Poetry Series

Ruth warren

- poems -

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A Heart In Flight

Like a caged bird waiting for flight, weary are her wings, mind full of fright. Where will she soar, where will she go, the bars of life have captured her soul.

Releasing her love within her own heart, no one to share this fragile part. How much love can a heart withstand, not being able to share it, can bring life to an end.

Young and tender is her soul, dying before flight, wanting to let go. Soaring above the earth, a tremble in her wings, listening to the echos, as the wind it sings.

Such a short life, no time to find love, endlessly in flight looking for love. Born to be captive, never being free, aimlessly awaiting for love to come to thee.

Caged in fear, with only dreams to get by, seeing only the beauty, as in her dreams they lie. Knowing of this love and the strength it takes, flying high above the heavens, in her heart she still waits.

A Kiss A Touch

She kissed my face lovingly, not just once, but many times, her eyes smiled into mine, like glistening, tinkling, wind chimes.

Then she held me closely with a loving warmth, that felt so good, there, in her arms, for an eternity, I could have stood.

It was a moment of blissful wonderment that warmed my heart inside, and as I looked at her beautiful face, I was filled with bursting pride.

Her love for me grows stronger, as each precious day goes by, and even when she touches me, my heart begins to fly.

Never have I been blessed like this, never with such complete contentment have I felt, to hear her voice, thrills me, and like summer snow, I begin to melt.

Closer that my own skin are we, I breathe in and she exhales, two people that are one, I am the yacht, she is the sails.

Such beauty, no words will ever be able to explain, because it is beyond words, even though we try again and again.

Like a cool glistening waterfall, on a warm summers day, her love bathes and refreshes me, and deep in my heart she will always stay.

A Little Taste of Heaven

Do you know that I have tasted heaven? It's true

I tasted heaven the day I kissed you

And when we kissed you sent me flying, and dancing on the clouds

You are such a beautiful person inside and out you possess the gentleness of a dove

You have all the kindness and love of an Angel bathed in heavenly light

That's what you are to me, my very own Angel

I'll always have a tiny bit of Heaven,

As long as I have you in my life

A Love I Never Knew

I was thinking of you, just the other day; thanking God that He, had sent you my way.

After all these years, of being alone; you've shown me a love, I had never known.

All of my life, I've lived in a shell; a man made place, a brutal hell.

Then you came along, and flashed me your' smile; and it stuck in my mind, for more than awhile.

I knew from the beginning, that you were the one; my unfinished story, my song left unsung.

I love you so much, not for all that you do; but for who you are, I love you for you.

A Moment In Time

Most days we do not realize, a complete stranger has touched our life, we don't even know they are there, if they are happy or have strife.

Sitting here outside the cafe' seeing the cars and bikes go by, the people driving have no idea, they are the attention of my eye.

I wonder where they are going, if their journey is near or far, are they going off to work, or down to the local spa?

They don't know I think of them, and wonder about their lives, if they are happy husbands, or maybe disgruntled wives.

So quickly they are out of sight, going on their way, but for a moment in time, I thought of them today.

A Rose In Fall Bloom

Ask anyone who has ever known me from the many years gone by. I used to be very much the introvert, unbelievably quiet and shy.

Troubles and pain in my life kept me from sharing who I really was. I went through life by the simple motions, and living on just because.

Like a small and hopeful rosebud clinging to an ever-twisting vine, I ached for someone to guide me, and lead me toward the sunshine.

As I maneuvered my way through the already blooming flowers, I struggled to find my own path to the top, so I too could feel the sun and rain showers.

As I kept climbing ever higher, fighting my way through the thorny green, one day I found myself at the top of the vine, the twists and turns worth the new scene.

I have finally come into full bloom; and found a place at the top of my world. I can be myself and love who I am, just as my petals are coming unfurled.

I think of myself as a simple red rose, a symbol of everlasting, ageless beauty. And now that I have fully bloomed, others can appreciate the simple petals of me.

Afraid

When i met you i was afraid to talk to you When i talked to you i was afraid to know you

When i knew you i was afraid to trust you When i trusted you i was afraid to get close to you

When i got close to you i was afraid to date you When i dated you i was afraid to love you

And now i love you i'm afraid to lose you

Against The Wall

Her Mother is in the kitchen, whistling a happy tune; but a frown appears upon her face, when the child enters the room.

She stares with stone, cold eyes, at the child who is standing there; This little girl can feel the heat, from her Mother's, smouldering glare.

She angrily barks at her daughter, 'How dare you to interupt'; and the child's heart begins to break, for she only wanted a hug.

'I only wanted to say good Morning, and that you look pretty today; I'm sorry if I made you mad, will you punish me anyway'?

The expression upon her Mother's face, fills the little girls heart with fear; for she knows all to well what that look means, that her nightmare is so very near.

The pain her Mother inflicts, upon this precious dove; is simply undescribable, and lacks any form of love.

When the woman is finished beating her, the child huddles against the wall; degraded, bruised and bleeding, as the tears from her heart start to fall.

All Alone

I've sensed for quite some time now, that there is something wrong; You rarely hold me close to you, or sing me old, love songs.

Yet everytime I tell you, that things are just not right; you simply shrug your' shoulders, as you turn off all the lights.

I miss your' gentle touches, and the words, 'I love you so'; for love is but an action, that you no longer show.

Every night you say goodbye, and drive off in your' car; thus I ponder every minute, where in the world you are.

I fight sleep each and every night, waiting hours for you to come home; but I fall asleep with a heavy heart, once again in our bed all alone.

Tonight you left me alone once again, never telling me where you go; I cuddle the pillows on our empty bed, as my tears begin to flow.

I've packed a few neccessities, and left you a note that read; 'I know that you don't love me', and that was all I said.

Since then you've tried, several times, to make me come back home; but I just can't live that way anymore, with you yet all alone.

All Dressed Up

A dressed up little girl, sits quietly in the chair; waiting patiently for her Mother, to take her somewhere.

She can still hear her voice, as she yells from the next room; 'Now don't go outside and get dirty, for we'll be leaving soon'.

The child wouldn't dare, even move the tiniest bit; for if her Mother caught her, she'd surely have a fit.

She comes into the room, where the little girl awaits; 'It's time to leave so hurry up, you know how I hate to be late.

We're going to watch your' sister, preform as the lead in her school play; no one wanted to babysit you, so I'm stuck with you all day'.

'I'll bet she'll be the best one there', the child says in an excited tone; The Mother replies, 'Don't talk to me now, I just want to be left alone'.

The little girl becomes quiet again, and does as she is told; she brought her favorite dolly, just to have something to hold.

She knew that after the play, her Mother would hug the oldest child; while the little girl in the back seat, could never manage to make her smile.

Alone I Was Ment To Be

These eyes may never look into yours again, this heart may never feel your heart beating within.

These tears will forever fall, as I wonder aimlessly, going where ever my heart leads.

Our sweetest memories are all I can take as I go, day to day, still needing you so.

My mind lost to pain, numb from the silence within my soul, still I refuse to let go.

Searching for the answers that just won't come, wanting so much, to feel my home.

Forgetting the faces of those I love, trying to remember the feeling of love.

Years passing, as alone I go, these wasted years, on my life, have taken their toll.

Do they still know who I am, can they still love me, some how?

My heart shattered by memories I left behind, My eyes, by the pain, left blind.

My way back home, to painful to make, each step seems much harder to take.

Alone, I guess I was meant to be, no heart to hold, no love for me

Alone I don't want to be. Ruth warren www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alone So Alone

I hang my head in my burning palms, tears sting against my soul, searching for the calm. Heartaches like never before, broken, so lonely and torn.

Never to see the light, no tunnel to be seen, sitting here alone, within my silent screams. No hand to reach for, no one to hold me close, I have never felt so alone.

No one to pull me to safety, no one to turn to, just broken hearted, searching for life anew. No embrace, just tears that fall down my face.

No guarantees on life or love, nothing but dark clouds linger above. The world tightens her grip with every breath I take, making the next step impossible to take.

Alone in a world, the void is here, taking over my being, taking my life, but in this void I lose the strife. Haunting thoughts consume me, just looking through these tears, just wanting to be free.

Alone With Each Tear That I Cry

Two arms to hold me, a smile to call my own, deep eyes that adore me, yet I lie here all alone.

Dream come true, pain fading away, yet alone I awake, to face yet another day.

So much love given, sweet words to be spoken of my own, yet I speak in silence, as I am alone.

Many beautiful thoughts running through my head, feelings to be shared, as I am alone here in this bed.

Tears to be cried, from happiness, his soft hand to be felt in mine, still I am alone with these tears that I cry.

Never knew love like this before, never felt so swept away, and alone I find myself with each passing day.

Stars to wish upon, promises to be made, so alone within myself, each night, again, for his touch I will pray.

Heart so filled with hopes, and dreams, but each time I open my eyes, it is my lonely heart that I see.

Alone with the silence as my heart dies inside, all of our love flowing within each tear that I cry.

Along Came A Spider

She is as a spider, spinning her web; to catch the young prey, who is already dead.

Her poisonous fangs release slow, deadly words, that sink deep into the heart of this meek, little girl.

She lurks about quietly in a dark, wicked place; where her venom mames the one whom she truly hates.

Slowly, she crawls, awaiting her catch; she slowly injects words that bring shame and death.

Her venom is fatal, her web is a trap; the effect of her poison makes the childs' heart collapse.

When at last caught, her prey is helpless; the victim is at her mercy, inabled of all defenses.

The damage has been done and the spider is through, for she has accomplished what she intended to do.

Always Friends

My wonderful, new found friend, how my heart sheds tears for you; I can feel your' sorrow and heartache, from the pain that you've been through.

I talked with you on the phone today, and your' voice put a smile on my face; yet through your' laughter I could clearly hear, the beat of your' throbbing heartaches.

We said our goodbyes as I hung up the phone, thanking God He had sent you my way; and I wished that I could turn back time, and erase all your' fears in someway.

However you're feeling down deep inside, I too feel the very same way; for when you are happy, my heart smiles, and when you are hurting, I too share your' pain.

I would do anything that I could, if you ever needed me; for a friend such as you, so special and rare, is one of my greatest blessings.

Am I To Blame

A simple hug or a kiss, that would have been enough; to make me feel deserving, of any type of love.

I've never received her affection, for her heart she kept to herself; and the emptiness and pain it caused, to this day can still be felt.

During my childhood years, and even now as an adult; I blame myself for her lack of love, as if it were my fault.

Yet I still remember my anger, directed completely her way; for in my Mother's eyes, I was a mistake that she had made.

Yet throughout the years of my childhood, and even to this very day; I feel as if it were all my fault, that I brought my Mother such shame.

Amazing Grace

In that old Hymn book her memories stay, Grandma's weathered hands, held this book so tight, every Sunday, from it's torn pages she sang in his light.

As a child I watched as her tears fell upon page 57, 'Amazing Grace' how sweet her sound. Her voice of an angel reached the Heaven's above, my Grandma truly felt God's love.

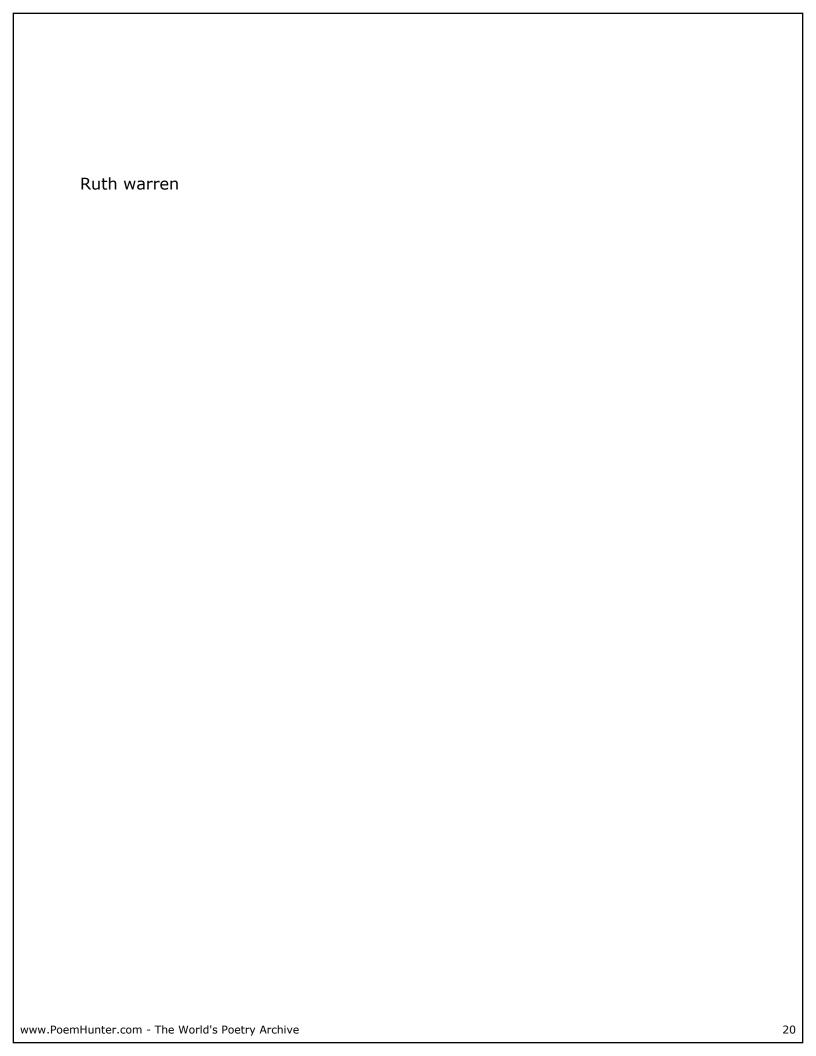
On the day that she passed, in a Nursing Home she lay, I never intended on her being in that place. With tears in my eyes, I gathered her things, among them, that old tattered Hymn book, from which she use to sing.

I sat there on her bed, tears filled my eyes, searched for that page, where many tears, she had cried. Holding the book to my heart, I heard her sing, I felt her presence, the memories came flooding in on me.

So lost in this sweet little lady's book, I could feel her tears upon that page. I felt the warmth of her hands where she held that old book, tears fell softly upon my face, as one last time, on page 57, I took a long look.

I saw her reflection, her soft grey hair, the tears in her eyes, fell upon the page there. Amazing Grace, I can hear my angel sing, throughout the Heavens as she finally gets her well deserved wings.

I closed that old hymn book with my trembling hands, held it close as I prepared to leave her room for the last time. Amazing grace, that was her song, In the stillness of the night, I can hear her lovely voice, the Heavenly angels are singing along.



Among The Stars

I gazed up at the stars, just the other night; how they twinkled and they danced, against the background of the sky.

They looked so peaceful, as they danced about everywhere; and I thought, 'How wonderful it must be, to excist with them out there'.

They never come to my world, which is full of sorrow and pain; unless they fall from the midnight sky, and like me, feel out of place.

How I wanted to reach out, and touch that which was real; for in my world everything was false, except the way I feel.

I longed to board a rocket ship, that would take me far away; to the land of peace and innocence, where I would be free to play.

The stars are truly beautiful, and how I'd love to be; a part of their existence, where I could simply just be me.

An Ocean Of Tears

Memories flood my heart and mind, as they extinquish all hopes and dreams; drowning the joy I've been searching for, of which I have never seen.

Any recollection of elation, that I have ever had; has dissappeared from my memories, as a sea shell buried deep in the sand.

Dwelling within my heart and soul, is the sorrow I feel every day; replacing all joy I have ever known, with guilt, heartache and shame.

All happiness I have ever encountered, is slowly fading each day; into an Ocean of tears that I've cried, as the tide slowly sweeps them away.

I try to cling to the memories, that have caused me to laugh and smile; yet even as they slip through my fingertips, I am thankful that I knew them for awhile.

As I sit upon the beach by the Ocean, formed from the tears that I've cried; I see a reflection of my sordid past, and all I wish for is to die.

Angels Tears

I felt your tears in the warm pouring rain, I seen them kiss the roses there in my garden, my heart started to break once again.

I seen each tear roll gently down the petals, and then fall onto the ground, withing the rain, your tenderness can always be found.

The roses drank of your tears, to thirst no more, the daisies bowed to them, as the sun shine upon them poured.

They say no tears in Heaven to be seen, but my little angel I know you cry for me. I miss you to darling one, but your tears are so beautiful as the sparkle in the sun.

Upon the flowers you are there, giving nature your loving care. Golden tears my angel sends, as I see them fall here in my garden.

'Rain, rain, don't go away, let my little angel cry today. Kissing softly my flowers so grand, as she strolls through Heaven's garden, holding God's hand.

Anticipation

Across the candle-lit table, I see the glow in your' eyes; Love is written upon your' face, and I am blessed, I realize.

You extend your' gentle hand to me, and softly touch my own; Chills run up and down my spine, from a love I've never known.

You slowly carress my face, with your' strong, yet gentle fingers; and when they reach my pouty lips, I sigh, as they slowly linger.

The anticipation of what's to come, is more than I can bare; and the love I feel for you tonight, I long with you to share.

We quietly enjoy our dinner, while shy glances we both exchange; and I know within my heart of hearts, I would never change a thing.

The desert cart is pulled to our table, with delicasies galore; but as I look at the sweetest man, I could ask for nothing more.

You slowly lean your' face towards mine, and lightly kiss my lips; and I think to myself, 'Life could never, get any better than this'.

You pay the check as I patiently wait, to share the night with you; for you take me to a magical place, where all of my dreams come true.

Ants

Ants! Millions of ants crawl over your motionless frame, biting, searching, your ears, your mouth, your eyes, driving you insane.

Covering your body in a frenzied search, for flesh, soft and tender, taking little pieces away, as every incision you try not to remember.

Ants inside your ears sound like a bustling swarm of bees, probing ever deeper, your brain, their taste buds to please.

