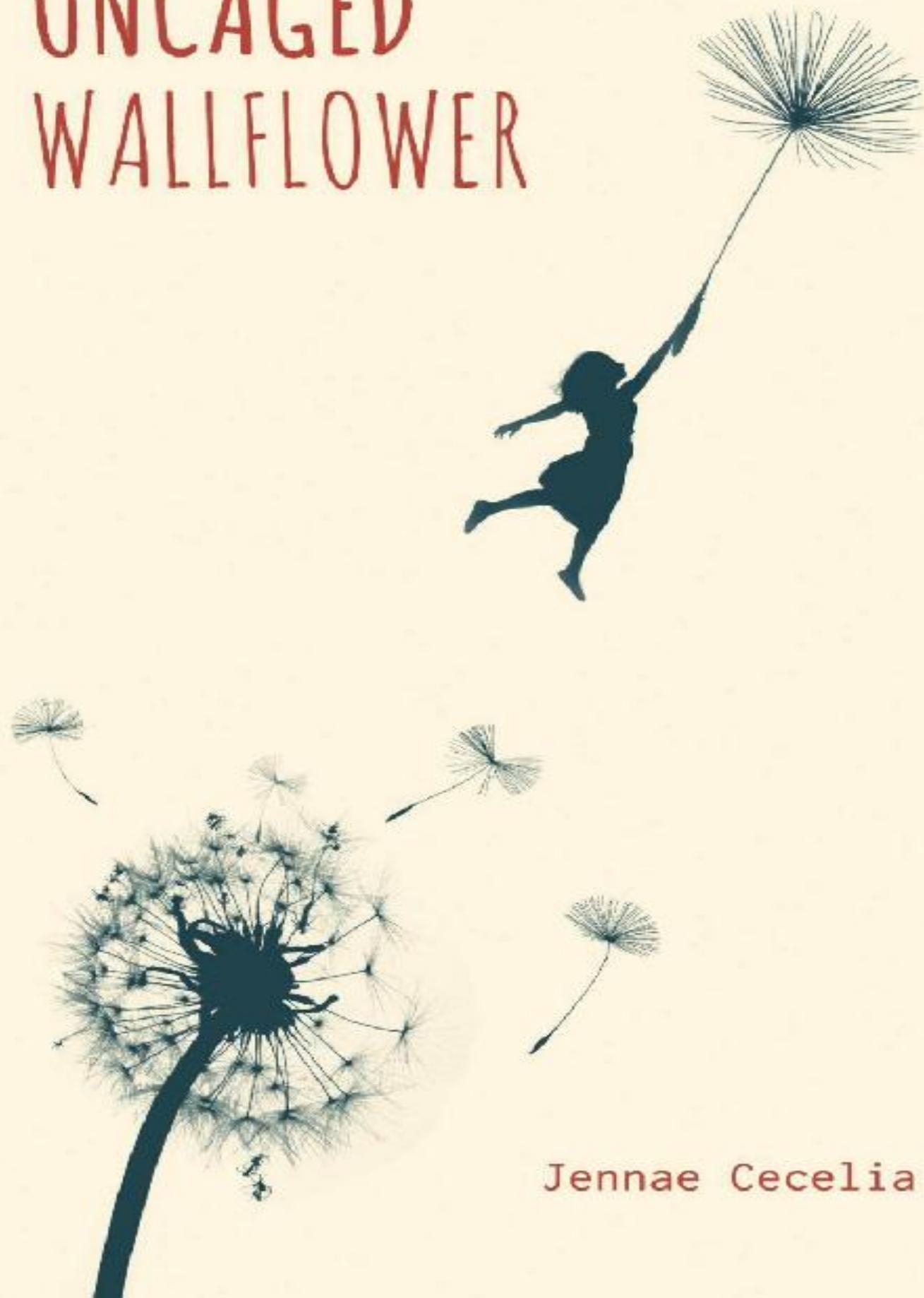


UNCAGED WALLFLOWER



Jennae Cecelia

Uncaged Wallflower

Written By Jennae Cecelia

Uncaged Wallflower

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used factiously. Any resemblance to actual events of locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

For all of my dreamers-

The ones who are afraid to take out the key to unlock your stubborn cage.

