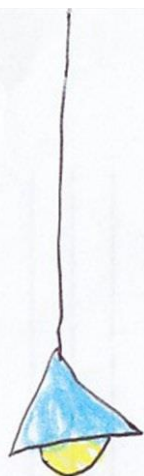


**A Collection of Poems** by Inês Reis

Cover by Diego B.Monti



a collection of poems:  
a collection of poems:

Inês Reis

## Index

Gravity.....	2
13- Dreams.....	3
13- Lost.....	4
13- Fake.....	5
13- Classic Rebel.....	6
13- Snow.....	7
13- Game Boy.....	8
13 – Friday.....	9

## Gravity

It was the light that held you from drowning. At the edge, you felt already immersed.

Shining, she divided you into two halves. One to remind you who you were. Other to show you your new path.

The light had been so strong that smoothly, managed to control Gravity.

"You won't fall" she said. You heartily listen.

Today you still slip sometimes, however, you had never thought of surrender again.

(17 anos)

### 13- Dreams

Maybe one day we meet each other in dreams,  
Would it be selfish of me to ask?

They say people are nice and you'll be fine  
It's kinda true. You have a world to talk to.  
But I miss when we were alone, walking barefoot on our own

I wonder where the sun is, so heavy have been the skies...  
Would it be too much if I could only look you in the eyes?

I thank you for your patience. For your existence. For you. Every day.  
Things are still confusing though

Trapped, how do we run from this muppet show?

Time passes and doesn't even say goodbye!  
I can see you sometimes. I think. I hope one day we can together be,  
But for now, just know you'll be forever in me.

(07 Janeiro 2018)

### 13- Lost

Wonder where do you go after the goodbye  
I know life seduces you more than I  
They envy your soul for its security  
Of searching clarity and asking why  
Hope you in you always rely

We drank bottles of the finest culture  
Listened to the highest frequencies  
And sailed through the deepest seas  
But that mundane seed, she, was like a vulture.

Please lesson repeat yourself once more  
If you can, take me to another shore  
I'm lost where I'm at,  
But this time I'll not regret.

(12 Janeiro 2018)

### 13- Fake

You always speak too much, attach too much  
Reveal too much, stay true to you too much  
You believe everyone's like you... naive!  
They're not. Or even such.

Look at them when you walk by  
Empty shallows with no sparkle in the eye  
Illusions are more tentative, I guess  
Putting you sedative when playing their chess.

So stop the meaningless conversations  
Until you're ready to get into equations

Oh darlin' save me your hate  
While you stand there just being a fake  
Promise I keep praying for your sake.

(14 Janeiro 2018)

### 13- Classic Rebel

That's you, that's me  
Intimately free  
Make the body reflect your mind  
Ego is killing you, be kind

Take time for yourself, to care  
Others will see, so do share

Bring light to life  
Errorless, as a sharp knife

Rely on the stars  
Easy, you won't get scars  
Burn your old you and  
Early start to sew  
Love intimissimi, start new

(19 Janeiro 2018)

### 13- Snow

I think people are like snow  
Only covered with a crystal glow  
They seem the perfect water do dive in  
But as always, you can never know

I wonder if you're one of them, I mean  
You never appeared to seem

These past days things have changed  
Conversations are getting more than arranged

I saw you as my mountain  
From the beginning to the end  
A place I could go to, to escape  
Now I see you as another tape...

(19 Janeiro 2018)

### 13- Game Boy

You had offered me the most beautiful flowers  
Had told me the most enchanted stories  
Even had presented me to all of your brothers  
But in the end it was all a facade, full of fake glories

It's stupid to think how I could of you, be so selfish  
I know how you thought I was one more unseasoned dish

I honestly fell for your attention  
For that warm sound that your mouth made when you laugh  
What a shame that we cannot be in the same dimension

I'm a bit concerned with the next victim, I must confess you  
Hope she can herself untangle from your attractive spider glue

You've lost. At the least the illusion you were able to destroy  
Now I can clearly see that you were just a game, boy

(1 Fevereiro 2018)



## 13 – Friday

You know, the problem was you were good. Actually, too good.  
Unintentionally, you crossed some lines. And that's ok. Me too.  
Forgetting still keeps being the worse. The wound is open. Like an ax stuck in wood.  
And when that happens, dear, there are only two choices:  
Finish the cut or die following temptational voices.

I've always admired Fridays, though... haven't you?  
If you think about it, they're far. There, in the impatient end.  
Where no one cares, where no one wants to be in.  
That place that when they are, they feel they're committing some kind of sin.

Wicked. Have you also noticed they're the ones we keep waiting for?  
Guess you were only a Wednesday or maybe, yeah definitely, a sleepy Monday.

Today I declare a rebirth. Remember a new cycle is just about to begin.  
So darling', please, just celebrate this damn Friday 13.

(13 Abril 2018)