

Familiar Souls

A blaze scars these people
Scorching their surface
as one soul might do to
another, if it got too close.
A velvet red layer surrounds
their wounds, pain is not felt,
but comfort.
Under a blanket of yearning dots,
Souls move as they want,
others are commanded.
The urgency to be safe
Lingers, constricting my lungs.
To acquire this security
we must trust one another,
and when the burning returns
At least we will have each other.

Addict

The constant Urge
To get a fix
Controlling minds
playing tricks
Hours spent
Searching for cash
Quickly vanishes
For some hash
In the bathroom
Or in the woods
Desperate measures
Are always good
So much money
Blown on drugs
It's not worth it
Just give hugs.

NECAPS

My thoughts are shot
Fuck this shit
Fuck this stress
I'm done with it.
This used to work
What the Fuck
They're still here
My emotions; stuck.
Feel like crying
Or maybe even dying
Suicidal or not
I'm forced to survive
These nonsensical tests
I'm compelled to pass
But if I fail
I'm KICKING someone's ASS!

Where dreams go to die

A building stands
Seventeen hundred enter and exit
They're all the same
Struggling to find their place
Minds fly high
Taking everything; information
Hearts so...undecided
I can't find my place
My path; Nowhere to be found
My dreams died here
I'm not to be confound.

One Way Window

The only thing I allow through me is sunlight
Nothing leaves. Nothing Enters.
No air. No Oxygen. No life.

Except sunlight
How it breaches my glass walls
Is a mystery

Illuminating the room I protect
It saddens me
I have failed.

The only job I have ever known
Keeping everything out
Sunlight invades this room

I have failed
Now the question is
Why don't I open up?

See the world for a moment
If unpleasant
Just close up again.

** New England Common Assessment Program
(NECAP)*



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Origami Poetry Project

The Memories

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This is for all of the teachers I have
troubled over the years. Particularly
those at North Kingstown High School.