

# Inside V. WALKER'S POETRY VAULT

- Five exclusive poems for newsletter subscribers - **unpublished elsewhere.**
- Behind the scenes for these exclusive poems.
- Meet the Poet - get to know me a bit!
- Sneak peek at my current projects.



# POEMS FROM THE VAULT

01 [Angel of Death](#) - CONTENT WARNING: suicide (pls skip if you need to)

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02 [Minimalist in the Making](#)

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03 [Life is a Steak](#)

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05 [you are not equipped to play chess with me](#)

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Want to read more of my poetry? [Check out my Substack.](#)



# Angel of Death

How pretty  
your darkness looks.

How appealing  
your black roses smell.

How tempting  
your ability to take the pain  
away.

How perfect I thought  
you were  
for me.

Happy to admit  
I was wrong.

Sometimes your image  
flashes in my mind.

But I'm not ready for wings.



The Angel of Death (1885).  
Evelyn De Morgan

# Minimalist in the Making

Emotionally drained  
Mentally strained  
Physically pained

There are my ever-present  
states of being.

Exhaustion weights  
down my mood  
and the brittle bones  
under my scarred skin.

All the result of my labor —  
both that which I love  
and that which I've no choice.

More!  
More!  
More!

Always accumulating more  
things  
people  
problems  
trash and  
treasures.

All for the result to be less  
of me.



Time is money (1910).  
William Henry Walker



# Life is a Steak

I wrote a lot about  
your death  
or rather,  
your dying.

Most it's shit.  
What can I say?  
Some of this pain  
is so raw, it needs to  
tossed on the grill.

People don't want what's real  
they want what's seasoned,  
the words that have  
time to rest.

Take a bite —  
savor it  
because  
this moment  
might be the  
last.



A Kitchen Idyll (1873).  
Anton Ebert

**giving up**

you fill me up  
with lies  
instead of love

I wonder why,  
I try to ask  
you always deny

and yet the question  
lingers on my lips  
no longer spoken  
but always at the forefront.



A Difficult Question (Une Question Difficile).  
(1883).

Ignaz Marcel Gaugengigl



# you are not equipped to play chess with me

mocking machinations from a madman  
who tried to cut my legs out  
from under me  
but I am well-equipped  
with gallows humor  
and you are not  
the first  
narcissist who has tried  
and failed  
to break me.

so for your sake  
I implore you to sleep  
behind a locked door,  
one that I cannot break —  
as I did with your other secrets  
that live in the crevices of  
my mind cannons  
aimed at the  
foundation you built, which  
already crumbles from your  
disastrous existence.

do not pity me, for you  
are the pathetic one.



The Chess Players (1889).  
Isidor Kaufmann

# BEHIND THE POEM

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# BEHIND THE POEM: ANGEL OF DEATH



## INSPIRATION FOR THIS PIECE

This poem was inspired by my struggle with depression and times in my life where I felt like it was hopeless for me to be alive.



## MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE

This poem was written when I was no longer in the midst of hopelessness. For most people, depression is not something that goes away but over time, with healing and other strategies, you can feel better more often than not. This poem is me expressing that I'm grateful to be alive, even when things are still rough at times.

## PROCESS FOR THIS PIECE

When I originally wrote this, it was more of a journal entry, at least that's how it started. I added the name after I wrote it. So, the first line is what I wrote first and the subject of the poem is not really an 'angel of death' but personification of suicide.

So, the form was pretty much just stream of consciousness. I broke up the sentences into stanzas based on how it flowed when I read it out loud.

### Angel of Death

How pretty  
your darkness looks.

How appealing  
your black roses smell.

How tempting  
your ability to take the pain  
away.

How perfect I thought  
you were  
for me.

Happy to admit  
I was wrong.

Sometimes your image  
flashes in my mind.

But I'm not ready for wings.



The Angel of Death (1885)  
Evelyn De Morgan

# BEHIND THE POEM: MINIMALIST IN THE MAKING



## INSPIRATION FOR THIS PIECE

The song 'labour' by Paris Paloma was blowing up on TikTok and like many women, I was obsessed with it. I was listening to it when I got an idea.

## MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE

As I mentioned, I was listening to 'labour' and was also thinking about how I'm so tired from giving my energy and pieces of myself away. The more we give away (of time, things, self, love, labor), the less of ourselves we have. When people talk about minimalism, they typically talk about items. But what if we're minimalist with our energy too?



