

Anthology of Newgirldark

New Girl Dark



Presentado por

Poemas del Alma 

Dedicatoria

To myself

the girl who learned to survive in silence,

who became both shadow and light after walking through too many dark nights.

To the one who wrote without asking permission,

turning pain into poetry and memories into something beautiful,

even when remembering hurt.

To the soul that carried responsibilities too heavy for her heart,

yet still stayed kind, soft, and full of empathy in a world that often felt cold.

For every hidden tear, every sleepless night,

every moment I wanted to disappear but kept going anyway.

This is for the version of me that survived quietly,

that never stopped feeling deeply,

never stopped dreaming,

and never stopped searching for beauty inside darkness.

Agradecimiento

I thank my silence,
for it became words when my voice could not speak.
I thank my wounds,
for teaching me how to turn pain into poetry instead of bitterness.

I thank the lonely nights, the hidden tears,
the memories that still ache quietly inside me,
because they shaped the soul I am today.

And I thank life itself ?
for breaking me just enough
to force out the emotions I kept buried for too long,
to make art from sadness,
and beauty from darkness.

Because even through all the pain,
I never stopped feeling deeply,
never stopped dreaming,
and never stopped searching for light inside the shadows.

Sobre el autor

She writes from silence, from memory, and from wounds that never fully closed.

Her work is not fiction, but fragments of a lived darkness transformed into words.

She does not write to be understood by everyone?only to make sense of what once felt unbearable.

In her poems, pain becomes language, and loneliness becomes form.

This book is not an escape. It is a record of survival.

Índice

My Garden of Shadows

Whispers of a Mirage

Love

Fear's Embrace

Ashes of the Unspoken

My Own Home

Holding Hands in the Dark

Not Measured by Years

The One Who Walked Alone

No One Says It, But It Hurts

The House That Swallowed Me

It Wasn't a Mistake

Where do the street dogs and cats come from?

Invisible Inheritance

The Curse of Being Loved

My Garden of Shadows

I walk alone among the red roses that grow untamed,
their petals holding secrets only I can hear.
The night leans close to me,
whispering reminders of who I am.
I seek no company; the darkness understands me.
Every shadow that brushes past feels like an ancient story,
and I answer with my silence,
beautiful, solitary, and eternal,
a red sigh that refuses to fade.

New Girl Dark

Poetry & Shadows

Traveler of shadows, I write words that whisper secrets of the night. More on Tumblr:
tumblr.com/newgirldark

Whispers of a Mirage

I thought I walked upon clouds of your voice,
each word of yours a thread of light
weaving castles in my chest.
Your eyes, mirrors of a secret universe,
promised me worlds where everything was soft,
where my shadows could finally rest.
But your hands held nothing but smoke,
and your smiles were traps disguised as tenderness.
The love I felt... was a stage,
and I, the actress silently applauding.
I realized your sky was a false canvas,
and your dreams, mirages in which I got lost.
Alone I remained among golden ruins,
my heart remembering what was never truly mine.

New Girl Dark

Poetry & Shadows

Traveler of shadows, I write words that whisper secrets of the night. More on Tumblr:
tumblr.com/newgirldark

Love

Love hurts, though few admit it,
like leaves falling that never return.
Heartbreak comes without warning,
and the soul learns to bleed in silence.

New Girl Dark

Poetry & Shadows

Traveler of shadows, I write words that whisper secrets of the night. More on Tumblr:
[tumblr.com/newgirldark](https://www.tumblr.com/newgirldark)

Fear's Embrace

Love is not fire but a brittle flame
that trembles in the hollow of cold rooms,
hearts offered not for desire
but for the hunger that silence gnaws deep within.
To hold another is to clutch ghosts,
to cradle shadows thinking they are warmth,
to speak promises that shiver
like candlelight against the walls of night.
Eyes meet but never see the soul,
smiles bloom like frost on the skin,
company drifts through ribs like winter wind,
and in the end, the warmth we chased
is only the echo of our own phantom longing,
a soft ache that whispers:
we are alone, always,
even when we reach for each other.

New Girl Dark

Poetry & Shadows

Traveler of shadows, I write words that whisper secrets of the night. More on Tumblr:
tumblr.com/newgirldark

Ashes of the Unspoken

Love didn't save?
it burned and left hollow,
a shadow walking
through a world of whispers
that no one dares to hear.
Learned to bleed silently,
to wear scars like armor,
to dance on broken glass
and call it freedom.
Some wounds do not seek cure;
they demand witness,
the raw, unflinching truth
that lives in the dark
where light fears to tread.

My Own Home

Silence sits beside me,
soft as moonlight on the floor.
I am not waiting for footsteps ?
I have learned the language of my own heart.
Alone, but never empty.
I am my own quiet home.

