

Poetry Series

Deborah A. Bonner

- 12 poems -

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Deborah A. Bonner (May 7,1953)

Autobiography: Please understand that this is just a part of my life and this information has been protected.'

I was born May 7,1953, and, according to my mother, I was a good baby. We lived with my grandparents and I was just five years old, but why I ever had to leave their home was beyond me. My mother met a guy named of Ray Williams and she married him, but little did my mom know that he was the beginning of a living nightmare that would literally haunt our lives forever. I was so afraid of Ray, and I did not want to be alone with him. We lived at 2020 Spencer St. I was a kindergarten student at Lothrop Elementary School my teacher's name was Mrs. Weise. Everything seemed normal when my family first met Ray, until 1 Sunday evening, my grandmother had prepared Cornbread, Navy beans and Collard Greens for dinner after church. Sunday dinners were a family reunion and everyone would come to eat. Ray was seen sitting in the living room parlor chair, eating a large bowl of navy beans and cornbread. I and my cousins noticed that Ray continued to ask for more navy beans and he had 3-4 bowls full. Being typical children some of my cousin were laughing because they said, he (Ray is eating so many beans he's going to get gas. Then, all of a sudden Ray targeted me with his eyes with look that made me feel that he wanted to kill or hurt me, even though I was not laughing with my older cousins. My mother told me Ray was placed and graduated from Boys town in Omaha, NE.

My mom was an LPN, a charge nurse and when she would go to work, I would beg her not to leave, because he would send me to my bedroom, he would not give me anything to eat or drink and Ray beat me with a horsewhip or a razor strap anytime he wanted to for no reason.

Mama worked long hours most of the time and her work hours were 7-3 and sometimes 3-11 or double shifts, but when mama returned home, Ray would lie and say I was a bad girl so he had to whip me. Ray was always telling mama that he was feeding me, but this was not true. Along with the beatings came lonely stays up in my cold dark bedroom without food or water until mama came home. Ray would dare me to say anything to mama about eating or the beatings. Ray was an alcoholic; he was always getting drunk after he got off his job at the gas station. One day, when Ray came home from work, he was drunk again; I was eight years old at the time. Ray yelled downstairs and told me to come upstairs and when I answered him and went upstairs Ray was lying across their bed. The rotten smell of food filled the air as he told me to clean up his puddle pool of nasty vomit. Incidents like this happened almost every day, but I always was obedient and careful not to cross him, sneaking around, not making any unusual sounds, because I had to do everything quietly or pay dearly for making any sounds.

Sometimes Ray would come to get me out of school early. Ray would lie to

the teacher and say "Debbie has a doctors' appointment' just so I could clean after him and he could beat me, because he was an angry with mama. I never understood why he hated me so much, beating me and mama. Around December 22,1964, Ray and mama had another fight. I could hear mama crying, 'No-no please don't, stop! Oh God, help me! ' I thought he was going to kill her, but suddenly I heard footsteps coming towards my bedroom door. Ray came into my bedroom and kneeled down by my bed. Then the pain I felt was like someone ripping me apart inside or cutting me open, and Ray kept yelling, 'Shut up! ' as he put his big rough hand over my mouth so mama would not hear me screaming.

This was just the beginning. Whenever Ray wanted to abuse me, he did, and would threaten to kill my whole family (3 brothers,1 sister and mama) if I told on him. I had to do something or tell someone. Once I tried to go over my Aunt's house and talk with her, but it seemed as if everywhere I went he was sure to find me and bring me back home. One day I had enough nerve to tell one of my cousins and she cried with me. Back then, in the 50's that is you did not dare accuse a grown person of anything and I was scared that my mother would not believe me and she I thought she would hate me for saying such things about her husband. (I was too young to understand) . My grandfather once told me God would always be there for me.

Granddaddy told me I could pray to the Lord and Jesus would hear my prayers. I really believed every word my grandparents told me, because they always taught me to trust totally in God. On another occasion, after Ray had been drinking again and I had done my routine job of cleaning up his vomit and mess, he accused me of stealing a dollar from his pants pocket.

