



*Hidden Scars
and
Golden Lines*

REBECCA RADD

HIDDEN SCARS
AND
GOLDEN LINES

Rebecca Radd

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“Take a lover that looks at you
like maybe you are
magic.”
– Frida Kahlo

*Dedicated to those who wear their scars with pride,
and to those who stitch them with gold threads.*

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Irreversibly Broken

My heart shattered by your words
Like porcelain shattered by a hammer;
Irreversibly broken,
Unwillingly harming anyone
Who gets too close
For it is scared of letting any doctor
Try to fix it.

Arc-en-ciel

You draw
Rainbows on my cloudy sky
When I see you smile.

Unconditioned Love

Loving so hard
That I disintegrate,
Depression haunting me,
Hope trying to pull me
To the surface from the
Sea of Numbness.
This is not about letting go
As I know this is better for you
And perhaps for me too.
I can't tell what the future holds,
But the present snatched
My one chance at happiness.

*Regardless, if I have to sacrifice my happiness for yours,
I will.*

Media Naranja

I'm whole by the soul's definition
Which transcends this poor exhibition
Of what the human considers
To be earthly Eden.
The two of us though,
We're in complementary positions,
Bringing back to life
The possibility of an androgynous creation
That puts to shame all the other
Variation of what love could be.

*My soul recognised yours as its half,
And when they hugged each other it was as if
They had never been apart.*

Gold Thread

When you're broken
And you're feeling down,
When there's no one around to hold you,
I'll listen and open my arms,
Protect you from the world around
And face the rest of bullets aimed at you.
If this shall not be enough,
I swear to wrap your heart in my love,
To give peace to your frightened soul,
To infiltrate into your blood and
Sew your wounds from underneath your skin
With gold thread.

Love Transmogrifies

Love like ours
Does not simply
Cease existing
For it is rebel and relentless
And does not obey rationality
Or take into account the variety
Of circumstances
We're fighting.
Love like ours
Might diminish
To the point of disappearing
But there's always going
To be a smouldering fire in our hearts
To remind us of the times
When we were young,
Hopeful and brave,
And we would love,
Although if with haste,
With dreams on our tongues
Passion in our fingers,
And chaos in our minds.

*Love like ours does not disappear,
It transmogrifies.*

Right Wing

“Leave your mark on me,
Make me yours
And never let me go,”
I remember telling you,
Wanting to be linked to you
With invisible wires.
You complied,
But in the end said:
“You’re an angel, and thus
I shall set you free.”
I don’t recall telling you
I want to touch the sky
Or act like you’re a burden
Keeping me from spreading
My wings.
For I know who and what I am,
But I was willing to grow roots
On this infertile soil
Or cut my right wing,
And offer it to you,
If only to be together,
Either in heaven or hell.

Crimson Life Essence

Treated me like a flower,
Thinking that I'm fragile and graceful,
But oh, sweetheart, you've forgotten
That some flowers have thorns
That prickle skin till
They see crimson life essence
Falling through your fingers.

Jumping from a Scene to Another

I'm an open book
Whereas you can be read only between the lines;
But it's hard to rationalise when I'm with you
Or focus on deciphering all your secrets right away
Because your symbols are hard to figure out
Unless you drop some hints for me.

*Caught in between two episodes,
We're merely characters of a story
Which end we don't know and can't predict.*

Incinerating Fire and Healing Water

Kiss me softly,
And drip fire
Into my core,
Set me on fire
And let's burn together;
Incinerate our pasts
And throw the ashes in the wind
At dusk.
Let me be your healing water
'Cause we're two elements opposing
Each other
And yet together we create harmony.

Honey on Burns

Let me tear you apart,
And put you back together;
Rip your chest open and
Show me all your vulnerable sides.
Entrust your pain to me
And let my sweet words
Soothe your burns.

Risk your heart and I'll awake your soul.

Journey

Paint stars in my night sky,
And I shall put rainbows in your
Life's sky.
Don't be afraid of the dark ceiling of my soul
Or the demons within my mind
And the rewards shall be worth
The hard journey that you've embarked on.

Dangerous Eyes

Your eyes piercing
My soul,
Revealing wounds long forgotten,
But unhealed.

You throw light on my vulnerability.

