



Moments

of

Chaos

poetry and other musings

from

Leslie

mizz fab

Ryan

Moments
of
Chaos

Leslie 'mizz fab' Ryan

inner child press, ltd.

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Moments of Chaos

Leslie ‘mizz fab’ Ryan

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Dedication

To my great grandmother , Rita White who recited poetry for me when I was just a young girl. You inspired me to be the writer and woman I am today.

My nephews Brenden, Aiden and Hannah. You have made me the happiest Auntie in the universe. Thank you for your love and lessons we teach each other along the way.

Preface

Welcome to the Chaos

Many different journeys . . . Intersecting paths and traveling have been a common theme in my life. I have had the pleasure of always being unique , awkward and able to approach things in different angles. This book is like a peeping tom's peek hole into the very soul of who I am as a writer and most importantly a human being.

Half of this book was before I ever took interest in spoken word. I have been writing for over 20 years, but it has been in the past four or five years I awoke. Finally understanding I had a voice that was not only important but capable of changing the world.

In a short time my voice has gotten much louder, the shadows less comfy and I now am every part fabulous in my own unique way.

I have my great grandmother to thank for introducing me to both written and spoken word. I was reciting poetry for me as young as I can remember. She gave me something no one else did. I found a way to cope, and through my organized chaos, i was able to stand up for not only myself, but for everyone.

No matter how scary or out of control my life has been, no matter how many times I have been pushed around or put down, my words have never left me. Poetry never abandoned me. Whether journal entry or short story I have been a poet as long as I can remember. Through art and creating my passion, I have finally found my “Self” and am prepared to keep writing through every speed bump and challenge life throws at me.

I leave you with my words, my poetry, my pieces of me through each page.

Thank you for being part of this experience.

Leslie Ryan
aka Mizz Fab

F oreword

My first encounter with Miss Ryan aka Mizz Fab was on the radio in 2011. The first thing that I heard as she approached the mic . . . was a giggle. She has the best *little girl giggle*, though she is a grown woman. I was fortunate enough to meet her in person at an open mic venue and was mesmerized by her talents.

As she began to recite her piece this particular evening, I was immediately taken with her delivery, cadence and raw honesty. Her intelligent use of vernacular is literary and will draw the reader in every - time. It is her raw honesty and the cleverly detailed portrayal of scenes revealed through her poetry that I admire the most. This is definitely not a little girl as you read the pages of her poetry in this offering titled, *Moments of Chaos*.

Some of the poems will take you by the throat, slam you to the floor while leaving you gasping for air. Others will make you want to wrap your arms around her to let her know that she is safe and secure in your love. All in all, you won't be able to put it down.

Mizz Fab is also a voice for the voiceless and takes her gifts to the streets where she not only shares, but observes humanity to seek another disenfranchised group to help. Currently she has established her movement *Project Voiceback* where she gets in the trenches with the homeless to offer support in ways that only Mizz Fab can do; and you the reader will come to understand her power.

I have come to know and love this lady for her heart and her honesty. I know that you will devour her words with vigor and eat everyone. Some books are page turners and this is one. Though I would say that it will become dog-eared from reading it . . . again and again. Enjoy!

Janet P. Caldwell
Author

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*“You must have chaos within you to give
birth to a dancing star.”*