This is your time to show the world who you are and what you can be.

I hope this book helps you to realize that someday.

2

Dear Reader,

I have always been more of a thinker before speaking my mind right away.
It wasn't until people called me shy that I realized this.

To me, I wasn't a quiet person at all.

I was however confined in my own mind, slowly becoming reserved in social situations.

Along with being detached, the words I was saying were negative thoughts I let flow out of my mouth instead of positive.

Which now I know was horribly toxic.

This is not a poetry book for you to read and relate to in a sorrow filled way.

It is for you to read and say yes, I can be better, and I will.

I wrote, *Uncaged Wallflower* for those who feel trapped in the thoughts their minds produce, unable to express them with the rest of the world out of fear of critique or disagreement.

For the people whom need an extra dose of positivity in their day.

I am at a place in my life where I finally have a good grasp on who I am and what I want to continue to be.

Living a life of positivity and happiness with kindness and following my passions being my first priorities.

The changes I have made didn't come from the things people said about me, it came from discovering the change I needed out of my own desire.

From that I have begun following my passions and didn't just call my dreams, hobbies.

So please, don't ever feel like your opinion isn't important.

Don't let other people dictate your bliss.

You're life is in your control.

Never stop being a dreamer.

With love,

Jennae

Metamorphosis

Metamorphosis.

Feeling your wings breakthrough.

Growing into the best you.

Don't get stuck in your safety net.

Change for the better.

Expand and learn something new.

Don't get wrapped up in your same old cocoon.

Live Your Life

How long are you going to **(live)** your life for other people?

Answering calls for them.

Emails piling **(your)** inbox with nothing but bitching and moaning.

Making coffee runs for six other people.

Curling your hair instead of straight because people told you that you looked better that way.

Pressing makeup brushes to your face because somehow it became out of the norm to show up to work or events with the bare face you were born with.

Because, “how dare you” for showing your true colors.

But that's the problem,

So many people are puked up rainbows mixed into a murky brown because they don't even know who they are anymore.

How long are you going to live your **(life)** for other people?

Stop conforming to the norm.

Our Souls

I wonder how our souls are
picked
for our bodies.

If a good soul is put in a
bad body
just to show not to judge by outer appearance
or,

if a rotten soul is put in a
beautiful body
to show that looks are only enough
until times get tough.

Either way our souls are
what we take from this life to the next
and our body is what's laid to rest.

No More Tomorrow

If it's not yesterday,
it's tomorrow,
or next week,
or next year.

I find myself living in thoughts of the future more than activities in the present.

Hurrying through the weekly tasks with thoughts only embedded with weekend bliss.

Contemplating if I said the right thing,
or if there was anything I missed.

I have to remind myself that I'm wasting present moments thinking of a future that will either come or not,
but that's not in my control.

So I took brief moments,
sat and enjoyed the stars and the way the grass moved in the wind.
Because those are present moments and I need to exist there more.

Freedom

You
may
think
you are caged in
with little room for growth,
but to every lock there is a key.

Wrap Them Up

And that's the thing about people.
You can wrap them up in
kindness & love,
and
they will still have something
cold
to say about you.

Kindness

\$1 dollar on the street.

In the cracks of sidewalks,
bathroom floors,
movie theater seats.

\$1 dollar

so easy to find, but hard to keep.

That man on the street needing \$1 dollar to last him a week.

\$1 dollar so easily found.

We put it in our pocket, to spend on something so small.

We look at that man like

writing on the wall.

\$1 dollar he needs, for some food and a drink.

But everyone thinks he will use it on something to add to his addictive habits.

\$1 dollar handed out through a window only slightly cracked because what if he were to attack.

