is more than any of the people she ever wrote about



70. Deprivation -

deprivation

a sense that drives you to insanity

and you the source

depriver of mine

taken away all emotions

all the chemicals fleeing from my body at your command

you control their structure

the very creation of their being

bending and twisting the chemicals in your favour

deprived of my dopamine

nothing left like the aftermath of a crime scene

starved of my serotonin

created my dependency on droplets of melatonin

endorphins emptied

long before im given the chance to plead

the oxytocin ripped from my being

time stopping, slowing, freezing

85. Life and death -

walls haunted by grief

overflowing with the tears of visitors

the source of life and death

the burden sits upon its structure

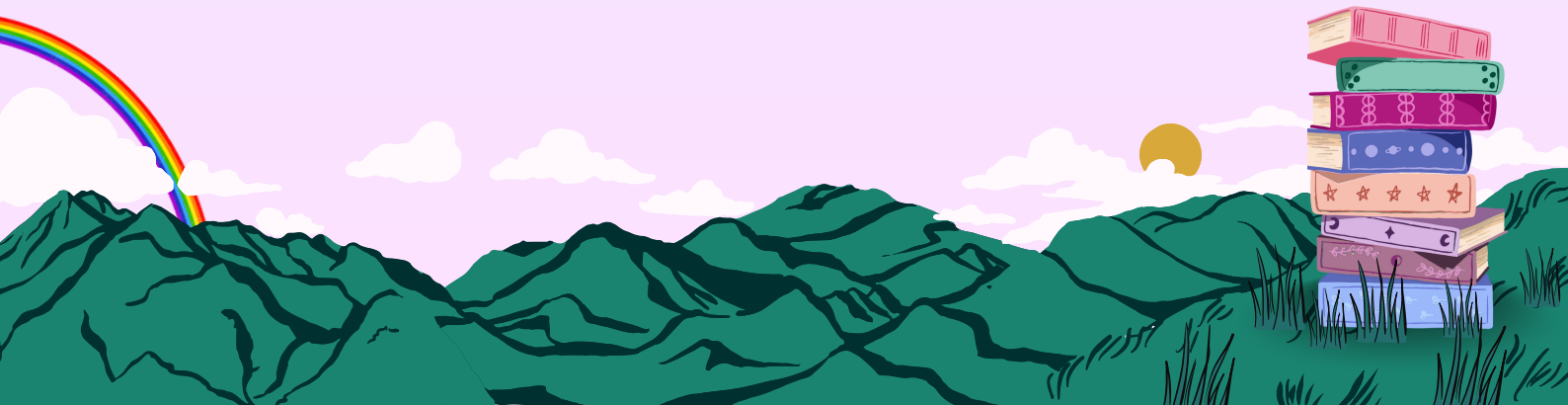
so much responsibility

the doorway into life

and the highway out of it

trusted to invite new life

and protect as life is taken away



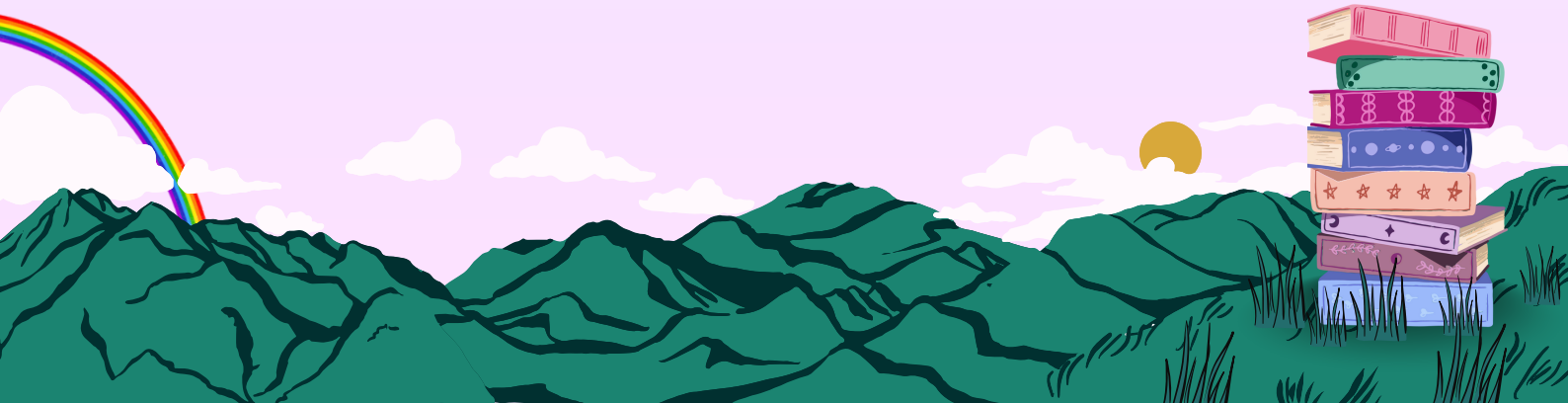
not a day of silence is bestowed upon it
bustling with noise and rush
the day those halls go still
will be the day we've lost any chance to go back

