

sophie pennetzdorfer

tangled
thoughts

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1st edition

publisher: sophie pennetzdorfer

layout and cover design: gerald wahl

printing and distribution on behalf of the author:

mymorawa by dataform media gmbh, vienna

www.mymorawa.com

printed in austria

ISBN:

978-3-99129-972-1 (hardcover)

978-3-99129-974-5 (paperback)

978-3-99129-973-8 (e-book)

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to the sad people and the
lovers of the moon

red ink



or
black blood?



pain turned into blood,
blood turned into ink, ink
turned into poetry.

and with poetry,
the pain was finally soothed.



trigger warning:



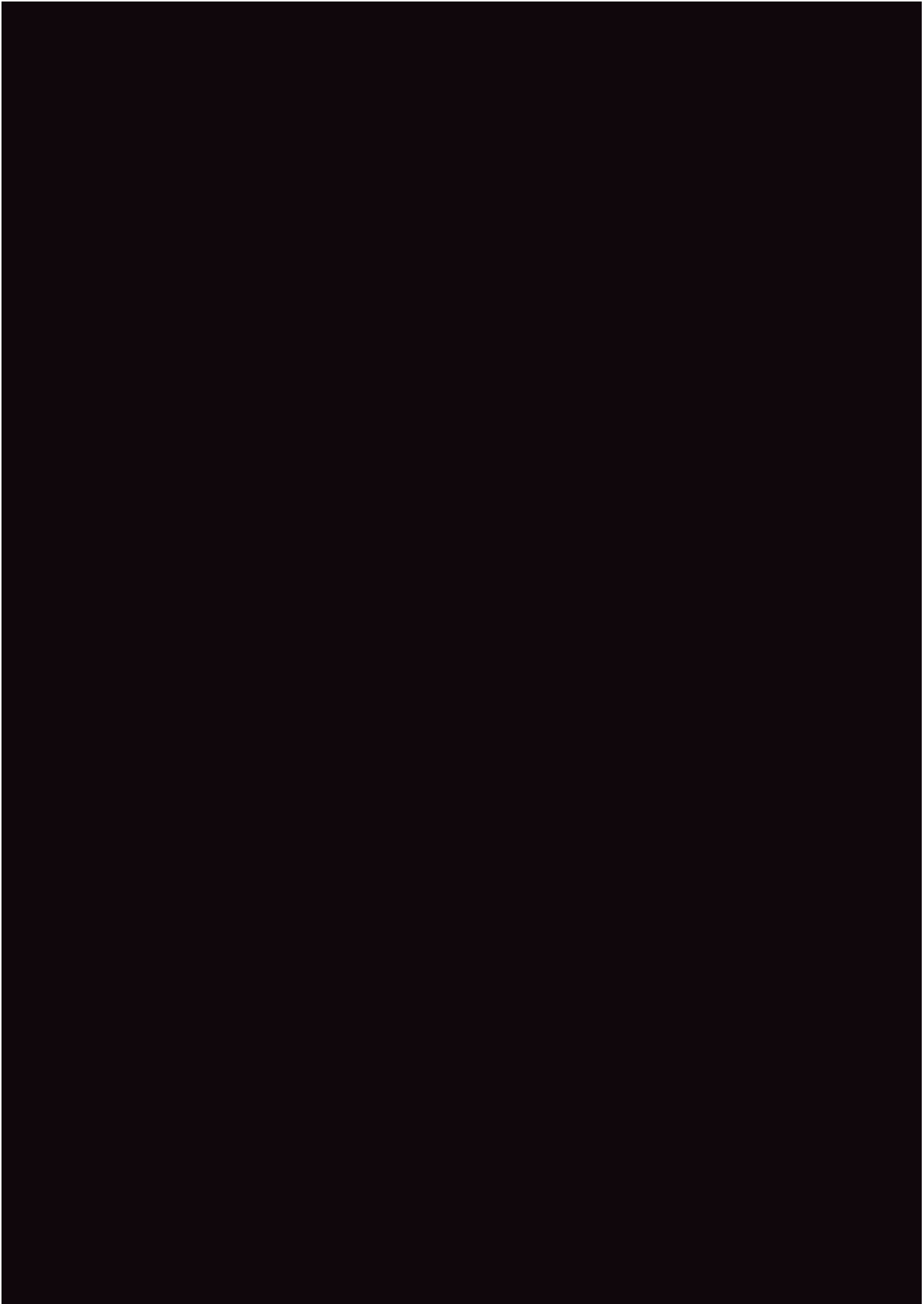
this book contains poems
addressing:

- self harm
- suicide
- eating disorders

be prepared and stay safe









hurting

i need it to hurt
and i need
the pain to end.

at what age
did we start feeling
this pain?
when did we start feeling
worthless and empty
and who made us feel such things,
who taught us
that we were not enough
by simply being ourselves?
when did we start to think
that the only way to be beautiful
is by covering our faces with makeup
and starving ourselves
until our bones are clearly visible
through our skin?
who made us stop thinking
and only care about our appearance?
at what age
did our soul start to rot
and why?

we were not pretty enough,
not perfect enough.
so we started to dress all in black,
turning up the volume
of our music far too loud.

we started to burn down our bodies,
slicing them up
like pathologists
who search for

a cause of death
we search for beauty
in the depths of our flesh
like it was something
that once went missing,
like maybe it's still lying there
under layers of flesh, muscle and skin
that we have been taught to mistake for fat.

we don't understand
that the damage that has been done
is in our brains.
in our soft and impressionable minds
there has been planted hatred
and a false idea of beauty,
of life.

there is
too much sadness
inside me.

i am death.

the way i can't keep my plants alive,
how i forget to feed my guinea pigs.
the rope around my neck,
the blade kissing my skin.

i am misery.

the way i make my parents sad,
how i can't keep friendships.
i destroy everything,
just look at my body.

i am pain.

my dull and dreary eyes
mirroring my withering soul.
my thirst for blood,
my longing for pain,
my craving to join the dead.

i wish
joy was as easy
to find,
to keep
as sadness and pain

maybe "lost"
is just a state of mind.

this darkness
is eating me

the monster inside my brain
is feasting on me

till nothing,
nothing
is left
and emptiness
fills the empty space.

am i more myself
or less myself
when a white bandage
is wrapped
around my arm?
am i more myself
or less myself
when a white bandage
is wrapped
around my arm?