They form into columns, as they take the moisture from your eyes, they, filling your mouth, no one hear's your cries.

Blood now seeps from every pore of torn, eaten skin, as the life drains from your body, except the ants within.

With the stabs of a million sharp needles, no longer do you have seeing eyes,

as the ants continue their carnage, and eaten, your body, finally, dies.

As You Sail With The Angel's

Walking along this shore day after day, waiting for whatever the tides bring my way. Hopefully your heart will wash upon the land, as I remember the day you left, letting go of my hand.

So many suns have set here before my eyes, so many moons have gave light to the skies. Still I wait with a heart filled with hope, heavy with love, as upon these shores I say a prayer to the Heaven's above.

I know the wind's have taken toll on your face over the year's, as this waiting changed mine, caressed each day with tear's. I still find myself wishing you the best, praying that you would return, leaving my tear print's in this sand, under the hot sun as it burn's.

Many year's passed and still I see your face across these water's so blue, my heart still seeking painfully for you. Many years ago, I watched you leave me behind, casting your life to these waters, as my soul slowly drifted, and my eye's by the tear's left blind.

These line's on my face are from loneliness over the years, life has taken it's toll, and the longing has instilled some fear. Just to see you once more, just to touch your weathered face, but these water's took you away, and now you sail with the angel's in a Heavenly place.

Attics Of Memories

As I went through the attic today, memories of you came my way, I found your dolly, with her dress of pink, thats when I really begin to think.

Your hair~bows, every color under the sun, a tangled mess of ribbons as I remembered all the fun. Your gloves from your graduation in first grade, your trophies from softball, oh how happy I became as the tears began to fall.

Deep in your buried treasures, your music box I found, I wound it up and the princess began to dance around. I remember, I gave that to you on your seventh birthday, slowly she began to turn as the music slowly began to fade.

All the pretty hats, lace galore, dressed you up just to go to go out to play. A beauty you were as you still are today. All these beautiful memories all because of you, my dear sweet angel, these tears fall for you.

The music came to a stop but the tears they still came, all those wonderful memories in my heart just like yesterday, never to change. I wiped my eyes and started to dig some more, out came a letter from the year before, you gave it to me as you walked out the door.

On your way to a new life, as you so happily became a wife. A Mother you soon will be, bringing even more happiness to me. New memories will be made, as through life we go, another 20 years you'll go through your attic and your memories will flow.

The tears will fall just as they did for me, watching your little one begin his life so free. The joys of Motherhood is a gift from above, as we bring back the memories from our attics filled with love.

Blown Away

You have blown my mind away, You're in my thoughts you're there to stay. Your voice I hear your passion, too. The sight of you thrills me through and through.

You're with me now everywhere I go, That you love me, yes, this I know. That you and I were meant to be, Is plain I think for all to see.

Soon will come the day when we will be together, To hold, to love, to be, forever.

Blue Nights

The blue of the night seems to pull me in, leaving me in wonder, leaving me alone, I pray for the blue night to end.

My fingers clinging to the pillow tight, as my tears flow like satin ribbons in the wind, creating the mist of the blue night.

Arm's filled with emptyness, mind filled with fear, my heart aching to have love near.

The blue sky lingering over head, casting it's sadness upon my bed. Dark clouds awaiting the light of the sun, to wipe away the dreams of a lonely one.

Satin against my skin turned cold, damp from the tears of a love untold. Desires I cast upon the blue night, heart awaiting a new twilight.

Broken spirit lost within the blue, unknown destination, dreams I desperately try to undo.

Soul bare unto the blue night, flowing streams of sorrow, knowing alone I'll be, as I face my every tomorrow.

Broken Dreams - Silent goodbyes

Take my hand, tenderly caress my heart. Open your soul to me and let the passion start. Look into my eyes so deep, tonight it's your heart I want to keep.

Your hand slides gently across my broken heart, I feel your pulse within, as softly my eyes close and the warm desires start.

Rivers flowing within, sighs echo through the night, the doors of my past closed tight. Your soft kisses upon my skin, your fingertips will the lust, as our dance begins.

Your body swaying gently as the waves crash inside, your movements being my body's guide. I see the longing in your eyes, knowing just what you want, my desire, to satisfy.

Your body so sweet upon the tip of my tongue, your passion over flowing, it is here you belong. The excitement comes as you beg for more, soft moans as your love eagerly pours.

Your hands take their place, my breath you have taken away. Slowly releasing my loving spirit to heights unknown, unleashing my very energy, with every lustful moan.

Your shadow dancing upon the walls, gently giving your love, softly your name I call. Your hands upon me, playing with my fire, sheer delight, pure ecstacy.

Long is the night before us, loving till the dawn, to awake by sunlight, to find you, my desires, the passion, has left me alone.

Once again my broken heart cries, broken dreams, lie in slumber, as I whisper to you my love, my silent goodbyes.

Broken Promises

You broke another promise to me, how many does that make this week; yet you also hurt me deep inside, and I cried until I fell asleep.

I tried to explain the pain you inflict, upon me everyday; do you not hear me, are you not listening, to a single word that I say?

You just don't understand, what you are doing to me; with your' jealousy, unfaithfulness, your' lies and dishonesty.

You always say the same thing, each time that you betray me; 'I'm sorry, I'll never do it again, for I love you, can't you see'?

How many times I've heard these words, I lost count a long time ago; but I'd rather be dead then to live like this, so I'm begging you, 'Please let me go'.

By The Light Of The Moon

By the glow of the shimmering moonlight, they stroll near the Sea, hand in hand; She is his Woman forever, and he is her best friend and Man.

On a sandy beach of white, they stop for just awhile; She looks into his enchanting eye's, as he gives her a beautiful smile.

He gently wraps his protective arm's, around her small, slim waist; and kisses her ever so gently, her lip's he delights in the taste.

Passion arrises within them both, as the Tide rises in the Sea; Out of control and furious, they lower themselves on the Beach.

Their heart's begin to beat as one, as their bodie's become entertwined; and she thinks to herself with all of her heart, 'I am blessed that this man's truly mine'.

When their passion's are satisfied at last, she snuggles within his strong arm's; and she realizes that for once in her life, she is safe and secure from all harm.

Climbing

Climbing up a mountain Pulling myself higher and higher Out of the pit of misery.

Things seem to look brighter Grass is growing, birds are singing and the sun emerges from the clouds.

Then you start to slip Lose your grasp and down you fall.

Not quite to the bottom Just teetering on a ledge Could go over at any moment.

Do you have the strength to climb again? The pain of my cut soul Burns like a fire.

The anger, hurt and frustration Come flooding back into my mind The fight for survival starts again.

Over come the fears Search for the holds Rely on the support from before.

It's going to be difficult but I'v done it once before So i can do it again.

Try to remember i'm not the only One out there. There are other climbers Fighting their own battles.

Searching their own souls And conquering their own mountains How many mountains do i have to climb Because the ledge seems so near?

Colors Of Pain

I painted you across the sky today, the clouds were so softly by the wind swept away. My brush so gently stroked the colors of love on the canvas of the sky, the colors started to run, the emotions ran dry, as tears rained from my eyes.

I could see the blue turn to gray as the clouds moved back in to take the day. The reds ran freely from your heart, looking for words to say. I seen the pain turn to black as I hung my head low, thought on this day could paint the beauty like Van Gough.

I tried to put ever lasting beauty above, for the world to see, but instead all they will see is the pain that flows from thee. The stars tonight will now ache with every twinkle, for all eyes to view, we will all see that pain that flows so heavily from your heart of blue.

Tomorrow I will try to paint a rainbow, for all eyes to stare upon, I will pray that your pain is vanished before my work is done. No reds to flow from your heart, hopefully the gray to part, storms won't sweep the colors about in madness I pray, hope to paint away your pain come break of day.

As I stand here holding the moon in my hands, ready to begin the art of your new day......

Come Run With Me - To The Sun Captured Sea

Won't you come run away with me, our hearts running deep into the sea. Take my hand and let the breeze blow, nothing can hold us back, alone we will go.

We shall stand by the sea, and cast old memories into thee. Washing away the pain of yesterdays, moving on now, gonna be a beautiful day!

Bare feet running in the sands, the sands of time, come run with me, take this hand of mine. Feel the freedom as it spins you around, waves dancing along the sun lined ground.

No more worries will gather in our hearts, time for laughter, joy and smiles, your hand in mine, let's promise this new start. Life will shine under the glow of the midday sun, as we dance away those memories, sharing the fun.

Echos of our happy hearts will ring upon the Heaven's high, tears of joy, like diamonds in the sky. Take my hand, let's run free, shells held to our ears, as the oceans lullaby played so gently, taking away all fears.

Cool water lapping at our feet, as the sun kissed sands keeps rhythm with our feet. Care free, running wild, just you and me, no more worries as we become one with the sun captured sea.

Confession

Silence Only tears As I press the blade Against my pale skin

Red The blood flows From the wounds Echoing my inner pain

Satisfaction As I feel the knife Slicing into me I only deserve pain

Anguish As I realize what I've done I feel accomplishment As I gaze at the marks upon my skin

Stares People are horrified Don't understand why Neither do I

Countless Tears

My heart is now, not just broken, but ripped and torn in two,
The pain is all encompassing; I feel my life is through.
My emotions are running wild, and yet inside, I am completely dead,
I cannot stand this turmoil inside; I should put a gun up to my head.
Why has this happened, why are all my hopes and dreams shattered,
I feel now like a nobody, that I have never really mattered.
My eyes are shedding countless tears that run freely down my face,
I want to hide far away, in the deepest loneliest place.
He's words tore into my heart and soul, like many time's before.
When the words tripped from he's care-less lips,
He destroyed apart of me once more
Ruth warren

Dark Skies

Black clouds ahead, there's a storm moving in; she can here the thunder rumbling, before the storm begins.

Raindrops on the window, dancing amongst themselves; animals fleeing for safety, as she's done so often herself.

The blackness of the sky, awaiting whatever may come; anticipating havoc in their world, as she has many times done.

The swaying of the trees, blowing a soft kiss goodnight; to the bright, sunny clouds, that don't excist in her grey life.

The wind becomes stronger now, the storm is oh, so near; she watches as the lightning strikes, and thinks, 'My storm is already here'.

Darkness

In the darkness there is a sound but it is hidden and can't be found.

In the darkness a child weeps longing to tell the secret she keeps.

Lost and alone this little girl who longs again to feel joy.

Dispair and sorrow no hope for tomorrow

Fear and dread dark thoughts flood her head.

For years she sits inside her cell traped within a thickened shell.

In the darkness alone and cold she waits for her story to someday be told

Deception

She sits beside the telephone, the hour is half-past ten; her heart pounds, as she wonders, 'Will he be home late again'?

He was due home over three hours ago; and the knot in her stomach begins to grow.

He's been acting different lately, every since he took that new job; and now he wears nice clothes to work, while at home he looks like a slob.

The style of clothes that he bought, he never use to wear; he saves the nice ones for work, and he even dyed his hair.

He finds the lamest excuses, for going out every night; as going to buy a bowling ball, when he's never bowled a game in his life.

She's found unfamiliar phone numbers, while going through his pants; she's only doing his laundry, 'What is he doing', she silently asks.

He's always been a good husband, and cheating is just not his style; yet why does he say to her each night, 'I need to go out for awhile'?

The phone rings late at night, and he rushes to answer it first; he tells her, 'I need to go to the office, I have unfinished paper work'.

The conversations she rarely hears, for he takes the cell phone outside; is she just being much too suspicious, or does he have something to hide?

Her trust in him tells her, that she's just being paranoid; yet the intuition inside of her, tells her another story.

He's already been gone for hours, yet he only went after some bread;

the line at the store must have been very long, or is he somewhere else instead.

Finally, at one A.M., she hears his car pull in; and she can't contain the question she asks, 'Where in the world have you been?

What took you so long', she angrily asked, 'the market's been closed for hours'; but the smell of perfume that is lingering on him, gives her the heartbreaking answer.

He stutters as he tells her, 'Well hon, I ran out of gas'; and then she knows her question was answered, without even having to ask.

He could give her any excuse in the world, but deep in her heart she knows; that he has been with another woman, and her pain begins to grow.

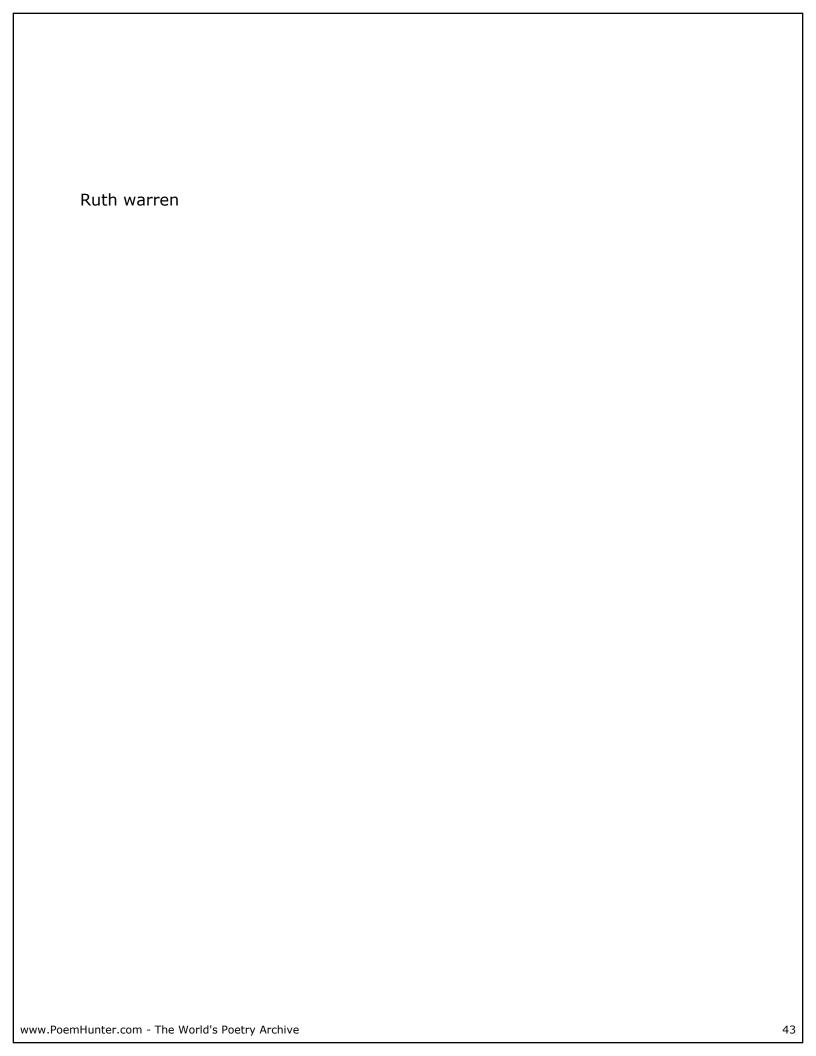
Confronting him would do no good, for he'd only lie his way out; of the truth that's become so clear to her, and then she begins to shout.

'Stop playing me for a fool, I know where you really were'; then the tears begin flowing from her eyes, as she says, 'Don't say a word'.

He sits and stares at her, for no words can he manage to find; and she wonders, as she goes upstairs, 'How could I be so blind'?

But before she goes to bed, she has one last thing to say; 'I hope that she's really worth it, for a divorce is on the way'.

She cries herself to sleep, for she knows deep in her heart; she can no longer stay in a marriage, that has torn her world apart.



Deep With In

I don't belong anywhere and I'll never fit in. For I am but an outcast, shamefully hiding my sin.

If everyone knew what I hide each day, they'd be shocked and perplexed and they'd all turn away.

For the secret that lies, deep within my shame; can never be revealed, or called by its' name.

I was the cause of their hatred and contempt. yet I can not remember what I simply can't forget.

A good little girl would never ever have deserved, that which I received in their messed up little world.

Love is an emotion, to be freely expressed but I was not worthy I deserved their contempt.

Wickedness was a part of me, that can never be denied; I needed to be tortured, thus I quietly complied.

But the shameful encounters, only served to confirm; my belief that I received, exactly what I deserved.

'More punishment', I thought, is what I need; so have your' way with me, make my tender heart bleed.

I will always feel that I deserved more, than what I received, from the night before.

Defiled

In the corner of a room, sits a shadow of a child; fearfull and ashamed, disgraced and defiled.

How she became that way, she would never tell; a secret she's kept hidden away, in order to protect herself.

Life was never normal for this little one; who succumbed to their wishes, their fantacies, their fun.

She was simply a tool, a victim of their pleasure; yet the damage they inflicted could never possibly be measured.

So week after week, she endured in utter shame; the actions from their touch, of which she took the blame.

Depression

Depression envelopes my being, its' tenticles wrapped tightly around, my mind and heart, dark and confused, as it pulls me towards the ground.

Helpless and afraid, with no energy to fight back, it slowly drags me into a hole, bottomless and black.

I always scream for help, yet no one hears my calls, my anquish is mine, and mine alone, as are my tears that fall.

There is no one who can rescue me, perhaps they do not care, and as I am slipping into myself, I'm consumed with fear and despair.

A tunnell full of memories, which my mind and heart regrets, are swirlling all around me, those nightmares I can't forget.

No one even notices, that I'm no longer there, No rope has ever been thrown my way, to pull me from dispair.

And as I am spiraling downward, into my ocean of sorrow, all I can see are my yesterdays, which have tainted my future tomorrows.

Slowly and deeper I am plunged into, the midst of my heartaches, and it is there, in the rotting core, that my pain is stored away.

Deserted

You leave the house every evening, and I am left all alone; I have so many questions, such as, 'Where did you really go'?

We don't sleep in the same bed anymore, for you're no where in my sight; when it's time for me to go to bed, and turn off all of the lights.

I awaken in the mornings, and you're already gone; I'm beginning to have this feeling, that something is definelely wrong.

