

THE GIRL



Who Just Wants to Be Held

Poems About Longing
by: Celeste Carsello

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How I learned how to hold myself, told through poems
created out of longing. Made to held you, the reader.

Stay as long as you need. Come again if you leave. You
are held here.

All The Good,
The Girl Celeste

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The Girl Who Thought She Was Enough

Am I pretty?

Why didn't he want to kiss me

In public?

Am I hot enough to fuck

Not hot enough to show off?

Maybe to him.

Problem is:

I think

I am so hot.

I must be sad.

Am I still in love with him?

Yes.

Do I care that he doesn't love me?

Yes.

Does that stop me?

No.

The Girl Who Loved The Man She Didn't Like

The Man is
The love of my life
And I fumbled him.
I'm still a good person
But why do I love someone
I don't like that much.
I love him.

Use me.
I love you.
I don't care.

The Girl Who Gave Herself Away

Fools blood
Blistered on my skin
Beginnings are special
For the ones who
Are akin
To a giver.
Miss the longing lips
Of ever present hate
-Play a game of checkers-
I have arrested myself
And given everything
to you.
I hate you,
And I love you.
And I love that exact feeling.

The Girl Who Never Sent the Letter

(A Letter Never Sent)

Dear The Man,
I do not know what the future holds.
I do not know what is meant to happen
Between us,
Or what I want to happen
Between us.
But I know I am
Worth more than sex.
I know you are
Worth more than you pretend to be.
You are so afraid.
Decide.
Decide.

The Girl Who Never Sent The Letter

(A letter never sent)

You are so lucky
To have met me.
You know it too.
That is why you use me.
More than for sex.
You have said you use me
For what I teach you.
The problem is,
I do not want
to be crazy.
Although it is a great look I'm sure.
You are lying to yourself.
And you try lying to me.

The Girl Who Never Sent The Letter
(A letter never sent)

I've pretended to not see
That you've been completely
Done with
Romance and me.
Not because of your time,
Or my illness.
I've pretended that
I hate you.
I've pretended that I don't care.
You are a liar.
Not just to me,
But most importantly
Yourself.

The Girl Who Never Sent The Letter
(A letter never sent)

I honestly hope
The best for you
I wish we could be friends.
I really do.
But I just don't feel the respect or
Love that I want.
I need.
What I feel is toxicity and
A motive to make me crazy.
Or at least appear crazy.
I feel you want me for sex,
And do not care about
My soul.
I wish we could be friends.
It's not that I would care about
You being with other people.
But I feel I am a burden to you.
Let me know:
When you have the time.
Xoxo Peaches .

To: The Man
From: The Girl

The Girl Who Couldn't Stop

What Why Why
Why
Why
I can't stop
No one can help me
I am out of control.
I know why
My life
Sucks.
It is because
I suck.

Why won't
The Man
Love me?

The Girl Who Didn't Know Who He Was Anymore

I miss Him.

Who is He?

Who is my love?

Who will be my love?

It is destiny I know.

I love him.

The Girl Who Loved Him

I love The Man.
He makes me happy.

The Girl Who Repeated His Name

I think
I'm repeating the same thoughts
Over and over
In my head.
Small
A small bundle
Of the same
Thoughts.
The Man The Man The Man
Awake Awake Awake

The Girl Who Waited for Coercion

I just hope you're in
Love
Can't do what
is tough
Waiting for
the coercion
In everybody's
Touch

The Girl Who Wanted to Be Pretty

I am something
Valuable,
Why can't you see?
I love myself
And I love the trees
I'm a living being
Tell me you think I'm pretty
I bet you're on a mission.

The Girl Who Couldn't Trust Herself

I don't trust anyone
Because
I don't even
Trust myself.
Would it help if
It wasn't about
Sex?
It is all the same
Just different shades.

The Girl Who Pretended to Be Happy

The happiness I have been
Feeling is fake.

Reasons to be sad:
The Man will never
Be with me
Because
He doesn't want to be.
But do I want him to be?
I feel so shitty.
I feel negative and exhausted.
I feel insecure and
A fraud.

The Girl Who Took A Step Back

I'm going to take a day or two
Before saying anything
To The Man
I need to think on it
Before
Doing anything rash.
I became bad
Because
I was being good
For The Man
And then I decided
He doesn't love me
In the way I want him to
And so I don't care anymore.
But is that true?
He is so loyal.
So kind to me.
He really cares about me.
What do I want from him?

The Girl Who Didn't Know What She Wanted

You are not what I want
In a partner.
So why would I ask that of you?
You are everything
I want in a friend.
So why would
I push you away?
Am I overthinking again?
I need
Time and space
To think.
Am I happy?
Am I sad?
Sometimes,
Always,
Both.

The Girl Who Knew He'd Come Back

He wants me back.
I don't trust him one bit.
I think he's crazy;
Egotistical, manipulative, delusional.
But for some reason I want to see him.
I think I just want the thrill.
I think I just want love.
I think the part of me that loved him can't say no.
I don't love him,
I don't need him,
I don't want him.