Although Ray knew I was too short to reach the closet hook where his pants were, (even if I stood on a chair) . Even so Ray beat me again with a wire extension cord from head to toe. I just knew I was dead for sure this time, because I could not feel any parts of my body; everything went numb. Then Ray laid me upon the bed and poured alcohol on my wounds. Mother finally came home after it was over and, like always, he lied again. Ray did not tell mama he beat me; until he made me say yes, I took the dollar from his pocket, which was not true. When I told the truth, he would just say the opposite and made mama think I was nothing but a little liar.

Many nights I lay crying upon my bed. Every time Ray raped me, hatred built up in my heart. I remember an incident that happened at school once. The children were laughing and saying, 'Debbie's going to have a baby' repeatedly. Mrs. Miller, my 5th grade teacher, intervned, rescuing me from the other children's tormenting statements and then she began questioning me about the abuse. Suddenly, I was not scared anymore. I trusted her, because she said, 'I care about you, Debbie'. It was such a relief to hear those words again. I started crying as Mrs. Miller held my hand and hugged me very tight, every time I would gasp for air. My mom received a call that day with orders from the principal to take me to the doctor's office. She was not to bring me back to school until she found out what was wrong with me. Now I know that my mom never expected to receive such bad news, because no mother in her right mind would even think that her 11-year-old daughter was pregnant, and certainly not by her husband.

That day was the worst day of my life. I can still hear my mama's screams of terror in her voice, as tears streamed down her face. I was afraid mama would not stop yelling and saying, 'Oh God, my baby, my poor, innocent baby.' Mama grabbed me tightly and clung on to me, repeating over and over again, 'Baby, I'm so, so sorry, mama's baby, I'm so sorry, I didn't know.' On August 18,1965, at Booth Memorial Hospital, in Omaha, NE. I delivered a 7lb.14oz baby boy by the natural birthing method. The hospital did not permit my mom to be there for me. All the staff was under the impression that I was 16 years old, when I was only 12 at the time of his birth. Thank God, I lived through it and I know this alone was a miracle. Mother and I finally escaped and I really thought the abuse that I sustained was a once in-a lifetime tragedy, but this was not the case. After all that happened to me, I felt like a part of my life was over. Mom finally moved back with my grandparents and I really thought to myself, 'I am safe now; the terror is over, ' but I was wrong, because the abuse happened again. My own cousin raped me a twice in the middle of the night. I was 13 years old during the pregnancy, on May 7,1968, I turned 14 and I had another baby by my cousin on November 16,1968. All my life it seemed as though I was just a victim of incest and I did not want to live anymore.

I found that even doctors could not begin to help me or fill the emptiness I felt inside me. I was hospitalized three times for severe depression for attempted suicide. After having several tragedies in my life, repetitive bouts with incest, and other abusive situations, I went to Geneva Training School for girls in 1968. The Superintendent of Geneva discovered that I had run away from home one time and abuse was the cause. The Superintendent could not disregard a court order made by the Juvenile Judge so he sent me to Kearney TB Hospital in Kearney, Nebraska. It was here that I trained to be a nurse's aide, and my wages were \$1.60 an hour. I returned home in the summer of 1969 only to confront another abuser. My counselor found out about it. I ran away from home again and went to the Youth Center. God rescued me again, and instead of going back to Geneva, I went to a foster home. I have had many different jobs in my life. I have worked as a certified nurse's aide in several nursing homes and hospitals. I worked as an assistant-secretary for Shawnee County Assistance Program in Topeka, Kansas, a ward clerk at Lutheran Hospital, a sales representative at Brandies and Yonkers department store, and a seamstress & tailor for 15 years at Brandeis and other major men's clothing stores. Finally on July 18, 1978, I surrendered my life to God, and the tragedies that happened to me, I now use for a testimony to win disciples to the kingdom of God. I am a licensed Evangelist, teaching, preaching whenever and wherever God opens the door. I share my story of complete deliverance, knowing always that Jesus died for me, he loves and he will never hurt or leave me alone. Jesus died and rose that I might live and have a more abundant life. I now have a reason to keep living.
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A Mother's Love ' Oh How I Love my Mama

To my Loving Mother Mrs. Carol Anderson & Beautiful White Rose
A mother's love no one can compare
And who would even dare
A Mother's love calms all a child's fears
A Mother's love wipes away the faintest tear
And oh how I love my mama
Mama's love reaches me far away on any day
Mama's love made me glad even when I'm sad
Mama's love melts away the hardest heart
A mother's love won't fail when you're apart
Oh how I love my mama and always will
Mama there is not enough words to say
Oh how I wished you were here today
God chose you Mama a beautiful white ROSE
Mama because of your love
I know you were sent from above
Mama your love is in my heart
We will never be apart
Oh How I Love my Mama

Deborah A. Bonner

Dare To Live The Dream

Dare to live the dream, what did you think that life was all fun and games?