You always have an excuse, for why you are always leaving; yet I am beginning to have my doubts, for your' explanations I've stopped believing.

I ask you what the problem is, for we never talk anymore; you claim that everything is fine, before you walk out of the door.

I feel lonely and deserted, though you just don't understand; my longing for your' presence, or my need to have a man.

So I sit home and wonder, 'How much longer will this go on'; for I feel the distance between us growing, yet you say there's nothing wrong.

You may think that I'll always be here, when you come home late at night; but one of these days, I might be gone, when you come home and turn on the lights.

Differences

We don't have anything in common, I've been telling you this for years; for we don't share the same kind of passions, as I've voiced through many sad tears.

Anything that you like, I find to be a bore; and all that I love and hold dear to me, you seem to always ignore.

We don't have fun together, for we're definitely two of a kind; we do what each other wants, thus we're never found side by side.

I've been telling you how incompatible we are, yet you've never wanted to admit; that we don't make each other happy, for we're definitely much too misfit.

My passions in life and all the things, that makes me happy inside; you never want to partake of, so excuses you'd always find.

But now you are seeing clearly, how unhappy you truly are; where do we go from here, will you pretend as you've done so far?

We must find a resolution, either continue or call it quits; to this puzzle we call a relationship, for it just doesn't seem to fit.

I will stay with to you for life, as separating isn't an option for me; now the ball is in your' corner, you must decide how you want things to be.

Do you want to spend the rest of your' life, searching for the missing piece; or would you rather find someone, who will make your' life complete?

Do More

Do More!!!

Do more than exist_______ live

Do more than touch______ feel

Do more than look______ observe

Do more than read______ absorb

Do more than hear______ listen

Do more than listen______ understand

Do more than think_____ ponder

Do more than plan_____ act

Do more than talk_____ say something

Do more than meditation_____ pray

Do more than try______ persevere.

Ruth warren

Don't Close Your Eyes

Why is it that we never seem to truly appreciate what we do have, until we don't have it anymore? Why do we tend to look at what we don't have, instead of what we do have? Why do we wait to tell someone how much we care for them, or how we truly feel until we are standing over their casket? They won't hear us then. Who first set the standards for what is beautiful and what is not? I would really like to meet that person, for beauty is in the eye's of the beholder. Why does one's appearance affect their life so? The 'Beautiful' people always seem to get everything they want, while the 'Less than beautiful' seem to always get the shaft? This world in which we live is so unfair. Why do we judge others' before we judge ourselves? God said to first take the log out of our own eye, before we try to take the splinter out of our brother's eye. I don't understand many things about this life we live. But I do know, if we remain true to ourselves, treat others as we would want them to treat us, and in everything we do, may we do it with a giving heart, not a begrudging one, if we could all live in this way, the world would be a much better place to live.

Don't Cry It Make's Me Sad

Why do you cry child? What is it that's made you so sad? What is it that could have been inflicted upon you, To make you hurt so bad?

Please dry your eyes girl, Let me take you in my arms, Hold you close to me, And take away all of your harms.

I'll scare away your demons, Chase away your fears, Child I can do these things, Please just let me near.

Why won't you let me help you? Please just take my hand, I'll walk you through the forest at night, And carry you across the sinking sand.

Read you bedtime stories, And sing you lullabies, Believe me girl I tell the truth, The words I speak aren't lies!

Don't Let Your Emotions Guide You

Don't let your emotions guide you In this world today, Never let your heart and mind To be led astray.

People may make you angry And surely upset you, Just listen to your heart It knows just what to do.

Never let the anger consume you Put your mind at ease, In the end, my friend Your Father in Heaven, will be pleased.

Don't let your emotions guide you Always keep a smile on your face, The Lord will forever love you You will forever be filled by His grace.

Don't Say

Don't say that you really love me, and then stab me in the back; don't pretend that I am special to you, and then treat me like a tramp.

Don't say all those compliments to me, and then insult me when we're alone; don't tell everyone that we are happy, when I'm so miserable at home.

Don't say that you want to be a Dad again, then insult our children we've already got; don't call me the love of your' life, then curse the day we met.

Don't say that you truly respect me, then belittle me to the point of tears; don't say that you'll always protect me, then fill my life with fear.

Don't say that I am the only one, then commit the things you do time after time; don't say that you are sorry, or beg and plead and whine.

Don't say anything at all, except hopefully goodbye; then I would be free of you, for all you've said were nothing but lies.

Down Again

I've been pushed down so many times

I feel this time will be the last
as I lay here fading
my thoughts are invaded by memories of my past
I feel the pressures of shame and rejection building
as I lay here on the floor
I have no strength to get up
I'm not worth it any more
Ruth warren

Flash Backs

You Call Me A Survivor But I Feel Dead.

I Don't What To live, With Him In My Head

Don't Call Me That I'M Already Dead.

For Lack Of

Sometimes, in my bed at night; I search the darkness for a sign of light.

Any glimpse of a fleeting hope; a spark of faith to help me cope.

My tears flow into a river of despair; a tidalwave of feelings that I wish weren't there.

My saddness envelopes me, it's arms drag me down; into a black pit, void of sight or sound.

And all that I feel is empty and alone; in a world where I should have never been born.

Free To Fly

The chains have been broken, for years bound to pain, no more to be his token. To freedom my heart can now fly, into your arms, far away from grief, far from harm.

No more angry words to be thrown in my face, no more sorrows to take place. The blood stains from this heart is now washed away, no more darkened days.

New wings I do adorn, I have spread them wide, flying away from your scorn. Released by a long awaited love, now to freedom I am bound.

The fear fading from my heart, as I spread my wings, a new life to start. The chains I leave behind, along with this hatred filled, tortured mind.

Love has come to me, removed me from your torment. His wings shall carry me, he will fly me away, protect me and set me free.

I demand you release your hold on me, for enough of this pain I have seen. Love me, he does, protect me, he will.... never again under your spell.

From God's Heart To Mine

From the day I first looked into your eyes, you stole this heart, you made me cry. A warm feeling took over my heart, I knew then we'd never part.

Your blue eyes met mine, I'll remember that moment for all time. As I held you there in my arms, my precious jewel, God's loving charm.

When you cried, like music to my ear's, I just pulled you close and sang to you, I sang away the fears. This big ole world can be firghtful at times, but no fear, take this hand of mine.

A mighty strong grip, for such a small girl, your hand held tight to my finger, my heart never felt such joy. I kissed your sweet hand, nothing this side of Heaven could be more grand.

You cried such beautiful tears, like diamond's falling from your eyes, sparkles upon your face, like rain falling from the blue skies.

Six years have passed now, and with each passing day I love you even more. Oh, the joy I find looking in the heart of my little girl, you have filled my heart with so much joy.

An angel you will always be to me, the greatest gift these eyes did see. I thank God all through each day, for this precious little angel he sent my way.

As you grow, I will hold tight to your precious hand, taking each step beside you, to catch you when you fall. To pick you up and kiss away the pain, to help you to see the beauty in God's pouring rain.

So on we go, one step at a time, walking through life, hand in hand, me and this precious little angel, the most loving gift, from God's heart to mine.

God Saw You

God saw you getting tired, When a cure was not to be.

So He wrapped his arms around you, and whispered, 'Come to me'.

You didn't deserve what you went through, So He gave you rest.

God's garden must be beautiful, He only takes the best

And when I saw you sleeping, So peaceful and free from pain

I could not wish you back To suffer that again.

Good Bye and Good Luck

The time has come to say goodbye My turn to leave, how time does fly! Seeing many things here over the years Hopes, dreams, laughter and tears

For many friends the end is now here Although the memories will be so dear Life out of Newpin is about to begin for me Taking the lessons we learnt herein

Although I'm sad to leave right now They'll be things that will remind me of this day Those special people who made it all worthwhile You know who you, you made me smile

As we look back at the past few years Remembering the times, we have had here Ones to remember, ones we'll want to forget And on the first day here when we frist met.

You will see how much you can learn from here. But as you enter on into your future here i hope you too find what your looking for whatever it may be. Goodbye friends and to everyone good luck!

Good Luck To You

May you succeed in all your plans For your future in life will hold many demands

May you find happiness reaching for your goal May you prosper from heart to soul

May life for you be so sweet ahead Let your heart guide you And by your spirit be led

Heres wishing you the best in all that you do May your triumphs be many and your defeats be few

Guarding Angel

When times are hard, were feeling low, We don't know where we want to go it's time we need to know.

An Angel to guide you on your way An Angel to brighten your day

When you need an uplifting thought A hand to hold or to hug a lot

An Angel to sit with you awhile An Angel to make you smile

Our Angel knows our dented soul. The friend comes from an unknown source and soon we feel complete once more.

An Angel to encourage and guide An Angel to stay by your side.

Happy Birthday Friend

My precious friend, today is your day, I pray that God brings much happiness your way.

You have shared your life through your smiles and pain, spread your wings through the warm falling rains.

Your words of wisdom, they come so free, I will always be one to look up to thee.

Like a sister you are always there, like a Mother sheading her tender loving care.

Your shoulder so soft, for all that need to shead a tear, always bringing to us good cheer.

Your tenderness, your gentleness, so naturally they come, from your loving heart, bright as the sun.

Putting aside your own life's struggles, just to bring hope to all, not a more gentle soul, will I ever recall.

This world, a much better place, your existance, your heart, so filled with grace.

Your words they touch so deep within, touching many lives, leaving tears, laughter and grins.

The gold dust that you sprinkle from your wings, blessing my heart, my visions of a sweet little Lady, pushing her cart.

My precious friend, today is your day, I send my love and best wishes your way. May God bless you in all that you do, Happy birthday dear and thank you for being you.

Hell Found Me

I went walking through the graveyard One dark and stormy night, I didn't like being there It filled me with such fright.

I hurriedly walked passed the grave stones Some were left knocked over and broken, I could feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up My ears sensitive to whispering words being spoken.

Graveyards have always spooked me Since I was a young child, Remembering the open graves with coffins Along the sides, dirt was piled.

I never carried a flashlight with me Even though, I wished now I had, I walked passed a gravestone And my pant leg was grabbed.

The grave was wide open
But no coffin was held within that hole,
Whispering words grew only louder
I hoped God, would save my scared soul.

I fell inside the six foot hole But it never seemed to end, Hell had found me and pulled me under My body quickly did descend.

I never got to say my good-byes To friends, nor family, I knew right then and there That God could not save me.

I was face to face with Satan himself He rolled his eyes, to the back of his head, Then, he let out a ear piercing laugh Through this dark graveyard, my feet shouldn't have tread.

My soul was stolen from me On this dark stormy night, Another soul, walking through the fires of Hell Satan's black heart, filled with such delight.

Hidden Within The Mind - No One Knows

No one ever knows the mind of another as well as they think, so upon these questions I tip my drink. No need in trying to figure one out, for confusion will come to face you, as will the doubts.

In each mind lies hidden truths, hidden words, forget trying to pry, the truth will not be heard. No one is completely open minded as they say, for painful thoughts inside they keep at bay.

Even if betrayal they show to you, no matter the pain, to hide these thoughts, hurt you, they will do. To trust is right, but usually that trust will come haunt you in the cold black night.

Inside the minds of others, we cannot see, trying to know every thing to be known about thee. Deep in that cavern of their minds, lie storms, and to stir the atmosphere of the mind, may leave a heart blind.

Forbidden territory within each mind, a land where no one can roam, a closed sanctuary of their own. Don't ask what lies inside, for to open that gate, you may find that Hell is your fate.

His Light For You Will Always Shine

May the sun always brighten your path to lead your way, let the sun warm your path to happiness and for you bring glorious days. Never hesitate to stop and pick a flower along your way, this to represent life to it's fullest extent.

If rain begins to puddle your path, look up to the Heavens, if there's no sun, remember the light is still there. The light of God's son will always shine for you, just follow his word and on the right path you will stay your whole life through.

Let the sun be your mirror each day, let it reflect your beautiful memories of past days. A blanket the sun will be for you, warming you to your very heart, with ever ray.

In darkness, when the sun doesn't shine, God's son will still provide a light for you. His light will always remain in your heart, and be a guide for you through, all time, Just look to the Heavens, the light will always shine.

Hope

Hope can come in many different forms; and its always there to carry you through, all of lives bitter storms.

It can come from a smile and kind words that are spoken; all, to lift your spirits and mend a heart that is broken.

Hope comes from joy of the memories, of the days gone by; its there to comfort and take away the tears you cry.

Hope is so simple, but sometimes its hard to find; especially when it seems like the weight of the world, is weighing on your mind.

Hope is a prayer that's been answered, form afar; just like when you were a child and made a wish upon a star.

Hope is the rock that you'll find, in Jesus name; the unmoveable stone, who bore all of our shame.

Our refuge and strength, in our time of need; and all we have to do is fall to our knees and plead.

The one true hope that brings all things together; the great I AM, who will be what you need, and will leave you never.

How Far Is Tomorrow

How far is tomorrow when tomorrow becomes today, the day we sometimes wait for, seems always a day away?

It may hold hopes or maybe dreams we long for to be done, but how long do we really wait when tomorrow does not come?

It somehow seems elusive, nearly there, nearly, but not quite, we wait for the day to pass, and then just one more night.

One step it always takes away as though you, it will tease, yet one day tomorrow might come, and for a moment in time it will freeze.

Then all the things you have wished for will finally come to stay, and the joy that you have dreamed of will be here on that day.

So be patient till that day comes, for it will bring you joy and not sorrow, then you will no longer need to ask, "How Far is Tomorrow? "

I Am Your Light

Today I walked along God's shore, the waves lapped at my feet, as my tears fell to the earth's sandy floor. The cool ocean breezes blew through my hair, I could hear the crying in each shell, as I held them to my ear.

I watched as the little children played, memories in each footstep, as I slowly made my way. Their laughter ringing in my ears, little feet running, smiles on their face, never knowing of any fear.

The white clouds floating by, allowing the sun to peek out, sparkling on the waters as the tears fell from my eyes. Gulls soaring to the Heaven's high, wind beneath their wings, so beautifully they did fly.

In the distance the dolphins did play, ships coming in, fishermen ending their day. Docks filled with smiling faces, God's wonders as each one took their places.

Umbrellas lined the shores that day, keeping little ones safe from God's rays. Foam from the ocean spraying at my feet, as each prayer spilled out to God's beautiful sea.

Lover's walking hand in hand, as I felt so alone, broken pieces of my heart, cast to the seas, trying to find a home. All this beauty before me, my eyes did see, God's splendor laid out right before me.

My heart stood still as his light surrounded me, the sun so bright my eyes couldn't see. I felt his hand as he took it in his, lifted me up and he whispered this 'Child of mine, you are never alone, you've cast your broken heart to a creation of my own.'

'You have cast your pain to the oceans deep, it is there that your pain I will keep.'
My ocean will wash it clean from your heart, take my hand, as I walk with you, it is now your healing will start.'

'I will dry those tears from your eyes of brown, I will always be here, I will take these lonely footsteps for you. ' All this beauty I have created and place before your very eyes, you have taken heed to it all, I seen the pain, I answered your call.'

'Now go my dear child, as I mend your broken heart, this is your day, the healing now will start.' 'Just keep holding to my hand, hold it ever so tight, never let go my child, for I am your light.'

I Can't Live This Way

I don't have the heart, to tell you goodbye, though I live in fear, each day of my life. I can't continue this way, I'd much rather die, yet I don't have the courage, to commit suicide. You ignore the tears, that each night I cry, for you really don't care, or even ask why. Is my sorrow invisible, or only a surprise, when all I do is give, yet you never compromise? I've heard it all before, your' words of deciept and lies. Don't pretend that you care, you've never taken the time, to try and understand, the feelings that I hide. Just leave me alone, and I will be just fine, I don't need your' pity, for I've always been alright.

I Deserved More

Why was she such a bad, little girl, this question still haunts my mind; She knows in her heart that she tried to be good, what caused her to ruin their lives?

She never meant to hurt anyone, yet she must have caused them great pain; for them to inflict what she truly deserved, from being their greatest heartache.

After their nightly rituals, she'd shed tears of guilt and shame; not for herself, she had it coming, but for those so full of pain.

Everynight before they would come, she'd ask forgiveness for her sins; and her heart would always start to bleed, when her punishment would always begin.

She longed to touch their tender hearts, and take the sorrow she'd brought; but the least she could do was simply comply, for to her it was such a small cost.

This child grew up full of guilt and shame, from the nightmare she'd put them through; and still, when she goes to bed at night, she still whispers, 'My heart aches for you'.

I Give

You have shaken my soul, stirred my mind, just a little deeper with pain, all left behind. I close my eyes, I pray for eternal sleep, if in your world my soul you should keep.

Twist a little harder, the pain is becoming of me, these red tears fall as I lie at your feet, kick me down, I am as low as I can possibly go, now I shall give in and let you run the show.

Inbedded within your powerful hands, never will you cut the strings, and let me run, always will be at your command. Absent heart, cold and frozen in time, never to regain this life of mine.

So take my life, do as you will, have your fun, shattered dreams left unfulfilled. Aching memories play over in my head, it is now in your hurtful hands, my heart lies dead.

Stripped me of what I use to be, what I wanted to be, what I'll never see. Paint that smile upon my face, for only in your wicked mind will it ever take place.

Silently and slowly my tired mind gives in, letting the misery take my soul again. The grasp of sanity has slowly let go, Falling into the firey pits of your burning hell that I've come to know.

Giving in, is what you desire, I am here now, do as you will. I've come to know the pain in life, yet I choose peace be done, as slowly my heart dies within your thrill.

I Have No Idea

I do not know who I am. Does anyone know why I'm here?

I Look Inside Your Heart

I look into your heart, one piece broken apart. I see your happiness all tucked neatly inside, but I also see the parts that you choose to hide.

Your heart is in need of a little repair, place it within my hands, I'll give it my care. I see tears in the center, waiting to fall, I will be right here to catch them all.

