



I AM  
MORE THAN  
MY NIGHTMARES

Jennae Cecelia

# I Am More Than My Nightmares

A sequel to  
*I Am More Than a Daydream*

by Jennae Cecelia

I Am More Than My Nightmares

Copyright © 2018 by Jennae Cecelia. All rights reserved. No parts of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner without written permission from the author except for the use of brief quotation in a book review or scholarly journal.

ISBN: 978-1986217194

Cover art by Islam Farid

[www.IslamFarid.net](http://www.IslamFarid.net)

Illustrations by Rylie Moran

Instagram: @gabriellescrapart

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.



Dear Reader,

I have spent so much time sitting and envisioning some of my worst nightmares coming to life. While also avoiding countless moments because I overthink the outcomes.

I play nervously with my hair and get quiet when I think people are staring. But I have learned over the past few years how to better handle the worry and fear that lives in my mind.

I am not perfect. I still worry and I am still anxious, but I know that I am more than my nightmares.

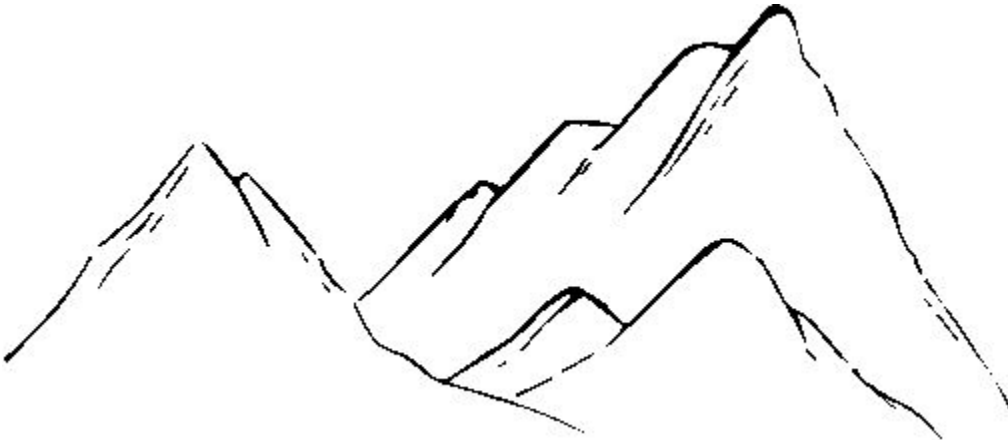
If you are an anxious being and stumble across this, please know you are not alone.

I Am More Than My Nightmares is my journey from being engulfed in fear to learning how to let my mind free when it is calling for a break.

All of my love,  
Jenna



I had dreams  
to climb mountains  
I didn't even  
know existed.  
That is faith.





I am not sure  
if the sun will  
peak out for  
me today,  
or hide behind  
the clouds.  
But I know I will  
see the light  
again soon.  
I will.

I am the tree  
that stands through  
a hurricane  
even when I have been  
pushed past my  
breaking point.  
Don't you see why  
I would worry about  
being hit by another  
wave and not have  
the strength  
to stay standing?



I fear things  
I know I will  
never face,  
yet I fear them  
anyways.  
That's anxiety.

How do I explain  
that I can't go out  
with you because  
I am afraid of  
the crowd  
around us?  
Afraid of the germs.  
Afraid of the stares.  
Afraid of the possibility  
of not coming home.  
How do I explain  
that I am made up  
of *FEAR*?

I see myself  
as scribbles  
on pages  
longing to be  
even lines.

It is  
scary to be  
a dreamer in  
a world that  
sees dreams  
as only  
small possibilities.

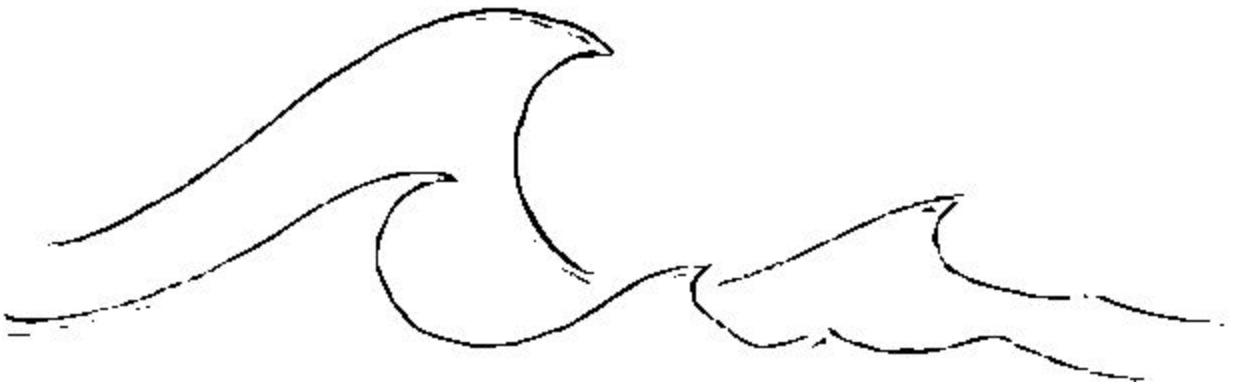


Have you ever  
sat in a parking lot  
after going through  
the drive-thru,  
and ate a bagel  
smothered in cream cheese  
because you couldn't eat  
inside out of fear of the  
judgment from people?  
Even though they  
are probably deep  
in conversation  
not even noticing  
you or your choice  
of food.  
But what if they do?  
What if they judge?  
What if they stare?  
What if?  
What if?  
What if?

