

Your secrets are safe
here

Meike Kors

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Cover design: Megan De Jong
ISBN: 9789464485561
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In here; the weird things about life, love, hurt, grief, (self) acceptance, the unknown and the known.

I don't dedicate this to anyone, except the people who feel addressed. Which only a guilty mind does.

I don't dedicate this to anyone, except those who inspired me to write instead of thinking out loud or in silence.

Y'all have been the reason to let me explore something I already loved; poetry.

I hope you enjoy reading.

How do you know?

Also, how do you know if one is in love with you? He can say he is.

How can you believe everything someone says?

How can you stay so silent and not drop these questions on him?

Scared your thoughts will turn out to be the truth?

What if it's true?

How much do you want to be with someone who lost their passion for you?

The answer must be breaking or simple.

And how much are you going to blame yourself for them to lose feelings?

It's something you can't control and nor is it your fault.

You can't make him have a change of heart about a decision that's already been made and so clear for him.

But how do you know if these assumptions you make are true?

How do you know?

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No poetic words, just plain madness

I'm getting sick of the hook-up culture.

I'm feeling fucked up by the inconsistent beliefs and signs.

If he or she is in love, then you should know for 110% sure that they like you without having them to tell you that and that all that matters shouldn't hang on a single thread.

You know,

Sometimes you just wish you were born in another decade. Because. Fuck social media. And. Fuck this modern love.

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Doubts or truth?

That gut feeling you're unsure about right now because you want to believe otherwise (so you push it away).

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How much

How much for love?

How much for loyalty?

How much for consistency?

How much for attention?

How much for trust?

How much for a happy ending?

Welcome, your shopping bag is full:

Love € 100

Loyalty € 95

Attention € 80

Trust € 99

Happy ending € 100

Total damage: € 564,00

*Frequently asked question:

Can you return a broken heart?

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No label

We sat next to each other.

He ran his hands through my hair, while I looked into his eyes.

I looked into his eyes and saw a change within the way they looked when he glanced at me before.

We both behaved differently. It felt strange, yet neither of us addressed it.

I felt powerless.

Was this the last time before we realized we were looking a beloved stranger in the eye?

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Inspired by you

Clearly you made an impression on me. Left something to remember you by or still let me think about you and the things you do.

And not many people do, so I must tell you. You woke a certain part of me that I didn't know I had. You have stimulated me feeling the feelings that I had pushed away.

- Set a motion

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Jewel or a person

The person who is hurt too many times to let love and light in again.
But in time gets back the strength to do let it all back in.

The person who gets scared if someone makes them feel a certain way
but does not run away from it because in the end, they grant it
themselves to feel special to someone and be loved.

The person who is not limited by others pulling the strings of their
heart and mind, so the puppets keep playing.

The person who lets other people see the good in him and the person
hiding behind the curtain after the show is done.

Who doesn't shut off completely when things or times get hard,
because he won't let his hurt shine in the eyes of the bad.

Who is able to love and be loved in return.

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Oh, honey how you change

They are made beautiful. Polished by pain and vulnerability. You are carved into a beautiful, fragile human being.

Oh, honey how you change after all things you had to go through.
A purpose not far away.

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Not all angels

Not all angels have wings.

Some are fallen to the earth, given a chance to experience the human life.

- Good is you.

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Someone pulling strings

I've never been quite good at being in control when I feel. But you got eyes that I don't mind getting lost in. drown in. (And I like the pain that it brings me)

Although it hurts, I crave it.

Maybe because I know you are just as lost in life and love as I am.

- We're all a little lost and hope brings you here.

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Guide me home

When feeling it all again gets too much and real, I wander around.
Desperately seeking for someone who can help me. For some almighty
person who can miraculously answer all the questions that tell me
why I'm lost.

Someone to know the answer to why I'm feeling this way.

Someone who caresses me in the places where it hurts. To tell me
what my purpose here is supposed to be.

Someone to guide me back to my old self and hold my hand when it
gets lonely and scary.

To guide me home.

- The finger points to you.

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The habit

To feel incomplete and wanting to find the complete in others is a weird thing to experience. It leaves you going on a constant run to find something in someone that you feel like you lack yourself.

After a long time experiencing this, you will find out that the cycle keeps going on and on and you wonder why?

The cycle never stops because it starts with you. Once you break it, good things will come for you because all you need is you to feel complete. People and opportunities will notice your independence and it'll be like bees coming for honey.

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Navigate through the heart

I'm in front of the threshold. The moment of deciding if it will be worth it for you to let someone in again. I'm talking into you to try and make it easier for you to decide and let myself fall in your favor. Show me which part of your heart has hardened against yourself and others, so I can demand it to turn soft again. Show me where it hurts, so I can glue kiss it until it's all healed up.

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Old pain kicking in

I didn't wish for you to become a stranger. And I didn't wish for it to happen so quick as it did. The stranger that still has his grip on me.

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