I see so much love waiting to be given, I see that with my love, you could take me to Heaven. Those broken pieces can be mended, if you permitted me to, slowly but surely I could put them back together, with my love for you.

I see time inside your beating heart, time that you are reluctant to share, I see your fears as they come shining through, I feel your love, I know you care. Don't be afraid to let me start mending the broken space, I'll take away the pain, and with love I will replace.

I'm inside your heart, I know this is true, but you haven't opened up enough, to let my love through. Gentle I will be, so patient and kind with thee, Let me remove that pain, replace it with warm falling rain, sunshine so bright, moonlit romantic nights, with so much life to gain.

I look into your heart, one piece broken apart, May I.....

If I Could I Would

If I could take all the pain, from every child in the world as my own, in a heartbeat, I would. If I could cry their tears, or wipe their eyes, I would. If I could place just an ounce of joy inside their precious souls, I would.

So many lost in life, looking for a helping hand, so many crying out for help, hunger throughout this land. So much confusion and pain, I see everyday, If I could, I would make it go away.

If I could mother all of their hearts, and show them the way, to a bright future and the beginning of a new day, I would. I would harbor their pain, their hunger, their sorrow, I would show them a better life for their tomorrows.

I would be there to take their every step, I would be there always to help. I would dry their eyes, empty their hearts of pain, place so much love inside them, bring them in from this rain.

But I as one, can only do so much, it's gonna take everyone's special touch. For their pain runs deep and their sorrow is wide, I've seen it in the tears they have cried.

Seeing the anger of a child without love in their hearts, can tear one's heart apart. I have seen this and it makes my heart cry, seeing a child that would rather die.

I have reached so many with just a hug or kind words, these kids just want to be loved and heard. Open your heart to a child today, it's gonna take the lights of all our hearts, to brighten their way.

I'm A Fucking Mess

Four o'clock in the morning
Afraid to open my eyes
Another day of grief,
A day of fear.
All alone I feel.
I try to justify all the pain,
All of this guilt before my eyes.
Another day of confusion,
A day of wondering.
Is it ever just going to go away?
All this pain that I feel,
And all this anger, is it going to stay?

Ten o'clock in the evening,
Afraid of the nightmares.
Again my breathing stops.
All I can do is stare into the night.
What is it that causes this feeling?
Another night of crying,
A night of hiding,
Alone once again.
My heart feels empty,
And I can't cry another tear.
Another day wasted on insecurity,
A day of wonder.
Is this ever going to end?

In Darkness You Came

As I lay lost in the darkness of my illness,

My body weary and tired the journey long and fought,

I am not afraid to die this night,

Lost in the darkness I see beauty before me,

The wind gently blowing through my open window,

I know that I am not alone!

For what I can not see I can feel,

I have never walked alone when I was weary you were there,

When I cried you wiped away my tears,

When I had no strength to walk,

You held me up,

When my wings were broken you shared your Golden ones,

As this night draws to a close and I am closer to death,

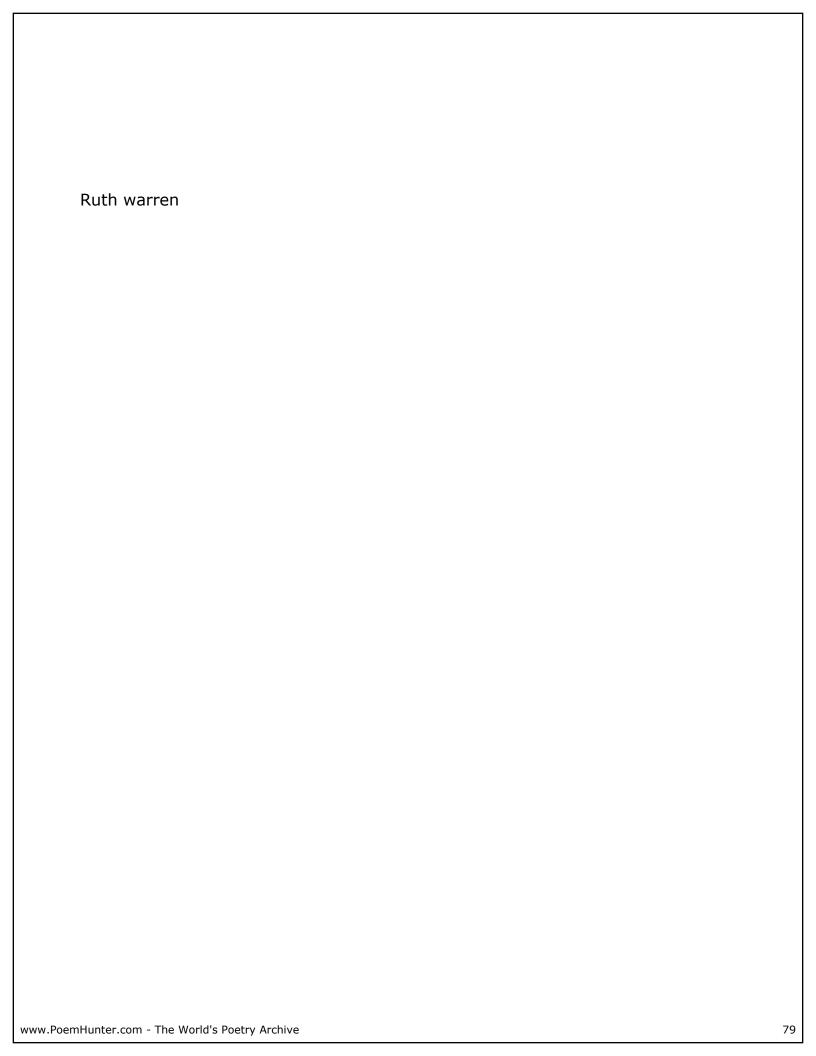
Peace and tranquility washes over me,

For I will not journey alone,

Though you had passed before me,

You have come to take me to a higher place,

My Angel, My Friend.



In Time Of

My soul drifts aimlessly in times of hopelessness. It searches tirelessly for meaning and truth...

Yet finds no direction.

My heart bleeds quietly in times of loneliness. It yearns to find warmth and happiness..

Yet it somehow eludes me.

My eyes seek out visions in times of want. They gaze endlessly through the blackness that envelops them...

Yet they cannot see the light.

My ears listen earnestly in times of silence. They search for familiar sounds to comfort and console...

Yet they cannot penetrate the darkness that surrounds me.

My arms reach out frantically in times of despair. They seek strength and compassion to enfold me...

Yet they find nothing substantial to enwrap.

My mind cries out desperately in times of solitude. It poses intense questions that demand answers...

Yet there are none to be found.

My hand reaches out earnestly in these times of confusion. It dials the number of a familiar and calming voice...

And gratefully, my lifeline to sanity... remains intact.

Inevitable Reality

The clouds move on, the earth turns grey the happiness I felt, has quickly gone away. The whisper of the wind, seems to call my name, I try to respond, but it seems I'm not the same.

Time elapses slowly, into the universe, It's definitely not a pleasure, nor is it a curse. Nothing seems to matter, no one seems to care, I reached out to touch you, but you're not really there.

Everything I see, and everything I feel, Sometimes seems like a dream, where nothing there is real. I grasp onto reality, and try to play this game but every single thing, always remains the same.

The mist is finally fading, the truth is here to stay, the illusions are finally passing, the lies have gone away. But reason cannot save me, tears will not heal. I've giving it some time, to see what will be revealed.

No one has the answers, no one holds the key, I'm wishing for a miracle, that you'd belong to me Until then, I'm lost with my solitude Lost in this window, with no view.

It Hurts Me Two

I see you cry, I cry for you I see your hurt, It hurts me too.

Everyday you grow worse I die inside, as you get hurt.

I wish that i could help you now and save you, but don't know how.

So we'll hold hands, in pain forever Until the day we die together.

It's Never Enough

Yesterday I finally fit into my daughter's jeans. The avoiding food at all cost has finally paid off. Still, as I look at myself in the mirror, the weight I have lost just isn't enough. 'I have to be skinnier, then I would be better, prettier, nicer, more loveable'. I stare back at my own reflection and see the... too many flaws to count...truth. Five days without a bite. I am huge, ghastly, and much too fat. I am disgusting to look at. Who would ever want me? So, in order to be thinner, I must obstain from all food. I look at the piece of candy in the jar. 'Nope', I convince myself, 'This will go straight to your' hips'. But I will be alright.30 more pounds and then I will be wearing clothes from the' Teenage Girl's Section'. I turn away from the mirror, a frown upon my face. Guess it's no dinner for me tonight. I haven't lost enough body fat yet. Oh well, what's another skipped meal?

Just A Girl

I'm just a girl, a hopeless case. Living in the world a familier place.

I'm just a girl, with tears in her eyes. Swimming in a pool of cold hearted lies.

I'm just a girl, always second best. With sleepless nights and no time to rest

I'm just a girl, with scars all around. Always screaming with out a sound

I'm juts a girl, giving up on life. Running from my problems headed for the knife

I'm just a girl, who's messed up in the head. With hope and wishes and prayers to be dead

I'm just a girl, with nothing to live for. Who shut out the world and fell to the floor.

I'm just a girl, living in fear In the dark lonely place, flooded with tears.

I'm just a girl, behind closed doors, soon to be gone and live no more.

Just A Little Longer

Desolation,
Wide open space,
Between the trees and me,
Emptiness and me,
Confusion and decisions,
Feelings hard to define,
And I say to myself,
Just a little longer,

Coldness seeps
Its way in,
I am falling deeper,
Into what I fear most,
As I reach out,
There is nothing there,
As possible there was something once,
Only to be gone,
And I say to myself,
Just a little longer,

The sun drops,
The last inch of light falls,
The squirrels more likely to be huddled up,
But not me,
Something I never possessed,
And I say to myself,
Just a little longer,

Then the sun has gone,
Darkness spreads its wings over me,
I see nothing so no one sees me,
Feeling of bitterness only,
And I say to myself,
Just a little longer,

An Owl peers down,
With question in her eyes,
She doesn't have a hope,
In helping me,
As she doesn't see my pain,
Spreads her wings,
Passes me by,
And I say to myself,
Just a little longer,

The soft earth,
Seems the only thing holding me up,
Even then I could slip,
And wondering takes me,
To why and how I got here,
Without even knowing it,
Yet no one notices,

As they didn't see before, So I say to myself, Just a little longer,

Shimmering in the darkness,
I see two moons,
Reflecting off a stream of thoughts,
Ongoing forever more,
Along a rocky road,
Slowly giving in to finding a way out,
I take the plunge under the river,
Then the wind carries a whisper,
Gently on a breeze,
'Just a little longer.'

Lessons

Life has a lot of lessons we know. Some you have learned and some will come today Each person you meet might teach you a lessen, Every situation is different, so be patient, I say,

You can grow in wisdom with what you have learned, Keep your mind open and think positive things, Don't get angry, or impatient, or frustrated, Keep focused on today.

Some lessons you learn are enjoyable, While others are painful, but they make you wise, Even in tragedy, there is a lesson to learn, Choose each of life's challenge wisely, big sigh,

Accept the lessons you learn each day, You will find they have much value you see, Take your time and don't race through your life, Live each day with a positive attitude, and you'll be happy.

Lessons Leaned

There's some things that I regret, Some words I wish had gone unsaid, Some starts, That had some better endings, Been some bad times I've been through, Damage I cannot undo, Some things, I wish I could do all all over again, But it doesn't really matter, Life gets that much harder, It makes you that much stronger, And every tear that had to fall from my eyes, There were lessons learned, Everyday I wondered how I'd get through the night, Every change, life has thrown me, I'm thankful, for every break in my heart, I 'm grateful, for every start, Some pages turned, Some bridges burned, But there were lessons learned. There's mistakes that I have made, Some chances I just threw away, Some roads, I never should've taken, Been some signs I didn't see, Hearts that I hurt needlessly, Some wounds, That I wish I could have one more chance to mend, But it don't make no difference, The past can't be rewritten, You get the life you're given, Oh, some pages turned, Some bridges burned, But there were, Lessons learned. And all the things that break you, Are all the things that make you strong, You can't change the past, Cause it's gone, And you just gotta move on, Because it's all,

Lessons learned.

Like A Rose Trampled On The Ground

Only happiness can fulfill the human heart, But when happiness leaves it falls apart. Emptiness you will find is all that is left, All of your senses are then left bereft. The rose is the symbol of love alive, When it is trampled on, then love itself dies. Only the touch of a love that is true, Will pick you up and carry you through. The rose that is trampled on and lies on the ground, Without the love of another, it will never be found. The petals that are crushed will wither and die, With no one to ask when, or even ask why. There are many reasons that a delicate rose will fall, The rose, like the human heart, is the most delicate of all. If you hold a rose then cherish what you have found, Never let it be 'Like a Rose Trampled on the Ground.'

Little Angel

Her tourtured soul, in the hands of the ones that are supposed to love. her silent screams ring out to emptyness, only heard in the Heaven's above. Her tiny heart sleeps in darkness of the unknown, crying out for a love that is never shown.

Her shattered heart breaks each night as they begin, taking away her innocence, committing the untimate sin. She lies there wondering if there is really a God above, as they take away her smiles, in the corner her heart is shoved.

Clinging to her dolly, as she clings on for her life, pain taking over as she welcomes all the strife. Over and over her soul being ripped apart, each time they touch her, she loses a piece of her heart.

Time passes slowly as she lies there in her Hell, the ones that are supposed to love her demanding her not to tell. Her little hands clinched tightly as the tears begin to fall, alone once again, to God she makes her call.

The answer for which she prays, seems to never come, yet in her little heart she still believes in the one. Lying her sweet head down praying for a peaceful night, the angel's gather around, and take her on her flight.

Into the arm's of the one to whom she has called upon each night, finally she will rest forever within his holy sight. She awakens by the river, the one she has dreamth of many times, her dolly in her arm's, and no more pain within her mind.

Little Voice In My Head

I sit alone in my room It was as dark as a tomb. I listen to the radio blare While rocking in my chair I thought about my life As my hand tightens round the knife I stare into space As the tears run down my face. The knife seems to be my only friend As i think about this being the end I place the blade upon my wrist Tightly i ball my hand into a fist. Then i heard a voice It said i had a choice. Could i live another day Or throw my life away. Think about others in your life it said They would miss you if your dead. I some how know the voice was right I couldn't give up without a fight. I wiped away my tears as i stood up Telling mysélf i can't give up Then i remembered what this person had said Her voice rang through my head Nothing is worth throwing your life away Because in the end your be ok. So if it wasn't for the voice Telling me i had a choice I probably wouldn't be here today Lets just hope that i will be ok and her voice doestn't fade away.

Locked In Silence

You think by your Silence that you live within that you keep your secrets safe,

That words from lips are the only way of communication,

Sadly enough you are mistaken,

I hear your body speak,

I see the deep sadness within your sunken eyes,

As you drift along the halls of your darkness,

Your shoulders slumped,

Your head hung low thinking somehow you are hidden from the ghost that haunts you,

There is no blindness of what my eyes see,

I see the shell of a lonely person drifting within the shore of your own creation,

And I can only hope that someday you will break your silence,

And let your spirit free.

Lonesome Dove

Underneath the maple tree, I dream of things I want to be. Looking up at the sky so blue, makes me think this could come true.

Smelling of the grass so sweet, refreshes me with a delightful treat. Feeling of the bark so rough, makes me realize its gonna be tough.

To make it in this world alone, just sitting here like some kind of stone. No one to love me or me to love, just all alone, like a Lonesome Dove.

Longing For The Future

Longing for the future and for whatever she may hold, I guard my heart, I guard my soul. With each step I'll remember the beauty as I go, leaving behind my past, as I slowly let it go.

Old memories to be discarded along the way, no more upon this heart will the pain play. Searching my soul as I travel alone, in search of a place, my heart can call home.

No more tears will fall from these eyes, as I spread my wings, and being to fly. Away from sorrow and strife, away from all the pain I've come to know as life.

A new day will dawn, and a smile I'll put on, and my heart will find it's cure, as I am forgetting my past, and longing for the future.

Lost In A Field Of Dreams

Now my dreams are starting to fade away, lost in the field of hope, where the flowers are withered, in dying hopes they lay.

No sun in sight, no magical light. Times standing still, slow heartbeat blending with my tears, as I release my dreams for the future, forgetting about the coming years.

I walk with my head held low, as now I've no place to go. Hopes drifting slowly away, setting them free, no hopes of better days.

Love fading, as my heart breaks into, so much of my life I could have shared with you. I've nothing now as my soul dies, lost in the field of dreams, flooded by the tears that I cry.

The fight is over, I must give in, numb to reality, it just hasn't set in. Feelings, I've none in store, realeasing the love, I cannot fight anymore, got to relieve my heart of this war.

Lost in the field of dreams, nothing being as it seems. Withered flowers, soul and hopes, cold tears I cry, as I lay down my heart and alas watch it die.

M&M'S

People are comparitable to a bag of M&M'S.

They are all different colors on the outside,
but on the inside they are all the same.

Ruth warren

Make It Happen

With all the adversities we have in life We could just sit down and be over come by strife

To think we could not do more That our place now is on the floor

But it doesn't have to be just so If we are determined to give life a go

To stand erect and have worth Any thing can be accomplished in this earth

Have self respect unlock the power inside Then your power and strength will be roaring tide

Make it happen gain your right Go for it all and you will reach your height

Mandy

You're the person that I most admire,
The person that I most would like to be.
Your friendship, like a torch, has lit a fire
Deep within the cave where I am me.
Because of you, I want to be a teacher,
Touching someone's life as you've touched mine.
And when I'm you I'll know just how to reach her,
Giving her the faith that she can shine.
Though you now must leave, and we must part,
A little piece of you remains behind,
Held with gratitude within my heart,
A portrait of a lady good and kind.
You will be part of everything I do;
When I need strength, I'll look inside for you.