Gemini

I would not take you back,
You caused me so much pain —
Made me doubt myself without even realising it.
Cried a few times in solitude,
Only to smile when the sun was up
And I was out of my lonely cave.
I'm good at pretending nothing's wrong
And acting like I'm not hurt;
I've always had a tough exterior
So I'm drifting back to former ways
Of coping with life.

*It does not matter how much you're on my mind,
I know better than to let myself be hurt once more.*

If Feelings Could Speak

If feelings had a mouth,
Mine would scream to be set free
'Cause I've been hiding them for
Too long.
I'd rather control and restrain them
Than risk hurting the people I love;
I am injured on the inside,
I've got wounds no one can see
And they're bleeding.
I'm drowning in my own blood,
Swimming with my sorrows
And salvation seems an eternity away.

*I cut pieces of myself
Trying to make everyone happy.*

Against Fate

My heart is in denial,
Aching,
Bawling,
Desperately hoping it could do something to change things.
My mind unable to comprehend
How Fate can be so
Ruthless,
Unfair,
Willingly throwing people into the abyss and caressing them with
chaos.
I went against it so many times
I can barely count them,
Only to be left bruised and lonely,
Abandoned by those whom
I thought would stand by me
Through madness.
I kept taking steps forwards
Stubborn and resolute
To turn the tables in my favour
Despite the needles that have pierced my skin,
The words that shot my heart,
The slaps that reddened my cheeks,
Or the wars that destroyed the harmony in my mind.

*I kept moving forward even though I was bleeding inside out,
With a naive optimism that protected my soul.*

Devastating Desire

Selfishly and foolishly
I want to consume you,
Leave you scarred and
Half the man you are now,
Out of vengeance and of insatiable desire.
To breathe you into my lungs
And cage you,
Drink you up until
Your life drips on my thighs
And gets soaked into my skin.

*I could taste you a thousand times,
And it would still not be enough.*

Art Is My Salvation

We write out of heartache and
Crushing pain,
Because when we're happy
We don't contemplate anything,
And just live in the moment.

We create when we need a reason to keep breathing.

Premature Death

I cry for the love that died so young
When I was hoping to reach
Old aged as “us.”

The Theory of Letting Go

Letting go does not always mean slowly falling apart;
Sometimes, it means cutting bonds like a criminal
And never looking back.

The Fate of a Writer

I tried to write you out of my system.
Too late I realized that
The ink that poured out of my veins
Only made you immortal.
Now I dwell on my word choice,
Wondering how to make my mind understand
That if you were a verb,
You should be in “past tense.”
Why do I love you only in “present” and “future”
And sometimes put commas
Where I should put full stops?

Too bad that instead of pronouns my mind thinks in names.

People as Anchors

Never make anchors out of people.
They will leave and
Then you'll be lost on the Life Sea.

Survivor

I want to cry for what we were,
And bawl for what we could be,
To wear my sorrow with courage,
To show my scar and thus my strength,
To say it was hard,
But I've eventually survived.

Shell

Sometimes, you give your all
And that's not enough.
And you'd give more,
But it's impossible
Cause you've already
Turned into a simple shell.
Perhaps you should start
Using the empty space within
And release the tension
In the air.

*You're the type of shell
So beautiful
That some people collect
As a token of good times.*

Love Like a Rose

Your love came like spring roses —
Beautiful and with a tempting scent;
It was a wild rose,
Really a rebel one,
With frightening thorns and pink petals,
And raising confident.
But still, a rose.
Still ephemeral.
Dead when winter comes.

Among Hypotheses and Demonstrations

The queen of the fools,
That's what I am;
Holding onto hope with my whole heart
When everything seems to work against
My wishes.

*I can't decide if thinking we'd end up together was a bad joke or
a nice dream.*

Breath

Take a deep breath and
Dive into the depths of the ocean,
I'll be jumping with you while
Holding your hand,
Squeezing your fingers and
Whispering "It's going to be okay."
No one else has what we have.
I'll teach you how to swim with dolphins,
And dance in vortexes;
You'll be my breath of air
When I'm too tired to get to the surface.
Let's make sandcastles underwater,
And enjoy aquamarine dusks;
Braid my hair with corals
And I'll adorn your wrists with seashells.

The Bad Love that I Crave

I crave your love,
But I know that I shouldn't
Because it was the one
To destroy me
When you left.

I keep thinking about you,
Recollecting all the moments
That brought us here.

I should not beg
For more of your love;
But it's hard
To contain this secret
Buried in the shell of my soul.

