

# She Says

By Fai Fai



And it seemed like things were good.

# She Says

TheFangirlRightThere



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# **Before Reading**

Please know before reading this poetry collection deals with issues such as Depression, Suicidal Thoughts, Self Harm, Mental Illness, Addiction, Sexual Assault, Rape, Abuse, etc.

If you are struggling with any of these and are sensitive to the subject please be warned this may trigger you. If you feel uncomfortable and in need for help please contact any of the following:

Suicide Hotline: 1-800-273-8255

Abuse Hotline: 1-800-799-7233

Sexual Assault Hotline: 1-800-656-4673

Depression Hotline: (866) 913-0069

I hope you enjoy. And please be safe.

# It's A Lie

The day is new,yesterday is old.The sun in the sky glows,but I still feel cold?

Why do I feel like I do?It's a feeling that is odd,but none the less it is new. Yet I don't like how it feels.

As if I'm trapped in a cold cell,that I can see the warmth but can't reach it. I can hear the joy but can not feel it. That somehow to sense, all I need is a kit.

It makes no real sense,but I feel empty and hallow. Yet at the same time I feel tense. Because something is lurking behind.

It comes out and says hi,but it is no friendly welcome it shines. It is gloomy, dark, and desperate. It does this almost at all times.

The hello it speaks is something I dread. Something I can't get rid of. Something that requires me to be fed. Still it haunts me and doesn't leave.

I tell others but they say the same,that it is only a feeling. A feeling related to shame. The only way to beat it is stealing.

To steal faces from other emotions. To somehow convince that I feel. But they can't really see it. They can't see my reveal.

When I pull off this mask,than lay alone in bed. Only to realize something tragic. That inside, I'm truly dead.

# He Loves Me

He'll yell at me today. Tomorrow comes like any other. Than for a moment he's ok. He loves me.

He tells me he's all I have. He tells me to stay away from any guys. Than his friends are over and we laugh. He loves me.

Our hands intertwine at times, but sometimes his hands find my face. If at the doctor he likes to chime. He loves me.

Just another day, like any other. He pushes me down the stairs, he does this while comparing me to his mother. He loves me.

I'll lie awake next to him. I think about leaving but don't. The chances of this are slim. He loves me.

My heart aches, just like my back. And before I know it he has a knife. But it's all just a wack. He loves me.

He screams and yells at me. He pulls out the knife. That's when he stabs my knee. He loves me.

I can't get up, I sit down. He comes closer and looks crazed. I just let out a small frown. Does he love me?

# My Fault

It's my fault. I dressed that way, I wore a short skirt. He said he wanted to play.

It's me who's to blame. I should've fought back, I should've done something. But I guess I just had a nice rack.

He grabbed at my hips. She grabbed at my ass. We are all victims of these people. It just happened so fast.

None the less we see. We see it as our faults. But we didn't know better. We didn't know they act like cults.

Evil knows no gender. She can rape. He can be raped. Sexual abuse knows no gender. It knows no shape.

He can rape. She can be raped. Sexual abuse knows no mind. Knows no shape.

We all still suffer the same. We still see it as it is, real. Our faults isn't it? We still have the ability to feel.

"She's a whore and dressed like that. He can't be raped, it's not possible." It's just another voice hushed. Another story seen as not plausible.

They've been silenced. They've been kept quiet. Do you see that? Or is only a possible "might"?

He can rape. She can rape. He can be raped. She can be raped.



# **I'm A Freak**

Hatred runs through me. Not like you care. Violence seeps into my mind.  
But it's not like it's fair.

You just call me freak. You see the scars on me. But you don't see it. What  
it is to believe.

I hear these voices. Some are silly. Some are mean. Some are evil and  
wriggly.

Have I gotten help? Are you thick? Why would I do that? When I can just  
snap like a stick.

You don't see it! You never will! How I crumble inside. How easy it feels to  
kill.

And now I'll go to school. And still be told I'm a freak. Isn't that right my  
peers? Because soon I'll break.

# I Can't

Let me go. Please just release me. I don't care how much it hurts, I don't care how much I bleed.

Please, end my misery. End the pain that you bring. I don't want you to keep this going. I don't want your ring.

I don't want you to push me. I don't want you to break, Slap, hit, bruise, and beat me. I try to sneak out but those creaks.

Those creaks give me away. I can't leave, even if I want too. I just can't pull away from him. I know I'm just a fool.

But you don't understand. I need to be with him. I can't just go away. The madness is up to the brim.