## PROCESS FOR THIS PIECE

The first three stanzas are just setting up the tone of weariness. I just wrote how I felt. And then the fourth is really the my favorite part of this piece. All the labor (read: energy) that I'm putting out is just tearing at me, even for myself... because I'm constantly being asked for more and more and more by others.

Like most of my poems, this was very much a stream of consciousness.

### **Minimalist in the Making**

Emotionally drained  
Mentally strained  
Physically pained

There are my ever-present  
states of being.

Exhaustion weights  
down my mood  
and the brittle bones  
under my scarred skin.

All the result of my labor —  
both that which I love  
and that which I've no choice.

More!  
More!  
More!  
Always accumulating more  
things  
people  
problems  
trash and  
treasures.

All for the result to be less  
of me.



Time is money (1910)  
William Henry Walker



# BEHIND THE POEM: LIFE IS A STEAK



## INSPIRATION FOR THIS PIECE

I was reflecting on how many poems I had written after someone in my life passed away. And I was thinking about how it's still very raw, as grief often is. I was also hungry for a steak.

## MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE

And then I was thinking about how life is like a good steak: it's seasoned, it's had a little time to rest, and we should savor it.

Savor life because people are always dying like literally every moment? Sometimes it's obvious and sometimes it's not (cause you're just aging but yeah, that's dying.)



## PROCESS FOR THIS PIECE

As I mentioned, I was thinking about how many poems I had written about my grief. And I was like wait, these are really more about the process of dying, because this was about watching someone wither away over weeks.

I was also writing this not in a funny way, so to speak but I guess I was like trying to be ironic? I was in a weird headspace and kind of self-deprecating.

### **Life is a Steak**

I wrote a lot about  
your death  
or rather,  
your dying.

Most it's shit.  
What can I say?  
Some of this pain  
is so raw, it needs to  
be tossed on the grill.

People don't want what's real  
they want what's seasoned,  
the words that have  
time to rest.

Take a bite —  
savor it  
because  
this moment  
might be the  
last.



A Kitchen Idyll (1873)  
Anton Ebert

# BEHIND THE POEM: GIVING UP



## INSPIRATION FOR THIS PIECE

This poem was inspired by a few things. You know how they have that phrase like someone just “lights up a room” and some people are just “full of love.” Well, I was like, what about people who are the opposite? I did have someone in mind at the time so that also helped.

## MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE

Giving up on something means you’re not trying anymore. It’s done. It’s over. This piece is about giving up on trying to understand why someone is continuing to hurt you. Because on the one hand, you may never get the answer, or you might not get a straight answer. On the other hand, what difference does it make to know? Validation? Reverse satisfaction? Sometimes it’s just better to give up on trying to make sense of someone else’s actions.

## PROCESS FOR THIS PIECE

For the first stanza, I was thinking about gaslighting and I actually have another poem called ‘gaslight’ but this was written right before that one and I wanted to play on the idea of gas, like I’m the car, and you’re filling me up with lies, instead of love and respect. And then it’s like, I’m not going to keep trying to understand. I will still wonder though - I think that’s human nature.



### **giving up**

you fill me up  
with lies  
instead of love

I wonder why,  
I try to ask  
you always deny

and yet the question  
lingers on my lips  
no longer spoken  
but always at the forefront.



A Difficult Question (Une Question Difficile)  
(1883)  
Ignaz Marcel Gaugengigl

# BEHIND THE POEM: YOU ARE NOT EQUIPPED TO PLAY CHESS WITH ME



## INSPIRATION FOR THIS PIECE

So this is one I wrote pretty recently, right after I got laid from my job. On the one hand, it was definitely borne from a bitterness but more importantly from a lack of respect that I suffered. And I can't go into details about that stuff, but I can write a vague poem about it.

## MEANING BEHIND THIS PIECE

This piece is really about not being intimidated by someone who has tried time and time again to make you suffer. And you're not going to let them break you. You've been broken before and they think that they've just done the worst possible to you and they get to take some sort of sick pride in that. But they're wrong. You're ten steps ahead of them. And you have been. The whole time.

