

Poetry Series

**Roberta James Mitchell**  
**- poems -**

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# Roberta James Mitchell(April 11,1987)

Tragic Designer from México

# A Cure For The Itch

this feeling's been piercing my soul for many years,  
it has ripped off all of my emotions,  
and it fills my heart in such a way that there's no room  
for any other thing to get in there,  
perhaps i should go to therapy,  
that way i might know what this means,  
but what happens if they send me to the doctor  
and cure my itch?  
will i be left empty?

Roberta James Mitchell

# Dejavu

i feel like i've been here before,  
don't you?

i feel like i've been here before,  
you too?

Roberta James Mitchell

# Doesn'T Seem Enough

if only i had superpowers  
i'd find another thousand ways  
to make you cry,  
to make you die,  
'coz what plain me can do  
it doesn't seem enough  
for all the damage you've caused.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Dumb

I wrote a line and it grew arms and a mouth

Then it started to talk to me.

She told me all the things im doing wrong,

how the world\*s not the bad guy on this flick

and how i am supposed to act and be.

Then it grew a big pair of eyes that looked straight at mine,

I couldnt take it so i went away;

I left my notebook so it would starve to dead.

It followed me and it was in my bed when i got home,

\*coz as you know thoughts are always ahead of you.

My sweaty hands couldnt complete the paragraph,

So it grew a monster with just mouth, eyes and arms.

It was so much like me that it frightened me,

And it kept yelling so hard.

It\*s words are now everywhere with me,

The always hang in the back of my mind.

It is so sad it depressed me.

And it kept going for days.

And it kept going for days.

And it kept going for days.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Farewell

i stand still knowing nothing about it,  
'something big it's coming'  
the crowd it's impatient, so am i.  
'something huge it's happening'

i stand up and try to see,  
but there's nothing there,  
it just left with a big farewell.

everything leaves,  
and i always stay....  
i'm sick of farewells.

i'm alone now,  
i'm waiting for if it comes back.

there's a girl far away,  
but i can still hear what she says:  
'where it's life mommy? '  
she asked.  
'it's gone, darling'  
the mother said,  
'now we're death.'

Roberta James Mitchell



# Grown Ups

grown ups always wear gray suits when they work,  
they always complain about trafic and weather,  
they hate mondays and curse them but love  
that they always get paid for working in that awful day.

grown ups, they don't watch cartoons  
and they always have clean shoes.  
they want little kids to be peaceful,  
sit, still and quiet.

i never want to grow up and work in an office,  
trying to be a child and playing with papper plains,  
grounding kids for playing and having fun  
if they even dare to try that in a classroom.

grown ups promise things they never meant to acomplish.  
they work and get home late,  
they're angry when they haven't eat.  
they drink and next day feel like hell.

why would anyone want to grow up? ?  
they work, pay bills and have responsability,  
they know about politics and complain o' what they know,  
why whould anyone want such a complicated life?

i don't wanna grow up,  
when they get there, they always want to go back.  
i don't wanna grow up,  
i wanna stay like this forever,  
tell nature to stop it's time.

- sorry i didn't fisnish it up earlier, but i had to eat =P

Roberta James Mitchell

# Holden Cauldfield

Hold In Cauld Field...  
stay in innocence,  
is that what you meant  
Mr. Salinger?

stay in the sphere,  
that all of you constructed,  
the building that you made up for us,  
but even the tallest Babel tower  
can fall upon us.

even the most beautifull  
and perfect cage,  
made of gold or love and care,  
it's still a jail,  
and we, young people,  
always try to break away.

nine months, and eighteen years  
that's all it last,  
then we're by our own,  
in this people eating world.

Roberta James Mitchell

## In The Mood....

i feel distant and distracted,  
it's like if i was pulled by a magnet,  
it's weird and i like it.  
it's pathetic, but i can't help it.  
i'm in the mood of having fun,  
i'm in the mood for talking.

i walk away from my clarity,  
from my sanity, from everything i know,  
somehow i feel peacefull,  
i feel secure....  
i'm not the bunch of lies and  
the troubled girl who yells a lot,  
i'm not like that when i'm alone  
in my world,  
but i can't share all this peace with you.

i wish i could feel like this more often,  
and i know you'd like it too,  
but i can't share all this peace with you.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Insane Princess

she dances like a queen  
in a summer night  
pagan fest,  
twisting and rolling  
yelling and hawling.

she's trapped in a tower,  
alone and insane.

