

My name is Sarah.... I am but three,
My eyes are swollen I cannot see,
I must be stupid I must be bad,
What else could have made daddy so mad?

I wish I were better I wish I weren't ugly,
Then maybe my mommy Would still want to hug me.
I can't speak at all I can't do a wrong
Or else I'm locked up All the day long.

When I awake I'm all alone
The house is dark, My folks aren't home
When mommy does come I'll try and be nice,
So maybe I'll get just One whipping tonight.

Don't make a sound! I just heard a car
My daddy is back From Charlie's Bar.
I hear him curse, My name he calls
I press myself Against the wall s

I try and hide From his evil eyes
I'm so afraid now I'm starting to cry
He finds me weeping, He shouts ugly words,
He says its my fault That he suffers at work.

He slaps me and hits me And yells at me more,
I finally get free And I run for the door.
He's already locked it And I start to bawl,
He takes me and throws me Against the hard wall.

I fall to the floor With my bones nearly broken,
And my daddy continues With more bad words spoken.

"I'm sorry!", I scream But its now much too late
His face has been twisted Into unimaginable hate
The hurt and the pain Again and again
Oh please God, have mercy! Oh please let it end!

And he finally stops And heads for the door,
While I lay there motionless Sprawled on the floor
My name is Sarah And I am but three,
Tonight my daddy Murdered me.

Angry, hurt, destroyed
Broken, bruised and toyed
Damned to a secret hell
Falling for your deadly spell
Wounded soul, live hood charred
Feeling so stupid, arms now scarred
Innocence stolen, purity taken
Forever lost, joy forsaken
So of tired life, sick of this fight
Iâ€”m going to take my life tonight

Same old story, two souls unite in a bond
For years they had been, to one another, fond
And they spread the words of love amongst their friends
Unknown that there was going to be, with one, an end.

Never once thinking that there would be hurt
Unfortunately her heart is grounded into dirt
By that whom she considered a friend, so close
One who she had trusted the most.

This girl, so hurt and broken that no one sees
Is the author of this poem, she is me.
No one ever told me, that love came with pain
Now here I sit, tears cascade like rain.

Why is it that I'm running, running from you
When I thought you were a friend, one to be true?
Unfortunately, my senses were completely wrong

And now I'm on the edge of weak and strong.

Yes, I'll admit it in Love am I
And he's never once made me cry.
Instead he's one of those I run to
Whenever I'm down and blue.

Even so, those words you say to me cut deep.
Deeper then the ones upon my wrist when I weep.
But you don't seem to understand.
Ever since we've been together, I've been able to stand.

Why aren't you happy for me?
Why is it you cannot see;
Of all the pain you make?
Are you trying to make me break?

Why is it that I'm running, running from you
When I thought you were a friend, one to be true?
Unfortunately, my senses were completely wrong
And now I'm on the edge of weak and strong.

And here I am now,
As I wonder how
How did I survive today as it went by?
I wonder why I didn't cry.

Maybe that's what you need to see
To get you to understand me.
Maybe that's what it'll take, dear boy
To make you see my life isn't a toy.

It is truly sad my old friend
On how you react to my relationship in the end.
So I'm guessing you're the type of guy
Who goes against everything in my eyes.

Why is it that I'm running, running from you
When I thought you were a friend, one to be true?
Unfortunately, my senses were completely wrong
And now I'm on the edge of weak and strong.

I understand that you can be concerned
But what you've shown isn't concern, I've learned.
I don't know exactly what it is, but I know it's killing me
So now I'm done with it, with the things you don't see.

You tell me to leave him, but I want to know what's best
You say he causes problems in my life; Stress.
But that is where I draw the line, no more; your words will I hear
Because this is the end of our friendship my dear.

Tears stain a face
She feels like a disgrace
How to deal with this pain
She can not find a place
For Goodness sake
How long is this going to take
Pull the trigger
& set a pace
She loves the taste
As the blood drains
Washed away the tears
The glares of her peers
There goes all her fears
Till she looks in the mirror
Such a disgrace
The pain she could not take
The scar remains
To take the place
Of the tears that stained her face
But still remains the hate.