But we shouldn't have such harsh thoughts about someone who has to beg just to eat.

Give him that \$1 dollar.

One act of kindness tends to repeat.

Your Words

If the words that spewed out of mouth were the clothes wrapped up around
your body,
the hair on your head,
the flesh of your skin.
Would you think you are beautiful?

The Best

Life isn't about
always being the best.
It's about facing fears
and growing from them.
You don't have to be number one.
Just don't live a life full of,
“what if's.”

Change

I have always hated change.

Even as a child I would be frustrated when the store would move the aisle of supplies to a different location than before.

I hated when trees were torn down and a large empty space filled the home they once owned.

When the walls were painted a new color and I would never see the color beneath it again.

I hated when people would die, because the world would continue going on without them,

which didn't feel fair.

I hated not being able to adapt to change as quickly as others.

But change is all around us.

We are always getting older, looking older.

The building built 5 years ago has its share of things already needing replacement.

And sometimes I wonder if landfills are piled with all the change people made.

Thrown out items they lost attachment to or needed to part with in order to move on.

Change is always there.

Embrace the growth you are making.

Learn that change may bother you at first, but it will save you in the end.

New Soil

Life will always have
horrible moments.

Moments you want to
cry into your pillow
and scream out the agony
that's buried inside you.

But, there are always more radiant days.

Life may throw dirt on you, but it's up to you to see the good to come.
Grow in your new soil with beams of happiness, not drown yourself out in
tears.

Feelings

I used to fight tears like they were lions pouncing at me from a cage.
Biting my tongue so hard it bled, because tears meant weakness
and that wasn't okay.

I remember the feeling of a hard lump stuck in my throat,
From sucking in so much air just to make sure no water could escape.

My body was flooding itself with unshed tears.
Like a dam that was soon to break.

Tears showed weakness.
Weakness.
I'm weak.
I never knew tears were normal.
Tears made me bleed.

We Are Broken

We are broken people.

Made up of

cracks,

rips,

tears,

bruises,

cuts,

and scars.

But only few choose to pick up the

pieces and form something new out of the shattered debris.

The Wild Unknown

There is no such thing as perfect.

No one is
free from faults.

No one is
ever going to always say the right things.

The way we look is not perfect,
because looking perfect is a figment humans make up in their
minds from pictures of “ideal” men and women.

Dear You,

You made it.

You are here.

All the moments spent in agony,
wondering when the pain would end.

You are here.

You made it.

Your mind is beautiful and brilliant.

You may not be everyone's cup of tea.

Some people need cream

or sugar

just to take you.

Others enjoy you pure in taste.

But neither of that matters,

because you are at a place you once dreamed as your escape.

Who knew you would love smiling,

pure genuine smiles that didn't hint

at the firing thoughts behind your eyes.

You want others to know that their minds can feel this wonderful too.

We made it my friend.

Now it's time for your breakthrough.

Comfort Zone

One life.

Many stories to make.

A comfort zone should no longer be your place.

Unpredictability

There is fear attached
to unpredictability.
Fear of an expectation not being met.
Fear of a momentous time ending.
But for me,
the best things happened out of unpredictability.
My mind used to make my options limited that I was left with little room
for new ideas or endings.
I would call the unknown and I best friends now.
Because the unfamiliar is my path to my next great task.
I wake up with an excited feeling within my stomach about all the
possibilities ahead.
Here's to living without the fear of not knowing what's around the bend.

Bliss

I used to be envious of the people who took all the good kind of risks.
But now I am smiling because that was the place I met bliss.

Path

Believe that your vision is
the pathway to your success.

No dream is a fantasy until you let yourself settle with the thought that it is.
You need to pave a path.

One that many follow.

A trail people continue down for years to come.

Hatchet in hand to make clearance of overgrown weeds and stumps in the
way.

A pathway that is run over with footsteps and curiosity.

People wondering how you got to this point.

How you made your vision a reality,

when it was once only parked in the depths of your mind.