I can't leave. I never will. Even when I need too. Even if he kills.

It's not easy. It's not fun. It's not a badge of honor. But it does come with a gun.

He pushed me, mocked me. Accused me of cheating. He would meet such accusations with none stop beating.

I can't leave. I can't move. I can't see. I can't lose.

# There's This Person

There's this girl. I see her with cuts, they travel her arm. She seems to give no fucks.

There's this boy, I see the bruises. They surround his wrists. He still thinks he loses.

There's a girl, She shakes in fear. She sees our teacher, And she seems to tear.

There's a boy, He has been invisible. He may bring something. Because girls think he isn't kissable.

Then there are others. They kick those they find weak. But they don't see the things I do. They don't see their brink.

That boy is abused, That girl is raped, That boy is broken, But all seem to not hate.

Until that is when they break. Because we judge them by appearance. Because we judge their oddness as weird. Who knows about their parents?

You don't. You don't ask "are you ok?" Instead you sit back. You watch and stay.

# He Makes Me Smile

(This is a little different than my other poems, this is dedicated to my boyfriend and I hope everyone likes it)

I see his face and I can't help but smile. And for the longest damn time, I was in a denial.

I saw him happy when with me, a feeling of warmth filled my being. When I saw him sad, I try to make him start seeing.

Seeing how much I cared. That even if I wasn't there, I would never stop. That he made me walk on air.

I see something that I haven't. I feel a feeling that is new. And that is when it hit. I was utter in love with you.

# Blame

Blame me for what happened. Blame me for not seeing. For not thinking. Blame me for being.

Blame me for my pain. Blame me for trusting. The blame is all on me. It's all on me for justing.

Blame me. Blame the victim. Set free the accused. Forgive their system.

The time for change is now. The end of silence is today. So stand up and say, "It should not be us who pay!"

Blame me.

# Control

She sees a rope hanging from the ceiling. She feels the chair under her feet. She thinks about what could have been. And how she fell to defeat.

He lets a single tear roll. He sees the sharp tool on the sink. He looks in the mirror and wonders. Thinks about how he will be gone in a blink.

Everyday and every night. Every morning, waking up to the pain. Every night, crying in despair. Falling asleep with that shame.

They were bullied. They were abused. They were raped. But the end is what that could choose.

They felt they had no control. They felt no other choice. As do I on some nights. As do any with that voice.

A voice that calls out. Begging for some sense of control. Some who see themselves as monsters. Some who see themselves as pitiful.

"I hate myself." "Make these voices end." "I only want death." "I can no longer fend."

But you can. You can still fight. You can still stand. You can still write.

# A Love Letter

(Inside the mind of an abuser and not the abused for this one)

My dear loved one, You're all I have. I'm all you got. You were my other half.

I know I yelled. I know I hit. But it wasn't my fault, Sometimes you were an utter bitch.

But that doesn't matter now. I see how much I need you. Come back please. I can change somehow.

I can change who I was. I can change what I say. But deep down inside, I'm still the same.

I do it because I love you. I say such things to make you stay. I do such things so you won't leave. I don't want you to stray.

I won't ever let go. I won't ever stop writing. I won't ever leave you. I won't ever stop fighting.

You are my other half. I am yours. I can see myself in you, Seeping from your pores.

I know you'll come back. Despite me not changing. Because you feel the same. Our feelings exchanging.

A love letter from me to you.

## **Mama VS Daddy (Short)**

You walked out. You expect to be gifted. You left us. You were the one who drifted.

An order to take us from mom? When you were the one who walked out? Mom had to take care of us. You were the one who took a route.

Now mama's crying. Daddy's lying. Daddy's whining. Mama's slowly dying.



## **I Could Have Stopped (Short)**

I could have stopped you. I could have seen this. I could have. But really I had no clue.

Your beautiful eyes shut, Your lovely smile is gone, And all for what? So you could see the break of dawn.

You couldn't see. Couldn't have sight. To vision how many people love you. You still could have had fight.

But now you're gone. Now you're dead. And I feel as if somehow, It was my fault for your dread.

## **Save (Doki Doki Literature Inspired)**

Soft, hard, quick, slow. Sharp, dull, plain, excitement. The sudden rush. The sudden blood.

Is all too much. Red spilling over. Droplets on the page. All as such.

Light, dark, noise, silence. Screen, glitch, screams. Screams, screams, screams. All around me.

Pain, pain, pain. Throughout my body. Crimson, violet, black, dizzy. Blood, blood, blood.