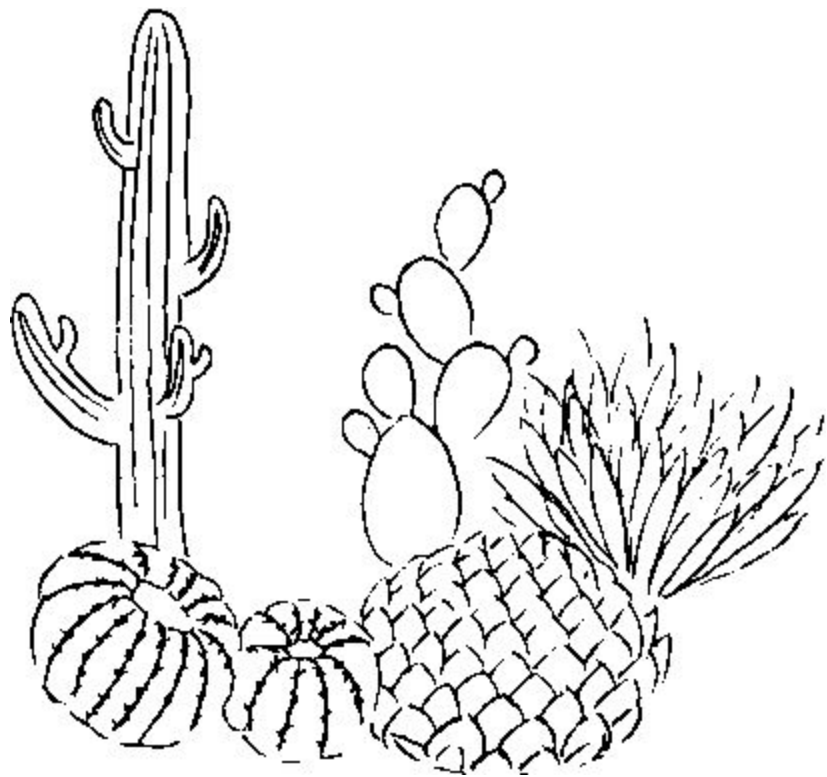
Today may not be  
my day,  
but I have 364  
to make better.



Fear comes like waves.  
It never fully goes away.  
Some waves are much  
bigger than others,  
but I have learned  
to take more breaths  
and talk about what is  
swimming around  
in my mind.  
Then my fear  
can start to subside.



Self-love is a  
journey with  
ever-changing  
scenery.

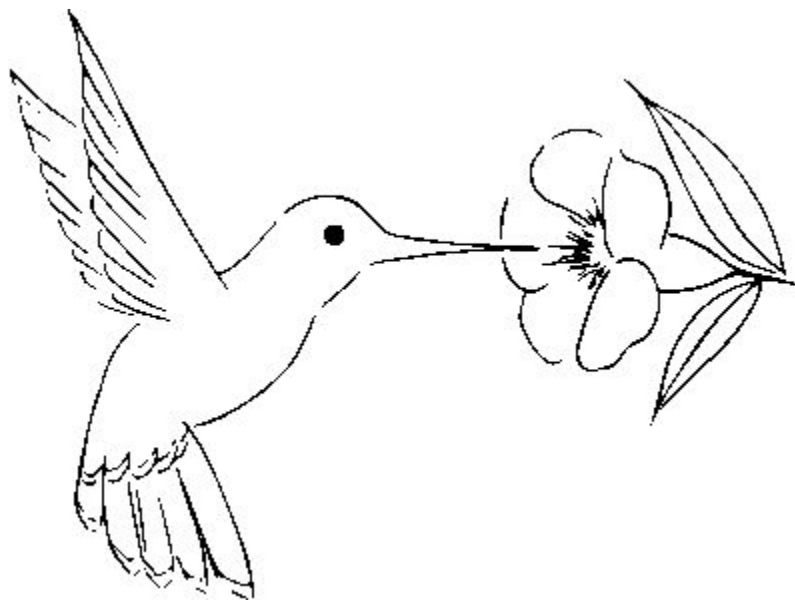


There is fear  
in traveling a path  
that I have  
never seen.  
But here I am  
doing it anyway  
just to show up  
my anxiety.

You are waiting  
for this  
rainy,  
dreary,  
season to change.  
But just know  
when it does,  
you will  
thank the clouds  
for all they  
taught you  
and for all the growth  
you gained.

I always have the fear  
of my arms  
not being  
long enough  
to protect everyone  
that I love.

I want you  
to comfort me,  
but how do you  
ease a heart  
that never stops  
racing and knees  
that never stop  
shaking,  
even when asleep?



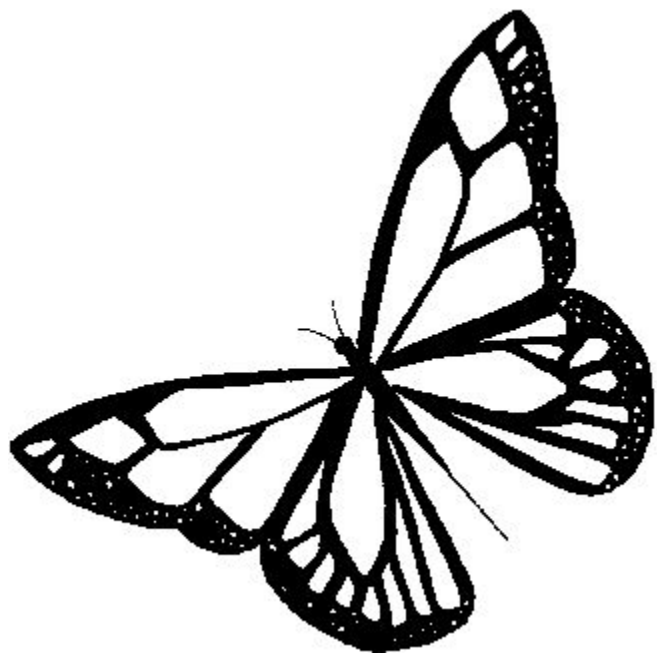
I fear my own voice.  
    It shakes  
    when I am scared.  
    It babbles  
    when I am nervous.  
    It stutters  
    when I am confused.  
I fear my own voice,  
    so I write.

I have stared at  
these same four walls.  
Laid under the  
same gray sheets.  
I have memorized  
the floor creeks.  
I am scared to leave  
this space  
because it is so  
comforting.  
But how do I even  
evict my mind anyway?



