

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Leah Terry: Two Poems

Leah Terry · Sunday, November 10th, 2024

Caffeine

Does the caffeine make me unlovable
Incredibly smart girl
But you can't get anything in on time
Deadlines don't exist when you're dead
And your mind is just a blank space in your body
And your bones are mashed together to try and make up and resemble the girl you used to be

Does the caffeine make me look better
When I'm high off the drugs,
Or when I'm sitting on the back porch
With my head pressed against a wall
Smoking weed doesn't help the hallucinations that we call thoughts
And the sleep paralysis demon you see when you close your eyes
Will you tell you will never be anything
Drugs won't make you pretty.

*

Drugs won't make you beautiful

Smoking in cars won't make you pretty
Neither will sex on broken roads
You will never be the original version of yourself again
Hiding behind trees won't make you a good kid
When you never were one

Hiding behind who you were before
That won't make you likable
You've been fucked up since you were a kid
What is it like to be a fuck up?
What is it like to be born a fucked up kiddo?

The girl who was here before you told me that smoking in cars
Isn't cool now
The girl before you told me
This isn't worth it
Drugs don't make you any prettier
And drugs won't make you beautiful

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