Roberta James Mitchell

# On The Road

i left my tears on the road,  
and a plant grew up  
in the place where they fell  
it was a sad plant  
and it didn't have any flowers,  
nor any colors at all,  
it was all gray and black,  
and by nighttime it was dry.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Once The Light's Off

i won't sleep 'coz the mounsters are back,  
the ones that went away  
when you got in my life  
they're back 'coz now you're gone  
they must've heard the news on the radio  
of their creepy city far away,  
they must've seen it on a tv show,  
i'm being left on my own.....

'extra, extra, she's alone again'  
'extra, extra, no one cares for her'  
'extra, extra' i can hear 'em from my bed,  
where i'm hiding again.

now they're gathering all ghosts,  
creepy creatures and mounsters will come  
'coz they won't leave me 'til i'm lost,  
they must've heard the news on the radio,  
they must've seen it on a tv show

'coz it's no news that you won't care,  
my meanwhile hero it's far away,  
and my prince hasn't arrive yet.  
no one will come once the light's off,  
no one cares about the grown up girl  
if she's afraid she's by her own,  
no one will hel me once the lights go off.....

Roberta James Mitchell

# Orange Peels

you're an orange peel thrown down the window,  
i saw you when you fell,  
i watched you while you were floating in the water,  
next to my boat, in the middle of the sea.....

i saw you when you drowned,  
i couldn't help you though,  
i just stand watching while you died,  
now you're gone and i'm still here.

now no one will remember you,  
no one knows the way you jumped,  
everyone's upboard living,  
but i remember you,

and i can make you live in my head,  
and float again  
anytime i want to,  
everytime i feel like to,  
i'll make you drown again in my memory,  
and yet live.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Paranoia

what if the world ends  
while i'm not there  
to take care of you  
to protect you

are you gonna be capable  
to look out for yourself?  
i'm still worried,  
what if you're not?

what if the world ends  
while i'm gone,  
who'll take good care  
of you then?

Roberta James Mitchell



# So Far

it's so hard to find my mind  
where did my heart run this time?  
i'm so far from the one i cried,  
and he doesn't cry me back.

has he found someone?  
has he met the one?  
am i still in his mind?  
where did my heart run this time?

Roberta James Mitchell

# The Cat

i´m dreaming of solitude.  
there´ s a meadow surrounded by green eyes,  
they have a brave attitude,  
flowers with mustache,  
the roar of the oak tree calls up,  
the wind feels like hair in my face,  
i can´ t breath, so i wake up.

Roberta James Mitchell

# The Journey

i got a couple of bucks in my hand,  
think they'll help me make my way  
far away?

i've got a little of luck in my life,  
think it'll help me be happy  
no matter what comes up?

i got a couple of songs in my head,  
think they'll help me get some fame?

but i ain't got any company yet,  
do you think you can come with me?  
i really need the company, babe,  
do you wanna take a trip?

with you i won't need the money,  
i won't take the luck  
and i won't writte the songs,  
do you wanna walk with me?  
and there'll be a couple of us.

Roberta James Mitchell

# The Sweetest Thing

i don't have to think  
and you don't have to explain,  
there is no need for words  
when i know what you'll say  
you've always say you love me  
since the first time we met,  
that you use to be so lonely,  
and this was all a mistake  
can i please accept you again?  
you plead,  
suddenly you beacome  
the sweetest thing on earth

you've always say you love me  
and this time is the one,  
we'll make it work  
if i give you another chance  
you love me right? ?  
promise me you won't cheat on me again,  
you swear, but soon forget

so you go away again  
gonna see someone else  
so i sit around and wait  
for you,  
for you to come and beg,  
but i can't stop it,  
i can't change you,  
nor hate you,  
'coz you can be so sweet

but when you go, don't you think of me  
crying out and feeling weak? ?  
you come and everything's fine,  
but i feel like dying when you leave  
and i wonder if it's worth it

and this story goes over and over again,  
leave, cheat, beg,

while i wait, and cry,  
and promise me i won't take you back again,  
but when you come,  
i forgive and you forget  
your so called mistakes,  
you're gonna kill me someday,  
i'm gonna die of my pain,  
but i can't do it any other way,  
'coz you're the sweetest thing ever,  
but is it worth it? ? .....