You wake up  
to the sun  
trying to peak  
through your blinds.  
It is ok to open them  
and let the light in.  
But do it when you  
feel the time is right.

My mind is anxious,  
but my soul  
longs for peace.



I am not guaranteed  
a week,  
a month,  
or a year.

I am not guaranteed  
to get old enough  
to see my face wrinkle  
and my hair gray.

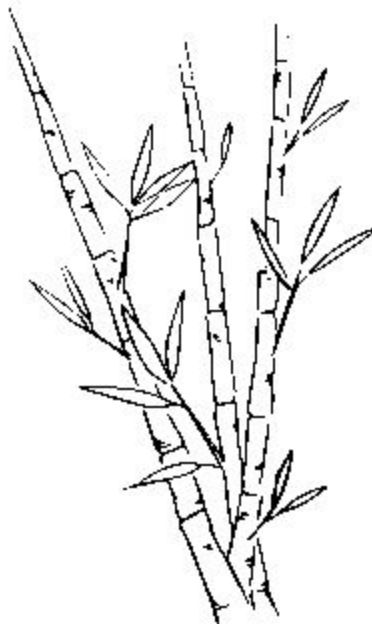
But I am guaranteed  
right now,  
this moment.

I will not live my life  
betting on the next day.

I won't.

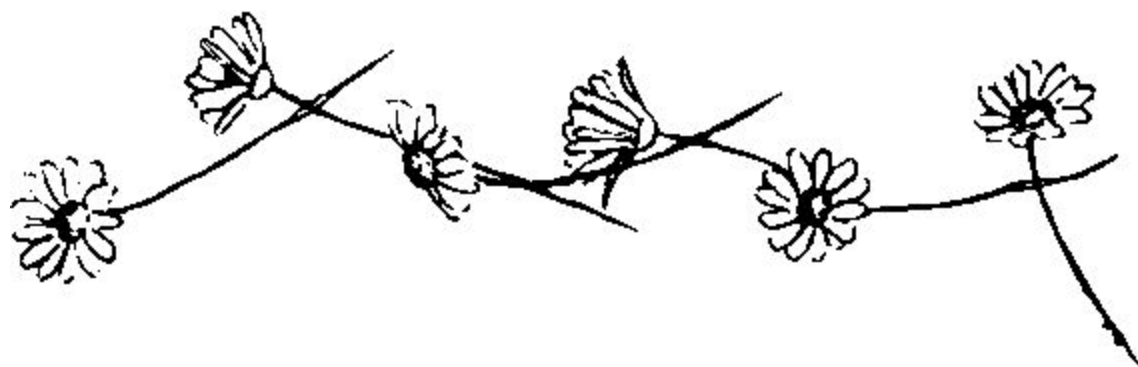
I will live for today.

I was watering  
a plant every day  
hoping for it to grow  
and thrive.  
I gave it love  
and appreciation,  
but my efforts saw  
nothing in return.  
Then one day  
I realized the plant  
I was worried about  
helping live  
the best life,  
was just a fake one  
for display only.



There are pieces of me  
scattered all around,  
and every time I try  
to pick myself up again  
there is another  
gust of wind  
that forces me  
to start over.  
But I will keep going.  
I will.

All I want is to  
run freely amongst  
the wildflowers  
and the trees.  
I am tired of running  
from my anxiety.



I see mountains  
in the distance  
that I long to climb.  
But first I must  
pack up my fear  
and leave it behind.

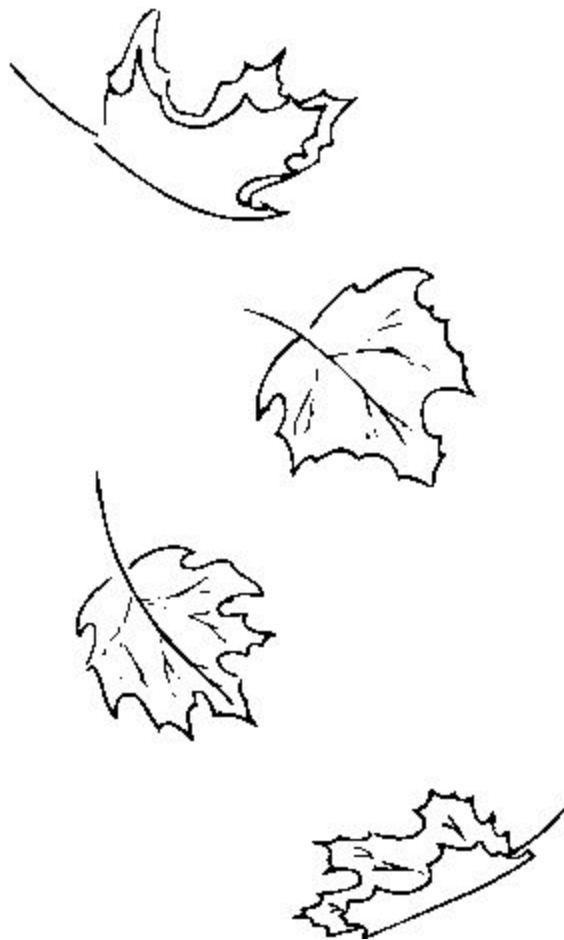
The future has fog  
on the horizon,  
but there are  
mountain peaks  
and treetops  
still in sight.  
So don't give up  
hope that there  
will be clearance.





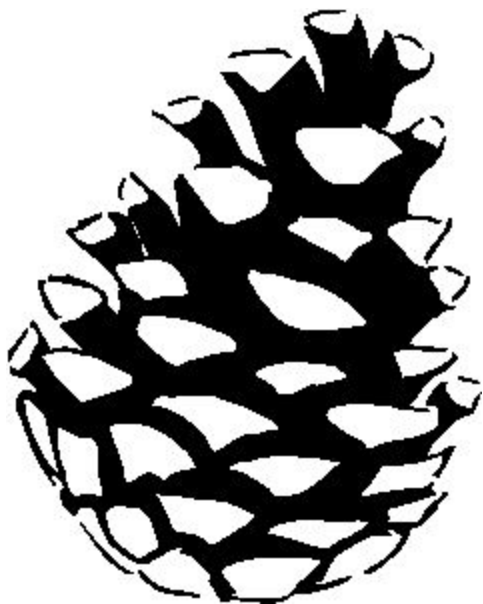
I've thought about  
this moment  
100 times over  
in my head.  
Played out every  
possible scenario  
that could have,  
should have,  
would have happened.  
And I was still wrong.