How you were able to stay positive and happy,

even when you didn't know exactly when your next paycheck would come.

Let them wonder how you got to where you are.

Let them be the one's to try and follow the path you have paved.

Grab your hatchet,

and start creating your path today.

Work In Progress

We are all works in progress.
The first draft of a book.
The blueprints of a house.
The child learning to read.

We are all works in progress.
We choose to finish writing out
a story untold,
building a house out of bricks and wood that once started on paper,
and reading chapter books with ease late into the night.

We are all works in progress.
Slowly but surely coming together.
We are the ones who never give up.

Moments

We have an infinite amount of moments.
Some that we count as our best memories,
and others we suppress.
Moments we wish we could live again
and others we want to detach from the hinges of a door so tightly closed.
We are made up of moments.
The pictures hidden between pages of books.
The concert tickets piling up in a bin, crinkled from the multiple folds as we
shoved it in our pockets and washed the jeans it was in.
Life is beautiful for giving us an infinite amount of moments.
We may be made of
cells,
bones,
and muscle,
but moments are what make up our soul.
Embrace your moments.
The good and bad.
Moments come too quickly,
and one day you will do anything to have them back.

I'm a Lover

You could hate me with deep passion
and I'd still love you with full embrace.
This world just has too many people quick to blow you off for your silly
mistakes.

Let Me Tell You That You're Beautiful

At a young age I felt the need to protect people.
My soon to be friend who was pushed around by the fourth grade bully,
who told her she was dumb,
and ugly.

I was at a loss because I wanted to be liked by the other kids in class,
but I couldn't help feel a vast amount of pain for the girl in the jumpsuit
and red glasses.

She was the outcast
and I wanted to cry right along with her.

As I got older these situations didn't really change.

Although the settings were no longer playgrounds or lunchrooms filled with
adolescents,

it was now an office with grown adults competing for a higher role.

It was the guys at the bar on a Saturday night,
laughing at the girl with a little extra weight, who was just trying to enjoy a
drink without stares of disgust.

It was the women being cheated on because the temptation was too strong
for their unfaithful men.

I feel people's pain, and I want to rescue them.

I want to tell them they are better than the images people have of them.

That they are beautiful.

Shadows

The shadows looming in the corners
wore colors similar to bruises.
No way of knowing when the
darkness would
end.

Heart racing in your chest.
Breaths short but frequent.
Sweat staining your palms.
Darkness came in random spouts.
Dripping slowly,
or rushing fast.

Hot
or cold,
it was never known.

Oh, how darkness could find you.

Darkness could find you knee deep in happiness and come slap you back
into the reality of the hate.

Run fast my friend.

Don't let darkness catch you today.

Don't let darkness overtake.

Fire

I was the candle that stayed lit

even in the

d

o

w

n

pour rain.

The flame never getting weak from outside pressure.

I will never decrease my fire that everyone tries to put out.

They are just afraid the light inside me might destroy them.

My Path To You

In life you are given paths to choose.
Some are perfectly paved
with flowers
and directions at each bend.
Others have overgrown grass
with dirt
and no definite map.
Each brings forth adventures,
excitement
or dead ends.
Follow each path with passion
because you don't know where you could be lead.
For all the paths I have gone down
with bumps,
sharp turns,
dead ends,
and flowers,
my favorite was the one that lead me to you.

Change Is Inevitable

I thought I would go to a four-year college a couple states away.

I thought I would have roommates and attend parties I would only pretend to like.

I thought I would eat bland cafeteria food and shower around 10-15 other girls.

I thought I would study in my 12x12 room under a desk lamp, and walk to and from class all day.

I thought my weekends would be filled with late nights with friends that would become my bridesmaids in my future wedding.

These are things I wanted.

Instead I went to college 10 minutes from my house.

My roommates were my parents, and the only “parties” I had on the weekends were drinking wine and watching some overly dramatic Lifetime movie with my mom.