Roberta James Mitchell

# They Called Me Punk

they say i´m a punk,  
they said it out loud,  
and when all people turned  
and looked at me,  
they all agreed.  
i got ugly shoes,  
dirty socks and bad hair,  
they say i don´t care  
about anything but myself,  
they say i can´t handle consequences,  
and that i´m immature,  
they say i´m a rebel,  
a loser with a label.

i don´t talk a lot,  
they might not be wrong,  
but i hate it when they say it,  
they tag me like a dog.  
they keep saying it,  
and it makes me believe it.

they say i´m a punk  
and they don´t like the idea,  
i should be a princess,  
i should always be happy,  
walk like a model and smile,  
get a boyfriend,  
friends, a life.  
don´t have ideas,  
do what they tell you,  
prepare to be wife,  
go to parties and pretend to have fun,  
rush to a car,  
drive 1000 mph,  
crash to a tree and die  
do everything the way we want you to be.

they say i´m a punk  
´coz i´m not like them,

i wanna be different,  
i don't want to obey,  
i don't want to do  
everything they say,  
so if that's what i have to be  
to stay far of your way of being,  
then, yes, i'm a punk,  
even if you don't like it.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Tomorrow

it's my war against myself  
it's my war against the trends,  
it's a war and you'll be afraid,  
and tomorrow everything'll end  
it's a story that repeats over and over again,  
it's my nightmare but i'm awake,  
and when tomorrow gets here,  
it'll end.

and tomorrow everything will be over,  
and tomorrow the world will end,  
and tomorrow i might get it over,  
or tomorrow i might be death.

Roberta James Mitchell



# Usa

i didn't lost my arm  
being hero at a war,  
i didn't lost my leg  
trying to save anyone  
but myself.

isn't it enough  
to make you back up  
from your idea?  
don't you see  
how much i've paid,  
i was also heading  
to the USA.

it was the train  
that ripped off my  
arm and my leg,  
i tryed to get away  
from it's rail,  
but it was late.

c'me on kiddo  
it's useless to even try,  
if you don't die with the train,  
you'll die on the road,  
and if you're stubborn enough  
to go on,  
desert's hungry and waiting,  
and also the border patrol.

so stay here, don't go,  
live, enjoy your family  
and work.  
there is no such thing  
as the American dream,  
it really doesn't exist,  
and there might be a nightmare  
in it's place.

so stay,  
'coz the american dream's a fake  
and you might not even make it  
to the United States.

Roberta James Mitchell

# Watch Me Die

lit a cigarette and watch me die;  
as you always sit in front of the tv,  
now sit in front of me.

as if you weren't my friend,  
watch me cry once again,  
not even knowing what to say.

eat some popcorn and prepare,  
it'll be the greatest show,  
my last performance.

it won't be long 'til i'm death,  
be on time, it starts at ten.

call my mom and tell her  
i won't make it for dinner tonight,  
tell my sister i won't miss her,  
since all we did was fight.

i'm better off like this,  
it's better for all of us,  
don't pretend to stop me.

now, be happy, i'll be gone,  
isn't it what you wanted?  
prepare for my last show.

it'll get better once i'm death,  
this is how i clean my mess.  
watch me while i kill myself,  
watch me while i cut my head.

sit in front of me,  
as you do with the tv,  
eat some popcorn and prepare,  
watch me take my life to an end.



# Weird

it feels weird, its something i already kinda knew  
mmmhhh, i dont know,  
i knew it was there, but,  
for almost a second, im pretty sure,  
i almost felt my head  
over my shoulders....

but its all gone again.

Roberta James Mitchell

# What I Like The Most

what i like the most  
it's to lie on my back  
and stare at the sky,  
to lie on the grass  
while listening to your song.

take a picture,  
make this last,  
let me see you  
in my eyes.

take your photograph,  
do it fast,  
'coz this moment  
might not last.

i'll let you hold me  
in your arms,  
but first take this picture,  
while i still lie  
in the green, green grass.

Roberta James Mitchell

# You Were Beautiful

'i couldn't stand you  
i couldn't stand your beauty'

i guess im some kinda weirdo  
everyone wanted to be with you so bad  
why didnt i?

now everyone wants to talk to me  
to ask me stuff  
they all want to know  
what'd i did to you...

you were beautiful  
and perfect  
i couldnt stand it  
coz that's all im not.

i didnt mean any of this  
couldnt you understand me?  
couldnt you even try?

maybe if i had been a little less  
opposite  
maybe if we hadnt been moved  
by different motivations.

you were beautiful,  
that's all i'll say now,  
you were so fucking beautiful  
that it made me sick.

Roberta James Mitchell