Don't fear  
the leaves changing.  
For it is leading you  
to the best season  
of your life yet.



My anxious mind  
worryes about  
what I am not being,  
or what I should  
be seeing.  
My anxious mind  
takes no vacation.

I was abandoned  
in a forest  
with no map,  
no compass,  
no water,  
or food.  
I sat down and  
gave up because  
how would I ever  
make it out?  
But if I had climbed  
to the top of a tree  
I would have seen  
that not far off  
in the distance  
was victory.

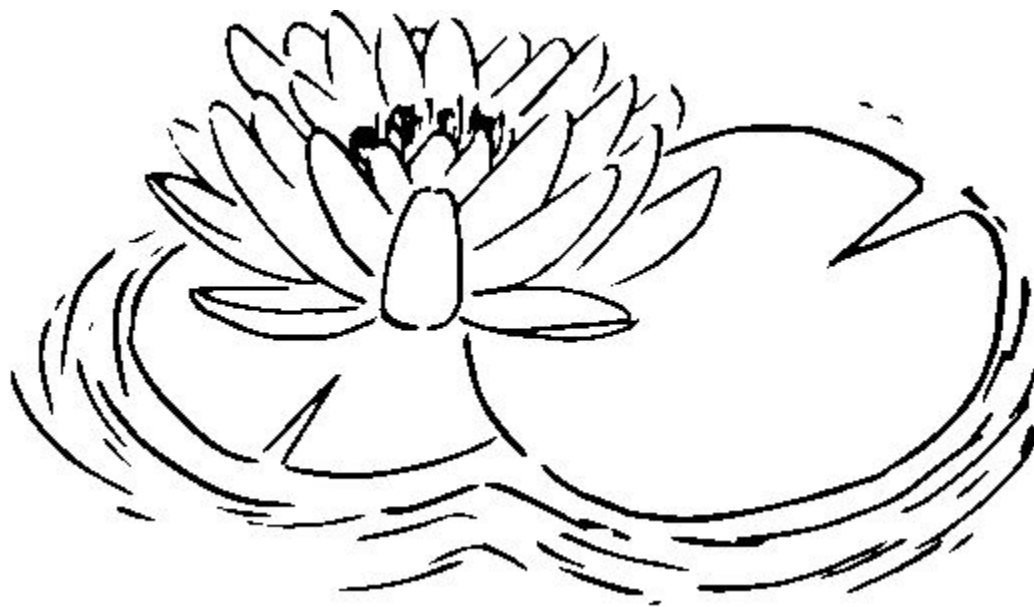


I have gone down  
rivers with still waters,  
and rivers with rapids.  
But I keep paddling  
no matter how far  
of a distance.

I looked into  
the eye of my hurricane  
and still managed to make  
the most beautiful sunset.

You have plucked apart  
my mind,  
my body,  
and my words.  
Now that I let you go,  
I remember who I was  
at the core,  
soulfully beautiful.

Even in dark times  
there is opportunity  
for beauty to rise,  
like a lotus  
from the mud.





Healing isn't taking  
the fast lane  
down the highway.  
Healing is taking  
back roads  
with potholes  
and dead ends.  
But I will get there.  
I will.

My version  
of overcoming  
my fears  
might not be as  
risky  
or fearless  
as jumping out  
of an airplane  
arms wide open.  
But I am still facing  
things that are just  
as equally scary  
to me.  
Like starting up  
a conversation  
with the random stranger  
next to me in line  
to get coffee.

Treat people  
like you would treat  
your garden.  
Care for them.  
Be kind to them.  
Nourish them.  
Be forgiving if they  
don't grow  
the way you  
would have liked.  
Everyone is trying  
their best to grow  
through all the seasons  
of their life.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

If I say it enough  
will it come true?

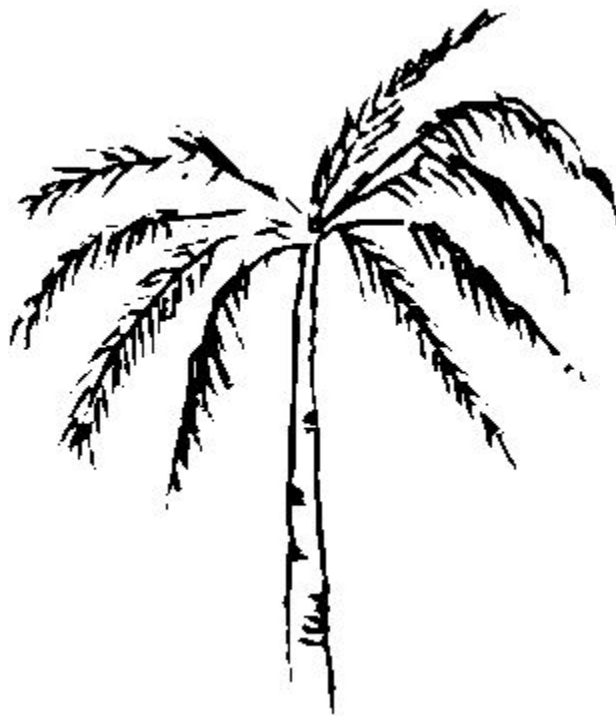
Somehow I was  
that six-year-old  
kid again.

Standing at the top  
of the basement stairs  
afraid of what would  
await me at the bottom.

Nothing.  
Nothing was there.  
But oh did the fear  
feel so real.

I am just trying  
to be the woman  
my fifteen-year-old self  
would have admired.

I am jumping  
off the pier  
into the ocean,  
ready to brave  
all the water  
in my face.  
I will rise  
to the top.  
I will rise.