You did something
Worse than messing
With my head —
You left me with a rioting heart.

*Oh, dear Lord, how am I now supposed to stop
Unleashed from the depth of my soul.*

Naive Heart

Even to this day,
When we talk
My heart starts racing.

Worshipping of "Us"

I gave you so much of me
That I'm afraid
I'll never have enough to give
To anyone else now.
Too late I'm thinking
Of the consequences of
My worshipping of "us"
When there was only a
Sure "I."

Empathy

Stop saying you understand my pain
When you don't even empathise with me,
But rather throw words carelessly,
Not caring about how they might affect me.
Do you want to talk about me needing to be patient
When you're the only one who can't be consistent
With staying true to his word?

Until You

How foolish of me
To think I've loved before;
Only now I understand
How wrong I was in my assumption.
I've never been hurting so bad for so long
Until you.

Ship

I know this pain will fade —
Or at least I hope;
But I can't stop wondering
When is it going to happen?
Because I don't know how much longer
I can keep going on
With this heavy heart of mine
Without sinking.

A Lesson of Loneliness

Silent scream caught in my throat,
Burning pain ripping my chest open,
Shaky hands desperate to hold onto something
That would keep me on the surface.
I feel like I'm drowning
And there's no one to save me
Except for myself.

I'm learning to live for myself.

Cold Hands and Warm Hearts

I'll rest in your dark spaces,
Places where light has not gotten to in ages;
I'll spark a fire and warm my hands up
By touching your heart,
And my coldness shall tame the fury
That has made a nest inside of you.

Thoughts and Feelings at Night

Cried a thousand times for you,
Howled to the moon,
And screamed to the Heavens,
Just to ask myself a thousand one times
Why am I doing this to myself
And why I can't just let you go?

Walking Paradox

I'm a walking paradox:

A man with an empty space in a big heart,

A man filled with loneliness, although surrounded by friends,

A man with a twisted mind in a sane body;

I am the man who wanted to give everything out of his nothing,

And the one who'd fall a thousand times for you to survive.

I've become nothingness,

A contradiction of my existence.

Muse

You're the poetry that keeps me up at night,
Demanding to be written.

Books and Tea

I miss your skin on mine,
Your whispers in my ear,
You calling out my name
And taking the pressure
Off my shoulders
After a hard day.

*No worries, a good book and a cup of tea can substitute your
absence pretty well.*

Needing Time

I'm hurting because of you,
And I'm so angry with myself
'Cause your absence kills me a bit more
Every day
And I wish it didn't.

Unholding Hands

I love you,
But I am letting you go,
'Cause why should I keep
Holding on to something
That doesn't see to work out
In the end?
Give me a reason to stay and
I will;
But unless you're gripping my hand tighter
When I'm trying to go away,
Don't expect me to beg
Loose and undecided fingers
To stay in this union.
I would've humiliated myself for "us,"
But I won't allow you to step on my heart
And then dismiss it.

Impavid

I pour out all the emotion in me,
Unafraid of what the world might think,
Hoping my words will reach you,
Not to change your mind,
But because I want you to understand that
This person right here can actually
Move mountains,
Fight armies,
Divide seas,
Ignite souls,
Face fears,
Conquer life even when she's broken.

Queen of the Night

I am a flower,
You were my sun;
When you went away,
I thought for a second everything was gone,
But then I soon remembered
I am the Queen of the Night,
And I don't actually need that much sunlight to survive,
And I need none to bloom and shine.

I Can't

I want to be somebody you could love,
To be the person that you need
So desperately.

Wingless Angel Flying

Broke me down
And set me free;
How's a wingless angel supposed to fly?
It's not to say I won't find a way,
Eventually,
But I'm wondering:
What's going through your mind
To think you're doing what is right?

Recent Water Under the Bridge

I remember the times
When we used to make plans together;
They've crumbled down,
I hold them dear to my heart —
Memories of a time when my burning heart
Didn't hurt.

Words Can Be Weapons

Watch you in the eye
And keep my lips shut,
Making sure I won't let your name
Slip past them
Or any of the words I've bottled up
Aware that we're better with them left unsaid.

Direct the Flow

I became dependent on you,
Forgetting that in this life
I only have to rely on myself;
You were a reminder of the things
I used to believe in —
Trust my instincts,
Direct the flow.

*I was so lost in you
That I forgot who I was.*

If I Could Turn Back in Time...