I ate food that was handed out drive-thru windows or cooked on the stove in my kitchen.

I studied occasionally but mostly just relied on my good memory to help me pass my classes.

The reality is,

I thought a lot of things at the age of 18.

And the way things turned out at that time I thought were disappointing.

But now, I am grateful I didn't get all the things I wanted.

I am glad I was different from most of my peers.

Be open to different things.

Bumps in the road may actually be exactly the alteration you needed.

Change is inevitable.

It's up to you to grow with it, and make it as ideal as you can.

No More Silence

If you feel like you have to be silent,
let me be the first to say you don't.
And if you want to be quiet,
let me be the first to say that is okay.
But make sure your silence is your choice, and not because you are scared
of what your voice may say.
Because who knows,
maybe your mind has much more to say than any tongue could keep up
with.

Journey

Life's a journey.

Full of wonder and worry.

But today I'm at peace

and my mind will no longer over-analyze the past or stress about the unknown ahead.

I am present in the moments in front of my eyes.

Villain

Who told you to be quiet?

Who told you the best place to be was off in the corner of the room as far from human interaction as possible?

Who made you feel like your words didn't matter?

Who laughed at the thoughts that you shared after building up the courage to speak?

I'm telling you to not be quiet.

Be loud and be known.

Talk to the people who seem louder than you.

Share the thoughts dancing in your brain with confidence and ease.

Whoever told you that you didn't matter and neither did your opinion.

I'm encouraging you to be the hero taking over that villain.

My Mind

I used to think my mind must be made up of storm clouds,
and lightning.

Flooded rain,
and thunder.

But you made sure I realized what I truly embodied was
green grass,
and sunshine.

Blue skies,
and crisp air.

Some days there are still sprinkles of rain, and a cloud or two.
But I am nowhere near that awful typhoon.

100%

You need to **(realize)** that you deserve the best.
If the “love” **(you)** think you receive is nothing but
deception
and unpredictability,
only to be masked by your wide eyes and a big heart,
please know you can leave.
Don’t use comfort as a reason to stay.
No relationship **(should)** ever be a 90/10 type of love.
Find someone who gives it their all and matches your efforts.
Look at the relationship you **(have)** right now,
if they aren’t giving their **(100%)**;
it's time for it to end.

Killing Fear

I used to be confined to my comfort,
of my house or bed.
The places I thought couldn't hurt me,
where I hid instead.
From people who took too many glances, or the chance of having actual
fun.
Fear used to consume my whole body,
but I killed fear with freedom,
and now fear and I are done.
I now use my bed for sleeping,
and my home as a quick stop after a busy day.
My head creates thoughts of happiness instead of playing the same scene
over and over in pain.

Stars

Out of all the stars,
you were the one he looked to at night.
Not knowing that to him you shone brighter than the rest.
Even if there was an over abundance of bigger or brighter stars,
you were always the one his eyes fell to.
The light he knew would guide him.
The one he searched for even on the most overcast nights.
I bet if you didn't spend time comparing your qualities to the others,
you would have noticed his eyes always locked on you.
But remember he is the one who knew you shone,
even before you did yourself.

It's Okay To Ask Why

I was envious of the “A” students
as I stared at my C’s.

I didn’t realize until later that they were
just better at meeting demands,
while I was asking “why” and being
rejected for questioning what else could
be done.

I wanted to do things in my own way.
Not be a cookie cutter in the shape of an
“A.”

Express Her Problems

She grew up thinking strength meant not being vulnerable.
Put on her best poker face.
She fought the “I love myself, no I hate myself,” blues.
She never understood the people who would cry at movies.
How could they dare show such emotion in public?
Didn't they know sobs like that were meant only for their pillow to hear?
She thought she was strong because she didn't show her fears.
Didn't talk about her problems.
Because if she didn't talk about her issues then that meant they didn't exist,
right?
That girl wasn't strong.
She was broken
and torn,
like a bird slowly having each feather plucked.
Soon she was going to crash and burn.
She didn't need to bottle up the problems,
because problems weren't meant to be kept in her head.
One small shake of that bottle and the explosion of emotions will be
unstoppable.

