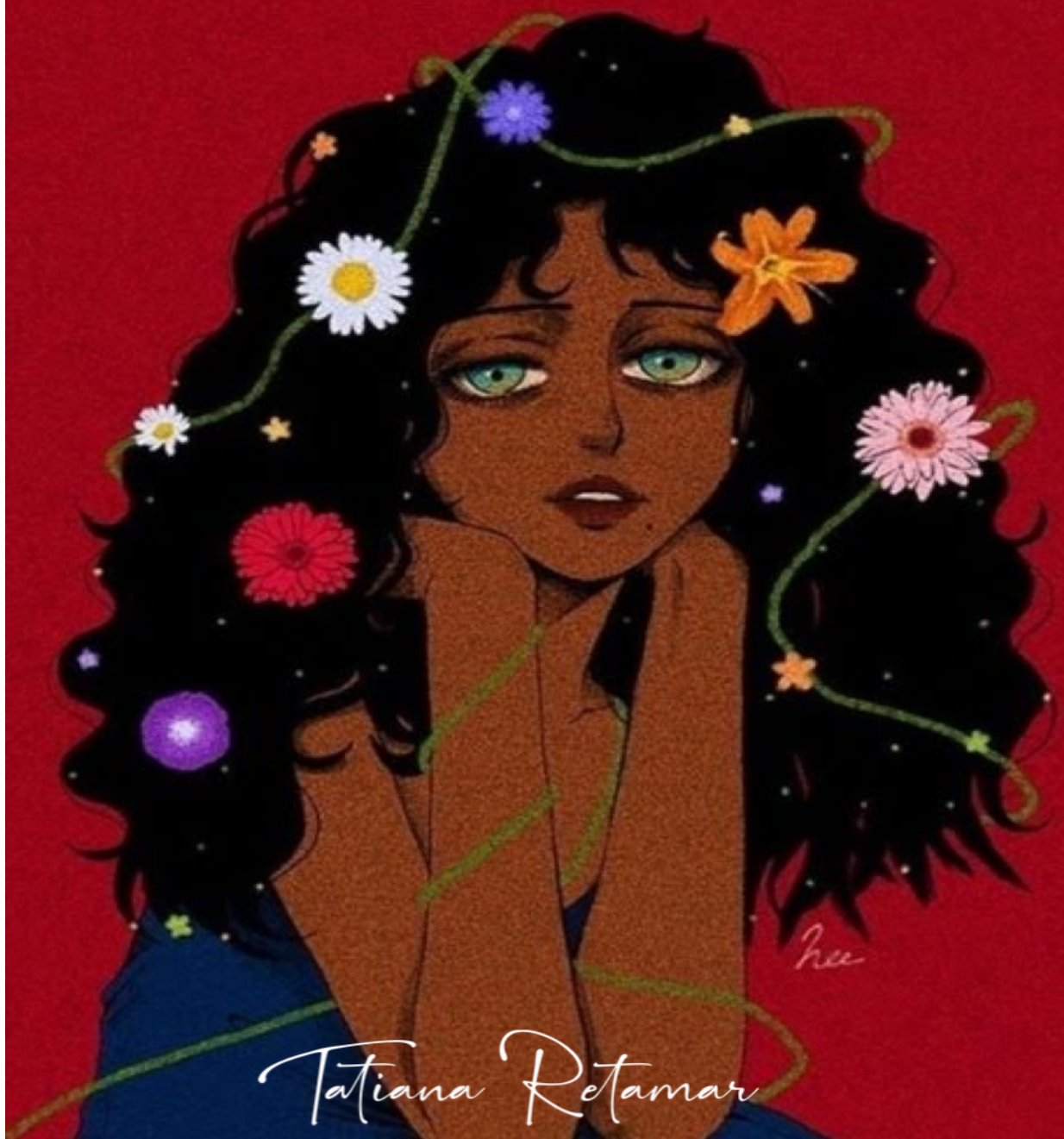


THE MIND OF A
TRUE ADOLESCENT GIRL



Tatiana Retamar

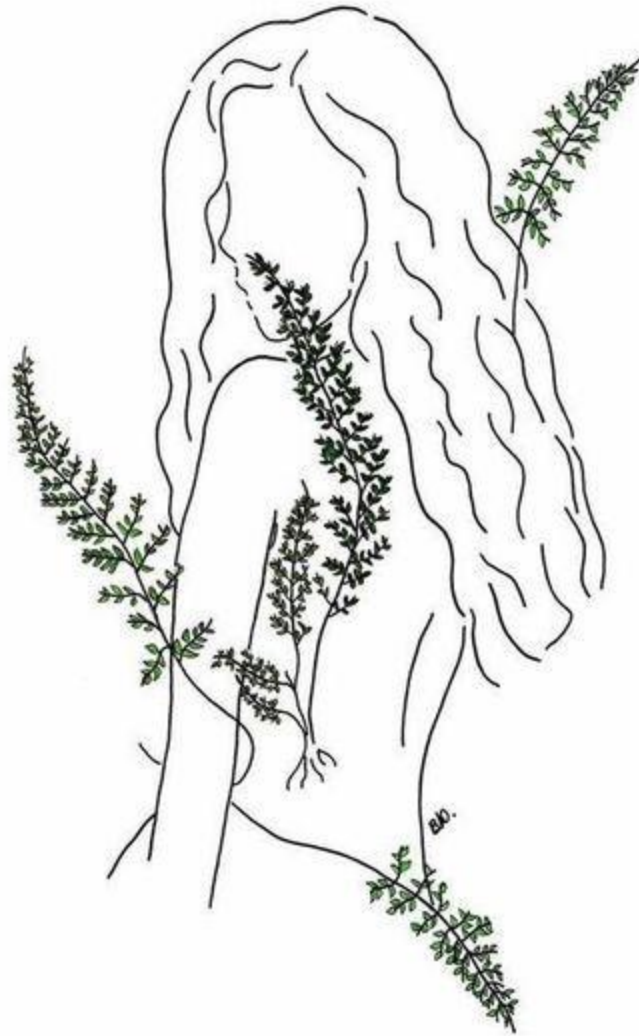


The Mind of A True Adolescent Girl

Dedication

This is to all of those who have been lost while trying to figure out one's true identity through this shitty generation, and made their way through all the trails and errors to finally become the blossoms that they are.

This is for you. ♡



The
Love

YOU

You inspire me to believe that happy endings were true.

That through every little bad thing in life there is always a happy ever after through it all.

You gave me the feeling of being loved and never the threat of abandonment.

