



**MIND
HEART
SOUL**

Poems
to Mental Health
-Volume I-

Julio Carlos

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Mind Heart Soul is a poetry collection created in an attempt to express the screams inside a mind, heart, and soul in order to keep my mental health in check. The poems were selected and edited for your maximum entertainment and growth. Thank you for reading.



Disclaimer: This is not a mental health book. This is not a poetry mental health oriented book. For that, please buy Lifter on your [store of choice \(below\)](#).

“Mercy upon mine”

Shh...

You have suffered enough.

Hush now,

You that slowly beats
valiant to not quit me
when I so wish.

Shh....

You have suffered enough,

for not being callous,

for caring about who refuse to understand you
and me.

I feel your pain in me. Hush now,

and worry not with the possibilities of my vain
hopes

for I won't renew them, no, not again

you have been through enough

you have exposed yourself enough to those who
don't want to understand.

Hush now,
I will show mercy upon me,
and this heart of mine.

Hush.
Quiet now
It'll be ok, soon.
We'll be ok, soon.

"Coagulant"

Let these wounds leak
the blood that adorns my scarred skin.
Don't pretend to come to my aid
for I need not rescue, not any longer,
don't get close
for my eyes see
and my soul STILL dares to hope, wish, and dream.

They ache.

They ache.

“Slipknot”

The need for affection strangles
but knowledge reminds me that in order to have a
whiff of it

I must endure deep scaring
and gulp down all the pain,
for there's *always*, a price to pay.

"Fuel"

Let this pain
propel me to success.
Allow Misery to be the dread
and not a twisted quasi-resigned comfort.

"Escape"

Not singing,
but howling out this loneliness.

Doing good doesn't equate to doing right.

“Reins”

To care
is to spread little pieces
of you
to the wind of others.
They might not even notice it,
they will mostly ignore it.
Do it ever so sparsely.

“Realizations”

Not until brokenness comes
that we get to be human.
Not until deceit is drunk
from the cups we ourselves pour
that we get to see reality. The fantasies of our own
choosing.

At times, Insanity,
is all we have to cling to.

It's only a crime if you are on the wrong side of the law.

"Blind Bias"

Here I am
presenting myself bare,
crude, raw and naked.
A courageous display in honesty.
Yet
you, cannot see me
for who, *I* , truly am.
Refusal.

*Our beliefs in the absolutes of "good" and "evil" stop us
from perceiving reality.*

" Old-soul "

I should have been... flaming
scorching the air gracelessly
with the vigor of my soul, had it had left.
'd've been..

Could have...

Is this the elder-state?
When you move so fast away from your age,
when you gather so much,
when you dare to *see* with your eyes open
and take the world as it is
that you gain the perception of the old?
Centred mind
a soul gone cold...

Should've have I, accepted the chosen bliss of
ignorance
given by youth?

*Evil prevails because it's relentless in its quests, while
Good keeps rejoicing on the "righteousness" of its title.*

"Time to Pretend"

Oh sure, let us romanticize pain
as if that was the purpose of love.
Let us judge the broken
as if pointing fingers weren't the cause of cracks,
oh yes, let us assure ourselves that we live in bliss
as we ignore the hug of Misery,
and preach to the winds our happiness through
shit-eating grins.

“All that’s left”

I want you to love my brokenness too
because, sometimes, it's all that I have
and it's most of what I am.

“Rejecting”

Am I dying with a smile on my face?

I am dying on a running pace.

Will it bring a smile upon my face?

Isn't it inevitable?

I have promises to keep,

I have the difference to make.

Will I move from here?

Will I stay?

Why is my hand tied in numbers
that I fight an entire month have?

I have made promises.

I have things to say.

I have hugs to give.

I cannot just *end* this way,

when I was born,

was my destiny sealed?

NO! I do have a choice. I cannot simply go away.

Leave me, deadly curse!