Mediocre

I wasn't meant to have a mediocre life filled with 8 am wake up calls and 5 pm drives home in rush hour.

I was meant to have a life filled with unexpected mornings that lead to unforgettable nights.

And even if right now I eat cheap take out three nights a week,

One day I will be toasting with overpriced champagne to a life I knew I was meant to lead.

Wandering Soul

You have a wandering soul
that is searching for a place
to call home.

Looking for a location to land upon with the wings of your heart.
For an attentive spirit to capture
your bad thoughts,
and turn them into healthy ones.

But his arms spread wide open aren't a place to come in for landing.
He wants to listen in order to further his advantage of getting into more than
just your mind.

Your wandering soul needs to find a home in yourself.
Take time to rest and glide.

Letting People Go

It's hard to let people go.

We anchor ourselves to them.

We grow to love their smile,
laugh and sense of humor.

The familiarity of their presence.

And it's not until we start to do the little things that we feel the pain of their absence.

Like late afternoon card games with an empty seat,
lunches at place they loved but can no longer enjoy,
and one-sided conversations with them even though you know they have a lot to say back.

A glimpse at a life without them is sad.

But you know they don't find home here anymore,
so feel free to let their spirit fly.

I Want To Know Why

At the age of four we say, why?

Why is the sun in the sky?

Why do we have noses?

Why do I have to go to bed?

We ask why so many times.

We ask it until we were blue in the face.

Our parent's fists clenched as they try to answer without frustration leaking out.

As we age the "why's" start to disappear.

People tell us to do it, we do it.

People tell us we can't do it, we think maybe we can't.

Stop.

Stop.

Stop.

Why are we like this?

Why aren't we questioning things?

Why is, "why" so bad to say?

If you tell me I can't, then I say, "why not?"

Why would you think I couldn't?

I can.

I know I can.

I can.

I am.

You are you because you aren't asking, "why?"

You are you because you chose what you say.

Wake up.

Ask why.

Don't settle for simple responses.

Don't settle for people telling you that you can't go after all you have ever wanted.

Forgiveness

I used to hold grudges
like a child clinging to their mother on the first day of kindergarten.
I couldn't let them go.
The things people said to me were stored in individual files in my brain
marked with their name.
The things I hate file bigger than
things I love.
People piling up like scattered notes on a desk.
The grudges I held becoming a dark mess.
I started organizing my thoughts.
Filtering out the bad
and putting in the good.
I learned that I just needed to forgive and move on.
Even if the people who caused my negative thoughts never knew.
I no longer have a grudge against you,
because I have made forgiveness my home.

Nailed

1 nail in each foot.
Pinning you in place.
No pivot,
or escape.
Take out your nails.
With the claws you enable.
The scars will heal.
Holes will be filled.
Goodbye to you,
the mannequin.

Team

I found love in sheets wrinkled around his body as I lay next to him.
In the way he hated how I drove,
so he would always have his hands heading for the keys first for our
protection.

The way that he called me at least six hundred different nicknames but
never once called me a harsh name out of anger.

I found love in the way he drove two hours with his hand in my hand every
moment,

to surprise me with a gift he researched for in secret.

In the way he never left me feeling uncertain about who we were.

The way that I was his,

he was mine,

and we were us.

Together.

He called us a team.

I believe everyone needs a teammate.

One who supports you, and isn't trying to compete against you as an
opposing rival.

Command Your Passion

Your clock begins to slowly tick towards the end.

Your breaths become less frequent.

Your heart is beating at a decreased rate.

Think of the life that you have created.

How do you feel about that life?

Did you accomplish the dreams you have always had?

Did your bucket list have items
crossed off,

or

was that just the

“maybe one day, I don’t know” list?

Were you fair to yourself and your passions?

Are your grandchildren going to tell stories about your life long after you're
gone?