You give me the feeling of confidence of embracing my insecurities and flaws and shine among the bright stars in the sky.

You hold me with this unforgettable feeling of warmth that when everytime I'm with you or talk to you it feels like home.

You kiss me with such a passionate sensation with your affectionate plum pink lips.

You wrap your body around mines like a pulled string from the universe.

You have such chestnut eyes like the middle of harvest season when all the orange colored leaves fall at just the right amount.

You have these hands that run with power & strikes me by each trail of fingers you place upon my body.

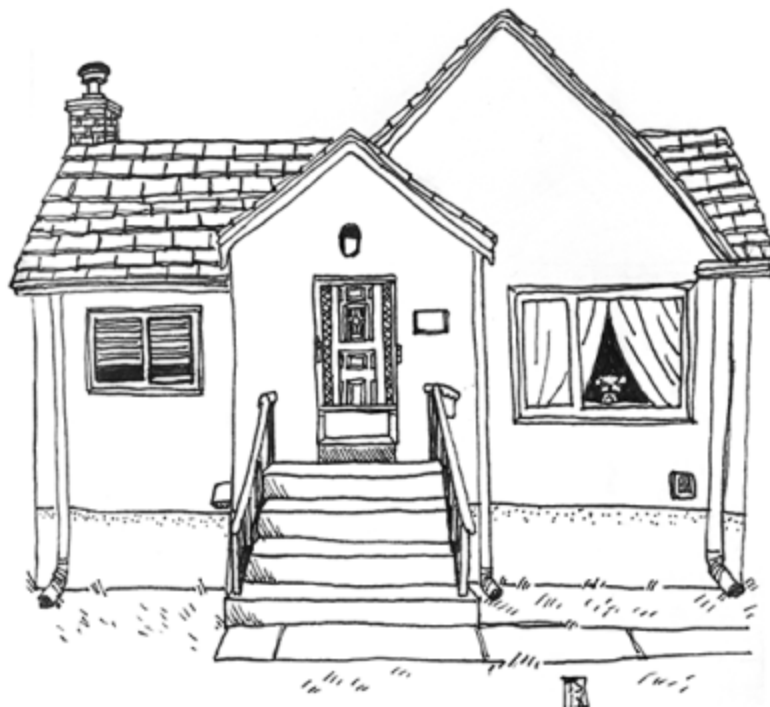
You are like warm coffee in the morning just enough cream & the right amount of sugars.

