

Sentences are funny.

Because a sentence is something so strict, yet so open ended

A sentence can be so insignificant or can be the single line that changes someone's life forever

A sentence is the root of writing, the sapling of it all

A sentence is something that feels so vague

But without it, what would I even have on this page?

A sentence could be the last time you talked to a friend

Or the very last message that you get to send

Could be the very reason you are alive

Could be the reason you had to fight to survive

A sentence could be the last time I saw my mother

Could be the reason why I'm still grieving my brother

A sentence could be the reason you're reaching your limit

Or could be your dreams and the people in it

But I'm wrong, that would be a noun

Like when I fear everyone sees me as a clown

The people that told me I deserve to drown

The people that only dug my grave further down

The time I cried, tripping over a curb

But now we're getting all involved with a verb

Like walking at night through a suburb

A verb in a blurb is known to disturb

Alliteration station, try to tag the ticket to the train

Just be better, go getter, got to grab your way to fame

Blinding bright blame burning brittle in my brain

Tearing towards the track til I'm totaled with a BANG

Crash! Boom! Pow! Onomatopoeia.

Clank! Bonk! Screech! It's getting hard to see a

Way out of here without me going 'SPLAT!'

Oh god, have I got to get on a different track

Similes are similar to killing me with a word

Blind as a bat as I tried to go to you

Ran me like a doormat, I just paved your way through the streets

Yet you still called me a freak

So back to what I said about being the clown, 'cause all you ever wanted me for was to upside
your frown, you loved me like a dog loves a pound, and I loved you like you're the only thing
around

Personification, like when I said my heart was achin'

Your malicious hands that never had enough patience

I guess nobody told me love would be easy

But if this is love then what am I to be?

Breaking ribcage

Alone in center stage

Shaken to my core

The crowd cheering for more

I hate the attention but I love being an actor

I guess that I'm a perfect recipe for disaster

So now

I am left to

Scratch down on paper and type madly at my phone

Words are my family and structure is my home

I feel every syllable even if I don't show it

but I guess that's just the definition of being a poet

When I ramble on like this I find it hard to end

My paper and pen are my only true friends

I've got to get this out of me, I can't pretend

Hence why you're sitting here watching me defend these pointless thoughts, again I don't know how to stop when I've got a train of thought sprouting up from the rot inside me but I'm not asking for a flower pot I would rather tie the knot in the roots and try to stop the spreading.

What is she saying? That's what you're thinking now. Look at her she's shaking! Hardly speaking from her mouth, yeah, she's speaking from her hands, the ones that choose to write. The ones that will create and the ones that will fight. But low and behold she's still using all her might to continue these rhymes until she leaves with a "goodnight, thank you."