Although it seems  
long and tiring,  
one day you will  
look back  
and realize  
all the growth  
you made  
on your hike.



There are vines  
in my mind  
that I am still  
untangling.  
But I will.



One time I planted  
a whole garden  
and expected  
my fruit to  
grow in abundance  
and my flowers  
to be full of color.  
But a frost came  
and took away  
all of my hard work.  
So I chose to plant  
myself a new garden,  
rather than give up  
and be left in the dirt.  
What would you have chosen?

The sun is getting ready  
to create the most beautiful  
sunrise for you.

I now stop  
and greet  
my reflection  
instead of looking  
past the girl  
in the mirror.  
All she ever wanted  
was her own love.

I am the river moving  
in the dead of winter.  
Still pushing through strong  
even when conditions  
are at their worst.

I don't need  
your hand  
to coddle me,  
I just need your  
hand to say  
I will be here,  
fearlessly  
and forever yours.

I am throwing  
sticks in the air  
and hoping  
they land  
as flower petals.

My journey has not  
been perfect.  
If it was,  
I wouldn't  
have been  
crafted into  
the woman  
I am today....

*STRONG.*

*BEAUTIFUL.*

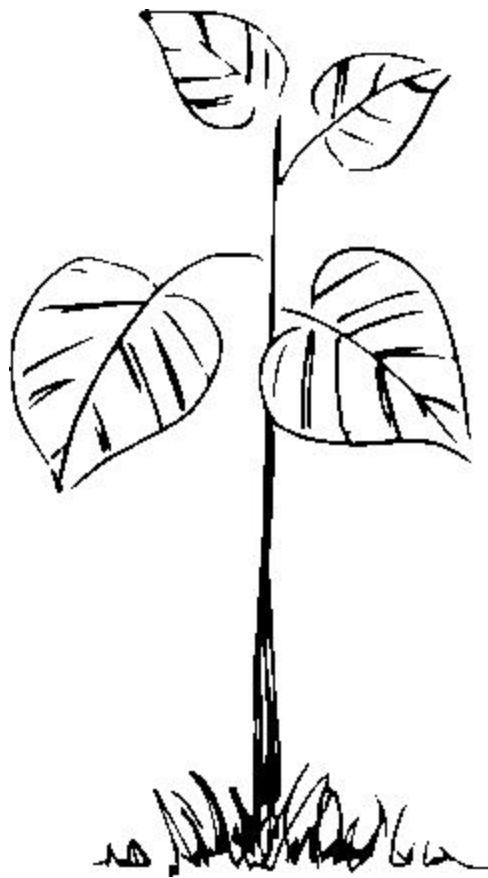
*KIND.*

*GRATEFUL.*

*LOVING.*

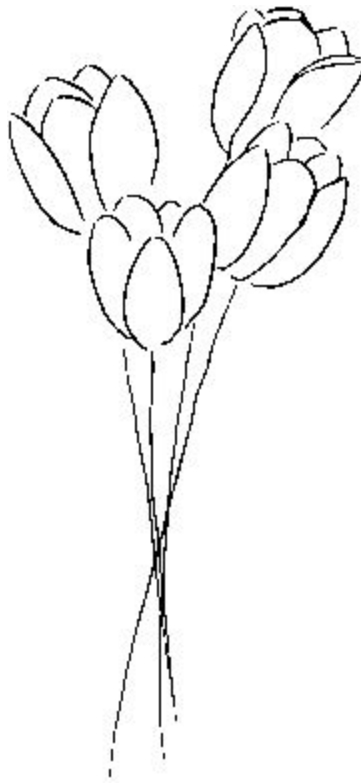


I will rise from  
my soil  
with beauty  
and grace.



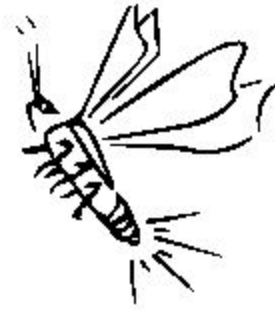
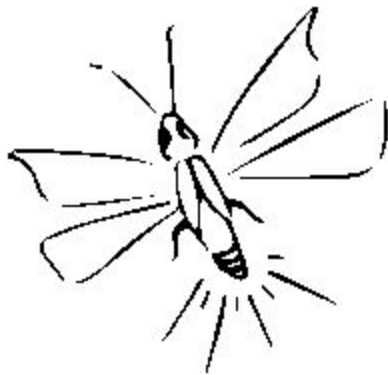
Does the earth  
have anxiety too,  
that maybe one day  
she won't rotate  
like she used to?  
Or that her  
valleys  
and rivers  
won't be cared for?

What if I grow  
into a flower  
you weren't expecting?  
Would you still want  
me in your garden,  
or would you uproot  
me like the rest?  
I am longing for  
a safe place to grow.



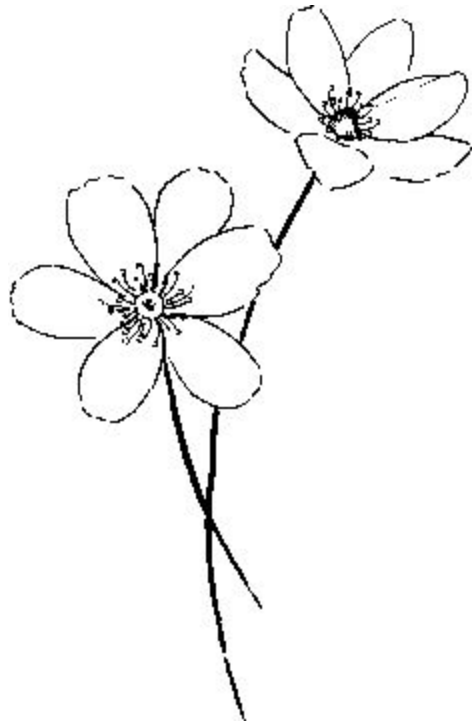
If the pieces  
don't fall into place,  
maybe it is time  
to build yourself up  
in a new  
unconventional way.

Where there is  
destruction,  
pour light into it.