90. The voice in my head -
there's a little voice in my head
she's just a little girl
running the show by herself
screaming as I face her fears

there's a little voice in my head
its afraid of drowning
so I take us dancing in thunderstorms
running through trees, reaching out into wet leaves

there's a little voice in my head
its afraid to be alone
so I cling to everyone we meet
scoring our vessel with scars
ripping the hope of love from the loins of our mind

there's a little voice in my head
it thinks
and it thinks too much
and so we think too much together
like an argumentative married couple
we quarrel
and we isolate
ourselves away from human contact

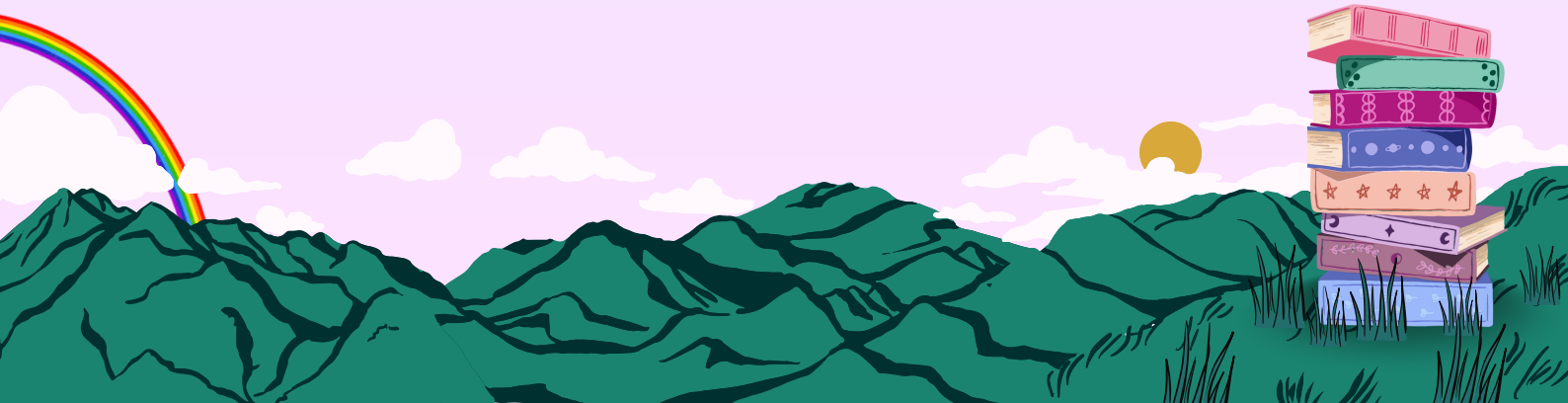


there's a little voice in my head
it anticipates pain
so we take scalding rain showers
let blood drip and pool
turn scab to scar
let winter rain soak clothes, its icy surfaces clinging to skin

there's a little voice in my head
its afraid to forget
yet photos
taken
lost
forgotten
memories held in wilting flowers, origami, empty albums, polaroids, yen and rupees
anything that weakened hands could seize

there's a little voice in my head
it keeps saying it misses our childhood
after we grew up too fast and forgot how to have fun
slowly our childish behaviours emerge from beneath the layers we've grown
to protect them

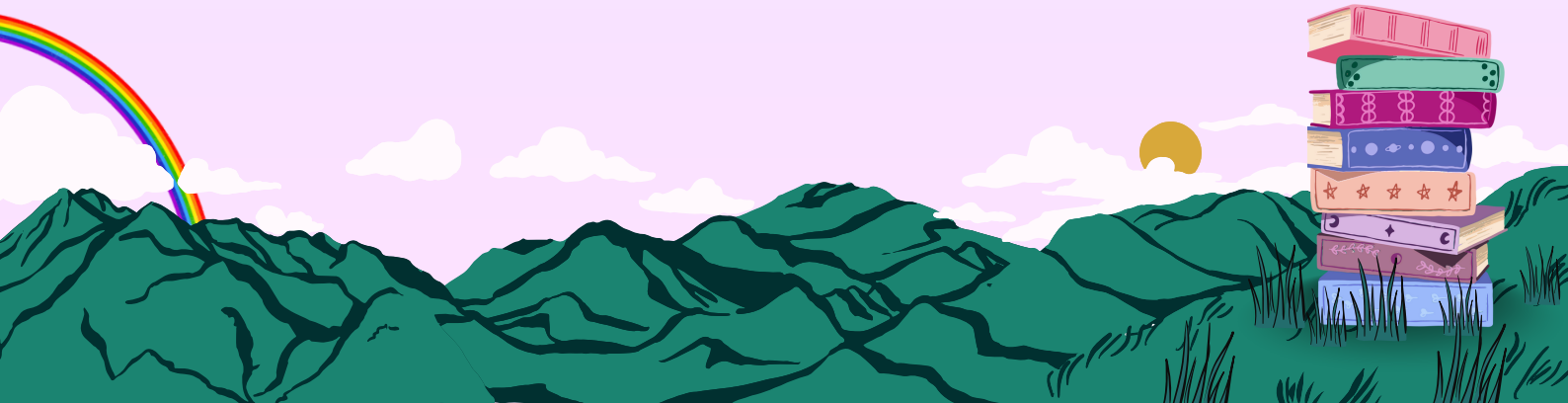
there's a little voice in my head
it doesn't always like the way we act
the way we look
it is gutting me from the inside out
longing for the picture perfect body
faking its way into a personality no one could ever be proud of