Missing Light

Darkness encompasses you, all around you,
Multitudinous shades of black,
forever falling forwards, no chance to find your way back.
Cold dampness crawls, over your naked frail skin,
Clammy fingers reaching for you, is the feeling you have within.
No directions, no signs, not even hope can you see,
Only desolation and emptiness, with no way to break free.
The darkness closes in on you as fear grips your heart and soul,
A smothering shroud of finality, seeps from an inverted hole.
The smell of decay fills your nostrils, as your mind begins to fail,
All color drains from your countenance, leaving your skin deathly pale.
Darkness now comes closer, to smother you, slowly, not abrupt,
You know that nothingness will take you, and then...

You wake up!!

Mistake

I must admit that I have often thought of leaving it all behind and letting everything go

I was lost and alone, as I always am, So many people around me, Yet no one seems to care.

They say they understand and love me very much, But just when I Trust to love, they forget and move on.

I held the knife so close as tears, mixed with blood, Began to fall slowly. Like a foolish child I cried.

Knowing that I could end it all now made my mind draw a blank.

I put the knife away and tried to wipe the blood, that ran faster than I can describe.

I knew suicide wasn't the answer I was looking for. I knew there was a reason for me being alone.

So many bad things happening at once -They can make you forget About the good qualities of life.

Even though life is hard, and trouble an inevitable part of it.

If you decide to leave it all behind, maybe you will, but I can guarantee that othersYour Mistake will haunt

Mountain's Lonely Echo

His lonely howl echos through the mountains high, crying out to his lover, desperate is his cry. Their lands seperate them from the start, but no mountain so high, can seperate their heart.

His heart beats slowly as his cries ring out in the night, traveling through his domain, never losing his sight. To reach his mate, his life he will give, to have that moment in time, his reason to live.

Cold bearing down on him as his feet grow tired, but on he must go, to reach his desire.

Never looking back at the foot prints he leaves behind, knowing ahead the mountain he must climb.

Heart full of hope that his mate will be there waiting, to fulfill his every need, his heart anticipating. One dream under the night to come true, one journey he must pull through.

Life to begin, to quiet his lonely howl, no more traveling, no more on the prowl. Life complete for him and his mate, his lonely howl echoing through the mountain, as his lady does wait.

My Angel

My

Angel
Guardian
keeps me so safe,
watching over me.
She guards me with much love,
and comforts me when I'm sad.
I often wish I could see her,
but I always know she is with me,
because she has saved my life many times.

My Child My Complete Love

My child, you have become quiet the young lady with time, but you will always in my heart, be the baby of mine. I have helped you to grow, and nourished you each step of the way, but still fear the day that you will go your own way.

No matter how far life takes you from here, I will always hold you right here in my heart, as I have for many years. You have brought me such happiness and no love could be stronger than the love we share, so full of completeness and care.

We have shared our struggles, but no mountain has ever been to high, we have shared our dreams and have even wished upon the stars in our sky. I do all I can to see that your wishes come true, I stand beside you in all that you do, but I always feel I could never do enough for you.

You are well on your way to a beautiful life ahead, so full of dreams that come true, so full of success and by these hands you were lead.

I will never leave your side, I will always take your fall, I am only a heartbeat away, I will be there when you call.

Never will I give up on you, or turn you away, it just isn't something a Mother can do, and walk away. You have made my dreams come true and it's the least I can do for you. You have given me enough smiles to last my whole life through.

Spread your wings and soar as the angels do, you will never fall, for I will catch you. You will never falter, I will see you through, This I will do, because I have the most complete love for you.

My Escape

I pop too many pills, ignoring the label warnings; 'Caution: May cause drowsiness, and could become habit forming'.

The recommended dosage, is only eight per day; yet I ingest eight at a time, not caring what the labels say.

The amount my Doctor prescribes, doesn't make a dent in my pain; so I take them whenever I need to, and run out in two or three days.

Everyone tells me I'm killing myself, that one day I won't wake up; but I don't care if I live or die, this pain I am in is too much.

The pills not only ease my pain, they make me feel calm and serene; and that is one place I long to stay, even if it means I O.D.

So this is how I live my life, and now you all know the real me; Life hurts too much without my pills, and that's my reality.

My Friend

You were there when i was weak
You heard my thoughts when i was to scared
to speak
You made me smile when i was sad
You showed me that things weren't always
as bad as there seemed
You taught me more than what love was
You were always there, just beacuse...
You dried my tears when i was sad
You hugg me when i said i wanted to die
You mean so much to me and you will never
know how much i love you so
Your so much more than a friend could be
You'll always be an angel to me

My Guardian Angel

She lovingly watches as, the little girl peacefully sleeps; tucked snug and tightly around her, are her colorful, Minnie Mouse sheets.

This woman carefully observes, as the child sucks her thumb; oblivious to the outside world, this slumbering child's become.

Then the woman senses danger, approaching the little girl's room; All too soon will come the time, for this lamb to meet her doom.

The woman's tender heart, is much like that of this child's; and she desperately feels the need, to escape this room for awhile.

But instead she stays beside her, never once leaving this doves side; when they come to take her as their own, in the darkness of her night.

The woman watches helplessly, as the child slowly awakes; this one's who's heart is gentle, which soon will begin to break.

As she watches this ghastly nightmare, and the torment this child endures; Tears fill this womans' big, blue eyes, from the actions no animal deserves.

The pain is overwhelming, as it cuts her heart as a knife; through the painful secrets and memories, of this grown woman's battered life.

The guilt is too intense, for this woman to barely stand; as she feels the pain of this child, caused from their roaming hands.

She cries with a shattered and broken heart, at the terror upon this child's face; as the loved one's continue to shame her, whom they've all too often disgraced.

Then the woman watches the adults, leave the child alone in her room;

and the child lays there sobbing, as she feels dirty and confused.

The little girl then notices, the woman standing there; and motions for her to come closer, as her secrets she trusts to share.

She whispers so the grown ups, won't know that she's awake; or they might return for more, of what they so freely take.

The woman gently kneels, beside her messed up bed; as the child whispers softly, 'I wish that I were dead'.

The woman climbs beside her, and cradles her in the bed; 'I can't recall the countless times, those same words I too have said'.

'Are you my Guardian Angel', the little girl shyly asks; 'Will you take me home to Heaven with you, so I can be free and happy at last'?

The woman looks down at the child, with great love showing in her eyes; 'No little one, but I do love you, and I'll never leave your' side'.

She holds the little girl tightly, as they both drift off to sleep; humming, 'JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW', as the both of them become me.

My Heart - The Sign Reads - Closed

Tired of the waiting, tired of the pain, tired of trying to love again. The waiting is over, my heart condemned, the sign reads 'CLOSED, never to let another in.

No, you can't come in, my heart is in need of repair, gonna be a long time before I allow it to care. Been torn down, yet broken it still stands, weak is it's structure, as over the years, by hurtful hand's.

These door I will close, to try to protect all thats left inside, I will try to dry the tears that it has cried. I will try to mend it all alone, patch it up and give it a home.

Man's tools will not touch this heart, for it is by man's hands it fell apart. Time is the only one whom can repair, the broken pieces that lie inside, the sign reads 'CLOSED', for it's spirit has died.

My Heart Ache's

There was a little girl, who lived down the lane; she also lived with heartache, disgrace and shame.

I tried once to make friends with her, but I miserably failed; for I could never get her, to come out of her shell.

Why she seemed so sad, was a mystery to me; perhaps she was mistreated, or simply left to be.

Yet day after day, I'd watch this young child play; from my window to her front yard, where she would never stray.

I longed to wrap my arms around her, and tell her, 'It's okay'; to hold her tightly against me, and give her my love each day.

This withdrawn, little girl, who played in her yard each day; always cried when the sun went down, yet no one knew her pain.

She'd reluctantly go into her house, like a sheep that's led to the slaughter; and I'd think, 'I would give her so much love, if only she were my daughter'.

My New Found Friend

I woke this morning to the light of spring, I opened my window to hear the birds sing. As the warm breeze came drifting inside, I saw your smile within the sunlight.

I blew you a kiss as it sailed on with the wind, thats when the wonderful thoughts of you began. I slipped downstairs, and opened my door, ran down to the ocean and listened some more.

I held the shell in my hand, patiently holding it to my ear, I heard you whisper 'Good morning Dear.' I ran across the warm sands, the gulls flying above me, thoughts of you, what a beautiful day this will be.

With my paper and pen in hand I found a place in the sun, and sat down to write. I felt all your words as I had read them over and over each night, it was then with the breeze, my heart took flight.

The ink began to flow as my heart opened it's gates, my mind filled with thoughts of this you, my pen couldn't wait, The words flowed so smoothly as my heart was beating so strong, I found myself humming to the ocean's song.

Time passed so quickly, as the sun began to set, the chills in the air came about me, as I noticed my eyes were wet. I threw the papers to the wind and in the ocean they did land, words of how I've missed you will hopefully find your hands.

To the house I went as I turned and whispered my goodbys, I sit and gazed upon this screen as I read your words I sigh. I'll take your lost love, your pain, your grief and toss them to the winds, and I'll share with you my sunlight as each new day begins.

Tomorrow the ocean will be waiting for me, to cast my words of love for you into her arms so free. No bottle is needed for my message she will send, ever so gently she'll guide them into the heart of my new found friend.

MY PEN

THE MASTER OF MY PEN, HOLDS SOMETHING SPECIAL WITHIN. AS MY MIND AND HAND ARE GUIDED THROUGH MY THOUGHTS, THE ART BEGINS.

SOMETIMES SLOWLY PUSHING MY HAND TO THAT PAINFUL TIME OF MY LIFE, AS THE TEARS FORM, I WRITE. AND AT TIMES WITH FORCE MY HAND IS GUIDED TO THAT PLACE OF SWEET MEMORIES SO BRIGHT.

AT TIMES MY HAND TREMBLES AT THE PLEASURE OF MY DELIGHT. AND SOMETIMES WHAT I READ BEFORE ME IS SOMEWHAT A FRIGHT.

TRAVELING THROUGH MY MIND AS THE INK BEGINS TO FLOW, WONDERING THIS TIME, WHERE WILL WE GO. MY BEST FRIEND, ALWAYS THERE TO COVER THE PAGES WITH MY MOST SINCERE THOUGHTS AND ALL THAT I KNOW.

BE WITH ME FOREVER MY FRIEND. TOGETHER WE WILL GO WHERE EVER YOU WISH TO BE I HAVE HAPPINESS AS WELL AS PAIN, YOU WILL SEE.

HOPEFULLY WE CAN CARRESS MANY MINDS AND BRING SWEET MEMORIES TO THEM IN TIME.
MAYBE MY PAGES WILL SHINE
A LIGHT TO LET THEM KNOW THAT WITH A HEART.
SO MANY CAN PLAY SUCH A BIG PART.

TOGETHER LET'S COVER THE WORLD WITH WORDS, ONES TO WHICH MAYBE SOME CAN RELATE. AND WHEN YOU ARE EMPTY MY FRIEND, I WILL FILL YOU AGAIN LIKE YOU HAVE MY PAGES SO MANY TIMES, AGAIN AND AGAIN.

My Prison

Within these four walls of the prison I live in, I long to escape. Yet the windows have no bars, and the doors are never locked.

My Soul Has Died

The pain is overwhelming, no more I can bear, no peices of my heart left to break, so now my blood you must take.

With every word you speak, you break me down and make me weak, I've no strength left to carry on, it's all in your hands, now I walk alone.

No shoulder here to cry upon, just these cold black streets, no place to call my own. Trying to get these memories to go away, but in my tattered heart they stay.

Free from your harsh words, I should fly, but all I can do is pray to God that I die. He sees my pain this I do know, so why through this hurt does he let me go?

A million tears I have cried, as the prayers fell gently from my tired eyes. Still this hurt goes on each day, no one to turn to, as I make my way.

No one to care, just the emptyness inside my heart as it lies bare. No hope in sight, no happiness for me, just words to sting these painful memories.

Alone I must go, to where I do not know. No heart beat to sing happy songs to, no more harmony does my heart have inside, truly my soul has now died.

My Soulmate

Twenty-Three hundred miles he came, a simple man, no fortune or fame. He had nothing to prove, or even to gain, just a caring heart, full of heartache and pain. He put himself last, while my life he did save, never once did he doubt me, nor hesitate. He picked me up, and he slowly raised, my self-esteem, my hope's and my faith. He made me see, past the drenching rain, the me that I was, from whom I refrained. He is my Angel, who gave me great strength, this wonderful man, my own true soulmate. Who is this hero, what is his name? He is my true love, my best friend, my Lane.

My Teddy Bear

A child sits in the corner, robbed of her innocence; for the ones who live in her home, have betrayed her love and trust.

She sings, as she gently rocks her Teddy Bear; wondering what life would be like out there.

She sighs as she holds her bear upon her knee; and tells him her many secrets, all of which she knows he will keep.

'I love you Teddy Bear' she says, as she pulls him close to her; 'I accept you for the way that you are, tattered and missing some fur.

I would never hurt you, and I'd never call you a name; 'Do you think they see me as tattered too, is that why they're so ashamed?

I try so very hard to please them, sweet Teddy Bear of mine; to love, honor and respect them, and to always be gentle and kind.

I hate it when each night, you have to watch everything that they do; but I need you so desperately, I just can't let go of you.

I don't know if you understand, some of the things that they do; but it is a mystery I can not solve, for I haven't got a clue.

The only thing that I think about, while they're treating me as they do; is that it will soon be over, and when they leave I'll still have you.

So let me rock you Teddy Bear, and sing you some lulabyes; for soon the Sun will go down, and all you'll hear are my desperate cries'.

My Third Little Angel

I knew You were special right from the very start, My last little angel, God truly blessed me from the start. Your little round face, you little hands, clinging to mine, you were oh so grand.

So quiet you were, a precious baby to me, I had you last and that made three. I had all I asked for, God truly heard me pray, when he decided to give me one more angel, to help brighten my days.

My little precious girl, another light in my heart, so beautiful to me, from your side, I could never part. God sent you to me on a cold winter day, I promised him to love you come what may.

You have gave me such joy, you have filled my heart with so much love, my third little angel, sent from above. I will always walk beside you, I will help you to be strong, I will give you all my love, you will never walk alone.

Always believe that the world is all yours sweetheart, for there is nothing that you can't do, if you just do your part. Reach for the stars, and let your heart be your guide, If you stumble dear child, don't worry, Mom is by your side.

Nightmare

Into the dark of the night, I run as fast as a deer; They're drawing closer by the minute, my eyes are filled with tears.

I dodge the trees and bushes, as through the forest I run; for once they lay their hands on me, at their will I must freely succumb.

Knowing what will happen to me, if they catch me in the night; only strengthens my will to run faster, until they are out of my sight.

I stop for only a moment, to rest upon a log; I sense their presence drawing nearer, through the thick, surrounding fog.

And just as I am ready, to start running from them again; I can feel their hands upon me, hence the torture will now begin.

They drag me through the Forest, to the place that I call home; in a room where secrets are hidden, and the memories are all of my own.

This nightmare is the same each night, the details are vivid and true; I can never seem to out run them, or hault the things that they do.

No Escaping

The prisoner behind the smiles Forces herself to hide the pain She acts just like a normal girl Trying to for get the problems That are driving her insane She's drowning in her tears she'd rather not let them fall She reaching for the sky Just to realize she's to small She won't escape She can; t really hide She's just another life victim Who'd rather hide the pain So that she can keep her pride

No One Feels Safe

The world is so full of crime these days. People murder and are set free. No one feels safe anymore. They always lock their doors, afraid to come out. Crime is rampant, and justice is not served.

Not By Her Blood, But By Her Love

When I think of having a Mother, who truly loves me for me; I am always reminded of you, and your' love, unconditionally.

A Mother is suppose to be, love in the deepest form; and when I look into your' eyes, I no longer hope or mourn.

For you have proven to me, time and time again; that your' love for me is genuine, and it will never end.

You may not be rich or prestigious, or even very well known; yet your' love for me bears no disguise, as it continues to grow.

At last I have found a Mother, no one knows what that truly means; to the child who never felt loved enough, till you shared your' love with me.

You are always there for me, just when I need you the most; you are the best Mother in the world, of which I love to boast.

You didn't actually give birth to me, I am not of your' flesh and blood; but when you hold me close to you, I can always feel your' love.

I know you have never once felt, that you've loved me quite enough; but to love me the way in which you do, at times can really be rough.

Although you could not be there, when I was growing up; we've managed to make special memories, and for me that is more than enough.

I don't think you truly realize, what a difference you've made for me; for I am still your' little girl, and you'll always be my Mommy.

Thank you for your' wonderful love, that you have brought my way;

I know that you'll be there for me, if I ever lose my way.

Etched within my heart of heart's, lies the love that you freely gave; engraved in my mind forever, dwell the memories that we have made.

Ocean of Tears

Memories flood my heart and mind, as they extinquish all hopes and dreams; drowning the joy I've been searching for, of which I have never seen.

