

From One So Young
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Author's Note

This is me. All of what I thought or felt or did. Fragments of moments when I cried, or laughed, or wondered, or witnessed, or felt heartbroken. So this is like seeing a part of what I think. I am a jumbled mess, a person without a direction, a boy who is incomplete. And I share this with you reader, because I am not the only person to have ever felt this way. I share this just so you know who I am, and if you are like me than it is okay.

I Lie Chained To The Sky

A society of hurt is where I lie,
Media destroys itself with its self-hate,
Saying how we never notice each other anymore,
And how things were better in the past, but they never were.
I lie being told how we should act and write,
And those who differ are torn apart,
In our society of freedom.
I lie with a black slab of plastic and metal,
That can tell us that the ignorant thoughts of others,
And what we are eating or whom we are sleeping with,
Convincing us this is something our lives need.
I lie with the belief that a text holds valuable meaning,
That a smiley face means affection,
Or that a second 'y' in "hey",
Is a form of flirtation.
I lie in a society where the idea of a pen being mightier than,
The sword, no longer stands.
I lie with the idea that my independence equals privilege,
And that beauty is outside, and not within you,
And that female's lives revolve around males,
And that a girl should love me because "I'm cute",
But they never have to and never should belong to you.
I lie in a pit we dug ourselves in,
Filled to the top with all kinds of poisons we live off,
That we consume, we eat, we drink,
We drink everything to forget everything,

When the youth hate their youth,
Then that is where we failed.
I lie with all these devils and angels resting on my shoulders,
And these parasitic thoughts that burrow in my brain,
And cause me to lie awake.
I lie where silence is no longer appreciated,
As voices crowd everyone's thoughts,
You are told where to go,
How to live, who to love,
Who to follow, who to listen too.
I lie and wonder why everyone lies,
And shouts and cries,
And never loves, they just only lie.
I lie feeling like everything is incomplete,
This is all not what it is meant to be,
This is all some fake dream,
That this is all the end of my hopeless feats.
I lie thinking of all that suffer every night,
With no place to sleep,
No one to love,
No happiness to keep.
I lie hoping that people find peace,
In marriages, in relationships,
In countries, in governments,
In homes, in streets,
In people, in themselves.
I lie wishing for so many things,
Love, happiness, hope, peace,
Friends, kindness, understanding, clarity.
I lie hearing people yelling in the street,
Of stories they once had,
Of people they once loved,
Of places they once went,
Of dreams they once had.
I lie listening to songs that make me sad,
And wonder of things that could be.
I lie alone with no one beside me,
I think of all the beauty that I have seen,
How I ruined it all by just being me,
And I tell myself,
The people you lose end up losing you,
Then tears fall down my eyes,
Because I want it to be a lie,
I do not like feeling dead inside.
I lie questioning all I do,
The things I write,
And all the dreams that I wish come true.
A society is where I lie,
It is where I live and where I die,
We are broken, we all cry,

But we are the same,
You may be different, so don't try to blame,
Others for living their lives strange,
Be happy with your own,
And if you don't, then just try.
I lie, I lie, I lie,
And I do not want to lie anymore.

A Young Person Dumbly Philosophizes

In youth, we think we have something to prove,
But in truth,
We sit idle by, watching others try,
And we moan and laugh at their fates,
But in truth,
We wish we could be what we are not,
And we think one day, life will grant us that wish,
In truth, though we lie in the purgatory of youth,
We do not have to stay.

Books

You read,
To escape your believed entrapment.
You read,
To escape your own reality.
You read,
To escape your fears of loneliness.

But books are merely words and when they end,
You cannot escape the existence of your life,
So perhaps you may as well... live it.

Why Write?

We write because we create,
We create because we dream,
We dream because we hope,

And we hope because we cannot live.

Sorry

I wish for there to be a metaphor to describe you,
Like a bird or the ocean, just so you can see,
How justifiable my incessant moaning can be.

Clouds

As I sit here, as the sky stretches before me,
Blue, cloudy and free.
I cannot help but think of the beauty I see,
As the only truth there could ever be.

If We

If we light ourselves on fire,
And the fire does not burn.
Then what is the point of the fire?

If we shine light in a dark tunnel,
And it does not glow.
Then what is the point of the light?

If we scream ourselves deaf,
And no sound emits.
Then what is the point of screaming?

If we love another,
And they do not love us.

Then what is the point of love?