YOU need to be doing what you love.

You NEED to be doing what you love.

You need to be doing what you LOVE.

Don’t do it for the ones demanding from you.

Do it for you.

You are more than what you are born into.

Don’t get stuck with the mindset that you are no more than the people who
raised you or the place you were born.

This world wasn’t made to be stepped on with tiptoes.

Stomp on the ground and command your passion.

Take Time To Yourself

Take time for yourself.

It is not lazy to stop the pen from flowing for a day,
to put down your phone
and ignore answering business emails.

To take a day to reply back to messages
or calls from friends.

Read a book,

shop online,

or take a long bath with candles lit.

Taking time for you is healthy.

Your mind needs a break from the hustle of your busy life.

Don't feel bad for taking moments to yourself.

Spending a day away from kids,
or peers.

Spend a day alone with only your thoughts.

She Is Spring

She is now who she always envisioned herself being.
The person in the reflection of bodies of water,
and mirrors on the walls is no longer unrecognizable.
She looks just as she feels.
Her soul illuminating through her skin.
The hate she once embodied has overgrown to love.
Like a garden never weeded she is the flower budding from the ground.
She is the grass that turned from brown crisp to green softness.
She is the spring right after winter.
Not a dark tundra with blizzard conditions.

Virus

Negativity is a chain reaction virus that only ends in devastation.
The problem is, only few are vaccinated.

I Am Better Now

I know that if you saw me now
you wouldn't recognize me.
You wouldn't turn your head in surprise.
No lift of any eyebrow in my direction.
You wouldn't recognize that girl laughing and smiling.
Because I am no longer a victim.
I am no longer a puppet for you to play with.
I am not the girl you could reach out to and know you would receive a
quick response.
I hated the person you made me into.
Today I am strong.
Today I am worthy.
Today I am successful.
But I don't hate you.
Because hate is a feeling and I feel nothing for you.

Caged

I felt bad for the bird in its cage.

Looking out at
the blue sky
and trees.

Because I too felt like I was looking out at something I wanted but couldn't have.

Until you were the one to set me free.

Resolutions

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

The clock ticks down to a time yet begun.

Pens tracing along paper with ink bleeding ambition and new beginnings.

A kiss to seal a pressed envelope filled with hope.

The diet planning begins,

and the gyms are crowded with determination.

Then one by one there is parking closer to the gym door,

the machines no longer have a long line,

grocery carts slowly replacing broccoli and salad mix

with cookies, and sweets.

Guilt building in the pit of stomachs where crunches should be done

and vegetables crave to be digested.

Resolutions have a stigma of failing.

Starting with full force and then crashing in catastrophe.

Whether it is a physical journey,

or mental.

Promising to not eye roll at the customer paying in quarters,

or the mom with the screaming child.

Trying to look for the good in even the impossibly bad people.

Resolutions are made.

Don't wait until December 31st to start being or doing what it is you dream of.

Pretend there is no recollection of time at all.

Start tomorrow, in two weeks, or a month.

But start, and don't be sad if at first it doesn't work.

Start again the next day.

That's the beauty about life,

We have our whole lives to gain and be better.

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To my family, my love, and my best friends, thank you for the never-ending encouragement.

And to my grandma who is now in heaven, the last time you responded to me as you lay in your hospice bed, I told you I was writing this book and you smiled so big. Although you aren't here to read it, I promise I'll read it to you someday.

About The Author

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Jennaececelia was born on February 16th, in St. Paul, Minnesota. She is the self-published author of the poetry book, *Bright Minds Empty Souls*. Expressing herself through art – writing, drawing, painting, photography, has always been one of her strongest passions. It allows for her to share her emotions in non-traditional ways.

Jennaecelia is well known for her poetic soul and vitality. With years of unpublished work, she is most excited about creating ways to further enhance her reader's experience. To continue to develop her writing style, the JC Collection is a compilation of poems based on using negative human emotion as a force of good.