As soft winds sweep away the days
I look back on life through a haze.
Remember playgrounds, parks and friends,
In childlike gaze that never ends.
The laughter in a game of catch,
Shall memory ever attach...
To innocence in youthful eyes,
Catching the ball to your surprise.

I recall my first bike, first wreck,
Who picked me up, said, "What the heck?"
Convinced me to give one more try,
While, knees skinned, I forgot to cry.
Just the joy knowing you was there,
Making you proud my only care.
There was nothing I couldn't do,
My heart held fast that to be true.

Though years were kind of rough,
I sure wasn't too big or tough.
You taught me to defend what's right
And never back down from a fight.
So I learned the hard way to stand,
Still, with each lump, I found your hand.
Drawing from you an inner strength,
And stubborn pride of equal length.

But there the line of fate was drawn,
As though I blinked and you were gone.
I found myself facing the sun,
Not woman, not girl, fatherless, one.
Eyes blinded by a void inside,
I could not live that you had died.
Alas finding it to be true,
I could do nothing without you.

Please, ben, today just hear my call,
I'm sorry that I dropped the ball.
My life is wrecked, my knees are skinned,
My emotions undisciplined.
I can't get up although I try,
Please don't be upset if I cry.
Though I can't fight what I can't see,
Please, ben, say you're still proud of me.

If these walls could talk,
you'd know my body is dead,
my mind has been taken over,
that's why I am so scared,
I can't control it,
anger is making me blind,
I've been left here on my own
chained to a hate of some kind.
If these walls could talk.

If these walls could talk,
you'd know about my fears,
about all those nights I screamed for help,
about all my fallen tears.
You'd know about the demons
haunting me at night,
you'd be able to help me
keep my fire alight,
if these walls could talk.

If these walls could talk
they would say that it's all right,
God sends His angels
to look over me at night.
They'd encourage me,
say though I am alone
it doesn't mean I'm on my own.
He watches me, from above
and showers me with all His love,
if only these walls could talk.

If only it were so simple,
to cruise through life smelling roses;
but the obstacles blacken the countryside,
and we unwittingly crush them beneath our boots.

Dreams sustain us through the madness;
goals give a finish line to our race.
Yet they change with every turn, around every wall,
and remain elusive throughout the quest.

Mistakes are made, and regrets are our luggage;
we will drag them with us to slow us down.
The victories are flashes of light, sudden and unlasting, which allow us
to glimpse the road ahead before darkness descends.

Love is bitter, yet it is the bread that keeps us.
Over and over it fills us up, only to starve us.
The people whom we love shape our destinies and our strengths,
yet leave us cold and alone in the darkness.

There are others trying to race to the end;
occasionally, we bump into one or two.
The bonds we form help us down the path less lonely
but eventually, we lose each other in the darkness.

Alone is not a bad way to be;
it clears your head and focuses you on the journey.
Cherish the short intervals during the quest you have with others,
but be prepared to walk alone in the darkness.

Death, departure, walk away, walk out
Should I or should I not pout

Family and friends
Lovers

I have loved, lost and lived
How do I trust, how do I love again

I should move on, it's all in my past
But my pain remains, continues and lasts

This pain lingers in my heart, mind and soul
Damn it - why is this world so cold

How can I have faith in God and family
When people I love are taken from me

Where can I find true and loyal friends
I'm sick of the lies, fights and revenge

Hurt continuously, hurt at a young age
How do I love again with all of my rage

How do I get past all of this, show me a sign
So I can leave my sadness, pain and crying behind

I know what you are
and i know what you do
You make people cry
make people hurt themselves too

I'm a victim of your murders
you've killed me once and maybe twice.
See i know who you are and i know what you do
because i cry and hurt yeah ain't that true.

I called you a friend, i called you family,
That's what used to be, now it seems so far gone.
We were really close,
Now it seems you've moved on.

I liked you for who you were,
Cause you used to be an open book.
Now i care for the new you,
Cause all you care about is the way you look.

You used to care about me,
And other people too.
Come on you have to admit it,
Now you only think about you.

It seems you want to be in your life,
That's what you say.
But then you blew me off,
So now i have something to say.

I don't think it's funny,
The way you act cruel and tough.
Cause one day you'll be me,
Saying comeon enough is enough