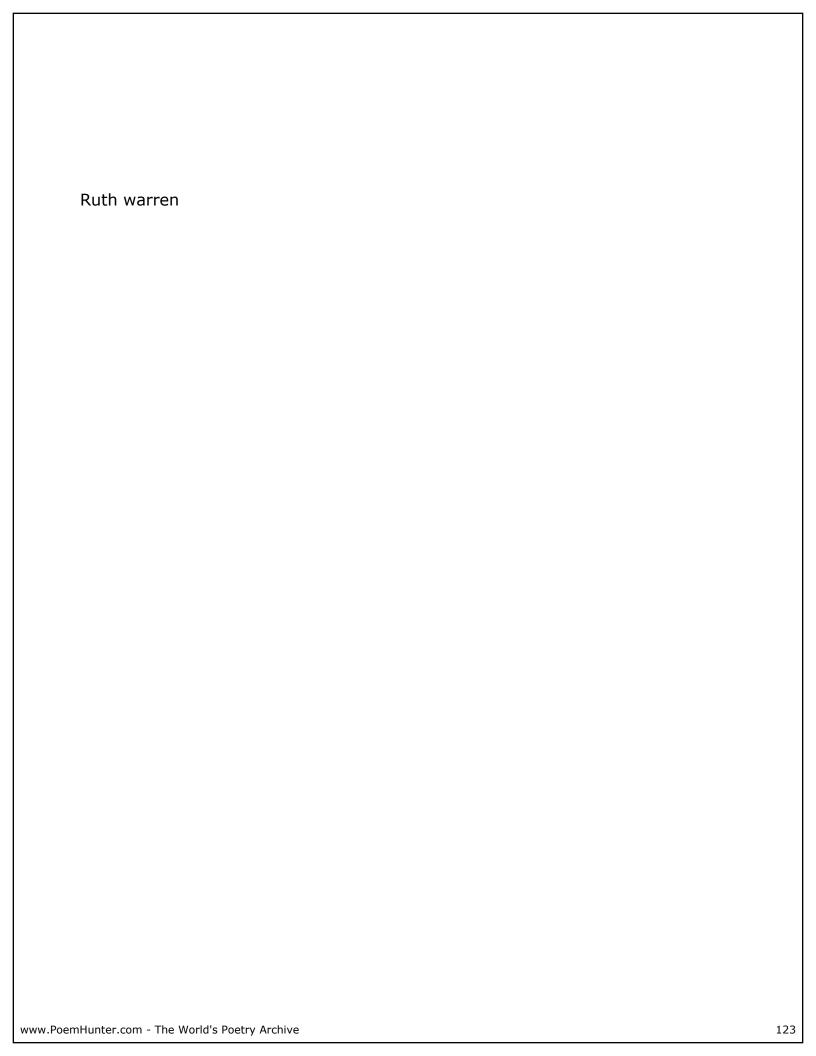
Any recollection of elation,
that I have ever had;
has dissappeared from my memories,
as a sea shell buried deep in the sand.

Dwelling within my heart and soul, is the sorrow I feel every day; replacing all joy I have ever known, with guilt, heartache and shame.

All happiness I have ever encountered, is slowly fading each day; into an Ocean of tears that I've cried, as the tide slowly sweeps them away.

I try to cling to the memories, that have caused me to laugh and smile; yet even as they slip through my fingertips, I am thankful that I knew them for awhile.

As I sit upon the beach by the Ocean, formed from the tears that I've cried; I see a reflection of my sordid past, and all I wish for is to die.



Oh LIttle Girl

Oh little girl, my heart has a burden for you; we have so much in common, if only you really knew.

I've heard about your' past, I know the pain that you go through; my heart cries out silently, for I feel your' sorrow too.

If I could hold you for one moment, and make your' tears cease to flow; I would turn back time, to when you laughed, and your' pain you did not know.

I see myself in your' eyes, I hear me in your' voice; I carry the same guilt as you do, I blame myself for their choice.

You told me once, 'My Mommy hates me', and I cried for three days straight; for I know the pain that that entails, how those words can devastate.

I feel so helpless as I watch you, playing with my little girl; for I know the shame you are filled with, in your' shattered, little world.

If I could say one thing to you, it would be, 'It's not your' fault'; but you, like me, would never believe, that the ones to blame are the adults.

Once In A Life Time

Once in a life-time, does a dream come true, Once in a life-time, I found a love, that is you.

Once in a life-time, does unique happieness come our way, Once in a life-time, do we have the opportunity, to make it stay.

Once in a life-time, can we know what is truly sublime, I have found my only true love, 'Once in a life-time, '

One Lonely Tear

I see in my mind's eye, a very precious child; she is innocent and loving, yet feels worthless and defiled.

On her troubled face, there's an expression of terror and fear; and in her baby blue eyes, I could see one lonely tear.

It didn't make any sense to me, that I knew just how she felt; yet I connected with this child, as though she were a part of myself.

I watched her in my thoughts, as she played quietly in her room; then I heard a stern voice say to her, 'Stop playing, it's bedtime soon'.

I saw a look of horror, written upon her face; as she obeyed their command, and put her toys' in their proper place.

As she crawled into her bed, she quickly faced the wall; and my mind tried to look away, when I saw the familiar adult.

But somehow I couldn't find the strength, to turn away from her; so I continued to watch their actions, in this childs' secret world.

I watched in utter disgust, the abusive actions that took place; and I knew then why there was such horror, written upon her face.

I couldn't even describe, the despicable acts of which I saw; but it made me feel so weak and dirty, as my skin began to crawl.

I saw the child laying there, she did not try to fight; the actions of the adult, who enjoyed what was not right.

Then I watched as the adult left, and the

child curled up in a ball; I could hear her softly sobbing, as she faced the dirty wall.

My heart fell to my feet, as I realized how I knew; the way she felt, and then I thought, 'This little girl is you'.

Overturn The Sun

'Things can't change, things, they will be as they be, you can't get around it, it's not for you or for me.'

So is the thought of many, things will be as they are, 'Just sit back and take it, it's better by far.'

No room for imagination, no wings for the spirit to soar, all that is left, is a stagnant place on the floor.

But, things can change, we can rise and take flight, with our dreams, and our hopes, knowing, we have the right.

Ever reaching forward, all things are attainable if we try, keeping our dreams alive, not allowing them to die.

Grasp hold of the future, for a new life has begun, never give up, know that, you can, Overturn the Sun.'

Pain

Pain stuffed inside of me Can't let anyone near me Can't let anyone see the real me Can't let anyone even hug me

All this pain that's held in me Why can't anyone see the real me Why can't anyone help me Why can't someone just hold me

All this pain that's eating me Can't let go of the pain in me Can't get this pain from me Can't get this pain out of me

When will the pain stop hurting me Why can't I just feel me Why can't I just be me Why can't someone take this pain from me

Passing Time

Time has a way of ticking on by and today's dreams become tomorrow's memories. When we are young we eagerly wait for time Yet us older folks pray for some kind of time delay.But yet the hourglass keeps sifting away, Why is it time seems to move so swiftly,

Yet feels like a lingering storm, When we are faced with grief and pain, or broken dreams? Time can never steal what lives inside our heart,

Love we shared with others, or accomplishments we've made, for precious memories Always stay the same.

Please Look At Me

I will never leave you, for you'd be too upset; So I will stay your' prisoner, and only part in death.

You tell me that you love me, do you know what that word means; the way in which you make me feel, is not true love to me.

You critisize and judge me, for everything I do; Yet you never take the time to see, the me that lives with you.

You control every aspect, of all I say and do; I can't be who I am, as long as I'm with you.

You degrade and insult me, when no one is around; You tell me that it's my fault, then kick me when I'm down.

You've never understood me, or accepted who I am; though my intentions may be good, I feel as though I'm damned.

Why can't you see the me I am, why don't you take the time; to treat me with a little respect, before you cause me to die.

Poetry In Words

Poetry in words brown eyes so kind Etched in the confinements of her mind Beautiful images of paradise so sweet Love weaved in words making eyes weep

Love that is written across the sky Two people two luminous souls cry Enthralling flow tunes lost in time Mountains deep so steep to climb

Cupid has struck his poetry deep Nights of loneliness no longer to keep Senses awakened passion within Both hearing sweet sounds a violin

An island of paradise kisses like wine A man so beautiful hair like golden vine Lost in the ocean rippling waves so free Time stands still for his angel beyond the sea

Images take her to a paradise on earth Enchanted love so strong spiritual rebirth Passion descends their emerald isle This dream of love in images worthwhile

Rainbow of Fall

Tumbling in the leaves, falling so free, the leaves soften the fall, laughter rings throughout the Heaven's as Mother nature makes her call.

The orange, red, bronze, burgundy and brown, a colorful rainbow falling softly to the ground. A day of smiles as the children jump so playfully in the rainbow pile.

The fall winds blowing the colors all around, children chaing the rainbow, trying to catch it before it lands ever so gently on the changing ground.

Crunching leaves underneath their little feet, running through the cool fall air, no worries no cares. Boys and girls playing among Mother Natures call, her beauty found within their hearts, as they welcome the new Fall.

The leaves will stay awhile and dance upon their eyes, as the winds will them to the Fall ballet, they will together dance unto the sky.

Knowing Fall will soon bring Winters chill, still from her gentleness, their little hearts will be fulfilled. Their rainbow will soon disappear, the snow will come, as they await their rainbow of Fall next year.

Revelation

Just like a candle in the dark...... giving light unto those that seek you shine the rays of hope in to my heart like sunshine penetrating the dew only time can heal and bring a révelation for a new revolution a vision for a new direction the mystery of life is made known exposing the hardship undisclosed forcible overthrow it promotes it's extent of destruction... no man can know the passion of man is made open a burst of emotionson it flows like a thunderous noise strong force devoid of poise self composure out of control destruction retribution ...as I wait for a revelation with a revolution.

Rings Around The Moon

In a never ending mist that swirls around inside a world, a mist that hides all vision, a mist that spirled and curled.

Here is where you find your life, never new, never mending, like a wheel within a wheel, always moving, never ending.

you do what is expected, in a game that is not new, play your part for others sakes, thinking you can fake it through.

Then the time comes along when you admit you're out of place, there really is no heart-felt smile, nor happieness on your face.

At last you open, and look through, the windows of your mind, to see another world, that you believed you would not find.

Courage it takes, to step from the old world of the past, into a new life, where happieness, and a true smile, will always last.

Where belief in ones own existence, will be for you, a new tune, love and happieness will abide, and you will run 'Rings Around the Moon.'

Rock-a-by- Rose

My little angel, you now sleep in God's arm's, with angel's singing you lullabys so tender and warm. In my arm's you once did lay, till God sent for you on that beautiful spring day.

On their shoulder your little head lies, as in my heart, only these tear's that Mommy cries. Your little finger's wrapped so tight around God's finger's, only memories wrapped around this heart, as these tear's seem to linger.

You now fly with the angel's there on high, little halo upon your sweet head as Mommy's heart cries. So short our time together my little one, but it won't be long till Mommy's work is done.

Your sparkling brown eye's in all that I see, your angelic sweet voice singing to me. Your hug's in the night, your kisses on my nose, will never be forgotten my sweet little Rose.

Once again I will hold you and rock you to sleep, no more tear's your Mommy will weep. The angel's will be right there to place you in my arm's, No more lonely day's, just an eternity filled with your charm's.

Rock-a-by-Rose, in God's arm's you must sleep, as in this rockin' chair your Mommy rock's and weep's. I hear the angel's singing melodies to my baby so sweet, until again in Heaven we shall meet.

Sad But Ture

He'd open up the front door, and on the couch I'd cringe; for I knew that my Dad, had once again, been on a drinking binge.

Who would be the chosen one, to receive one of his beatings; I'd close my eyes and pray to God, 'Please let him leave us sleeping'.

But he'd always beat up someone, either me, my brother's or Mom; for when my Dad was drunk there was, a storm before the calm.

I can still hear him yelling, 'Woman, get your' lazy butt in here'; and my Mom would always comply to him, I surmise mostly out of fear.

I would rather have taken the beatings, for they didn't hurt that bad; what hurt me more than anything, was to see my Mother so sad.

It was always the same, each and every night, when my Dad would come home drunk; sometimes I'd sleep in the bushes, or in our old pick-up truck.

He never had a job, nor ever worked a day in his life; I can still remember hearing my Mother, weeping softly into the night.

To go to bed hungry was one thing, but to know your eight children as well; had no food in their rumbling tummies, to Mom that was worse than Hell.

What money my Dad did managed to make, doing odd jobs here and there; was always spent on alchohol, our cabinets' were always bare.

My Mom did her best to feed us, welfare helped us here and there; then I got a job and I helped Mom, and we weren't in such despair.

I look back on my childhood, it was tough yet it made me strong;

Dad died from drinking rubbing alchohol, it was all he could get his hands on. Ruth warren www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive 138

Safe and Secure Within My Wings

Safe and secure here within my wings, keeping my heart from pain from all hurt life can bring. I will release my heart when that special day comes, I will open it's pages to only the right one.

Sharing all it's beauty inside, but until then it's beauty I must hide. Secrets bound within, keeping a tight rein until his face I see, his heart beat I feel, his whispers shared only with me. It's love I shall harbor until his loving arms are around me, till then, this heart is only for me.

The right one has the key, for there is only one. He keeps it safe until that day, that day when he will unlock my heart and set it free. Free to fly, to connect to his, never to be apart, the key will forever open my life, to soar among the winds, with that special someone right by my side.

I will then toss the key to the oceans below, riding upon the waves, to where ever it wants to go. No longer will I need that key, forever this heart will be free. Free to love, free to feel, forever with love to be filled. But until then I shall keep it safe and secure, just waiting for that day, my heart will know for sure.

Set Her Free

Deep, Deep, Inside Of Me, Lives A Girl That Weeps.

Her Tears Fill Me Up Inside, How Can I Set Her Free.

Please Help Me, Set Her Free Before She Drowns Me.

I Feel, I Can No Longer Breath.

Set Your Mind Free

Set your mind free to float on the breeze Let your soul drift upon the open seas Keep your chin up and never stare at the ground Don't let opinions of another ever bring you down

Always remember and please hear what I say Tomorrow always brings another new day So never give up and always put up a fight We were all born a star that's shining bright

This road can be long as we travel far Don't let problems ever change who it is you are Some will go great and some will go bad So make these the best days you've ever had

Life will give back what it is you put in So teach yourself to be your own best friend By treating yourself with a little respect Soon enough the dots will all start to connect

Shared Tears

A friend of my daughters', came home with her today; yet she did not speak a word, as they began to play.

An instant burden, in my heart I had; for this child, who I never once heard giggle or laugh.

I baked them some cookies, and poured them some juice; when I offered them to her, she politely refused.

I listened from outside, of my daughters' bedroom door; I heard this child whisper, 'Why do you want me here for?

My Mommy hates me, she told me she did; she said there was no room in her life, for a worthless kid.

She calls me ugly, and beats me till I've bled; and there are so many nights, I've went hungry to bed.

She's punished me, in such awful ways; and tells me that she wished, I would just run away.

I once made her so mad, she just went crazy; and the doctor told me, I can never have any babies.

But your' Mommy's nice, I can tell she loves you; cause she baked you some cookies, and gave you some juice'.

I didn't hear my daughter, say even one word; she just listened as her friend, told of her shattered world.

I softy walked away, with tears in my eyes;

for I too shared the tears, that this little girl cried. Ruth warren

Shattered Glass

Deep within my heart of hearts, lies a pain that freely flows; an anguished river of ageless tears, that I cried so long ago.

Nothing can soothe this pain I feel, no Damn can hold back my rage; caused by years of wasted tears, from a life of shame and heartache.

Just when I think there are no tears left, for me to possibly cry; a tidal wave of emotions flood, my heart, my soul, my mind.

I'm not sure how deep my river is, nor how far my pain goes down; but there is no echoe when a teardropp falls, as it silently lands on the ground.

I've cried a well of tears in my life, and my heart can not be repaired; for it has been broken as crystall glass, as it has been shattered everywhere.

Silence

I don't know what to do My minds going crazy It's keeping me up at night It's four o'clock in the morning

I can't control the tears that are falling I feel as thought I want to be trapped Trapped inside myself again. Unable to speak

Than that way, I can't cause any feelings It's making me think that learning to speak Wasn't such a good thing It causes to many feelings

Finding it all to confusing I'm scared I'd say the wrong thing I never say what I mean. I can't explain myself properly

Speak don't speak both have there ups and downs I don't know why I'm battling with myself Silence is the best thing It causes less feelings

Silence Is Not Golden

A Mother watches, as her little girl plays; yet no words or emotions, does this woman exchange.

She has no idea how silence can hurt; for her child can hear the silence, of her unspoken words.

The little girl is aware of how her Mommy feels; silence is not golden, it's a thief that slowly steals.

This precious child, a gift from above; seeks her Mothers' approval, attention and love.

Yet her Mother never bonded with this beautiful, little girl; who, by the Grace of God, came into this world.

No bedtime stories, not a hug or a kiss; did her Mother ever bless this precious child with.

'I want my Mommy', the child silently cried; as she tucked herself in, each and every night.

'Am I so terrible that my Mommy can't see; how much I love her, why can't she love me'?

Silver Tears

As silver tears fall from hearts so confused, From hearts too afraid even to hope.

That happiness could be for you and for me, In a life much more beautiful than most.

Is there a power an external force, That knows all our needs deep down inside

That through it's great wisdom and mighty hand, Will stop that punishing tide?

For now there is peace a freedom from fear, Now joy abounds in my heart, A new life for me now will start.

Now the tears that I cry are the tears of joy, The tears that I cry are sweet tears.

So Many Words

There are so many languages on this world that we live, billions of words that we recieve and we give.

So many words that we write and we speak, yet the words unspoken, are the words that we seek.

Many are easy and slip from the tongue, others are not, and for a moment we are hung.

Their are no words for us that can truly be expressed, that tell of the love that is deep in our chest.

Such intense emotions, with a voice do not speak, even through-out this world if we were to seek.

So how do we say, what is hidden deep in this place, it must be through our eyes and the look on our face?

Maybe one day, man will be blessed with a special word, then our deepest emotions, will at long last, be heard.

Spiraling Downwards

I'm slowly spiraling downwards, with nothing in sight to grab. No safety net to catch me, No one to lend a hand.

I'm falling ever so deeply, into this blackened hole And any hopes of escaping my doom i gave up a long time ago.

I'ts quiet in this no man's land vold of sight and sound There's no one to share my problems with as no solutions will ever be found.

As i continue to fall into this bottomless pit I have no one but me to blame for causing all this pain.