I Lost

What a world!
For the briefest of moments,
My insane fantasy,
Was becoming a reality.
But reality comes with truth,
And as I sit here wanting you in one room,
You lie in the other with another,
Oh and yes this is my property.
This is the universe destroying me,
From the comfort of my home,
I knew I would not escape its demented hatred,
So why try to run, when I will always lose.
Oh thank you, you cruel world of irony,
For without your sweet pain,
I would not have discovered my own self-destruction.

Fuck...

Fuck the fact you seemed new,
Fuck the fact there was an interest,
Fuck the fact you blew my love right back in my face,
Fuck the fact I was never to try with you,
My emotions are done. I'm torn,
I'm blue. You fucked me up,
Because you knew I never had a chance with you.
Fuck your beautiful blonde hair,
Fuck your eyes that are a wonderful blue,
Fuck your arms so soft and smooth,
Fuck your lips so red and cool,
Now I'm a creep, a waste,
A fool. I fucked me up,
Because I thought I was perfect for you.
Fuck the infectious laugh,
Fuck that bubbly lifestyle too,
Fuck the smile that makes me feel all calm and cool,
Fuck the way you repeat the lines of books,
Just because you loved the same thing to happen to you,

That is it; I have to be through,
Because time has fucked us both over, ripped us in two.

I wish I could say fuck you, but I can't,
Not because I love you, but that,
It was my mistake, for believing I was right for you.

I Am Not The World, And Neither Are You

People aren't yours to change,
They aren't projects I need to see through,
I am not the world,
And neither are you.

People are who they need to be,
Not what you feel inside of you,
I am not the world,
And neither are you.

So This Is Life

Have you ever felt like you lost it all at once?
Like you have all these things ahead of you,
And from a distance they look so beautiful,
But then you get closer, and see how uninspiring it is,
You have your head full of dreams of the,
Girl you will meet, the friends you will make,
The life you will live, but these are merely apparitions,
I thought that if I could last through the tunnel,
I could make it to this place, so bright,
But no, you seem to be in another tunnel,
This one darker and more lonesome,
And you wonder how cruel this world is to play this trick!
But you know in your heart this would happen,
It always happens! So you trek on again and again,
And hope for a tunnel of light, but hope never lasts,
The world doesn't make things better for you,
You must do that. Sometimes things can come true,
But sometimes they don't, it traps you and you're stuck,

In unknown land, broken, afraid, and through,
With all of the pain you must always walk in,
This is the moment you understand that there is no tunnel,
That darkness is the real world.

Oh Where Is The Girl I Love?

Oh where is the girl I love?
Teenage ramblings lie scribbled on the walls of my thoughts,
Like an unending book of questions.
I write for sanity, and freedom,
From my reckless thinking,
For I moan for help, but can't find it in myself.
I ask again 'where is the girl I love?'
I can't find her in the walls of my brain,
But neither can I in the world of reality either.
'I rush myself' I think out loud,
I run before I can walk, this is true,
But I also think before I talk, which I think tears me in two.
'One chance' I ask,
'One chance and I promise you, I'll take it',
But I know that can't be true.
I just want to shut up and be happy,
I really do, but I am my own self-doing,
Chances need to be taken, and mistakes need to be made.
Teenage ramblings scribbled on the walls,
Scribbled on the floors, time to scrub them clean if I were you.

A Wrongful Dream

You make me struggle,
This heartfelt war inside,
I do not believe you care,
But that makes me feel even more.

Are we compatible?
I am unsure,
And I guess I should know,
I have been here before.
Destiny does not exist,
I am not your fate,

You are not my true love,
The one. My soul mate.

Then why does my heart pound?
When you are near,
I know I should not love you,
But these feelings don't just disappear.

Not For You

I write my whole life down onto a page,
And what does it spell? Nothing.
I think all my emotions out,
And what do I learn? Nothing.
They say one should never fall to cruelty,
But I stick in my own blade.
Unhappiness creeps into my bones,
And I lie down in a shell.

Sometimes I feel like I can heal my own wounds,
But I am not qualified.
I don't like whom I am, because when I was,
I fell. And cannot seem to get up.
I fought, I spat, I lied, I pushed,
And I destroyed things.
Networks, friends, ideas, who I was,
All for the sake of short term hopes.

This is how I felt, and sometimes still feel,
I learnt nothing, and yet I feel everything.
I write like its all poetry,
But as you can tell I'm not poetic.

Lost for words, which linger,
Among my thoughts,
Unbound by reason,
Running from whatever I think I am running from.
Everything is not a loss,
Never ruin the good that is here.
Oh pretentious irony you have come to me once again,
With visions of blindness, in black,
You cannot fold your dreams,
The cards hold a tight grip,
Entrust in what seems silly,
Because in stupidity holds honesty.