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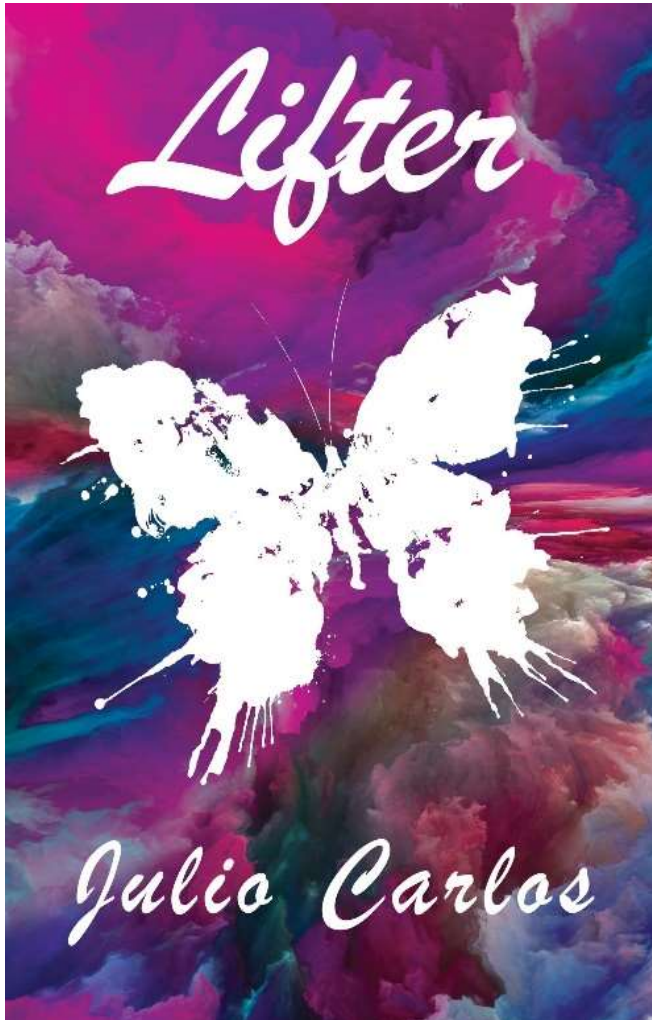
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inspirational book”*



“Life itself, the sheer struggle of living can seem overwhelming at times. So many things taken for granted, so many small joys

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- International Best-Selling Author, Anna J Walner.

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*Emotive and soothing.
Visceral and stirring.*

*This is a varied collection of poems with unexpected relatability. The words flow easily off the page and into your mind, resonating with deep, perhaps even buried, feelings you **don't** usually entertain. **It's** a short book but take your time with it. It's one that **you'll** return to again and again to take time out for yourself*

and some mental healing. Don't let the world put you under its feet."

- Award Winning Author, Neil Hemfrey.

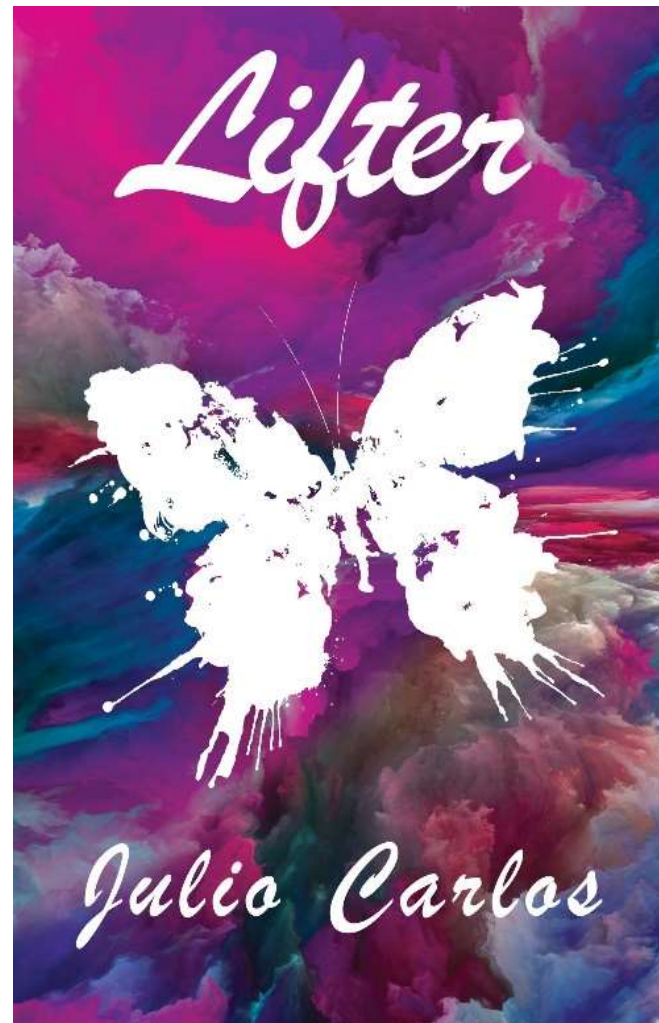
"This is the kind of book you want to turn to whatever your current state of mind. It is a pick-me-up and keep-me-going inspirational book"

- Marie Snow

"I read "Lifter" from start to finish in one sitting because I just couldn't turn away.

Everything Julio has written feels very relatable to me, as I have struggled with my mental health and with having love and worthiness toward myself, and I really felt the truth of the words hitting me deep inside. Highly recommend reading :)"

- Jada Reese



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Wasted Hearts

Wasted Hearts

by Julio Carlos (Author)

★★★★☆ 3 ratings

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Top reviews from the United States

 Sarah Haverly

★★★★★ **A beautiful collection of poems**

Reviewed in the United States on August 28, 2017

A beautiful collection of poems. Each poem is like a snapshot into the author's mind, and how he was feeling at the time that he wrote it. The poems are very relatable; many of the poems touch on the human condition of loneliness and lost lives. Very lovely little book.

