Poetry Series

Jessica Goodell

- poems -

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Jessica Goodell (April 16,1991)

I owe my interest in writing poems to my high school English teacher, Karen Lafary, at first I was reluctent and upset that we would have to write poems for class. After the first time it got easier and now I can't seem to stop writing. I will probably continue writing. I'm always carrying a small notebook and pen with me, and writing whenever inspiration hits me.

Baby

What happens now?
Baby on the way.
No money to help.
I'm so scared!
What am I suppose to do?
Who can I turn to?
I'm so lost!
I don't know what to do.
But I have to be strong now.
Not just form,
But for the baby as well!

Jessica Goodell

Does He Care?

Does he care?
He says one thing
But does another.
He knows it hurts me
But does he care?
He still likes her,
But claims to only love me.
Do I trust him?
Should I?
Why do I put myself through...
Through all of this pain?
For him.
That's why.
I truly love him,
But does he care?

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Dream

I lay awake
Thinking.
I try to unravel
Everything that has happened.
I lay awake
Hoping.
I try to close my eyes
And dream.
When I dream
Things are easier,
And I finally feel happy.
Maybe I should
Just end my life.
That way I can dream
And be happy forever.

Jessica Goodell

Everyday

Everyday of my life
I feel like a zombie..
Same routine
Just different date.
I cry myself to sleep
Each night.
I swear
Sometimes I just want to die!

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Family

Family
One word
Six letters
Countless meanings

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Happy Ending

Every little girl
Grows up to believe
That somewhere out there...
Somewhere there is a happy ending.

I grew up
Believing
Trusting
Wondering when is it going to happen to me?

I keep waiting
But the hope is fading fast
And I begin to question it.
Is there one for me?

I've come so close so many times
But it never works out.
They always leave
And I'm left broken again.

Where is my happy ending?
Why must I cry
And hurt so much?

I'm so tired of crying.
But wait maybe...
Maybe this is it.
Maybe this is my happy ending.

Only time will tell.
I hope this is
Finally
My happy ending.

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Haunting Questions

Why does he pull away from me?
What have I done?
What do I do now?
How do I make things better?
Why does this always happen to me?
Am I really that bad of a person?
If I'm so bad why don't I just die?
These are just some of the questions...
Questions that haunt my mind.

Jessica Goodell

Jon

Jon.
How to describe him.
So many words to chose.
But only one comes to mind...
Mine!

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Life

Long
Interwining
Fun
Everything

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Love Of My LIfe

He tugs
I pull
He screams
I yell
He walks
I run
He leaves forever
But I stay.
I wait for him
But he moves on
He lives
I DIE!
Cuz I just lost the love of my life.

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Make It Stop Please

Does he see me?
Actually see me for who I am?
I can't be sure.
He says he loves me,
But how can I be sure?
If I ask will he get mad?
So lost and confused.
These questions constantly haunting me.
Why won't they stop?
Please oh please make them stop.

Jessica Goodell

Mother

Mysterious
Over Protective
Teacher
Healer
Extraordinary
Respected

Jessica Goodell

Mothers Are...

Mothers are wise.
Mothers are caring.
Mothers are loving.
Mothers are forgiving.
But my mother
My mother is my best friend.
She's there for me when I need her.
She'll kick your butt
If you mess with me.
Why you ask.
Because she's Jenny
Jenny from the hood,
But most of all
Because she's my mom!

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My Mother

She looks through the pictures,
And what does she see?
18 years of her oldest daughter.
It seemed like just yesterday
That she was teaching her to walk.
And now look at her walking
With her classmates toward the stage,
Toward a new step in life.
She is scared and yet proud.
Her daughter made it!
As she watches her graduate
And move forward with her life
She looks beside her
At her next oldest child.
Soon it will be her turn,
Her turn to walk down that aisle,
To take that next big step.
So who is this poem about you ask
It's no other than my very own mother.

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She Is...

A mother of five
Obsessed
Fun
Crazy
Loving
Caring
My best friend
And sometimes my worst enemy
But I still love her
Cuz she's my mother

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Sleepless Night

I lay here again.
Alone!
no sleep in sight.
Maybe I should cry again
Crying seems to bring sleep.
I know it's not healthy
Or even right.
But I don't know what else to do.
As I'm laying here
Writing this poem
The tears start to fall
Even as I'm on the phone.
He doesn't know I'm hurting
I don't think he cares.
He don't see the tears.
He don't hear the sniffles.
He doesn't see the pain.
God I just want to end my life.
But I won't
Cuz I know that's not the answer.
So I'll continue living
And putting myself through hell.
I'll do all of this for him
In spite of myself.
Maybe things will change
Maybe even get better.
But until that day
I'll wear the mask with a fake smile
And continue to carry
The pain deep inside.

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Waiting

An hour goes by
And then another.
I continue waiting
Wanting to hear his voice.

When I hear his voice
I can honestly sleep
But hours come and go
And I'm still waiting.

I'm always waiting
Til' I fall asleep
To hear the phone ring
To hear his voice.

Hours of waiting
Turn into days
How long must I wait?
Don't matter.

Cause forever is my limit
I'll always wait.

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What Do I Do?

Can't think
Can't sleep
Mind racing
Body aching

How can I rest?
I need some sleep.
Why can't I sleep?
Why won't my body rest?

I don't have the answers
And I'm afraid...
Afraid I never will.
What do I do?

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When

Looking in the mirror what do I see?
I see a girl.
She's scared and putting herself through pain.
She goes on putting her mask together.
Up goes her hair and on goes the make-up.
This is the girl everyone expects her to be.
She goes day by day pretending.
A fake smile, the best she can give.
She wants to be strong for the ones she loves,
But how?
how can she be strong when she feels so weak.
It's hard but she goes on pretending.
When will it end?
WHEN?
She wants to remove the mask.
Even if just for one day.
She wants everyone to see the pain
And struggles she puts herself through.
When will she be strong enough?
When?

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