She can't stay  
spring forever.  
Her leaves will fall,  
her air will chill.  
But change is just  
what she needs to  
heal and rebuild.

All I need is to  
throw my seeds  
into the wind  
and trust  
the universe  
will have me bloom  
where I belong.



Don't worry about  
the rivers you have  
yet to cross.  
Your body will  
support you,  
your wisdom will  
guide you,  
and your soul will be there  
to hold your hand  
if you ever start  
to sway.



Mistakes are  
the bridges  
between  
my failures  
and my successes.

Forgive yourself, please.

Forgive yourself, please.

Three words

your body,

mind,

and soul need.

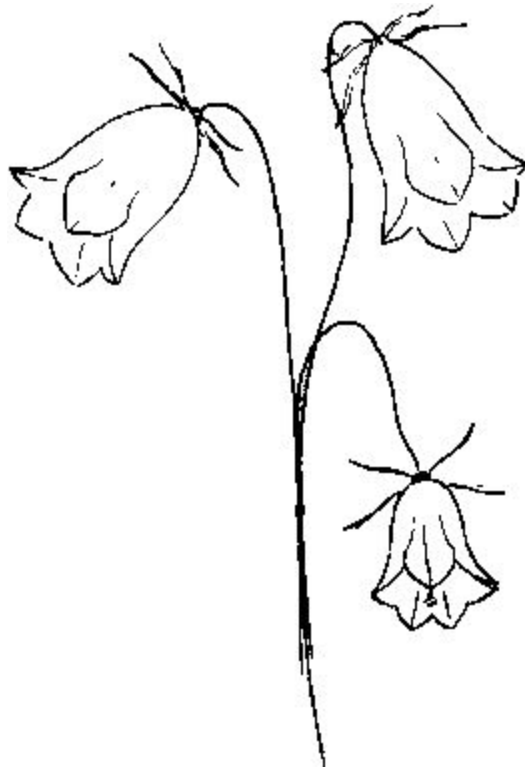
I would tape  
motivational quotes  
to my mirror  
to remind  
myself of the words  
I couldn't always hear.

I see stars  
as small reminders  
from the universe  
that even dark times  
show specks  
of light  
when you really  
pay attention.

I poured my  
heart and soul  
into you  
until you were flooded  
with me.  
And you still didn't notice  
even a drop of my water.

Just watch me grow  
when I give myself  
more of my love.

You can appreciate  
the flowers in  
someone else's  
garden,  
while still  
watering  
your own.

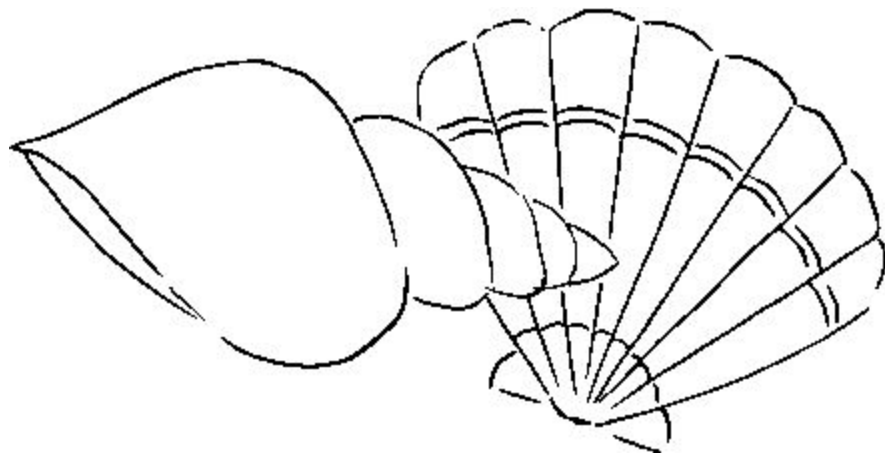


I have yet to explore  
everywhere,  
but I have at least  
passed my comfort zone.



There is still beauty  
behind the gray skies.  
There is still beauty  
in you.

I am an ocean.  
Are you willing to  
risk swimming in  
the deep,  
dark,  
parts of me?  
Or will you stay  
where it's shallow?



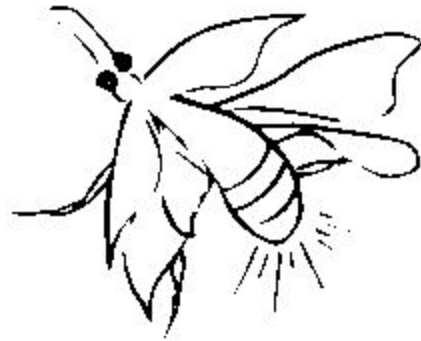
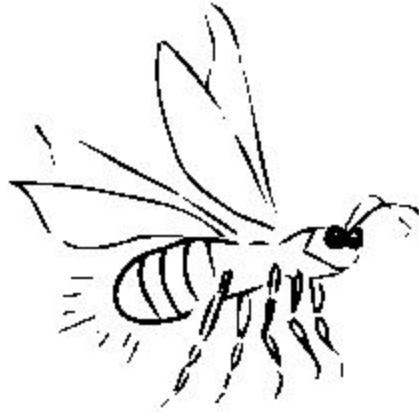
You put up a wall,  
but I can still see  
your light through  
the cracks.

If someone hasn't  
told you lately  
then I will.

You are the moon  
lighting up  
a dark room  
and the sunrays  
on my face.

You are a light  
that is shining and  
I appreciate you.