Helpful

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 Michelle

★★★★★ **Review of Wasted Hearts by M'Leigh Jones**

Reviewed in the United States on August 17, 2017

This work in what I read was so moving and heart felt. The author has clearly been through some things in his life that he has been willing to share in his haunting lyrical writings. Each poem shows the reader a bit of his soul, and that like anyone else who has been through pain that we share the same feelings as well as the same fears, wants and hopes to move pass it and in time try again. In my opinion this was a fine work and I would recommend it to to others who enjoy poetry and hearing from someone that they are not the only ones who have gone through things. thus, they are not alone.

This Hibiscus is truly fragrant

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message 1: by Dave (new)

Mar 03, 2017 01:35AM



This is a work of admirable depth and courage. It opens with a statement of wounds, of pain and distress. Then, in presenting a kaleidoscope of emotion and sensation, it leaves much to the imagination and intuition of the reader, faithfully reflecting the complexities of the author's traumas. There is the suggestion of the couple having met as children, and "I wanted to know if you were coming back." The girl is both an object of adoration from afar, and someone with real human traits. The poet knows he is in the grip of an obsession, which is contrary to the dictates of reason. Towards the end of the sequence, he pleads to be ditched, but his partner will not release him.

Their relationship seems dualistic, founded on the equilibrium of contradictions. Even as an idol, she is humanly qualified: he thinks she is a star – 'surrounded by bigger stars, but none of them with your delicate glow'. She is his supreme catalyst: "you renewed my will/by carrying a sun in your eyes." She sustains his tenacity, even though this may be in the pursuit of the unattainable: "Why I kept on I don't know; maybe because I was tired of quitting." He then makes a touching declaration of faith and optimism, in defiance of rationality: "It's really ok/to not know things sometimes/because in the end everything will be fine."

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A naked soul suggests that they may have had one physical consummation, which healed the previous wounds – ‘hovering debris of my past/upon a rehabilitated present’ – a precious tryst, which embraced ‘eternity in minutes’.

His obsession, and his despair, assume cosmic proportions; he can get lost in ‘sandless shores, waveless seas’. He sometimes feels ‘stepless’ – deprived of an objective sense of direction; he refers to yelling at the moon ‘. . . for not being able to hold the missing feelings that fill an empty hole’.

His dilemma gives him an elemental struggle to express himself: ‘Taking silences that make one tremble, fusing them with words, heavy nothings carried to shores of empty thoughts by the seas of existence, where nothing can be done.’

There is some indication of a struggle for rapprochement, in Hidden spaces: “The closer we got/the more tangled we became”.

Is it all worthwhile? The poet heads one of his sections “A bitter end for the sake of a sweet past.” In *Dirt Queen*, the stark reality of disillusionment is spelled out: “Your trashed soul, scrapped against the dirt floor . . . Salvation was lost when you fell from the skies. But the power of his love is certainly resilient against that bitter realisation. He can, albeit briefly, admit that he has broken other hearts, and mention that her sublimity was ‘wasted by your own lust’: does this refer to her other partners, or did they destroy their ideals by once sleeping together? With incredible honesty, the poet can say “I hate you – just a step away from love, they say.” The idol does emerge as a

At the conclusion there are ‘beautiful scenes finalizing in the sweet tragedy’. No major threads seem missing from the portrayal of this emotional web – a tour de force.

David Russell

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Sinful Collection

[Sinful](#) - An explicit collection of 140 devotional poems of love, lust and deep appreciation from the author, to his 'Little Goddess'



Roi's Reviews > Sinful



Sinful

by Julio Carlos (Goodreads Author)

Roi's review

Sep 18, 2021



★★★★★

This is my favorite line from "Sinful," "Reflections of you yeast my mind." The author has a deliberate and intense hand. The sensuality leaps off the page and I find myself blushing, as if I'm a novice.

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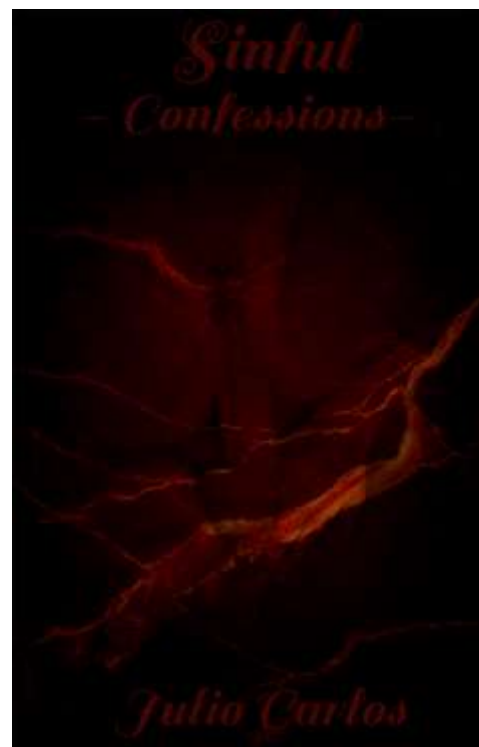
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