If I could turn back in time,
I would love you
Harder,
Longer,
Without hesitation or inhibition;
I'd love you in a way that when I let you go
My name would be branded on your soul.
If I could turn back in time,
I would tell you all the words
That I was
Too afraid,
Too ashamed,
Too young
To say.
I would make your mind mingle
And your skin tingle,
And make you wonder how someone can
Bewilder and bedazzle you
Like this.

*We'll part ways, and when you close your eyes at night
My eyes and touch will haunt you,
And your mind will feel tired, although no one's challenged it
That day.*

The Difference Between Lust and Intimacy

I miss you;
I'm wondering if you miss me too.
We've had something special going on,
And now we act like strangers,
But who know each other's deepest secrets,
And softest spots and who have roadmaps
To each other's hearts,
Riding on words and accidental touchings.
We've transcended lust
And met intimacy in its purest form —
Intertwined souls and blent memories,
Getting to know where unseen crevices lie.

Author's Note

Dear reader, thank you so much for picking this poetry book. I hope you liked it. I've published two other poetry books, which you can grab for free as well, by the way: The Yin & Yang of Feelings and Hold Me. I can't say I like one more than the other, as they are all dear to my heart.

Let's talk about the book before you. You might wonder why I named it "Hidden Scars and Golden Line." I think all of us carry the marks of the hard times we've gone through, but not all of these marks are visible to the eye — some because we choose to hide them, some because the people around just notice them. So many times people feel flawed, as if they were not enough, because of these lines covering them. I wrote this book to tell you that yes, you are flawed. Indeed you'll wear those marks for the rest of your life and the more you try to cover them, even after they're healed, the more obvious they will become and the more they will affect you. But they are beautiful. Your scars are the "bricks" that have build who you are today.

I think I should explain what made me add the "Golden Lines" part to the title, as it might not be obvious unless you're accustomed to Japanese traditions. In Japan,

there is this art of repairing pottery with lacquer that has gold powder in its composition¹.

This way of mending pottery does not treat the breakages as something that should be hidden, but rather as part of the object's history. (As a side note, you might also want to read about [Wabi-sabi](#)² which has to do with Japanese aesthetics.)

Knowing about this Japanese practice, it made me think, what if we, humans, thought of our scars the same way? What if we healed them with “gold threads” and were proud of them as they prove we've withstood the passage of time and the hardships thrown at us *even* in this ephemeral life. The beauty and the heart might get scarred, but the soul, the creation transcend time and this state of existence.

I write from the soul, with raw emotion, and despite “polishing” my art to a certain extent, I feel like there will always be some roughness to it. And that's alright.

¹ Kintsugi , also known as Kintsukuroi is the Japanese art of repairing broken pottery with lacquer dusted or mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum.

(source: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kintsugi>)

² In traditional Japanese aesthetics, Wabi-sabi is a world view centered on the acceptance of transience and imperfection. The aesthetic is sometimes described as one of beauty that is "imperfect, impermanent, and incomplete".

(source: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wabi-sabi>)

I'm more interested in people *feeling* what I write rather than *admiring* it in regards to flow, rhyme, or complexity.

You might go through hard times right now or perhaps you're suffering in silence because old wounds are still bleeding. Or maybe there are just a few scars that have healed but whose demons haunt you regardless.

I'm here to tell you that it's alright to suffer, to have that silent scream for help caught in your throat, to confront powerful demons, to make mistakes, to be flawed.

It is alright to be flawed.

Keep pushing yourself forward every day, even if just a little. Reach out for help if you need it. Do something for yourself.

You are not alone.

If you enjoyed the poems, please share them with other people. It's feelings that bring all of us together.

Hold Me

A collection of 29 poems about love, with its joys and sufferings. Read them in one sitting and you might notice a story unfolding. Read them one by one and savour them.

[The Yin & Yang of Feelings](#)

A collection of 20 poems on love and hatred – for those who suffer, for those who've been disappointed, for those who love with passion, for those who try to find a reason to keep going, for those who need to be reminded of how strong they are. This is for you.

About the Author

Rebecca Radd is Romanian novelist and poet. She lives and Bucharest, Romania, and studies foreign languages at the University of Bucharest. She likes reading, taking long walks, and stormy nights.

She admires art in all its forms — she thinks art is meant to be felt, not explained, and enjoys bringing people together with her work.

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