Olive

I lose words,
Battles have got to fall,
And my army has to crumble,
Because I will never win your heart.
No matter what I do, or say,
Or change it does not matter,
I am going to say sorry,
Even though I “don’t have too”.
Somebody else, some body, another,
I got to understand,
I mean who the fuck am I?
This is destructive fuck up,
I hate my jitters, my eyes,
My hair, my smile, my laugh,
I want to talk, but what on?
I know, I know, I know,
A person is not defined by somebody else,
But I want to feel like something else,
I just wish it wasn’t true,
I don’t like feeling like a mistake to you.

Circular Motion

Round, and round, and round, and round,
This never-ending lust of the soul,
My memories become clogged,
My thoughts become untrue,
The truth lies so open, so new,
Then why must I ruin it so?
With my never-ending lust for your soul.

Unbuckling My Madness

Where are my emotions?
Have I just thought of myself so much?
Every feeling has become one.
Is this sadness?
Happiness? Fear?
I miss everything,
But I don't know if I feel joy for what happened,
Or sorrow for what I don't get,
Or uncertainty for my life now.

An Empty Soul

People are people,
Everyone is everyone,
Love is whatever love is,
Living is however you live it,
And yet everything is the same.
Blending, bleeding, forming,
It is all whatever shape it takes.
I feel empty, away, unforeseen,
No thoughts of it run through my brain.
You look beautiful tonight,
And I don't, oh! Look at me!
Being the blinding, destructive force I am.
I have got to stop,
I know what is loss,
I love what I hate,
I live with regret,
Fuck it! Where is my heart?
Drowning in alcohol, flooded in disgust,
Breathing in fumes of an empty soul.

The Wanderer

Why do I lie to myself sometimes?
Saying I'm either fine or horrific all the time,
Believing this person loves or hates me,
It builds such a huge mountain to climb.
I tend to overthink sometimes,
Which sends my morals awry,
Causes me to make a wrong of something so right,
That adds on more to that mountain to climb.
Yes true I am in the wrong sometimes,
It's my fault, I know, it's bad,
But it destroys my heart, my soul, my mind,
Because I know it was me who caused that mountain I climb.

Stuck In Unrequited Territory (aka The Friendzone)

It is the corridor of hope and glory,
It is the wish of light and comfort,
It is the hope of a start of love,
It is the dreams of a budding romance,
It is the belief of a great change,
It is the world where overthinking lies,
It is the so-called "hell" of emotional despair,
It is the believed "prison with no doors",
It is cold reality that you can't just get what you want,
It is where you discover the world is not just yours,
It is where you are the pursuit of nothingness,
It is your befallen truth.

If this is where you wish to be,
In the despair of your own self-pity,
Than It Is You,
Who is the problem of your life.

I agree, it is tough to be deceived,
And to fall in love's unpredictable hands,
But this isn't how it has to be,
Leave the "corridor",

Leave the “prison”,
Leave those romantic “hopes” and “dreams”
Find something that doesn’t leave you deceived,
Just don’t groan about this girl,
That you really just want to own,
Stop placing her on your imagery throne,
And for fuck sake just leave the goddamn friend zone.

Move Past

The same spot,
The same look,
The same joke,
That you told a million times.
The same laugh,
The same smile,
The same remark,
And nothing ever changes.
The same stare,
The same wall,
The same music,
That you play in your ears.
The same replay,
The same thoughts,
The same emptiness,
And nothing ever changes.

And nothing ever will,
Until you change that same into difference.

A World Of Possibility

In a world of possibility a lot can happen,
Sure you can plan your next move,
But what are the chances of it not working out?
What then? You class it as a failure
But no it is the chance of another possibility, a change,
Nothing is ever as you expect it to be,
So why cry at the chance of a possibility,
Love what you’ve got, because there is a chance it will go,
Enjoy living now, not tomorrow,
Because you cannot predict what life will show,
But you can always love what you know.

Epilogue

Am I confused? Yes of course,
We all are in this world.
Am I conflicted? On man things,
But moments happen and opinions change.
Am I spiteful? A little,
However we should always wish the best of ourselves.
Am I a hopeless romantic? No,
I am a hopeless dreamer.
Am I worrying too much? Certainly,
But without my ideas, I cannot see how much beauty the world holds.

The world is a sphere, and has no beginning or end,
And neither do our lives.
Although time may forget us,
It does not leave us unforgotten,
Because we evolved, and we lived, and were loved.
Our opinions may cause a society of hurt,
But its flaws are long gone rust,
And its pain leaves us in a society of hope, and change, and repair.
Am I too young to think about this? Your decision,
But I believe there is a beauty in reading writings from one so young.