But

I love him,
I need him,
I want him.

Why did he have to text me?
Why did I have to respond?
I don't want to hurt like I did again.

The Girl Who Protected Herself

I don't trust him.

It's crazy. I can't believe Him.

Why would he come back and say everything

I wanted him to say.

But I know it's a lie.

Maybe to himself too.

Either way it's not true.

I must go the other way.

Most likely he is pure evil.

Maybe he is a physical manifestation of
my relationship with the devil.

When they told me the prophecy, they didn't flinch.

Man, I miss you

And even though love is there for you

I must protect her.

The Girl Who Loved and Left

How sad
We make the thought of goodbyes
Of never seeing someone again.
There are lots of reasons to not assign so much reason.
Appreciating who we do have
Being content with the now and moment
The truth is,
We all learned this true pain
At some point in our lives,
We felt this pain
We survived this pain,
And we became
Okay with losing.
And if we didn't we probably are still bitter and mad.
The reasons not to.

The Girl Who Longed for Feeling

Why do I want this feeling away?
Take notes instead,
Figure out what's in my head
Why does he have a hold
Why will I give him anything
And everything he wants
It's the love I have desired
It's so close
It's near him
I want what he can give me
What he has given me before
There's a hole in my chest
That he dig and put himself
But when he left
That hole became just that
A hole.
I don't love him.
I love the feeling he is capable of giving me.

The Girl Who Wanted to Be a Ghost and a Flame

I want to be the
Person who doesn't need

It:

Being nothing
And everything -
- An instrument
Being played
In front of you

The Girl Who Crumbled in the Chrysalis

Hm that's true
A distant fake relationship
Is not as good as a
Fixed one
But what if that's all we get
It would be weird to give up now.
The exclusion of what we don't want
But do we want it?
The chrysalis of ego
Crumbles at the thought
Of uncertainty
For all I know
It exists how its existed
No I disagree

The Girl Who Fell Into Judgment

I'm offended
By your indiscretion of loyalty
Praise me
I have fallen
Ah my skin has cracked
Heal me
My tired noose
Perfection does not come
From self perception
The self falling on itself
From others
There is judgment
Whether it be truth
It is an answer
And it's not a trick question
So I did that.

The Girl Who Loved Too Many Men

Forgive me
I still love
Every man
I've ever loved
I've been told
I'm queer
But I consider myself very feminine
Where is my mind
Why do I not feel guilty
Or like I owe anyone anything
It was good seeing him
I can't forget the way
He kissed me and held me
But he couldn't satisfy me
And I'm too much for him

The Girl Who Always Got Picked Up at the End of the Night

He made it very clear
He does not want to be
in a relationship with me
But I am welcome to be
In his life.
It's so hard
Loving someone
Who your supports don't like
But it's my fault
Just as much it is his.
I can search for him
All over town
And he'll still pick me up
At the end of the night.

The Girl Who Cried with Sparkly Eyes

I'm not perfect
But I needn't be
Call me at midnight
And pour me a cup of tea
When two past lovers
Share a kiss
She is happy
He will be missed
She has sparkly eyes
Looks like she wants to cry
She knows she knows
And accepts her fate
Heaven,
They'll let me through the gate

The Girl Who Couldn't Let Go

He knew
She could not move on
Stuck on winning
A losing game
That's what he loved
About her
The loyalty
She had stuck in her veins
For him
'I'm not what makes you special'
She knows
And she knows she wishes
She hadn't been so sick
Because she forgives him
For no being able to handle it
Was he my lover at the time
Or the cause of my rein?

The Girl Who Was an Easy Target

Is he right?
I mean am I right
That he is just using me because he knows
I'm an easy target
Would I let him?
Is he not responding
Because he's not interested?
Has a secret life?
At work?
Bad at communication?
It would be fine if we
hadn't made plans
I'm up all night waiting
For you up all night

The Girl Who Became the Tree

I'm afraid to mention
Any of my personal details
In writing
But will spill my thoughts
And emotions
Why do I care
I liked him a lot
And the rejection hurts
But it's not that I want him
I feel silly
Creative in its final form
I'm shadowing now
Can't break it down
Did the tree make a noise
If no one was there
For the tree to communicate with?

The Girl Who Reached into the Jar

I am no one's
An illusion until request
Past resolution lead me to
Believe in a faith of
A statue untrue
I know my mind is haunted
And my personality attuned
I've reached my hand
Into the jar
My fist doesn't take
Me far
I wonder where
You are

The Girl Who Wished She Knew

I told him
I couldn't love him
Just for the night
'But I will see you soon'
If the stars align right
Is my hysteria
A profit of my femininity?
Do I replicate my existence
Out of fear
Into others
To comfort me?
I wish I knew
What I want
I wish I knew
What I want
I wish
I want
People to respect me.

She loved and she broke and she waited to be held.
These are the poems of the girl who never stopped longing -
and finally learned to stay with herself

Stay as long as you need. Come again if you leave. You are held here.