Dare to live the Dream

Dare to live the dream, no you cannot and won't give up now, cause the enemy puts you down.

Dare to live the Dream

Dare to live the dream, that is locked up in your heart that haters have tried to tare apart.

Dare to live the Dream

Dare to live the Dream yes that dream, that vision of success, yes, yes, yes!
Don't let it rest!

Dare to live the Dream; Set your goals high, go on get your degrees, dress each day for the Companies presidential seat!

Dare to live the Dare, Though you want to scream, You will not fall apart, You will succeed, you will be successful, utilize your time and be wise.

So God's people, men, women, boys and girls LISTEN:

When the enemy thinks he has you cornered in the attack, remember the battles are yours, but the Lord's you got to recognize, know and believe!

Dare! Dare! Yes, Dare to live the Dream!

Deborah A. Bonner

I often Wonder

I Often Wonder
To all my love ones who have gone to a better place.
I Often Wonder why
Life is not as it should be.
I Often wonder why
I cry when I am not as I could be.
I often wonder why
Life cannot be lived over again.
I often wonder
if I had a second chance would I win.
I often wonder about real love.
Is it as gentle as a Dove
Does love make the flowers grow?
Does love heal and mend
The loss of love ones who have grown old.
I wonder does love
Forget and toss the elderly outside
As rags once clean, but now use.
How much love does a person give
to pay our Fore Fathers for their blood, sweat and tears?
Could anyone give them their just DUE?
After all they paved the way
SO WE COULD LIVE TOO!

Deborah A. Bonner

Just Try

I tried to love
With the love from above
I tried to give
With my whole heart
Although my life was torn apart
I tried seeing through God's eye
To see the need not the fault
I tried everyday to forgive
So I could live
All will workout if you TRY

Deborah A. Bonner

Love, Cold, Hot, and Bold

Love is cold, when I am alone.
Love is cold, and deep as a baritone.
Love is cold and crude at times.
Love is cold, and the hurt blinds.
Love is hot, when it first arrives.
Love is hot, when wedding vows are sworn.
Love is even hot, when children are born.
Love is hot, but cannot comfort a woman scorned.
Love is bold, to hang around when everything folds.
Love is bold; it blossoms with the fragrance of a rose.
Love is bold, even when we are wrinkled and old.
Love is as bold as it can be, in human form.
But, who can mend a heart torn?
God's love is as bold as a lion, and gentle as a dove.
No one can replace God's love.
God's love paid His ultimate price.
When Jesus His Son died and rose again to give me eternal life!

Deborah A. Bonner

No More Abuse

No more abuse said the little girl at age ten.
No more abuse she said, praying to God no, not again.
No more abuse she cries, Lord, please take me beyond the sky.
With every painful strike of her abuser's whip,
She images a place, beyond the demon's grip.
No more, abuse as her step-dad rapes her over and over again
No more abuse she cries, 'Will I always have to live this lie?
No more abuse as he shows her the shotgun; in the closet if she tells all her family
(mama, sister and brothers) would he kill. She was trying to protect them, don't you see!
No more, abuse she screams, lying on the hospital bed.
No more, abuse as the hospital nurse takes the bell away as she is in so much pain!
No more abuse, doctors and the nurses thought the little girl was sixteen and needed
not to scream, because they thought she was being very bad with boys is certainly the
reason why she is having a baby.
No more, abuse from age 8,9 and 10 her body was used like an adult, but she was only
12 years old and 11 when she was got pregnant by her stepfather with the baby.
No more abuse God is coming soon, as the Bible said and all her pain and suffering will
be put to death.
No more abuse she cried out in pain.
No more abuse as she cried for her mother.
No more abuse she cries as her body gives birth to a son and her stepbrother.

