

What is it like being just an echo
in a world full of chaos,
pain, and heartbreak?

The Echo

KYLIE V. MILANES

To everyone
who inspired these poems.

Good and bad.

Echo

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Published by HS Grafik Print

Pasig City, Philippines 1611

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Website: www.paperkatbooks.com

Published and Printed in the Philippines



Editing, Cover Design, and Inside Layout: Kath C. Eustaquio-Derla

Skull cover image from Pexels.com; skull illustration from freepik.com

Milanes, Kylie V.

Echo / Kylie V. Milanes; edited and book designed by Kath C. Eustaquio-Derla., — Pasig City, Philippines : HS Grafik Print, [2022], c2022.

pages ; cm

ISBN 978-621-8232-78-5 (pb/bp)

ISBN 978-621-8232-79-2 (pdf)

ISBN 978-621-8232-77-8 (Mobi/Kindle)

- I. Philippine poetry (English) I. Derla, Kath C. Eustaquio-
- II. Title.

ECHO



KYLIE V. MILANES

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written by people close to me

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Dear witness,

As you turn these pages
you'll see my soul.
So, take care of it.
Because this is a hidden piece
that makes who I am whole.

With love,
Kylie

Trigger Warning:

Some content has themes that may be triggering and offensive to some people.

Reader discretion is advised.

ECHO

Gray mask

I wear a gray mask each day;
A mask to conceal
The black and whites
That come out to play.

I experience the pain
Much more than anyone else;
But I also see the sunrise
More beautiful than anyone else.

To hope for a cure
To this sweet madness
And hideous folly
All we have to do is endure.

I stare at the ceiling and lie awake at night,
With a charming blade sitting at my right.
These are the days when the darkness escapes
Tempting me to mark my skin with several scrapes.

Then I laugh all day at the simplest things
Oh, how I love it, the joy it brings;
Sometimes it takes control, sometimes it hides the
darkness,
Even for such a short while, thanks to its brightness.

I do and say things I regret
And to myself that is such a threat;
I feel at times that no one truly understands

ECHO

Because even I have questions
that are out of my hands.

It is a disorder
that consumes your every thought;
And when in the grasp of its strong control,
You say things
Do things
Act in ways
You never thought were possible.

The black and whites come and go
When we least expect it
And can cause a person to be violent
Or just simply quit.

Then I met a lady with a kind heart
Who gave me the gray mask I wear;
To be able to live a life as close to normal
As I will ever be allowed anywhere.

Oh, the gray mask;
A mask to conceal and hide;
The cost to be normal again
To the mask, I am tied.

- K.M.

ECHO

She bleeds through her words

Everywhere she goes
She feels immensely alone;
As if she's not significant anymore—
Suddenly turning into a ghost.

An outcast
Even in the comforts of her “home”
Where everyone seems occupied
Too much so, she turns forlorn.

As life goes on around the sun
She is desolated in her little world—
An empty one, a lonely one,
She bleeds through her words.

-K.M.

ECHO

Peter Pan

Peter Pan,
Take us back to Neverland—
To an eternal childhood.
Because
We all believed
Adulthood would be as good.

-K.M.

ECHO

Crypsis

I developed this skill—
Crypsis;
For every time I transferred schools
Up until I reached my fifteenth.

Always moving and transferring
Taught me to adapt;
Learning the environment around me
The culture, I adopt.

So, whenever I transfer and move
I camouflage,
And turn on crypsis mode.

Because—

Crypsis
saved me.
So I don't always fall
And become a victim.

-K.M.

ECHO

Airports

For each time
That I camouflage
I lose myself and
Life tastes like a sweet lie.

Although—

The one thing that flipped
In the ever-changing life of mine
Are airports;
Where I see
And with no effort
How everyone's different
Unique and themselves;
It feels like
Here
I can be true to myself.

-K.M.

ECHO

Costochondritis

It feels like a sore
Whenever I feel the familiar pain in my chest
Of knives stabbing my heart
Down to its core.

And I would scream and scream,
I would cry and cry,
For minutes, hours
But the pain won't end.
It feels like a heart attack,
But I won't die.

So—
Ever since those ER trips,
I always have to bring
Strong painkillers with me
And take it,
I have to take it.

So—
I could put my chest,
My sore heart,
In a calming,
drowsy rest.

-K.M.

ECHO

09-06

“It’s gonna be okay.”
I could still hear your voice
How could I?
In this mall full of noise.

“Do it.”
In crimson, she bled
She’s not real, I told myself;
She’s all in my head.

“I’m here,”
You said.
But you left me alone,
Alone as I fell.

“Help!”
My mother screamed.
Shadows flashed before me
And I saw everything I feared.

“Focus on me,”
My sister hushed
while in the ambulance
I was rushed.

“I’m scared,” I whispered
But I guess you were too
because it was the last time
I ever heard from you.

-K.M.

ECHO

Hospital Beds

Beds are supposed
To be for comfort,
But maybe not hospital beds.

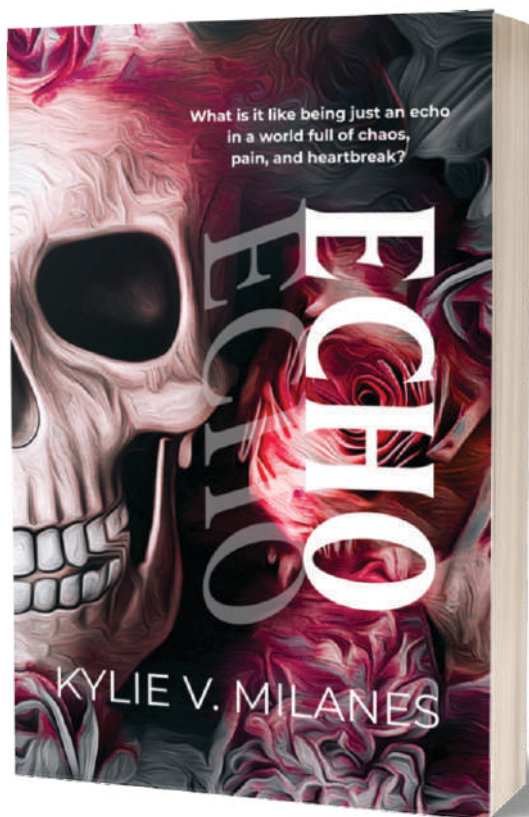
Although—
Maybe,
Just maybe,
They serve their purpose still
In a way, I guess.

The patients can sleep
And rest;
It's just that
Sometimes
They don't ever wake up
From that rest.

And tears, then,
Start to shed.

Beds are supposed
To be for comfort
But maybe not hospital beds.

-K.M.



END OF TEASER

P A P E R K A T B O O K S . C O M