You are the sun that peaks onto the dark white sheets at dawn.

You are the meaning of love.

You are the meaning of hope.

You are my home.



I capture every innocence of her ...
She's like the gleam in a film so surprising
but brings life into the film itself.
The light projects a beautiful highlight to her caramel skin.
shines through her freckles.
projects her flare pink lips.
gives her insecurities such purity.
She runs around the parking lot
with such fullness to life on which why I
should be the one to capture it
to remember the one who bought life
into something useless of my time being
in this disgraceful world.
she's shows that time is ticking
on her heart but she isn't too much
to care about it.



I love you, not him

don't you get it

I love you

not him.

I love the moments that I capture
with my eye

I love the traces you leave upon my body

I love the kisses you place upon me

I love the hugs you embrace me with.

I love the words that escape your lips.

I love the way your suit of armor protects what's yours

I love the way you have a story just like the rest of us.

You stare at me with such admiration it's almost impossible to miss it.

You love deeply and care truly and feel madly crazy whenever you feel the chance of me slipping
through your fingers.

You write "all mines" on my stomach attached with a heart.

You smoke your blunts on the patio while I watch you huff and puff the smoke out.

I feel you wrap your arms right around my waist to pull me in as if I was trying to escape your
presence.

I feel your sweaty breath on my neck while applying your forceful movement to my defenseless
body.

You say you love me but you threw me away.

You said you never wanna hurt me
but my heart is bruised and broken.

You said your not like the rest but
you're the first boy on the list.

You said "I'm yours until you're no longer here".

Well I'm gone and you are nowhere to be found and here I am with another guy who doesn't
know that my feelings for him aren't pure nor true cause the only guy

I wanna place my kisses upon is you.

I wanna hate you but I can't..

I wanna forget you but you just keep replying all over again.

I wanna find better but there isn't a better you.



He has me under his trap again.
When I thought I was out, he creeps me in one step at a time.
He lures in a side of me that I didn't think existed - a side that I never knew was there.
A side that has ruined the best relationships I had with people.
A side that made people lose interest in me and stop caring about me.
He's poison.
a demon that creeps on me and pulls me away from my true self into to this destructive personality.
“ You'll be back” he says
“ You will never forget about me” he says
“ You will see me in your dreams and will think of me constantly, my darling .. ”
“ If you think you could run - you won't cause you will be too weak and will be crawling back to me to
full-fill your needs my love ”
hes toxic
poison
bitter
rebellious
I don't know what ticks him off to me
is it his looks ?
his word choice?
His luring luscious lips ?
his dark brown hair ?
Is it the way he grabs me by my hips - slams me against the wall and wrestles me with his lips ?
Is it the way he stares at me with that million dollar smirk ?
or is the way he slides his cold tender fingers past my lips
down my breast
forward down on my stomach
and towards my forbidden fruit ?
I'm lost
I'm stuck under his control
I'm a fool in love with a trickster.



He's mental.

A misfit.

A rebel but she loves it.

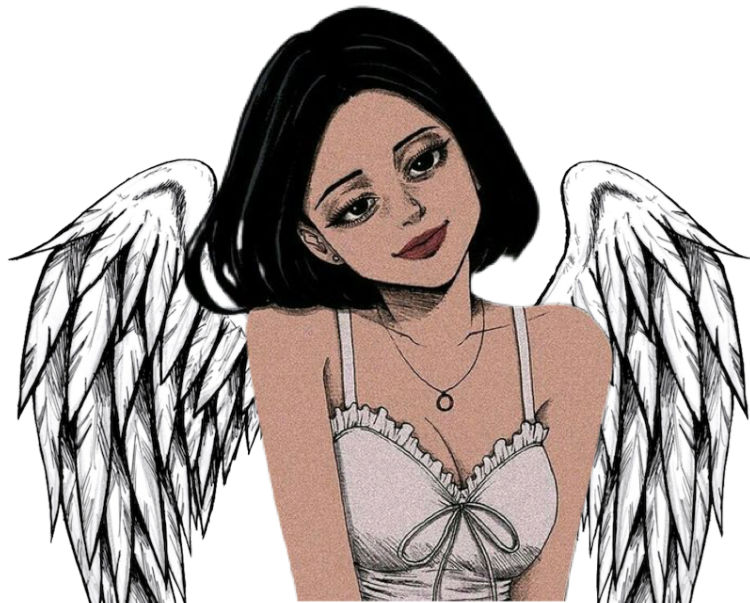
She stares at him with pure affection and attraction
sometimes she can't even handle it.