## PROCESS FOR THIS PIECE

I've been playing around with alliteration a lot lately and I wanted to capture the type of person this poem is about. So, that's how I started it. And as I continued, I was thinking, basically, 'fuck this person' and how can I get it across that 'you can't break me?' And I had fun kind of, flipping common phrases, like 'sleep with one eye open', well no, sleep with your door locked. And what I know isn't just in my mind, it's a dangerous cannon aimed at your foundation.



### **you are not equipped to play chess with me**

mocking machinations from a madman  
who tried to cut my legs out  
from under me  
but I am well-equipped  
with gallows humor  
and you are not  
the first  
narcissist who has tried  
and failed  
to break me.

so for your sake  
I implore you to sleep  
behind a locked door,  
one that I cannot break —  
as I did with your other secrets  
that live in the crevices of  
my mind cannons  
aimed at the  
foundation you built, which  
already crumbles from your  
disastrous existence.

do not pity me, for you  
are the pathetic one.



The Chess Players (1889)  
Isidor Kaufmann



# MEET THE POET: V. WALKER



most of  
my poems  
get little to no  
revision (I'm a very  
'nope its done'  
person

my favorite words  
are: yearn, linger,  
devour, ruin

it took me five years  
to publish my first  
poetry collection, *The  
Fragile Humans We  
Are*

It physically pains me  
to write poetry with  
any pen other than  
the very particular  
one I like. Okay, not  
really but I really  
can't stand it.

## AROUND THE WEB

[Author Spotlight: V. Walker](#)

[Review: The Fragile Humans We  
Are: Vol. 1 by V. Walker.](#)

[review of the fragile humans we  
are by V. Walker.](#)

# SNEAK PEEK AT MY CURRENT PROJECT

## my second upcoming collection

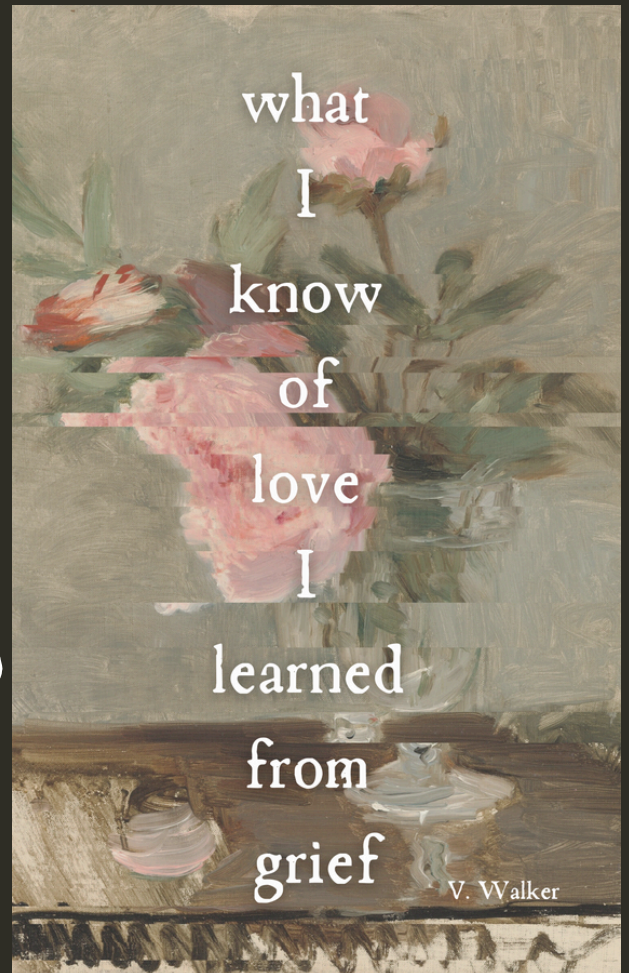
This collection focuses  
on every way we grieve.  
It's not just about death.

Relationships, past  
selves, actions, roads not  
taken, opportunities  
missed, and more.

*yes, the pain shattered  
your mind  
but here you are  
one piece, patchwork  
but complete*

*yes, the pain echoes  
in your bones  
but here you are  
mending the breaks  
until you're healed*

*yes, the pain is a constant ache  
in your soul  
but here you are  
with makeshift medicine  
thriving in this newly peeled layer*



Broken into  
three sections:  
*shatter, echo, ache*

*exclusive look  
at the dedication*

Thanks for subscribing to my newsletter  
and I hope you enjoyed this exclusive look  
into my poetry vault.



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