

**Familiar Souls**

A blaze scars these people  
Scorching their surface  
as one soul might do to  
another, if it got too close.  
A velvet red layer surrounds  
their wounds, pain is not felt,  
but comfort.  
Under a blanket of yearning dots,  
Souls move as they want,  
others are commanded.  
The urgency to be safe  
Lingers, constricting my lungs.  
To acquire this security  
we must trust one another,  
and when the burning returns  
At least we will have each other.

**Addict**

The constant Urge  
To get a fix  
Controlling minds  
playing tricks  
Hours spent  
Searching for cash  
Quickly vanishes  
For some hash  
In the bathroom  
Or in the woods  
Desperate measures  
Are always good  
So much money  
Blown on drugs  
It's not worth it  
Just give hugs.

**NECAPS**

My thoughts are shot  
Fuck this shit  
Fuck this stress  
I'm done with it.  
This used to work  
What the Fuck  
They're still here  
My emotions; stuck.  
Feel like crying  
Or maybe even dying  
Suicidal or not  
I'm forced to survive  
These nonsensical tests  
I'm compelled to pass  
But if I fail  
I'm KICKING someone's ASS!

**Where dreams go to die**

A building stands  
Seventeen hundred enter and exit  
They're all the same  
Struggling to find their place  
Minds fly high  
Taking everything; information  
Hearts so...undecided  
I can't find my place  
My path; Nowhere to be found  
My dreams died here  
I'm not to be confound.

**One Way Window**

The only thing I allow through me is sunlight  
Nothing leaves. Nothing Enters.  
No air. No Oxygen. No life.

Except sunlight  
How it breaches my glass walls  
Is a mystery

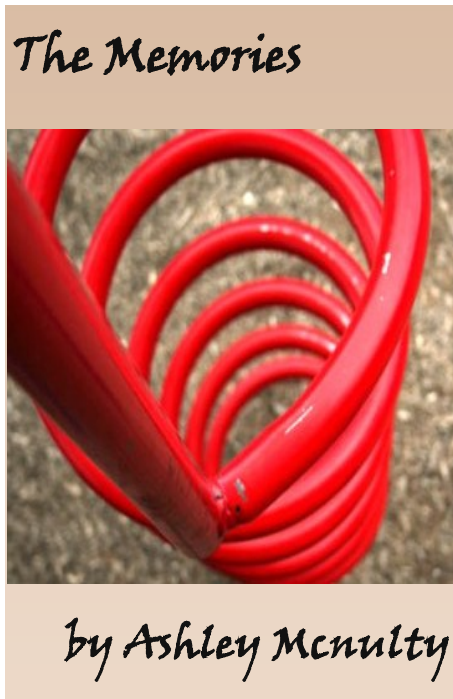
Illuminating the room I protect  
It saddens me  
I have failed.

The only job I have ever known  
Keeping everything out  
Sunlight invades this room

I have failed  
Now the question is  
Why don't I open up?

See the world for a moment  
If unpleasant  
Just close up again.

*\* New England Common Assessment Program  
(NECAP)*



This is for all of the teachers I have  
troubled over the years. Particularly  
those at North Kingstown High School.

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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Photo by Ashley McNulty

**Origami Poetry Project**

*The Memories*

*by Ashley McNulty © 2011*

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