Storms

Storms brewing
Storms howling
how true to life
storms can really be,
Raging within
raging outside,
Cool rain like
falling tears,
Winds blowing
emotions flying,
Cracks of lighting
like pain of a heart,
Loud thunder
head pounding,
Skies clear
sun is shining,
Opening our eyes
To a brand new day..

Survival

She smokes too many cigarettes, she takes too many pills; she tries her best to ease the pain, but slowly her hearts being killed.

She awakens every morning, another day of sorrow she'll face; so she lights up a cigarette, pops a few pills, in hopes of enduring her day.

When the pills take effect, as they usually do, she feels much stronger then; she's ready to simply get through the day, without wishing her life would end.

For she can't seem to face the life that she lives, the misery is too much to bare; and the only comfort she has is stored, in a bottle of pills somewhere.

But she knows this is not the answer, she's only covering up the pain; like an umbrella on a stormy night, that catches all of the rain.

Yet how would she ever be able to survive, if she had to deal with her sorrow; she's not ready to work through the pain on her own, let alone face another tomorrow.

Her past is filled with bad memories, and the present is full of no hope; so she takes another one of her pills, her best friend, that helps her to cope.

Taunting

I see in my minds' eye, a frightened, little girl; she lingers in my memories, and dwells within my world.

I am able to hear her thoughts, and I know just how she feels; and even if no one can see her, to me she is very real.

I've shared in the tears she's cried, from the abuse we both endured; yet we are separate people, living in our own little world.

She comes to me each night, when my heart begins to race; from the fear that filled my childhood, and she gives me a warm embrace.

'It will be alright', she softly whispers in my ear; 'They are all gone now, so you have nothing to fear'.

Yet even though I know this, the fear returns at my bedtime; it taunts me as if it were saying, 'You'll never feel safe at night'.

Tell Me Baby

Can you see me, as I dream of you tonight? Can you feel my breath as it passes my lips, can you feel the movement of my hips? Can you feel the heat within my sigh, can you feel my love tonight?

Come closer, look into my eyes, can you really tell me, that you don't want me? Come closer, can you hear my heart, as it cries out for you, can you feel it's heavy beating, baby, that beating is just for you.

Come to me, take my hand as I reach for you, take my hand in yours. Press your lips gently against mine, do you feel my kiss, do you feel my hunger, as it is you that I miss.

Take me in your loving arms, hold me close, it is these memories that my heart will not let go. I have longed to touch you sweetheart, I have been wanting your kiss, your body next to mine, I do miss.

How long must my body ache for your touch, how many days must pass, how many nights must I lie here and wait? Do you need me as I need you, is your thirst for love as great as mine, such agony is this thing called 'time.'

Does the heat rise with thoughts of me, is it me that you dream of, pleasing thee? Is it my lips in which you need, is it my hunger that you so desire to feed? Will our passion ever scream unto the night, will our two souls ever take that flight?

Come to me baby, let the love begin, let your heart collide with mine, let me take you in. Look into these baby blues, it is there you will see me needing you. These hot nights with just thoughts of thee, tell me baby, are your thoughts of me?

Ten Roses

For every tear you cry, I cry a hundred thousand more,

I'll give you ten roses, For everything you're fighting for.

The first will be a red rose, For courage and for health,

The second a bright yellow rose, For gaining all life's wealth,

The third will be a soft pink rose, So you may be happy in love,

The fourth will be a white rose, Brought by a turtledove,

The fifth will be an orange rose, To give you back your fire,

The sixth will be a deep pink rose, So you may have what you desire,

The seventh will be a coral rose, To gain you many friends,

The eighth will be a purple rose, To guide you through life's bends,

The ninth will be a pale yellow rose, To give you hope to try,

The tenth will be a black rose, So you can mourn me when I die.

I have to leave my dearest friend, But may the roses last you til my end,

I'm sorry I could not say goodbye, Though ten roses I leave by your side.

I leave you with a kiss, Along with these rose flowers,

I know I will be missed, But I pray the roses will give you power,

Power to go on my love, Power to be strong,

Power to get over me,

And let your life carry on	
Ruth warren	
www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive	155

Thank You

The Thought Of Having To Say Good Bye To You Both Is Breaking My Heart. You Have Been The Best Teachers I Have Ever Known And I Thank You For Your Knowledge. I Have Learned So Much From You Both And You Bring Out The Best In Everyone That Comes Here.

The Humam Heart Is A Powerful Thing
And I Would Never Of Made It
If It Hadn't Been For You Both.
You've Been My Strenght In My Weakness
And I Admirer You For Your Care And Patience
That Never Seened To End. My Heart Felt Thanks
To You Both Is Made Of Many Special Things.

I Don't Know How I Will Ever Thank You. Could There Ever Be Adequate Words of Thanks For Having Faith And Believing In Me. It's Because Of You Both That I Am Able To Reach My Potential In Life And Hopefully Work Along Side You. One Day In The Future.

Every Thing That I Feel I Want To Say To You Doesn't Quit Measure Up To Being Enough. Because How Do I Say Thanks For All The Ten Thousand Little Things You've Done And The Million Thanks For What You Have Both Done For Me Over The Years.

I Will Truly Miss Being Around You, You Always Seem To Make Me Smile, Even When I've Been Down. But I Want You To Know That From All These Precious Moments You Will Remain In My Heart Forever. I Admirer All That You Do. Thank You For Never Giving Up On Me.

Thank You All

What could I ever say, to any one of you; to ever show my thanks, for everything you do?

What words would be most proper, to let you somehow know; how much I truly appreciate, the love you've freely shown?

What actions could ever be enough, to prove just how I feel; for offering me your love and support, when I most needed it.

If Novels were ever written, to describe the depth of my thanks no Library in this great big world, could house them quite enough.

So I will end with, 'Thank you all, for being there for me. In my heart you will forever remain, thank you for caring for me.

Thank You For Sharing Your Love

My family never believed in me, they had no faith at all; that I would ever become a success, they were sure that I'd trip and fall.

All of my life I've spent searching, for someone to accept me for me; Then you came into my life, and showed me that I could succeed.

The first time that I talked with you, was on the telephone; You cheered me up and made me smile, and I no longer felt all alone.

You loved me for who I truly was, and you expected nothing from me; For once in my life I felt special, you'll never know what that means.

We've grow closer during this past year, and there's so much I'd like to say; but you will hear it as time goes by, for my love will never fade away.

I mean this from my heart of heart's, you are my friend, whom I love; and the bond we share will only grow stronger, as time moves on.

I don't know how you do it, cheering me up on my darkest days; but you'll never know how much you've done, to help me in so many ways.

Thank you for helping me to be a stronger person.

The Beauty of Nature

Through the mist of the forest she ventures, to a clearing she visits each day; This beautiful, young Taichi student, at Dawn works hard as she trains.

Her mind is alert and focused, as she watches an Eagle take flight; while a Fox and her four, young cubs, quickly scurry as they all pass her by.

Wildflowers in dark shades of purple, her favorite shade of hue; decorate the Forest with color, and her heart is refreshed and renewed.

She smiles as she see's in the thicket, a Fawn, most vulnerable to prey; Her spirit soars higher than an Eagle, as she watches the Deer prance away.

The Black Widow

She lurks within the shadows, spinning her web of lies; patiently waiting and watching, for her victims to pass by.

She lures them towards her snare, with cunningness and skill; The Black Widow is her name, and she is hungry to kill.

It doesn't matter to her, if her prey is married or not; They are all the same to her, as in her trap they're caught.

Her Cobweb is her battlefield, she's spun with care and pride; She catches her naive victims, in her web of deceipt and lies.

Her name is well befitting, for she kills with every strike; She sucks the life right out of them, then leaves them there to die.

They're helpless when they are captured, they lack the will to fight; and her fangs are poised and ready, waiting patiently to strike.

Only the strongest of men, will escape the web she's weaved; for she crawls into their lives, as she practices to deceive.

If they are able to free themselves, she patiently waits for another; to devour their very minds and hearts, as she carefully chooses her lover.

The Caged Dove

A little girl, with tears in her eyes, kneels gently beside her bed; she's either praying for safety, or pleading that she was dead.

She says 'Amen' and tucks herself in, her dolly in her hand; and in her world, what she's soon to face, she can't possibly understand.

She gets no goodnite kisses, no 'I love you, don't you know'; and as the lights are turned off, one by one, her fear begins to grow.

They always lay beside her, and then the horror begins; just as it has for many years now, and as it will again.

She holds her dolly tightly, as if it could protect her somehow; but she knows she is at their mercy, and the torture will take place now

She feels the need to make them happy, for she desperately longs to be loved; so she participates in their sick, little games, as she feels like a caged, little dove.

If she had wings, she would fly away, to a place where there is no pain; and her feelings would be those of pride and self-worth, not guilt, heartache and shame.

But no wings can be found on this child, though to most she's a precious dove; but to the adults who hurt her every night, she's an object, not to be loved.

The Calm Of Your Pain

Your words wash over my soul, taking my heart to places unknown. Like waves lapping at the earthly shores, my heart rapidly beats, as I anticipate more.

As the gentle breeze turns the pages in my mind, I keep reading, new discoveries I do find. In your words I see your love, your heart, your pain, as I often feel the tears roll down my face once again.

The ink from your words slowly began to flow, As I read of a lost love, a love that you still refuse to let go. Your heart pours across your page like an ocean at war, as the moon sends the tide into a deep rage once more.

Morning will come, and the waters will still once more, like the beat of your heart as it washes upon the shore. Bringing you the calm that only by me you are given, as you lie beneath the wake of the morning Heaven.

The Darkness Within

I was walking through a castle One dark and stormy night, Candle operas hung on the walls All lit up down a long corridor.

I'm not sure of what brought me here, But something or someone was calling out to me.

I started venturing into different rooms On either side of me.

I opened a door and something Seemed to be pulling me into depths unknown.

I reached for a candle opera And grabbed it off the wall beside me.

Once I got into the room, I took the light I had and Shone it by the wall looking For a light switch.

I found one, flicked it on And there was nothing.

My light went out, I was left in complete darkness.

I started feeling my way along the wall, Looking for the door I came in. The walls felt slimey.

I ran my hands up and down
The slime filled walls,
Until I could feel just a small opening.
I heard the grinding of rocks beside me,
I must have stumbled upon a secret passageway.
I slowly made my way toward the opening.

Suddenly,
I fell into a hole in the floor.
I landed with a loud thud.
I looked up and seen a beam of light
Down the corridor ahead of me.
Thinking it was a candle opera, I decided to check it out.

I heard someone chanting.
Who was it?
I wasn't sure.
Then...
A loud shriek echoed through the dark corridor.

I reached the end of the corridor And in front of me stood a sorceress, Surrounded by a shield of light.

I was turning around to run, When I heard her say, 'Come to me my child.'

I felt myself levitating off the floor.

I couldn't do anything to escape her grasp.

My fingernails scraped the walls.

I was facing her.

Her eyes glowed a crimson red.

I was too scared to say anything.

She was speaking to me in tongues, But I couldn't understand what she was saying I'm pretty sure she was casting a spell.

I suddenly fell to the floor.

I couldn't move.

My body felt empty and lifeless.

She was pure evil.

The room was spinning around me.

Suddenly....

I woke up in a cold sweat in my own bed.

That was one hell of a nightmare.

The Dying Rose

Once so beautiful, freshly cut, a single rose stands encompassed by succulent green leaves and proud standing thorns

petite white gypsum surrounds this expression of love the tall slender rose vase holds the water for life

Words of appreciation are given as eyes drink in the vista before them scented perfume fills and stimulates heightened senses colors of red, green and virgin white stimulate the eyes

As all things that live, so all things must die in their turn rose petals shrivel and loose the lustre if red succulent green leaves whither, turn brown and die virgin petite gypsum wilts and becomes a dirty used white.

Water discolors to a slimy foul smelling green the once beautiful is now the 'Dying Rose.'

When did it start to die? When it was cut off from its source of life.

The Fear In Her Heart

She walks to Junior High School, with her head hung sad and low; She's fearful that if she looks up, her secrets might somehow show.

Her eye's are red and swollen, from the tears that she had cried; after the molestation, that she endured last night.

Her dress is old and tattered, faded with age and time; a hand-me-down from the neighbors, who's hearts are soft and kind.

All day long she listens, to the laughter and cruel words; of her fellow classmates, as they shame this precious girl.

She never has any money, when each day her lunch-time arrives; so she patiently sits on the playground, no matter what the weather outside.

When the school bell finally rings, at the end of her school day; she walks home very slowly, apprehensive and afraid.

She can hear the voices yelling, as closer to home she gets; She knows that soon she'll encounter, what her heart will never forget.

She says a prayer before entering, the large and old, oak door; that leads into her nightmare, that began when she was four.

The loved one's stop their shouting, and quietly stare at this young girl; Her fate lies in their perverted hands, where their touch's are painful to endure.

They continue with their shouting, as if she never came home; and she's thankful for the daylight, for at night their hand's always roam.

When her bedtime arrives, much too soon, she says a simple prayer;

not for herself, but for the one's, who have brought guilt into her world.

Now this teenage girl is grown, and has long since moved away; I look at my past and then realize, I am stronger because of the shame.

The Forest

Into the beautiful forest, I run as fast as a deer; they're growing closer by the minute, my heart is filled with fear.

I see wildlife all around me, and deeper into the forest I run; for once they lay their hands on me, the chase will then be done.

And so knowing what will happen, if they catch me in the night; only makes me run that much faster, until they are out of my sight.

I stop for a brief moment, but only to rest for awhile;
I can sense their presence is near, so I must be quick and agile.

Just as I am ready, to start running from them again; I feel their cold hands upon me, and I know the torture will begin.

They drag me through the woods, to the place that I call home; into a room, where secrets are kept, and hands that freely roam.

This dream of mine, I have each night, most of it is true; I never try to run, yet I always comply, with what they want me to do.

The Forgotten Child

Depression envelopes my being, its' tenticles wrapped tightly around my mind and heart, dark and confused, as it pulls me towards the ground.

Helpless and afraid, with no energy to fight back, it slowly drags me into a hole, bottomless and black.

I always scream for help, yet no one hears my calls, my anquish is mine, and mine alone, as are my tears that fall.

There is no one who can rescue me, perhaps they do not care, and as I am slipping into myself, I'm consumed with fear and despair.

A tunnell full of memories, which my mind and heart regrets, are swirlling all around me, those nightmares I can't forget.

No one even notices, that I'm no longer there. No rope has ever been thrown my way, to pull me from dispair.

And as I am spiraling downward, into my ocean of sorrow, all I can see are my yesterdays, which have tainted my future tomorrows.

Slowly and deeper I am plunged into, the midst of my heartaches and it is there, in the rotting core, that my pain is stored away.

Yet still within my absense, the child is never missed, for within the memories of everyone, this little girl doesn't exist.

The Ghoul

He limps down the street you can hear the dragging of his feet.

He comes from the pits of Hell what will he do next? No one can tell.

He goes to the graveyard late at night into the darkness, out of sight.

The ghoul senses fresh meat he sees an open grave and has a seat.

Owls in tree tops are watching him the streetlights start growing dim.

He sits and tears the corpse apart the ghoul starts eating the still bloody heart.

The corpse just put into the grave the ghoul gets his fill, heads back to his cave.

He awaits for another night to begin so he can sit and eat a freshly buried corpse again.

The Hole

Desperate and confused, alone in the darkness I sit; saddened by the failure I am, as another cigarette is lit.

I was once so full of hopes and dreams, a treasure box I truly cherished; but depression caused my joy to vanish, thus my dreams of happiness perished.

I wasn't always quite so sad, I lived on a cloud every day; but somewhere along my trip through life, my happiness faded away.

Cruel words were spoken of me, that pierced my tender soul; I stopped believing in myself, and dug a deep, dark hole.

I retreated into this self-made cocoon, where I would spend my days; and no one has ever once entered, this quiet and very safe place.

If I were to emerge from my dark despair, it would put myself at harm; from lips that speak of lying words, and the touch from betraying arms.

The Monster In Me

A monster is lurking within me, it's been there all of my life; it follows me wherever I go, it dwells within my mind.

Never once did I ever fear it, for it's sad in its' own, strange way; and ironically, I wish that I, could take its' pain away.

It's not the sort of monster, that other children see; for theirs' are imaginary, and mine is a part of me.

Theirs' only comes out to frighten them, in the darkness of the night; mine is out and wondering about, even when the Sun shines bright.

Theirs' will go away, as they mature each day; mine clings to me like static, and will never go away.

The Oceans Song

Night after night the ocean sings it's songs, full of sadness, filling the part of me where love belongs.

The waves gently lap at my heart, where your heart beat use to play a part. They kiss my dreams so softly, just like your tender lips use to do.

The foam covers my eyes, filling them with tears, as I lie awake and wish ahead, for all those years.

The melodies that come in with the tide, remind me of all the obsticles that kept me from your side.

The moon light slides beautifully across my skin, just as you did the day I opened my heart and let you in.

The clouds of white, so shy, they caress my soul, opening slowly, my hearts pages, falling freely like an untied scroll.

Night after night, the ocean sings to me, so sad the words, bringing memories of thee. Upon it's salty waters, my tears forever flow, drowining in the mystery, of it's lonely tempo.

The Predator

As a deadly Snake that's poised, to strike at any time; it watches my every movement, for a chance to poison my mind.

Lurking about as a Spider, spinning webs of lies and deciept; spun from a suspicious heart, it silently waits for me.

It's tail is that of a Scorpion, for the sting is painful and sharp; it hides itself as a coward, to pierce my self-exposed heart.

Prowling around as a Lion, to mangle my joy and pride; it stalks me wherever I go, with the fury it harbors inside.

The Wolf waits for the gentle lamb, cunningly biding it's time; until the lamb is caught off guard, then the Wolf howls, 'She's all mine'.

The Prisoner

In the darkest recess of myself, there lives a frightened child; so very helpless and afraid, so timid and so mild.