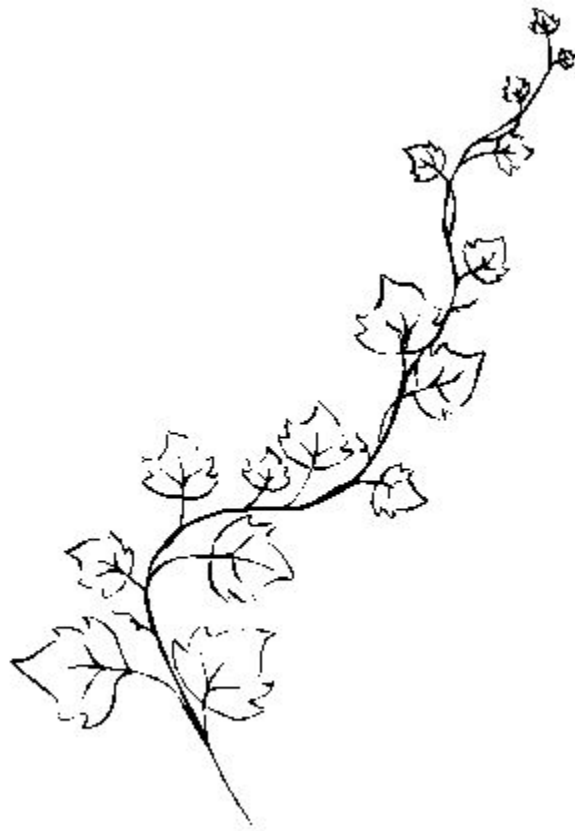
I lit my soul's candle.  
Now I am glowing.



I am the clearing  
in the forest  
you have been  
looking for.  
Let my light guide  
you out.

You are looking at  
one of her chapters.  
You don't know  
her full story.

We are two people  
on separate paths  
that never intersect  
no matter how many times  
we long to cross paths  
for even a few steps.





I am plunging  
into cold water  
that I once would have  
tiptoed out to  
only waist deep.  
I won't let fear  
drown me.

Make today  
the day  
you uncover  
the dream  
living deep,  
down,  
inside of you.

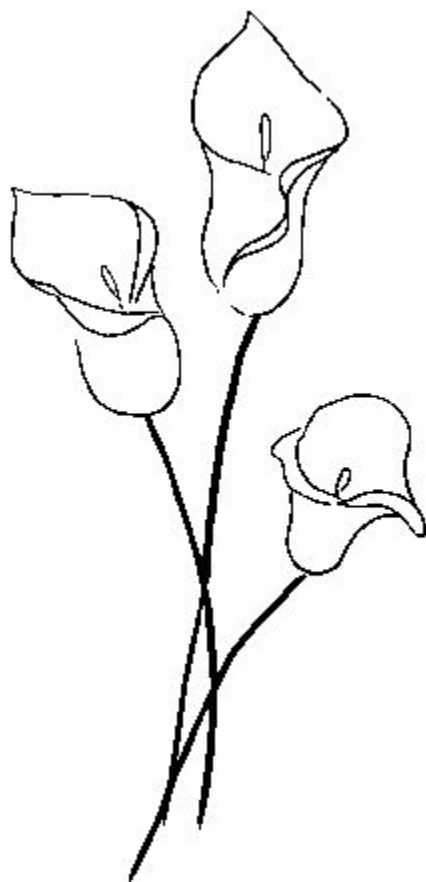
Although your branches  
have been bare  
for so long,  
I see your buds  
starting to grow.  
Once they start  
there is no  
stopping you.



I once was walking  
down a path  
that only had a few feet  
of clearance  
and mud at my feet.  
Now I am walking  
down a clear path  
filled with flowers,  
and now my mind  
is more at ease.

For the first time  
in awhile I am  
not swimming with  
my arms in constant  
motion and my  
feet kicking  
to stay afloat.  
I am lying on top  
of the unknown,  
which scares me most.  
Arms wide open,  
eyes closed,  
just simply breathing.

Sometimes our winters  
flow unexpectedly  
into our springs.  
But hope,  
hope will get you  
through it.

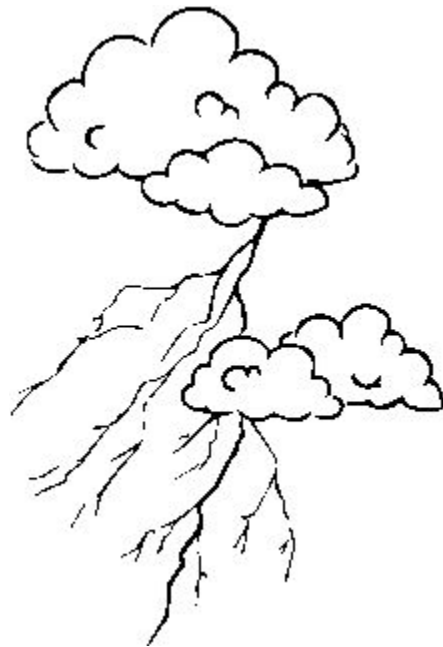


There is a reason  
your success  
can't always  
come quickly.  
Haven't you ever  
seen what happens  
when too much of  
anything happens  
at once?  
There is a flood.

We all have bad yesterdays  
that we can bask in.  
But those yesterdays  
will never come again  
and neither will  
the today you are  
wasting with thoughts  
of your yesterdays.

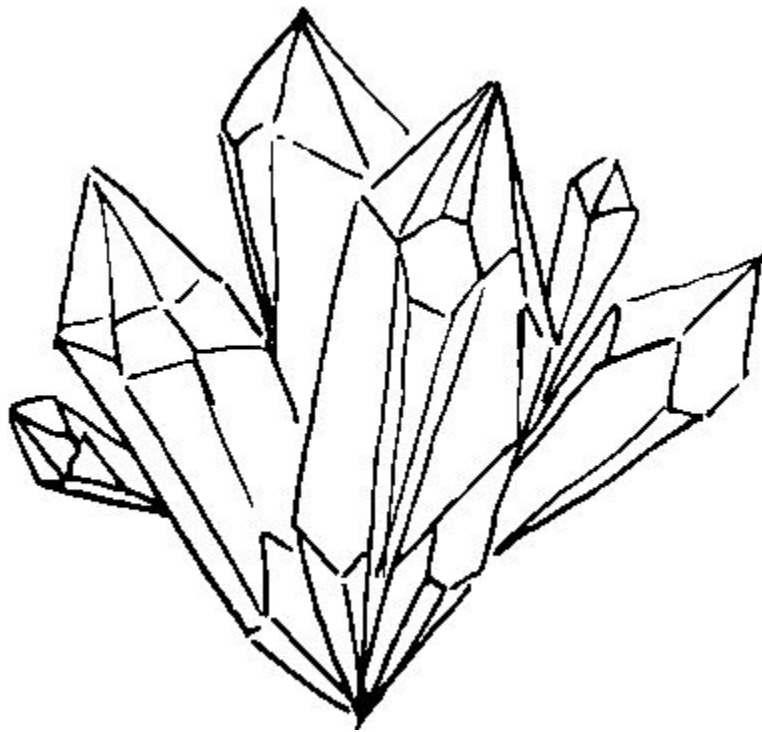


I am grateful  
for every storm  
the universe  
has given me.  
I am who I am  
because of every  
raindrop  
I have felt  
and every gust  
of wind that  
has shifted me  
in a different  
direction.