No More Abuse!

Deborah A. Bonner

The Creator's Window

The Creator's Window
Dedicated to the HUMAN RACE
Creator infinite in mercy and grace
Help me to run this race
There are so many changes in this world today
The Creator sees our pain and grief
So many people may wonder when we will get relief
Creator full of wisdom and love
Fulfill the empty hearts from above
The end is near as so many fear
Oh Creator to us you will make our end clear
We have to live as if today was our last
For only what you do for the Creator God will last
The Creator is Omniscience, Omnipotent and Omnipresent
All praises, glory and Honor to our Creator full of GRACE
Only HE, the Creator is from everlasting to everlasting
Creator you are the first and the last
You have been there from the beginning
All creatures exist by I AM's MERCY and GRACE!
At the end of Days who shall see his FACE

Deborah A. Bonner

The Glass Bubble

Sometimes I feel like I am in a Glass Bubble, at times I'm safe, but the reality is on the outside. I see destruction sons against fathers, daughters against mothers, sisters against brothers, drugs, children dying, people in high authority lying, deceit and hunger flow throughout the land, but GAMBLING holds the winning hand!

In the GLASS BUBBLE I cry out to the people can't you see the enemy is causing all of this, it started when we allow Christ to be taken out of Christmas. The movie writers and producers are making movies of BIBLICAL revelations, but it is not the real dramatization.

There was a time that we could leave our doors unlocked and we felt safe. Neighbors looked out for each other, love one another no one wanted for anything. Now hunger is everywhere and it seems like only a few care. LET US PRAY LOVE, LAUGH and SHARE to get out of the Glass Bubble of despair!

WE MUST STOP LIVING IN OUR GLASS BUBBLES AND give food to the hungry, clothe the naked, build homes for the homeless, jobs for the unemployed and this will be our reality.

Deborah A. Bonner

The Silent Enemy & Friend

The not knowing of anything is so frightening& the gift of Knowlegde enlightening.
A thought of being in a cold, dark, timeless state and the place is unbearable, but there is no escape.

Some say there are no voices or echoes to be heard, just endless silence everywhere.
Oh, but it is so sweet & assuring to know that in Christ this enemy to some, is a friend to those who love, worship, honor, obey and serve the Lord God.

Oh Death where is your crime, for you only hurt for a short time! Oh grave, where is your glorious victory, for you house only a shell, for our souls are not in Hell. Death has no power over the saints of GOD.

Therefore DEATH is a FRIEND to the body of Christ, so be at PEACE my brothers and sisters.

Rest in Christ Jesus, for your journey does not end at death it is your beginning!
By Evangelist Deborah A. Bonner

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Deborah A. Bonner

We are the same

We Are the Same
We are the same
We are the same
I must proclaim
When you are cut you bleed red blood.
Well when I bleed, my blood is red too!
We are the same
We weep tears, laugh and morn.
We even cry out when our babies are born.
We have five fingers, ten toes, and two legs.
We have two arms, elbows, and one nose.
We have two eyes, two ears to hear.
My goodness we eat the same foods!
We stand up straight
and can look at you face to face.
We are the same
we sit in the same class rooms to learn.
We have even won medals of Honor in war.
Can't you see We Are the SAME!
Deborah Ann Bonner

Deborah A. Bonner

You are the Beneficiary

You are the Beneficiary
You say you can't, but you can!
Cause you are the Beneficiary
You say you don't know, but you do,
Cause you are the Beneficiary
Yes, yes, yes, life is a challenge
But, you have the key to success
You need only to believe!
Cause you are the Beneficiary
See you have the advantage
Jesus died; rose again & left us his will
God has designed and designated you to win in all situations
Cause you are the Beneficiary!

Deborah A. Bonner

You Just Don't Understand

Why do they weep and cry for peace?
But, no one gives relief
you just don't understand!
Why do they scream out in hunger and pain?
Why do they complain?
You just don't understand!
Mothers weep for their sons and daughters, but no relief came!
The children are starving, yet no ones to blame!
Mourning Mothers Praying Graves will No More Lives to CLAIM!
YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!

Deborah A. Bonner