

A Cry







*A Cry in the Dark*

A book of poetry

By Jane Anne Chubb



## Foreword

This book of poetry is based on the true events of a teenage girl grappling with her identity. Please be aware that there is graphic content and there may be triggers to those struggling with self-harm, identity, and psychological traumas.





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## Her

Would it make you want me if  
I were  
thinner?  
If I skipped my dinner?  
What if I wore more makeup,  
and did my hair all nice?

Would you want me then?

If I changed my laugh,  
my style,  
my unintentional habits?

No.

It wouldn't be enough,  
it would never  
be enough.  
Because  
I'm not her.

It's her smile,  
her laugh,  
the crinkle of her eyes.

I don't have her body  
her hair  
or even,  
her air.

You want her.

But,  
would you want me if I laughed  
like her,  
smiled like her,  
if my eyes were hers?

I wouldn't be me anymore,  
but it would be worth it

right ?

As long as it got me you...





Shubert



## Innocents

You said I was prettier  
in the dark.  
So,  
darkness is what I became.

You lied,  
you left.  
And I was on my own  
trying to find my way  
out.

But the light was gone,  
I was lost.  
I was hurt and afraid,  
I sat in a corner.

But no tears  
would come.  
Soon  
I became numb  
and...

...lost myself altogether.









## Sunflower, sunflower

Sunflower, sunflower  
oh,  
where do I turn?

You follow the sun  
and that all looks quite fun,  
but what do you do  
when the clouds cover its view?

Oh wait, I can see!  
You look straight at me.

So then that must mean  
I am a flower too!  
Yellow and bright  
bringing others delight.

Wow, what a notion  
it'll cause a commotion,  
if everyone idealised  
the genius I've realised.

We're all made to gaze  
and with our hearts we will sing  
of the light, of the light  
such a glorious thing!





Almaly 2020



## A storm of her

You hurt me.  
No...  
I hurt me.

I thought I had a chance,  
thought I found what I'd been  
looking for.  
Thought that you had too.

But,  
who was I fooling,  
myself?  
Certainly not you.

You didn't find me like I found  
you  
You didn't see me like I saw  
you.  
You didn't feel what I felt.

Then you stopped,  
then you left,  
and

I was alone, suffering with  
everything.  
My head a mess,  
my bedroom clean,  
my shelves alphabetised,  
my clothes in the basket.

Everything outside completely  
in order,  
everything inside completely in  
chaos,

But oh,  
how beautiful a storm looks  
from afar...

So don't get too close,  
you might get swallowed...

For none have dared to chance

All except one,  
and even he got overwhelmed.

For beauty is in the eye of the  
beholder,  
and none stay long enough  
to see beneath the violent  
clouds

and into

the eye of the storm.









## Untitled

Her head was full of words,  
like a flock of jittery birds.  
They made a nest in her mind,  
saying things that were unkind.

Their calls were once pretty  
Full of light, harmonious tune,  
but over time she noticed  
Became harsh, high pitched ruin.

They would not cease their screeching  
They grew louder and louder, beseeching,

Her energy, attention and thoughts.  
Her sleep was turning distraught..

She pretended for awhile,  
but had lost all her guile.

To the sounds of the birds  
That were hideous words.







## Back to December

Back to December  
When we were young  
We played in the garden  
Under the sun

Back to the days  
When you were mine  
The hours you were gone  
I would sit and pine

Our laughter was endless  
Our smiles, they were real  
Our hearts full yet light,  
Like the end of a meal

Covered in ignorance  
Oh such bliss  
Lost in the moments  
Of our first kiss

Back to the nights  
Spent under the stars  
Alone we would talk  
To the faint sound of cars

To me away  
Back to that time  
When we were just kids  
And I couldn't rhyme.









## Where were you

I cried myself to sleep  
I lay alone afraid,  
That,  
Everyone would know  
Everyone would see

Where were you ?

All those nights  
I spent  
With nothing but  
My aching heart  
My burning thoughts

Where were you ?

Regretting all I'd remember  
Forgetting all you'd done,

Waiting

Where were you ?

The itch that  
Came and went  
Below my wrists,  
Behind my knees  
Familiar again

Where were you ?

Drained  
Of energy  
Of time  
Of self-respect  
Of life

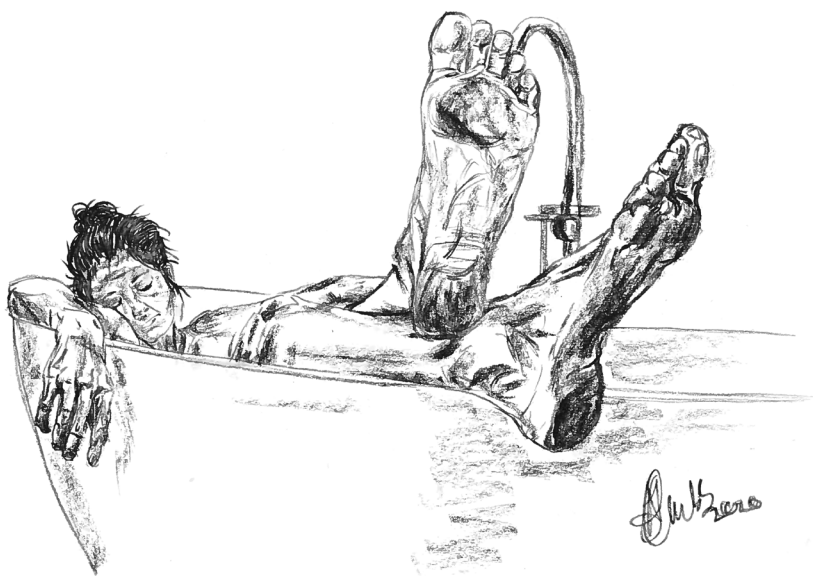
Where were you ?

Needing  
The burning  
Rushing  
Then,

Too late

Where were you ?













## The Author & Illustrator

Jane Chubb is a graduate of the prestigious Ruth Prowse School of Art in Cape Town, South Africa. 'Just Jane', as she's professionally known, finished at the top of her Design class with a specialization in Illustration in 2020. During that same year, she founded the preeminent Just Jane Design Studio, where ordinary South Africans can commission simple and outstanding designs from their choice artists across a variety of trending styles, products, and price-ranges.

Jane as an artist has always enjoyed intentional pursuit of a few techniques and thus becomes an expert in them. Charcoal, as is displayed herein, is one of her favourites. The classic strokes, smudges and contrast of charcoal meet her expressive style in a beautiful display of raw emotion, vulnerability and transformation.

Jane has choicely paired each of the artworks with one of her poems to further explore the head and heart behind this book. These pages are filled with moments of heartache, hurt and humiliation that, paralleling the charcoal, contrast beautifully with Sunflower, Sunflower; a poem that blooms with hope.

The talent and humility that have been given Jane are aptly and appealingly showcased in both the text and the artworks.

This is a book to be engaged with by those who find themselves thinking, *that was me* or *that is me*. It has no purpose of building up or breaking down self-image, but merely as an expression of that self-image.









