

Roses with thorns

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Battle scars

“why do you have scars there?”

By that, do you mean my scars, everywhere?

Or just the ones on my arms

I have scars there because

My brain pushed the alarm

It was overflowing, way too loud

And I just could not bear

That's why I've got scars everywhere

I have scars inside and out

I wouldn't say they make me proud

Though I'm proud that I'm yet standing

When I've had all reason to stay down

I used to wish no scars were visible

But I wouldn't wish so now

Because they show how

Much I've had to endure

It's shows me that if I want to

I can survive anything for sure

masked

Take your mask off when you speak to me
I don't want to talk into a shell
I want to look into your eyes and tell
Whether you're good and well
I'd tell you; you don't need a mask to survive
Instead, you're altering your life
By wearing it
So, you could let it sit
But there would be no point in talking to me
I'm not speaking to people I can't really see

Ignite your light

I can see you dying inside

I can see your fright

Your anger but also your light

The flame is getting smaller

But it's there

I can see that you're scared

And that's fair

I can see you dying inside

How your hope crumbles in the night

How you wish and try to flight

But let's ignite

Your last attempt to fight

Your dimming light

You're doing all right

You are doing all right

Am I your villain?

We are all the bad in someone's story

Not in that of everyone

But there'll be stories where you're not needed

Stories in which you're gone

You cannot always play the lead role

Just appreciate your part

Be happy with what you get given

Whatever role you play in someone's story

Should have a special place in your heart

war child

Don't worry mother, your daughter is a soldier

She'll make mistakes but also fixes them

As she grows older

Don't worry mother, your daughter is a fighter

A firecracker that ignites at the flame of a lighter

It might all be cloudy now, but she'll be better

She just needs your support, so don't ever forget her

The door that wouldn't shut

The second door on the left side of the hall

Was the door that wouldn't shut

It didn't matter how hard I pushed it at all

It was an un-lockable toilet stall

No one ever made use of it

Because it was the door that wouldn't shut

We used the room for storage

Or there would be no use at all

It would just be a tiny useless hut

With a toilet installed

It was the room of which the door wouldn't shut

It never budged at all

Destroying a monster

How do you destroy a monster,

Without becoming one?

Without becoming what you feared to become?

Without giving up a piece of yourself and then some

How do you move on?

How can you stay true to yourself?

How do you destroy a monster on your behalf?

Without becoming the thing, yourself?

Happily ever after

There's a happy ending to this, right?

Where at the end of the tunnel there's light

Is there a happy ending like at the end of the story of the princess who kissed a frog at midnight?

Will there be fireworks followed by a life happily ever after?

Will I make up for the years of missed laughter?

The ending of this story is happy, right?

Will I fulfill my dreams?

Do I get to stitch my ripped open seams?

Is that what it will be like?

Because for that happy ending I'll fight