Friedrich Nietzsche



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Bleak Epiphany

I looked into your eyes and once knew love

How foolish

Love cheap and meaningless

Like those 99 cent Hallmark cards

Priceless and generic

To think how it felt when you ripped my heart out

Wait lets rewind

Forced me to tear my walls down

You left me alone weak and vulnerable

Than ripped my heart out stomped on it

Than backed your shitty car on it

Ya, the one with no AC

What a let down to find out I was right the whole time

I did not know what love was

Because that takes two people

and I am just one

Fading Ghost Of My Existence

Life goes by so slowly

When will we ever get past just surviving

Death it calls to me sometimes

Softly ,seductively

I must get out of this place

Surrounded by four dark, haunted walls

I've fallen into the depths of my heart

Where the blood has run dry for now

I am so cold, I've turned off all emotion

Don't let me die here

Please

It keeps whispering to me

The ghost of my existence

I feel drawn to the light

Yet it is fading into the distance

Alone in these shadows

Fragile and jaded

Creeping closer and closer to the iridescent glow

Hope it whispers to me

Stronger than the ghost that try to destroy me

Death it lingers in the shadows but I wont let it take me

Miles Apart

I'd jump you if you where here

I am full of fear

My heart is torn

Miles apart

Is this love or lust

I want to run to you

Trapped I know I can't

Miles apart

I want to turn my back

My heart is in a vice grip

Headed for an anxiety attack

Miles apart

Together yet alone

The dark void in my heart

Still feels real cold

Should I stay or should I go

Miles apart

My head is messed up

God I don't know

Lost In the Milky Way

This is my story not yours
So stop cutting me off
I ain't your bitch
So stop treating me like one
This is my life
Yet I am not in control
My head is lost in some galaxy
Distant and lost
There is an innocent girl
Neglected and forgotten
Way in the milk way somewhere
If I do not save her
She'll be in constant ,dismal despair
I have grown to hate her
This other side of me
She repulses me
My stomach muscles tightening
Nausea sets in
I do not understand her scarlet red pain
Her story drips down her arms
Nightmares they no longer effect me
When you've been living them all your life
I run but they chase me
Futility consumes me
Holding onto that dying girl inside of me
While embracing what little sanity i have left

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All I Have Left to Say

Why waste words on someone who was never there

Who's words have cut me down into nothing

Till I just wanted to crawl up and die

Why waste my breath on some stupid whore

Who popped kids out like a factory assembly line

Who wasted her life, than tried to waste mine

I am strong and your still you

Gave birth to me

I just wish you death

I've used all my strength to hate you

Now I need some back to erase you

Good bye

I don't need your negativity in my life

Without Closure

I have cried so hard
Yet you can't here me
My tears cannot reach you
Your in heaven
Yet I feel so small
In my own personal hell
You left me confused and lost
Mostly hurt
Now every time I get close to someone
I just pull away
Mostly I am sad
You never got to meet the real me
Cause you held me down
Stifling me
The scars remain
So painful
Will I ever heal
When will I begin to forget
No happy memories yet
I refuse to live one big lie
I don't care if you forgive me
Shut up and let me live my life

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Façade Of Freedom

This life is bullshit

When will I find my way

My poetry is the only time I feel myself

Secure and strong

I am dying to let it all out

To scream so loud

I no longer want to live for you

I need my life back

Deep revelations tell me I am capable

Frustrations guiding me to push harder

Hope lives on to see another day

Same routine but I try not to complain

Do you know how hard it is to smile

To release these feelings

To get it all out

Letting my soul fly free

Yet I still feel so caged

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Pushing Recovery

I want to write till I have nothing left

Than I want to push further

Purging out the rest

I am dying to tear down my walls

It is time to rebuild myself

To create something out of nothing

Healing myself instead of running

I want my anger to seep out of me

Draining the poison

Till the light comes shining in

I want to write till I have nothing left

Confidence building inside my chest

It is time to put the old "me" to rest

Throw me a rope

I am fed up

Taking mood stabilizers

That don't stabilize anything

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Struggling hard

I don't know how to ask for help

Plunging deep into that dark hole

Where I can't stand myself

I am exhausted

Yet I sleep to much

Somehow I survive

How can I keep going like this

I am good at pretending

Yet I think people have a clue

That I am losing grip with reality

All i want is freedom

Sick of it all

I need an escape

Someone please throw me a rope

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Emotional The Roller Coaster

Cycling madly out of control

Mad at myself

For not being in complete control

This life is a rollercoaster

Who is driving

Anxiety makes my body ache

My nerves are shot

24/7 my whole body shakes

My mind never shuts off

I am so sick of being medicated

While the whole world whizzes past me

I feel like a ghost

Fragile like porcelain

Please don't break me

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Ode To My Cluster Fuck

Words so gritty
Might break your mind
Cause its made of things
That scare me deep in the night
Read it inhale
Feel it in your chest
Constantly ducking
Chased by death
She's an ugly bitch
Most days ain't perfect
I'm sure you can relate
Lying when I know I am not doing great
I don't want pity
I just want to fuck till the pain goes away
Gonna smash this mirror
Sick of looking like a zombie
Dark purple circles under my eyes
I never sleep
The more I write a much better release
The pressure seems to relax
Only after I pop a Xanax