Glitch, glitch, glitch. Save me. Save me. Save me.

Nothing is new. Everything is old. I am. She is.

Save me. Save me. Save me. Please.

Hugs, cuts, kisses, slaps. Cuts. Cuts. Cuts. Blood. Blood. Blood. Desire. Desire. Desire.

Help. Help. H E L P

# Darkness and Cracks

The smile on my face.It's all too familiar of a mask.Hiding the true features in darkness.Breaking ever so slightly at last.

Cracks crawl their way down.Darkness spilling out.Darkness and cracks.They spill, I pout.

Tape. I must use the tape.Taking the mask off for a second. And suddenly I am vulnerable. For that moment I am beckoned.

People see the scars, the pain.They see my face of darkness.Black, plain, and simple.And clearly heartless.

They stare. I stare back.I take the mask back into my hands.And once again begin this process.To show all my fans.

# A Final Goodbye

I told an old friend A story today that was mine. How the story would soon end. With a final goodbye in mind.

A look at all my hard work. Whether some believe it or not, Unscrewing the last wine cork. It was fun while it lasted.

I made friend and family and fun. Whoever thought the story would end this way? With a bullet and a gun in hand. No more confusion and fear.

No more laughter and Joy. No more being used. Being used like a toy. A final goodbye.

It was all well and good. Or so I like to believe, But sadly I am out of food. Food for thought that is.

All stories must come to an end, Even the miserable ones. So a final goodbye my good friend. Thank you.

# Better Again

I've gotten better. But I can't stop trying. For if I do, I'll end up crying.

I'll be back to that way, The way when I was broken. The way that left me  
be So less of a token.

I'll do it for you, I'll do it for myself. I'll make sure you're proud, And make  
sure you're better yourself.

For if I let you down I'm afraid you'll leave. And if that is so, Our destiny  
will unweave.

We were both damaged. But you loved me at my worst, Do you still at my  
best? Or am I a curse?

I'm still trying. Working as hard as I can. For I love you just the way you  
are. I've always been your biggest fan.

# Addiction

I crave for the burn.I crave for the bubbles.The stomach turn. I crave the sensation.

Forbidden,Not forgotten. Must be hidden. The urge.

Voices were one. But the high beat it. To forget the pain of a ton.But was the low worth it?

Voices, words, mentally insane? Struggling to cope. Finding a substance to lessen the pain. Leading to the wrath of abuse.

Abuse from the burning. Abuse from the growing bubbles.Headaches from such learning.Bruises from such tasking.

But the pain leaving.Even if for a short while. It's better than believing. Thinking it will be better.

I pick it up. My blood takes it in.My eye close shut. And the cycle continues.

# My Memories

The past is in the past. Memories are the enemy. Don't know how long it will last. Or the strength it will take to walk.

Overcome and succeed. Let my memory fade? But what could that lead? Forgiveness? Closure?

Something deeper? More meaning? My fear even steeper? I have no clue.

I can feel it all around me. These memories and hurt. But no one can see. It effects my breathing.

Can I do it? Reach in. Cease wallowing in a pit? Or would it set a nightmare?

Could I? Could you? Should I? Should you?

A friend told me, You are the only thing. The only thing holding back, see? From going on.

I can. You can. We can. They can.

# Not What I Did

'Can I ask you a question?'"Of course!" 'Like a therapy session?'"What is it?"

'Why do the stars shine?'"That's your question?'"Why do they blind?'"What do you mean?"

'Why do some see?'"You're scaring-"Sorry it's just me.'And that was where it stopped.

You couldn't stop it. Save me from the thoughts. So much utter shit,Pardon my french.

You couldn't give me good times. And let them roll by. It was like a biting into limes? Sour but somehow satisfying.

Good after drinking the night. The skin being the clothes. The weapon a last fight.A grave seemed to be pajamas.

"Why didn't you let me stop you?"I didn't want you to."Why did you leave us too?!"I was selfish.

"Why did you leave.."You're talking to a dead person. "Did you even want to receive?"No. I didn't.

You continue to talk to the dead.Linger on, as to why I did it.Why I didn't talk instead. Fear.

Fear of what?Rejection.Hurt.Pain.

Fear of him.Fear of me.But that was just it, the brim.A boiling point.

Where that fear took over. It was too much fear.The thing that 'drove her'.It was fear and selfishness.



But you couldn't see. I was the stars. They were me. They would blind you.

"I love you.."I loved you too."What a lose screw.." I was.