The moon appears  
even during the day  
to let you know it is still  
there and is  
coming back soon.  
Will you be my moon?  
Because I am always  
worried about you  
when you are not around.

Your soul is waiting  
for you to feed it  
with all of your  
wildest dreams.



It is scary  
to open my heart  
to someone I have  
no control over.  
Please treat  
my heart like it is  
your own.

Self-care is sometimes  
just waking up,  
greeting the sun,  
and telling yourself  
this is your day.

You are walking  
around looking for  
a path to follow  
in the right direction.  
The problem is,  
the path you are  
looking for  
has not yet  
been made.

Some days it feels  
like I am talking  
to a universe  
with closed doors.  
However, the universe  
doesn't have any  
doors to close.  
It is always there,  
open and listening.  
Waiting for you  
to catch on to  
all the obvious signs  
thrown your way.



It is hard  
to grow  
in this  
2 x 4 box,  
in the shade  
with no water.  
But this is  
a test  
of my limits,  
and I will  
grow outside  
of the box if  
I have to.





You say I  
look different,  
but the only  
change in me  
is now I am  
looking at  
myself  
with a whole  
new perspective.

Failure  
elevates  
my motivation.  
Without failure  
I am not  
going to succeed.

It is not about  
crossing the  
finish line first,  
while overworking  
and stressing out  
your body and mind.

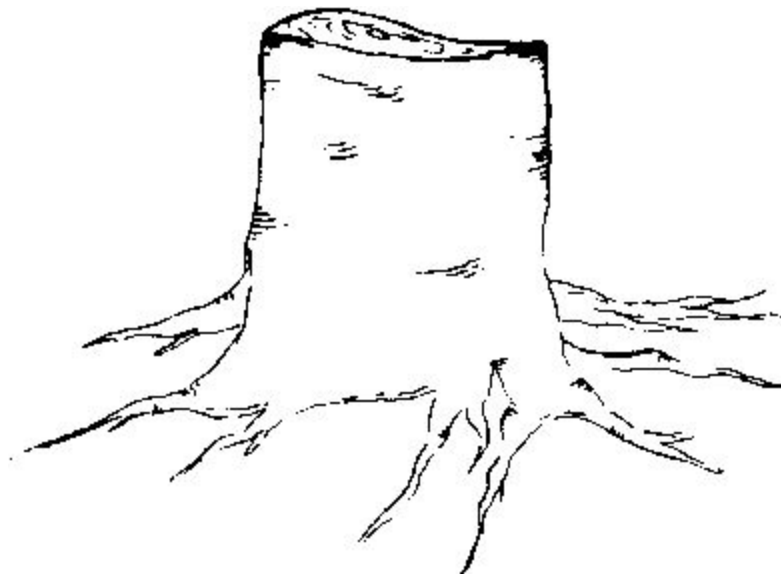
It is about  
making it in a way  
that is most  
caring to yourself.  
Your mental health  
is not a race.

People are  
too worried about  
themselves  
to worry  
about everything  
you do.  
I know it seems  
like all eyes  
are on you at times,  
but sometimes  
those eyes are  
just blank stares  
thinking about  
their own problems.

My journey  
is definitely not boring.  
There are ruts  
I have hit  
and parts of me  
that were lost.  
But I know one day  
when my journey  
comes to an end,  
I can say I felt  
my strength in  
the wind  
and saw my soul  
in the greenery.



Sometimes  
I need a little  
support.  
Like a rope and  
wooden stake  
holding up a tree  
that can't stand  
quite right by its  
self yet.  
Soon I will  
rise just fine  
on my own.



Do not fear,  
the rain is  
only here  
to help you  
grow.

Everyone has  
broken pieces.  
Even the people  
you think  
are so beautiful,  
so perfect,  
so happy.  
We are just a bunch  
of broken people  
wanting to feel  
put together.



Four years ago  
I was a budding seed  
trying so hard to  
push through  
the dirt  
thrown on top  
of me.  
Now I am a flower  
in full bloom,  
flourishing from  
all the new soil  
around me.







To my dreamers,

Thank you for always  
believing in me.

I hope if you have ever had anxious tendencies, these  
poems help you  
feel a little more at peace.

This book is meant to be  
flipped through when  
your anxious mind  
needs some time to unwind  
and realize, you are not alone.

## **Looking to read more of Jennae's books?**

Here are her other books:

***Bright Minds Empty Souls***

***Uncaged Wallflower***

***I Am More Than a Daydream***

***Uncaged Wallflower- Extended Edition***

You can find them all on:

[www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com)

[www.barnesandnoble.com](http://www.barnesandnoble.com)

[www.bookdepository.com](http://www.bookdepository.com)

## ***About the Author***

Jennaececelia.com

Instagram: @Jennaececelia

Jennaececelia is the self-published and best-selling author of multiple poetry books. *I Am More Than My Nightmares* is her fifth book and is a sequel to *I Am More Than a Daydream*.

She has developed a strong passion for writing uplifting poetry that encourages her readers to reach their full potential and learn about fulfilling their dreams.

Jennaecelia's soul is happiest when she is meditating, doing yoga, drinking coffee, exploring nature, drawing, or being around people who lift up her spirits.