



**Poems by
Manisha Camper**

And so I began to think...

Was is my smell of youth & salt
do I stink of lust & soap
Was it my hands to give the fault
their tiny bones, their shape of hope
Was it my height of 5 & below
my dwarfish legs, no length to reach
Maybe my breaths, how sweet they'd flow
or my silence, no room to preach
Could it have been my nice complexion
How the sun gives it a ray
or maybe my donation of affection
Was it my gentle that gave it away
Was it the way I slept at night
How I'd curl, then stretch like a bird
Maybe my lack to put up a fight
couldn't even argue a single word
Maybe my hair, so kinky & curly
I'd get it stuck, but the sun gave it color
Maybe it was my soul; how it was so worldly
or my looks, I do look like my mother
Whatever it is, I'll figure it out
For whatever it may be
Maybe I'm foolish and full of doubt
that it has nothing to do with me

What if vs. What is

Part One

Consciously, I was insane

Mentally instilling unhealthy ideas in my braine

Telling me, that whoever I was

caused this

That maybe if I did things differently

instinctively, I'd be in a different place

I'd have a different face

to face this traumatic transformation

in case I was in a different mind set

That if my breaths had different strokes

and my heart had different hopes

to push me in a direction

that led to a different outlet

My soul was some form of hybrid

mixed with awareness and un aware

to care and not to care

about what happened in the moment

to what happened in the past

Then when the blue moon hit

they'd come in contact

Making a universe so scriminated

their differences were in similarity

at the fact that they both had differences

So then, I began to envision a different life
envisioning the "what if" vector
A whole life of adventure
from emotions caused from complete
happiness was an endless possibility
An ability nonetheless
I lived a life of success
and control with a vice grip,
and at the tip top of my life stood me
With a torch that shed life to everything
before, during, and what's soon to come

Part two

What led to this depression
Not realizing you were depressed
besides the fact that you felt less
unwanted, and though don't confess;
wont confess this truth
That maybe it was looking beyond
instead of ahead
that left your head full
instead of focused on what was important
You are the one
who creates your dreams
You have control
from whats exposed now

You spoke up from your silence
creating loud sirens
to those unaware of a monster
not of them, but the one they created
the one you hated
to creep into the warmth of your heart
creating cold in the safe part
reserved for the good in the world
It was you who lost hope
and you who can create it
As soon as you overcome these phases
of empty pavements where your feet meet
Replacing it with earth and its beautiful temptations
because we are so lost in the *world*
that we forget that man made it
and the Earth is a body of its own Creations
You are a body of your own making
That is the greatness of what is rather than what if

Was it my quiet, scrawny and ignorance? So was it I who gave it away for being scrawny, quiet and ignorant? Did I scream “Here! Take it! Take my young and my childhood! Strip me of my pure body and virtue! Take it! I don’t want it, you might as well have it while I sleep drooling over dreams of a young mind! Take it while I lay watching Spongebob, or while I change into my size to big clothing. Take it while I bathe my underdeveloped body! Take it, and replace it with fear and timid touches. Give me nightmares, and anger!. Feed me hurt and pain, and a sprinkle of insanity. Destroy my soul because it is not important. Break my mind because my thoughts do not matter. Shatter my dreams because they are not worthy?”