Barbara Ross
- poems -

Barbara Ross(08/10/1991)

I'm 17 years old.

I'M Gone

I live this life that isn't me.
I walk the street, that makes me weak.
I started dealing when I was ten,
You think you know me.
Take a walk on my side.
Daddy in jail and he doesn't care.
Mommy been gone for long time now.
She is probably to high to know that I'm alone,
Probably don't care.
Sisters running lose and forget me day by day.
Brother hold on tight not trying to let me get hurt,
God is punishing me for something,
for what? I don't know maybe being a live.
God took the last that cared.
One night my brother laid down and never woke again.
Now I'm seventeen probably be died for nineteen.
But who cares? not me or nobody that I know.

                                                        Barbara

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Th Women I Am...

I am and will always be a women that stands up for who I am,
Everybody walks around saying there stuff,
They think that their cool,
I go along with it,
not being me,
Watching others cry for what was just said,
My friends,
They must think people out side the group is nothing,
They call them ugly, dumb and worst of all fat.
I watch a girl cut,
A boy that went crazy,
What was I suppose to say,
Stop you shouldn't say that,
who would I be,
nothing just like them.
I can't stand up to them and I'm not as storng as I pretend to be.
I don't stand up for me or anybody because I am a somebody that is considered
a nobody.

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The Fight Of Love

He's here

                He's there

                              His needs

She's willing

                She's caring

                              Her wants

She has no clue.

                       His got it all.

She crys

        He yells

              He hits

                  She fights

                         He drives

                                  She leaves

              The end of lost love

          She's happy   He's mad

                The End

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You

When I looking at you,

You wonder what do I see...

I see you loving me until the end,

I see your the man that is mine,

I see the man that backs me up even if what I say is wrong,

I see a man that we keep me from harm,

I see a man that loves me and only me.

I see a man that I want by my side.

But the question is what do you see when your looking at me?

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