She watches him smoke one puff at a time and one hit of
jack the next. She doesn't know why she loves him - but
she begins to wonder why she was drawn to him out of all
guys but then it hits her

She likes him because he was broken and she loves broken
people.

She feels if she dates broken people it will make her whole.

She feeds on the broken people to full-fill her deep dark
heart.



THE
HURT



Help Me

my mind is an endless brick of thought
the simplest thought of being alone.
the thought on why I'm never good enough.
the feeling of being disgusted by others
the simplest emotion of depression fleeting through my veins.
the emotion washing over me like a
addict cleansing their body from the
detox of their use to be euphoria.
I sit alone at this table with a question that starts with: why?
Why was I born if nobody wanted me?
Why was I told to give my all if I wasn't gonna get enough back ?
Why say I love you if people treat you as a game ?
Why did my dad just give up on me ?
Why does my mother feel the need to seek love in those who harm her?
my answer to all that is:
I'm tired...
tired of the lies,
disappointments
the feeling of never being good enough.
I lay at night thinking about the day
my father left me with no trace
leaving his little princess to a mother who
seeks home into random men who
have issues of themselves.
I fake a smile with the world
but deep down I'm nothing but lonely
I lie to love ones who show support with
the famous phrase " I'm fine"
when deep down all I wanna do is scream
I grew up with a curse of sadness
trapped in the hurt & despair for eternity.
I just wanna feel something
... anything please.



sadness is just a side effect

the sadness is coming back.
just when I think I could control them
they enforce me with such a greater immortal
power on which could change a person's aura from
being a positive and upbringing happy person
to this distasteful and despairing sad person.
I was never like this.
I was never the girl to be sad
or to live a life of lies of my own
emotional state.
I wanna go back to the days
when people bought me joy.
objects brought me happiness.
things made me wanderlust.
and places gave me hope.
but when young.
people don't warn us about the
mean feeling called depression.
they didn't tell us the symptoms.
the side effects of what it could do to one's
state of mind and towards other people.
that it pulls you down in the depths
of tears.



that it has a way to go away when
in front of loved ones.
that it could harm your body in
ways you could never expect.
could make you give up on every living
things or any loving person you
know.

and that the only way to end all of this
is by death.

but the twist is with death
in comes a eternity of being a sad soul
among those living amongst the dead.

depression is a form of illness which surrounds
itself by the emotions sadness or in grief but
nobody is dead but themselves.

but there's stages of depression
it could be acute.

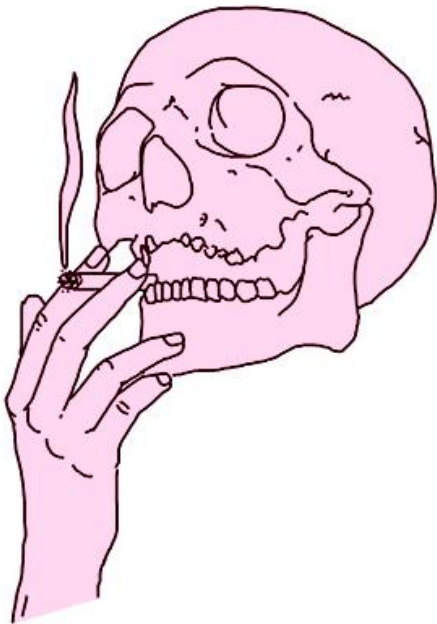
it could be clinical.

and could be a server.

What people don't know is that
depression is just a side effect.

sadness is just a thing that comes and go
as it pleases but the choice is yours

if you want it to live amongst your side
or to set it free.



The Hell of Haunted Memories

all these dark feelings inside me
crawling its way into the light
the fears, the sorrow
the pain inside me
crying now I yell “ help me please anyone save me?”
but the screams echo bounces on all four walls I’m surrounded in.
I'm trapped inside a cell of hell
the hell of haunted memories.
there’s no way of leaving
it’s a one way flight on a journey of an
unforgettable adventure.



A Monster Called Dad

“DADDY!!! DADDY!! COME QUICK!! ”

The little girl screams and her dad comes storming to her room.

“ what happened baby?”

she points to her closet.

“monsters daddy, there’s monsters”

He sighs and climbs under the covers with her and kisses her forehead.

“ Don’t worry daddy’s here to protect you from the monsters they will go away once I’m here”

But she didn’t know daddy was the monster.

She didn’t know she would have to witness daddy’s drunken nights of him screaming and bashing things.