I know if I was a real one,A real friend,I wouldn't have done this. To you or them.

You don't do what I did.You don't hurt them like I did. Don't be selfish and act like I did. Be brave, cause I didn't.

# I Love You Too

Do you think of others how you think of me? Am I unnoticeable, Or am I your key?

The need to be wanted. It runs through my veins. And if I'm not wanted I feel these strange pains.

To be needed Like I need you. Should I? Do you need me too?

Do I seem different? Unheard of? Unseen? Out of love?

I still feel. I still hurt. I still smile. I still flirt.

Why do I feel distant? Was it from those words? Am I that weak? Am I an encaged bird?

I love you. With every ounce I do. But those words in my head, Make me feel like a fool.

And it's not your fault, I took things personally. It's not your fault I can't think. And the toll is less than mercifully.

Maybe it's time. And maybe you can't fix it. I know that may hurt you. But my soul feels like a pit.

The pain isn't yours to take on. It's mine and mine alone. I don't want you to be hurt. And protect you from the unknown.

It feels odd. To have you in and out. To close and than open. Even when I seemingly pout.

A team. A unit. That's what we are. Our love to a lunet.

So I'll keep thinking of that. Instead of those words you spoke. Cause I know they weren't meant. I love you too, even when I'm broke.

# I'm

I'm never enough for you. Even when I try and fight. But everything feels blue. A dark almost blackness.

I'm worthless it seems. I don't seem to do enough. The obvious painfully gleams. I'm worthless.

My body feels numb. To the being untrusted. I'm just a little crum. I'm nothing.

I'm used to it. Used to this pain. My heart feels like a pit. I'm numb.

It still hurts. Even though I've felt it. I'm no more than the dirt. I'm in pain.

I'm worthless. I'm nothing. I'm numb. I'm in pain.

I'm this. I'm that. I'm here. I'm there.

But it's not like you'd care. A stranger. Or seemingly not there. And thus my word echos in the darkness.

# **A Boy Is A Boy**

A boy can't be beautiful. A boy can't be raped. A boy is a boy. A boy is faked.

A man is strong. He does not cry. He does not feel pain. He does not lie.

This is what we were told. Still are till this day. But I know of those, Those who fray.

I know of some who were raped. I know of those who were beat. But our society won't see it. They don't see the defeat.

I do and I stand with them. I let them say Me Too. Unlike some of you who shame. Those who only focus on you.

# Fake

Memories. Holders of grief and pain. Love and care. Without them there is no gain.

Hopes weaves within them. Dreams steaming from such. It seems so very simple. It seems so very lush.

My memories of you. The best I've ever had. My memories of them. Are different stories that end bad.

Memories of the pain. It only resurfaces for time. Only breaks down the outer. The glimmer of a new dime.

Too look forwards and not back. I wish I could if it was for the trauma. The stress and post it all. This right above the llama.

Post about it, tell me how romantic it is. Tell me how beautifully tragic. Tell me how painfully stunning. Tell me on your gadget.

Tell me how my scars are beautiful. And not a sign of the wrong thing. Of stupid thinking and mistakes. Tell me what to bring.

You are the enabler. Not the help. You only cause more pain. Silencing the yelps.

Screams for really help and care. From real sufferers and patients. You close them out. And make them lose patience.

## Still Yours

Did I do something wrong? Have I not lived up to your sight? Do you want to give up on me? Do I need to forfeit the fight?

I miss you so much. Why are you ignoring me? I love you with all my heart. Am I not like she?

Do my scars bother you? Does my pain annoy? Is my body disgusting? Is it a broken toy?

Are my lips too small? Are my hips too wide? Are my eyes too sunken? Would you rather I hide?

I'm sorry for my worthlessness. I'm sorry for my pain. I'm sorry I'm not enough. I'm sorry I'm a shame.

Do you want to leave? Is this that sign? I don't want you to go. Did I cross a line?

Please just speak to me. I can't breathe or speak. I feel so lost. I feel I'm close to defeat.

And I wish I could turn to you. And I have you respond. I wish you were here. But now how long?

What time awaits? How much more? Do you want to be with me? Am I still yours?

# Us

The reward. I feel it in my grasp. Little ones and dinner. I want it to come fast.

Me and you. You and I. And deep down I know, and this is no lie,

That we are fit. Fit for each other. You fit to be a father. And me a mother.

Despite the bad, despite the pain, we stand together. We are in the same lane.

And even if you don't believe, please do trust me, our love is stronger than any other. And I hope you will see.