there's a little voice in my head
and he doesn't know if he fits in yet
like a baby learning to take his first steps
his presence is not scary but, rather, new
what was once dormant within a mind, forever a permanent fixture
decorating the minds pre-gutted walls with his personality

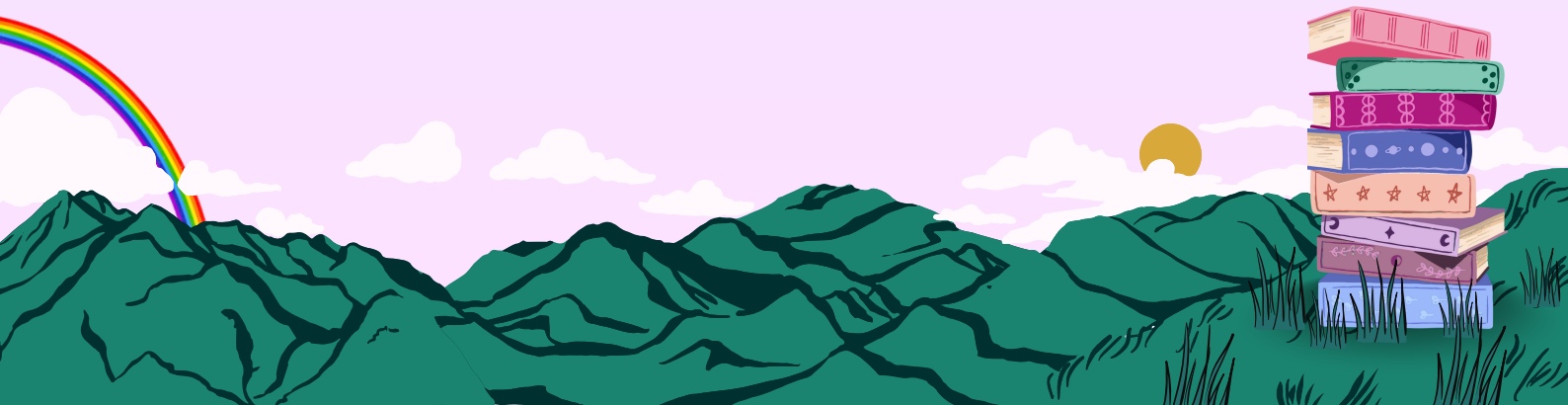
there's a little voice in my head
its afraid of heights
so like a monkey, wild and abundantly free, we climb
sit with the wind
nestled in the branches of the tallest tree
watching the people below like and omnipotent being, watching his world go
by

there's a little voice in my head
that same little girl
she is less alone than she thought
stubbornly
slowly
she is realising the other voices are her allies
and together they can make someone stronger
bonded by one mind
whispering their fears, wishes and praises to the same being.



105. To shed the past -
what it must be like to shed the past
like the dead skin off the back of a snake
like the flaking scales off a sleeping lizard
the reptiles of our ecosystem
allowed to move forward and lose what is holding them back
yet us
the most technologically advanced civilisation in history
is lacking the emotional intelligence to differentiate when it's healthy to let go
a grudge holds an importance that one can never hope to hold
bypassers never see the boulders we encounter daily
the internalised struggle to keep someone out of your life
because you decided you'd had enough
you had decided they didn't deserve any more time
any more patience
you had decided something you should have been taught from the start
that not everyone is worthy of forever.

140. The death of a second life -
Life after death exists through the physical representation of the dead
The graveyards we lay to remember those
It is a second life
One we choose to maintain
A second life that may outlive their own life
But not me
I want my second life
I want my memory
to crumble



Let the moss and let the roots of the nearby tree
Destroy my memorials structural integrity
Let my tombstone fall apart amidst a muddle of nature
memories will fade
And life will be forgotten
I want to leave
And I want the ghost I turn into,
to enjoy nature's natural destruction
Quiet and patient
As it takes over the last physicality of me.

5. Parting death -
till death do we part
but at which death do we depart
the death of my feelings for you
the nightmares filled with ended lives
the death of our words
or our sight
or must we wait beyond these deaths till our final
is your death my ticket for our parting
or are we bound to each other beyond the living realm
am i tied to you only until after you lose your life
or until i lose mine