She didn’t know she will have to clean up and sit with mommy at the hospital bed.

After daddy beat her to the point where she was bleeding and unconscious.

She didn’t know she would have to catch daddy cheating on mommy.

She didn’t know she will have to see daddy take his anger out on her and be told “ Your not my daughter, and you never will be”.

She didn’t know she will have to be stuck with this paranoid way of thinking

“Daddy didn’t mean it”

“He was just mad”

“He loves me he was just too drunk”

“He will come Friday I know for sure...”

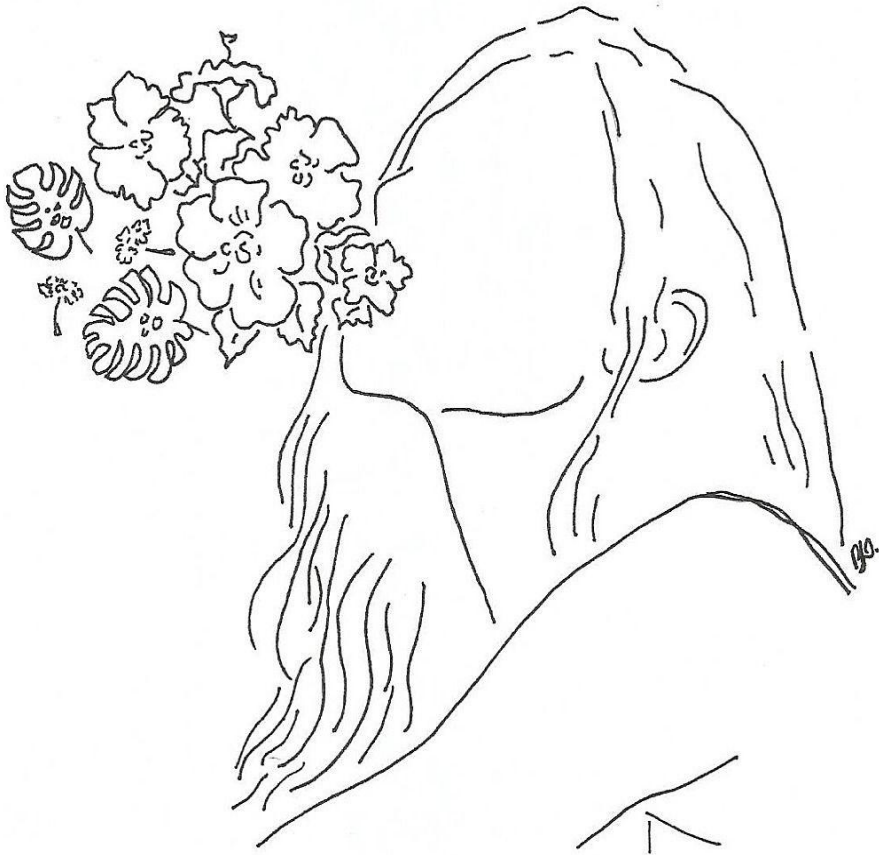
So she will sit on the bed staring at the front door to wait for daddy to come home for 3 years.

She didn’t know that daddy was her first heartbreak...

Daddy said the monsters will all go away but the monsters are here to stay and will never be forgotten.



The
Truth



2am

listening to music at 2am is a wonderful feeling in the world.
headphones in.
eyes close.
a clear space in your room.
you get up and start dancing and twirling around.
jake bugg// two fingers blasting into your ears.
you feel the beat pounding towards your heart in a rhythmic way.
your feet scramble around.
you start to imagine the lights.
the crowd of people surrounding you at the concert.
there hands in the air and singing along to the lyrics.
the music overdosing you like you have just taken heroin for the first time and you're
experiencing the best euphoria there has ever been.
your smiling and grinding along the air.
the melody taking over your soul the more you dig into the song.
the song is getting ready to end but you don't care cause the music demon tells you to
keep dancing ...
"don't stop darling"
The song is over.
you open your eyes but realize that your back in
reality.



Parents.



Parents think they understand - they think that:

” We were your age before and we know everything your going through”

But here is the catch parents:

you don't know what we teenagers are going through this time of age.

You don't know how hard it is to try and fit in.

How hard it is to be socially accepted.

To sit at a table all alone with no friends

staring at the table with the popular kids and

think to yourself “I wanna be just like them”

To have to go through the pain and stress of life decisions at such a young age.

For girls being insecure and self-conscious about themselves

and their bodies cause society told us that being thin and skinny

was an ideal way of life - so that places an ideal message to them

to starve themselves or throw up the food substances they had eaten.