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A Good Day

Life is so short

Why let it waste away

Wallowing in self pity is easy to do

I would rather the path that is much more difficult

Every scar ,war story , and tears

Have a story

Now I must expunge it to this paper

These words are for all of you

Please place your self in my shoes

I am so sick of running from death

I'd rather race towards living life

I try to find one good thing about every day

Even when the darkness fades away

There is always coffee and Word Processing

I'd rather write ,than keep it bottled in

This is just my ideas released from in

I an sick of bullshit lets let the fun begin

Release

I fell in love with her when we where just kids in high school
My mother was blinded by faith, so difficult to talk to
Told me to play with vehicles to deal with my lesbian issues
This holy idea of cleansing seemed tantalizing
Because the years of being trained by Jesus Christ disciples
Made me feel blemished
It was the first time I knew I wouldn't fit into my family
Yet I knew this wasn't the life for me
I always craved more
Guess that is what I get from years of neglect
Sick of these demons
Sick of not being proud
I am a chicken
A fucking bitch
Got people and even friends
Who stand up and stand proud
They get kicked beaten
Not to mention
Even sadder the ones on the news that they find dead
Yet I run back into the closet any chance I get
Because someone broke my heart

Silent Frustration

Frustrated
My head hurts
Speechless
For once I can't write shit
If I could I would take your hand
That way when the darkness pulled me in
I'd have a friend
I am sick of trying to make happy memories
When they don't exist
Wish I could cry
I don't know how much longer I can handle this
I pretend to be allot stronger than I am
Exhausted but can't sleep
My mind wants to unwind
Feeling weak
I just want to run and hide
Deep inside
All the spaces are dark
I want some light
Try so hard
My fight isn't strong
Trying to survive
One more day
One more hour
Maybe one more week
Hope dwindles

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~ epilogue ~

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leslie 'mizz fab' Ryan

about the **A**uthor

I always felt a sense of being broken. A puzzle piece that never fit anywhere. I was adopted at a young age. After spending sometime in foster care. There was allot of psychological damage done early on. Yet it was in those beginning years of neglect I became a fighter. I have always had a good strong hold on my emotions and have always even in my quietest moments been good at expressions of all sorts.

When I was younger I would make radio shows with my sister and her friends . We would record them on tapes and play them back. Those moments where the few times I laughed.

I was exposed to writing at a young age. My mother was a preschool teacher and often took her work home with her. By the time I went to school I was bright . I also remember always loving art. My favorite show was Reading Rainbow, my first journey into escapism. I found no matter how scary the world was, if I had a book in my hand I was safe.

I began writing at the age of 10 short stories and letters to people who hurt me. I never could handle

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confrontation . So I began writing how I felt in letters , I never sent. I just stashed them in notebooks under my mattress. Those letters eventually turned into poems and I have my second grade teacher Mrs. Ober to thank for that.

No matter how much chaos or danger I was in I had one safe place to turn too.

My young adult years where the toughest . i fought with addictions of all sorts and alcoholism . I spent many years running all over the country trying to escape my problems . Instead of writing it out. I became very sick. Withdrawn and suffered severely from social anxiety.

I still wrote just not as much . There where suicide attempts and allot of guilt. Amidst the storms several loved ones died. Including my mom who I had a very damaging relationship with. I kept running . I kept avoiding everything I held inside. The secret world I had created had gotten very small. The walls where closing in and I was stuck.

At 25 I was diagnosed with bipolar , borderline personality disorder and PTSD. I had my first mental breakdown and finally admitted to self injuring. As well as admitted myself to the hospital the first time with 250 self induced scars .

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The whole time I was dealing with all of this chaos I thought I was alone. Yet during my last suicide attempt over three years ago something awoke inside of me.

I felt an urgency to write everything out . I got interested in spoken word which became a release an exorcism of the demons I held onto. I became an online radio host and as I began to share my story I realized finally I didn't need to fit in. Some of us are meant to stand out. I can help my community. I have been blessed with enough life experience to fill a few books. Yet my happiness , my nirvana is creating.

I may still feel broken but there is allot more light now . I am capable of so much . Writing has just given me the power to stop hiding and running. I have found a home where the paper and pens never run out.

This is who I am and every damaged and whole piece is fabulous. I am really amazed at who I have become. I know all those who I have lost along the way are proud too. I hope to continue to be able to grow as I continue to explore my recovery through my words.

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Fabby Favs

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond
measure.

It is our light not our darkness that most frightens
us.

We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant,
gorgeous,
talented and fabulous?

Actually, who are you not to be?

You are a child of God.

Marianne Williamson

Undermine their pompous authority, reject their
moral standards, make anarchy and disorder your
trademarks. Cause as much chaos and disruption as
possible but don't let them take you ALIVE

Sid Vicious

“I accept chaos, I'm not sure whether it accepts
me.”

Bob Dylan

“Life is nothing without a little chaos to make it
interesting.”

Amelia Atwater-Rhodes, Demon in My View

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Connections & Links

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