# Not Alone

Do you know depression? Have you shook it's hand? Dealt with it's  
obsession? Seen it come and go as pleased?

Have you looked in it's eyes? Have you felt it's touch? Listened to it's lies?  
Met with it head on?

Not the same at all. Depression and sadness, But sadness isn't as hard of a  
fall. Possible to have both.

And it festers and boils. Untreated some go. And when treated it may coil. It  
comes and goes.

But that's how it is with me. It differs from person to person. But you're not  
alone in this sea. Even though we experience different waves.

Don't be isolated and shut. Don't be closed off. And please don't cut. It's a  
dark tunnel, light is at the end.

Keep walking the long trail. Appreciate the beauty in it. Even the smallest  
snail. And I promise things will get better.



# Tell Me

I'd rather hear cruel words from you,  
Than have you ignore and shut me out.  
But either way I'll cry from either of the two.  
Maybe that's good enough.  
Sometimes I miss the blade of the knife.  
But that just makes me mentally wrong.  
Wanting to distract the pain in my life.  
But I made my promise.  
Do you remember yours?  
Do you remember staying up late?  
Are we just amateurs  
At this whole life thing?  
Tell me you care.  
Please let me hear you say it.  
Tell me you don't want my skin to tear.  
Tell me you don't want me to leave.  
Beg me to stay.  
Tell me you love me.

Tell me everyday.

I dread you won't.

I fear you want me gone.

I fear you don't want me.

I fear we won't see dawn.

I fear I'm not a full glass.

# Personality

LosingPain inside of meFusing With the personality

CalmDon't let them seeGoneWith the emotions on display

StimulationDistraction from the painDedicationTo show you I don't plan to leave

# My Other Dove

Am I not enough? Or am I a failure? Am I less than your stuff? Possessed to you and you alone.

But apparently that's not paradise. To be your property and me go along. And life is supposed to be a slice. Throwing away my entire being.

Overlook what I've done for a small thing. Overlook the days spent and all sacrificed. For one small, apparently shameful thing. Yes ignore me and forget I exist.

Continue to think my issues are lesser. Continue to believe I am somehow flawed. Sit alone and never bless her. Do you deserve it?

The love I offer and give. Do you believe you own it? Or do you want my breath not to live? You said you'd move on.

A month is what you said it took. Yet previously it took no time. As you'd rather have your life shook. Your breathe taken.

What changed and what went away? Was it me and my faults and flaws? Did you see it as never a play? I'm sorry that I don't get you.

I'm sorry that my unconditional love isn't enough for you every day and night. Are you not my other dove? Apparently not to you.

# Freedom Ties

Fear me. With the little power I possess. But only power of she. The power of the mind.

The power of control of other And control of my own thoughts. Control more more than my own mother. The control and power over me.

Draw your blade and place it there. Leave it at my breasts and slowly move in. And not believe a word that is here. Thrust the dagger into my chest.

Yet somehow you claim I hold the power. You say I hold the dagger and clutch it. That I'm the one you should never call flower. That it is me in the position you hold

I struggle for the knife and cut my hand. And suddenly you disappear. I'm alone in a beach on the sand. And I look out to the waves.

The pounding waves that suddenly say "You're freedom is your own" "Go on and live your own day" But I feel the knife against my throat.

# Imperfections

And it seemed like things were good. And it seemed like life was great.  
And I thought I would eat food. I thought I could be healthy.

But when I see the fat on me And I see the imperfect skin That seemingly I  
can only see It makes me question all those statements.

I see marks and scars that linger I see so many imperfections A skinny  
finger, Hips that are too wide.

Lips that are too thin, Hair greasy and unclean, Skin oily like a fish's fin.  
Unattractive and unkept.

I see this as my value and worth. I could write a hundred poems And still  
never be more forth. Nothing more than a face and body.

# Thank You

And so this series ends. Thank you for reading this poetry collection, I finally decided to end it. I enjoy the fact you read through this and I hope you could relate and see you are not alone in this world. I'm sending so much of my love to the people out there who know what I've been through and thousands of others. Abuse and depression and all of these things I discuss are things no one should go through but thousands of millions do. And sadly things like this ruin people. So please if you see someone struggling don't be afraid to approach and ask to help. And if you yourself are struggling there is nothing wrong with asking for help. Here are some numbers you may find useful:

Suicide Hotline: 1-800-273-8255

Abuse Hotline: 1-800-799-7233

Sexual Assault Hotline: 1-800-656-4673

Depression Hotline: (866) 913-0069

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