For girls to wear pounds of makeup to cover

the real beauty that society tells us is wrong.

Having panic and anxiety attacks in front of people

or in front of the class cause you can't control the peer pressure of everyone looking at you

or having to eat in the school bathroom cause you're afraid of being judged.

For teens having to work their ass off at 4 or 6 jobs

to put food on the table for their family because they are struggling from poverty.

For teens to change who they truly are to be in the stupid little cliques.

For teens who come from bad households and are slap, hit , kicked, and burned for stupid little thing

to go school and instead of talking it out - they take their anger and aggression out on weak people

cause they wanna place the pain and hurt they are experiencing on other people

For a cry of help.

So don't you dare say you know what's we go through

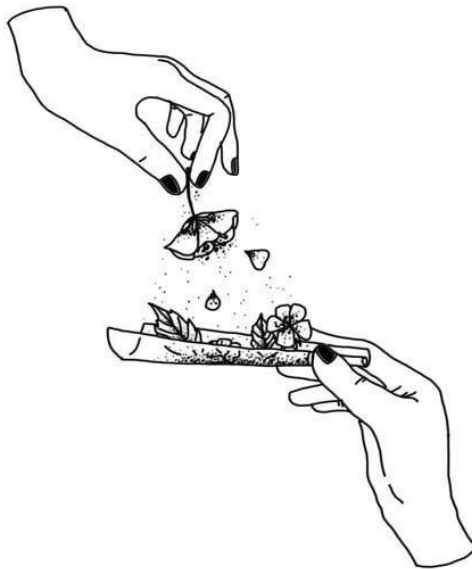
cause I'll just say BULLSHIT.

The room was still, silent, the quietness made a slight tuning noise in her ear.

She sits with a pen and paper laid out in front of her.

Thoughts cluster her mind with so much creativity

it had all become too much. She begins to write...
White rooms. White walls. White floors. White everything surrounds me.
The sky so blue is so clear, so beautiful
it's almost impossible to not find the absolute
significant lure to affectionate it.
I sit here with a pen and paper with a beautiful mind of imaginable
thoughts that fill my mind and heart with joy.
There is so much to write about on a piece of paper
like why is the grass so green?
Why is the sky so blue?
What is the defined meaning behind my white room?
Thoughts thoughts thoughts.
I can't handle it but it's what makes us human
without it we will be nothing but a mindless soul.



Reality Is
New
Loneliness

The

She sits in the library alone.

silence surrounds her.

the tuning noise of nothingness fuzzes through her brain.

the tingling sensation of laughter coming up but she holds it down.

She's a regular in the library.

You could call her lonely but she calls it a movie.

She makes eye contact with everyone who first enters this public place.

She places a story on them.

One man who has the background of an old time wartime hero who suffers from ptsd.

A woman who had traveled the world with a big time band.

A teen boy who lost his virginity in a van wagon to a girl who wants nothing but secret with him.

At first the loneliness was a curse, but she soon dug her way out with a stare and story.

The loneliness picked up a big hit.

a guy a few tables ahead.

glasses.

red hair.

led zep shirt.

ripped jeans.

dirty converse.

firm hands.

rose kissed lips.

perfectionist in every way.



she zoomed into every character there is to catch.

The camera then pans to the left as the star got up to get a new book from the hopeless romantic aisle.

The curiosity.

The hard decision among many of the unbelievable writers it's almost impossible to choose which one catches his eye.

he spots something.

he picks it up and the camera pans back to the main set.

The table.

He picks up the book and reads but looks up
and catches a glare towards the camera direction.

he smiles.

the camera smiles back.

After a few glares the star walks over
and asks what's her name?
this isn't a movie anymore.
reality is the new loneliness.



I seem to always fuck up the things

that would go so good for me
That I resort back to the ones who
only wanna use me for their own sexual
pleasures

I don't want one night stands no more
I want love

I don't wanna get fake kisses
I want passionate affection

I don't want a fuck and then leave
I want a "let me stay in your arms"

my love life feels like shit
no matter how good I think I won
at it, life hits me with a fuck you
you don't deserve that and throws it back into
the sea.

That's why I chose not to love, not to
"Feel" and just go numb.
don't let the emotions of those around me
make me vulnerable, bc whatever we choose
to do would be temporary.
they would get tired of me
they would want nothing to do with
my presence and just go ghost.

I'm just sick and tired of
all the hurt and the pain
I just want to feel love again.





The End