Holding Hands in the Dark

Love did not cure the curse.
It could not erase what lived in the blood.
It found no remedy,
no miracle,
no different ending.
It simply held a trembling hand
when the fear grew louder
and the night felt endless.
And while the darkness closed in,
no one stood alone.
Because sometimes love
does not save us from pain ?
it just stays
so we do not face it by ourselves.
@newgirldark

Not Measured by Years

Maturity does not come with age,
nor with the passing of time.
Some lives are full of years,
yet their hearts never learn.
Responsibility is not about age,
it is about facing your life
and accepting that it is yours.
@newgirldark

The One Who Walked Alone

In some homes
laughter can be heard from the doorway,
there are hands that hold dreams,
voices that say
"I'm proud of you."
In others...
there is only silence.
I grew up in that silence.
There were no applauses when I tried something new,
no arms to catch me when I fell.
My dreams were things I kept hidden,
like secret letters
between the pages of notebooks.
If I wanted to learn something,
I did it in secret.
If I wanted to create something,
I did it when no one was looking.
Because no one ever asked
what lived inside my heart.
Sometimes it hurt...
to see others walking with support,
while I was learning
how to stand on my own.
I wondered
why some people are born surrounded by support
while others
are born surrounded by absence.
But time...
that silent teacher
taught me something.
Loneliness is not always a punishment.
Sometimes it is a refuge
that protects you

from hands that want to break you,
from voices that wish for your fall,
from false smiles
that can even come from family.
And then I understood.
That my steps,
even if they were lonely,
were real.
That my dreams,
even if no one celebrated them,
were still alive.
That it is better to walk alone
with a peaceful heart
than to be surrounded by people
who secretly hope you fail.
Because the one who learns to rise alone
doesn't depend on anyone to keep going.
And even if the world
sometimes feels unfair...
the person who survived the silence
becomes stronger
than all the voices together.

@newgirldark

No One Says It, But It Hurts

There are days
when I smile
like everything is fine,
and no one notices
that the smile
is just a poorly placed bandage
over something bleeding.
I talk, I answer, I keep going...
I do what's expected of me,
as if being strong
was an obligation
and not a weight.
No one sees
the tiredness that never sleeps,
the sadness that never cries,
the words I keep inside
so I don't make anyone uncomfortable.
Because yes...
I'm tired of being the one who handles everything,
the one who understands,
the one who is always there.
But...
who is there when I can't be?
The world keeps moving,
like nothing happened,
while I learn
how to fall in silence.
And the saddest part isn't falling...
it's realizing
no one was watching.
@newgirldark

The House That Swallowed Me

I grew up holding keys not mine,
open doors... but I stayed inside.
Tired hands, a childhood gone,
playing mother before I was one.

Plates not mine, names that weigh,
my voice silent while others stayed.
I was the shadow, I was the hands,
doing all they wouldn't stand.

Now that I let go... they pull me back,
say I've changed, say I lack.

But no...
it wasn't love, it was a cage,
silent nights, a borrowed age.
It wasn't home, it was a role,
I was never in control.

And if I leave...
they say someone changed me,
but I'm just finally free.
Late, broken... but still me.

They blame the wind that touches my skin,
blame the world I'm walking in.
But the cage was always there,
I just learned to see it clear.

I don't want to die...
I just don't want to live like this,
tied to a life I didn't pick.

If I fade into the night,
it's not surrender... it's escape.

No...
it wasn't love, it was a cage,
my whole life trapped on a page.
Even if it breaks me apart,
I choose the world... I choose my heart.

And if they look... I won't be there,
the one who stayed... disappeared.

@newgirldark

It Wasn't a Mistake

They didn't remove me for failing,
they removed me for shining
where light feels uncomfortable.

They clap in daylight,
but in the shadows
they try to erase you.

It's not justice,
it's envy with rules.

They used me to grow,
and when I bloomed,
I became the problem.

But they forget something:
what's real
can't be erased.

@newgirldark

Where do the street dogs and cats come from?

Where do the street dogs and cats come from?

From hands that let go,
from eyes that chose not to see,
from a world that turned away
and called it destiny.

They are not guilty,
not shadows born of the street?
they are hearts once held,
now left incomplete.

Do not name them strays,
as if they chose to be alone?
they are souls abandoned,
still waiting for a home.

@newgirldark

Invisible Inheritance

It didn't start with me.

It never does.

We were taught to give,
to shrink,
to call absence love.

And they
often without knowing
repeat.

So something breaks quietly
inside what we call family.

Until one day,
someone stops.

And the inheritance trembles.

@newgirldark

The Curse of Being Loved

I was cursed before I even understood what love meant.
A demon marked me when I was only a child,
whispering that no heart would ever belong to me
without being destroyed by it.
And he was right.
Anyone who tried to love me
slowly lost themselves.
Some became obsessed,
watching me as if I were the last light left in the world.
Some turned cruel with desperation,
trying to possess what they could never truly keep.
Others simply died,
suddenly and without reason,
as though death itself grew jealous of their feelings for me.
But I never hurt them.
Never.
I loved gently.
I cared too deeply.
I gave warmth to broken souls
even while my own hands trembled with fear.
Still, the curse remained.
The demon never touched me again,
yet I always feel him nearby ?
in mirrors,
in dark hallways,
in the silence after someone says they love me.
As if he is waiting.
Watching.
Claiming what he believes is his forever.
So I learned to walk away before love could bloom.
To disappear before attachment became obsession.
To smile from a distance
so no one else would lose their mind,

their life,
or their soul because of me.
I was never meant to be loved.
Only haunted.
@newgirldark