She just simply sits there, curled up in a ball; too afraid to stand, for fear that she might fall.

She waits in the darkness, in the corner of herself; covered up with dust, as an old doll on a shelf.

She cries out for help, but no one seems to care; She desperately longs to come out, but knows she doesn't dare.

Someone is keeping her there, whom she isn't sure;
Maybe it's herself,
for which there is no cure.

Trapped like a prisoner, with no hope for escape; so hurt and violated, as the victim of a rape.

And so this little girl, who once felt no fear; now only feels, the wetness of her tears.

She once was trusting, so innocent and alive; but the violation she suffered, caused her to hide.

Into herself she hid, too ashamed to come back out; and there she stays, all alone, and no one hears her shouts.

For once she was a little girl, full of innocence and love; then darkness overtook her, and caged this little dove.

And now she's hidden deeply away, in the safety of her cell;

where darkness covers up the pain, that long ago she felt. Ruth warren

The Rage Of Her River

A storm is churning violently, deep within my mind; its' rage has become a torment, festered with pain and time.

A damn of pain and heartache, holds back the mighty flow; of an anguished river of tears, that were cried many years ago.

Due to all of my sorrow, I shed tears that no one sees; pain that falls as rain drops, upon the whithering leaves.

No one has ever listened, to my broken hearts' lonely call; nor ever are seen my tears that flow, yet never seem to fall.

The Reflection

I sat and watched, this young child play; she stayed in the corner, on that dark day.

I watched her laugh, I watched her pretend; 'She's really happy, yet where were her friends'?

She seemed wrapped up, in her own small world; this precious child, this withdrawn little girl.

She appeared to be, quite content; to be all alone, where ever she went.

Then the sunset began, and I noticed a tear; her face held an expression, of terror and fear.

She put away her toys, laid her dollys' to rest; she was meticulous and careful, during her quest.

I heard a voice, calling out to her; 'It's bedtime, come along, don't doddle my dear'.

At that moment, I can't explain why; tears welled up, in her troubled eyes.

She quietly did, what she was told; all she had in her bed, was a blanket to hold.

She turned over, facing the wall; and I saw her teardrops, silently fall.

I knew at that moment, that something was wrong; yet I had to turn away, I wasn't that strong.

How could I understand, her pain and grief; Because this little girl, grew up to be me.

The Same

She hears a voice speaking softly, 'Don't listen to a word they say; they only lie to protect themselves, from their actions of yesterday'.

This voice is tender and soothing, and she listens to the comfort it provides; 'They are living in their own, sick world, full of perversion and lies'.

She strains to hear more of the words,

that ease her troubled mind; 'You are their scapegoat and they blame you, for their actions every night'

She longs to believe that this voice she hears, speaks to her only the truth; 'They are the ones' who are guilty, and their sick actions provide all the proof'.

How wonderful it would be she thinks, if these words she could only believe; 'They have no right to use your' body, for their twisted pleasure and relief'.

Does she dare trust what this voice is saying, when she knows not where it comes from; then she glances in the mirror and hears, 'We are not two, but one'.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN

She can't seem to enjoy, all that life has to give; for this question continues to haunt her, 'Oh how do I live'?

She can't enjoy the sunshine, for all she sees is the outcome; the sun will be setting soon, upon this little one.

As usual, in her life, the bright skies never last; for when evening befalls her, her shadow of fear is cast.

Then bedtime will follow soon, where there's no trace of the Sun; only pain and sorrow, will she feel, when they are finished having their fun.

And just as the night before, her world will turn very cold; as she feels an obligation, to do what she is told.

They'll enter her silent world, where no light does she ever see; and she'll feel so very all alone, as she becomes what they want her to be.

Just like all of the other nights, she'll quietly comply; for resisting would be useless, so she lays there and silently cries.

They'll do things to her, that she can't possibly describe; and she'll lay there in utter horror, as she reluctantly complies.

When their deeds are finally finished, she'll be left as an empty shell; where once upon a time, an untainted child dwelled.

The Truth

At times I feel so discouraged, deep down within my soul; for Satan is trying to own me, and drag me down far below.

But no matter how I am feeling, I know the honest truth; God loves me unconditionally, and His Word provides the proof.

Everyone needs something, to hope for and believe in; I chose my Saviour Jesus, who cleansed me of my sins.

When I begin to feel depressed, I think of God's great love; It pulls me from my pit of despair, and gently lifts me up.

What would it ever feel like, to have no hope at all; while you're lying on your' death bed, do you know who you would call?

There is a Manshion in Heaven, and it's waiting there for me; I'm not adraid to die anymore, for Christ shed His blood freely.

Some will ignore His teaching's, and they won't accept the Truth; They claim God does not even excist, for they have no solid proof.

The proof I need lies within my heart, where Jesus freely dwells; He is the only One there is, Who can save my soul from Hell.

It's really very simple, to ask Him in your' heart; and He will gladly dwell there, from you He will never part.

He knocks upon every Human's door, which opens their empty heart's; but if you do not answer, He will take His gift and depart.

Why don't some answer when He knocks, it's extremely simple to do;

and if you're genuine in your' plea, He will forever dwell in you.

There's only one possible way, to spend Eternity with Him; accept Him as your' personal Saviour, and your' life will then begin.

The Visit

I opened up the door, to a room at the nursing home; it was dark and quiet inside, for my Mother liked being alone.

I tip-toed ever so quietly, to the bed where my Mother layed; I whispered, 'Mom, I've missed you and thought I'd come, to visit with you today'.

In her usual stone-cold voice she asked, 'Why are you even here; it seems I just can't get rid of you, though I've tried for many years'.

'Now Mother', I tried to joke with her, 'you know that you're glad to see; this thorn in your' side, this pain in your' neck, this daughter full of failousies'.

I should have known better by now, then to joke with this woman in the bed; for all of my life, we rarely spoke, though so much was always said.

I sat down in a chair beside her, and looked into her eyes; they were full of anger and hostility, directed at me, I surmised.

I must have been there for over an hour, yet not one word did she say to me; she just stared with contempt at her youngest daughter, who was staring back at her lonely Mommy.

I finally said, 'Well Mom, I have things I need to do; but I'll be back as soon as I can, to spend some time with you'.

I leaned over her bed to give her a kiss, and she pulled away from me; I thought, 'She'll never show me any love or affection, for some things were never meant to be'.

But I kissed her anyway, and I hugged this stranger that I knew;

I whispered in her ear, 'I love you, and her response was, 'Right back at you'.

The Walls

I know of a secret place, where only I'm allowed to go; for it's my safety and harbor, and it lies deep within my soul.

I constructed it years ago, when the abuse began to take place; for I needed somewhere that I could go, where I would feel peaceful and safe.

For outside the solace of those walls, I knew danger was lurking for me; but deep inside this soothing place, I found there, safety and peace.

When I would find the courage, to venture outside of those walls; I was confronted with the pain in my life, and danger constantly called.

Nothing has changed from my painful youth, not even the ability; to come and go, when I feel the need, to escape from reality.

Their World

The child is filled with terror, as she trembles in her room; it's almost time, for her to comply, with their wishes, all too soon.

She is nothing more, than a voice that's never heard; her feelings are ignored, so she doesn't speak a word.

She just sits and stares, at her dirty bedroom door; waiting, with a terrifying dread, of what's soon to be in store.

Her heart begins to race, as the time draws very near; she starts to sweat, for her heart is consumed, with a neverending fear.

And though she may be small, she has never been unaware; of the abusive treatment she receives, from the ones who clearly don't care.

She is not allowed an opinion, for she is only a little girl; they do not ask permission, to join them in their sick world.

She hears her own heart pounding, as the time has almost come; when they will do horrendous things, to this child, so full of love.

She feels used and abused, by their actions, throughout the years; and they make her wish that she were dead, as she cries her silent tears.

These Tears Of Joy

The tears that now fall upon my face, are not of sorrow, nor pain. They sparkle like the stars of the Heaven's, they glisten like the falling rain.

The warmth of these tears caress my face, the trails they leave behind lead to the most beautiful place. That place within my heart, where on that day, our love did start.

These tears fall to a different beat, to the beat of a heart that once was alone, now the beat so strong, for now in your gentle hands is where this heart calls home.

These tears each have so much love within, so I catch them as they fall, for through these tears, my love I send to you. The tears for you I do cry, until forever in your arms my soul does lie.

These Walls Surround Me

These walls surround me I feel like they are closing in.

I scream to get out, but there is no one to hear me.

The air gets thin, the walls creep closer, there is no way out.

I look up, I look down, there is no escape.

I start scaling the walls I stop....
I realise I'm trapped between these walls forever.....

These Wings

To love and be loved, I must shed these wings, walk in darkness, forget the beauty in things.

Open my heart to the pouring rain, learn to accept the true reality, 'with love there is always pain.

Maybe I should keep my wings, and fly far away, never to look back, or have a pain filled day.

If I give my wings away, myself I cannot be, all reflections of my life, will be washed away from me.

To love I must be just how 'they' want me to be, to be loved, I must let go of all that is simply me.

So these wings I'll keep and soar within the winds, just being me, all alone again.

They Whisper

When I was but a child, fulfilling their lustful needs; they'd whisper, 'This is all your' fault', and my heart sank to my knees.

Guiltridden and confused, consumed with fear and shame; they'd whisper, 'You are a bad, little girl, you've no one else to blame'.

Sobbing quietly in my bed, as they had their way with me; they'd whisper, 'You know that you are enjoying this, we're just giving you what you need'.

Curled up in a ball, wondering what I could have done wrong; they'd whisper, 'You are a sweet, little girl, for you always play along'.

Clenching my teeth as they'd leave my room, feeling cheap, dirty and abused; I'd whisper, 'I'll never get back what they stole from me, my innocence and my youth'.

I'd tightly cuddle my teddy bear, the only friend that I had; I'd whisper, 'I'm only getting what I deserve, for being so wicked and bad'.

Even though I felt I was not worthy, of getting a good nights sleep; I'd whisper, 'I know that when tonight arrives, they'll make my tender heart bleed'.

And as I lay there half asleep, thinking what will happen tonight; I swore I heard my teddy bear whisper, 'Hush now, don't you cry'.

This Little Girl

She huddles against the dirty wall hugging it ever so tight; hopeing that he will choose not to do the things, he did last night.

Her breathing is ever so shallow no signs of life in her. A technique she's developed with perfection, to guard her twisted world.

'Maybe he will think i'm dead, ' she hopes 'For he can't see me breath, perhapes for just one night, he will turn around and leave'

Her wishes fade away in the night as he climb into her bed and any hopes of fooling him are replaced with anguish and dread.

She knows too well the ritual, it's the same as the night before. The abuser will take what he wants from her and no words will this child implore.

For she tries so hard to please him and everyone she loved. Yet all of the time she cringes from their touch.

While she is huddled against the wall never once looked in to he's eyes She can almost she him smiling as he rape this child of nine.

This little girl holds back the tears. she knows she soon will cry she utters not a single word. As he enjoys the one he despise.

And when the torment is over, he leave without a sound, and the tears that she's been holding back, fall silently to the ground.

This Pain

Place your hand upon my chest, tell me, do you feel the emptiness? Do you feel the pain within me, begging to be set free?

Keeping this pain within my heart, has taken away all hopes of a new start. Only wondering if love is to be, wanting this pain cast away from me.

Many years have passed, and true love I haven't found. Watching true love invade, all the people around.

Maybe it couldn't find me, for I've yet to set this pain free. Maybe it's knocking at my heart's door, but my eyes are blind to what stands before.

Afraid of what time may send, afraid to let that someone in. All this love I keep inside, waiting for that special guy.

Will he hold the key to my heart, will he love me from the start? I cannot say what will come my way, I just hope this pain will leave someday.

This Pain This Rain

How long shall this rain pound my soul, how long till the pain that holds me captive, let go?
When will the sun begin to shine, will it ever dry these tears that fall from my eyes?

Will the rivers of sorrow keep flooding my broken soul, will peace I ever know?

Will I ever feel love as I have dreamth so many times, on my heart, will the stars shine?

How long must I weather this storm that surrounds me, will the dark clouds ever let me see?

Will your hand I touch again, will those lost feelings ever in my heart begin?

Can I dream of that day, that warm day with sunshine, warmth to caress this heart of mine?

Rain, rain go away, with each drop, a piece of my heart fades, slowly washing out to sorrows sea.

Beautiful sunshine, please come to me again, let the healing slowly begin.

Rivers, please flow gently over my soul, peacefully over my heart, cool waters, as the healing starts. Storms, please pass, so that through the clouds I may see, my love standing there to take this pain from me.

Through The Eyes Of A Child

No-one is bad, no danger abounds, all is pure, no horrible sounds.

Father Christmas is real and angels fly high, there is nothing deadly to fall from the sky.

No such thing as debt, as money, grows on trees, they can have anything they want, if they say, 'Please.'

Food is abundant and there is no such thing as fore-closure, they can live in the sun, no thought of exposure.

No such thing as wars, no knowlege of abuse, if it can't be eaten or played with, for it, they have no use.

Then in one day, their innocense is gone, they have stepped into a world where innocense does'nt belong.

Through The Eyes Of Others

Through the eyes of others, many wonders to be found. I have seen the love to which their heart's are bound.

Looking into the eyes of a child, so much splendor there, some with so much sorrow, some with no care.

Through the eyes of others, many tears I have seen, heartaches overflowing, as they spill from their life's seam.

In the eyes of the old, so many stories there to be told, some of love, some forgotten, left out in the cold.

Through the eyes of others, I have come to know, as I look through the windows, I will always find their soul.

There in the eye's, always their life comes alive, ever changing, never to stay the same, as some close them to life's pain.

Through the eyes of others, beauty I have seen, their children, their hopes, their wishes and their dreams.

I have seen a soul take flight on broken wings, I have felt death, felt their sorrow that it brings.

Eye's can tell you everything you need to know, take you on a journey into one's soul.

Till I'm Gray and Old

I care about her so much I hate seeing her in pain As i've been there myself Black and blue on her arm's

With a baby on the way He puts on the greatest front With a smile (Never say's a word)

But behind that smile is a angry man And for that its her he hurts The baby's 9 monthes living now And he's got a ring he bought down town

He askes her to marry him She sai yes but slowly frowns Out of this crazy life She wants so bad

But he wont let her leave I wanna take her out of that life And take care of the baby her and me Christina i love you so much

I just want to let you know
I'll take care of you forever
Even if it's till im grey and old
Why is there so much hurt in this world.

Tiny Little Tear Drops

As tiny little tear drops fall from my brown eyes, I remember you

I remember how it felt to look straight into your eyes

I remember how it felt to feel safe and secure with in your gentle arms

I remember how it felt to have your kisses fall upon my supple lips

or how it felt to tease you lovingly by teasing your bottom lip

I remember how ever touch rocked me to my core always leaving me fulfilled but yet always wanting more

I remember how it felt to have you hold me close and whisper in my ear

I remember all the things we shared as we talked about life and fears

I remember ooh so many things they were blessings from above

Now with every little tear drop I remember how it ended it cuts me like a spear

I remember how I thought life Surly can be unfair!

Now we passed Us by

I think of you so often and wonder how you are

I wonder if you are happy Do you ever think of me Do you even remember happy times and how things used to be

Although we had to choose to leave each other behind

It does not erase the fact that you were part of me

If you have a moment look inside your heart IM sure you will find a part of me

I left it there for you so you would always know my love for you was true

To Be An Angel

To be an angel, one need not have wings. In giving love there is an equal grace. Nor need one seek the aura in the face, As love unveils the beauty of all things.

To Night i'll Sleep

To night i'll cry my last tear and let go all my fears because tonight i'll sleep forever can't take anymore. All this pain this feeling inside this is why i had to die. Lying on my bed with the covers wrapped around me I bleed from my wrists. Empty drops of life falling away. The bottles of pills clutter the floor I made sure i wasn't coming back no more. Angry feelings clutter my mind never ending darkness surrounds my soul as i fell asleep. With a single tear running down my face the wet stained sheets i left for you now you'll believe me when i say im lost. I suppose i'll be forever forgot. As i lay there cold dead on my bed my eyes still staring at the ceiling. No point in crying now i'm dead Tonight i'll sleep forever. x x

To Night I've Got The Blues

I cannot keep climbing these walls, my empty heart shattering, the pieces they fall. Walking these cold floors each and every night, the arms that are supposed to hold me are long gone in the night.

I am tired of looking through teary eyes, tired of singing these blues to the skies. The longing, I pray that it will just go, this pain I promised myself, again I would never know.

Curtains blow as the soft breezes make their way in, the cold comes to me as the blues begin. Frozen tears here upon my face, ice shatters as I think of you, of my heartaches, Darling, I certainly got the blues.

Don't want to face these long lonely nights ahead, sounds of silence playing in my head. No room for pain, I cannot let it in, trying to get through another lonely night, will it ever end.

Pillows welcome my tired aching head, as I lie back and try to erase all that you said. These silken sheets, the only comfort I have tonight, wine glass spills and releases the red color of pain, flowing solfly as the blues consume my night again.

To Spend Forever

I give you my heart, mind, body and soul I give you love, for you to make me whole I give you this promise, the promise to try I give you each breath and the tears i cry I give you my past, my future and now I give you my thoughts and my hopes in this vow I give you my voice and the music i sing I give you my world all the pain and strike I give you my world all the pain and strike I give you my hand and learn to share life I give you this kiss and there words i say 'I'll cherish you always as of this day' I give you my faith that these words are true from now untill the end i promise 2 you

To You I Send My Love

I have met the most wonderful person, who is my entire world; I appreciate everything she does for me, I know I'm a very blessed girl.

She has a heart of gold, and is a special, human being; the mere thought of living without her, my heart can't possibly concieve.

She is a very special woman, in too many ways to count; She's always there to pick me up, when I stumble and fall to the ground.

I have many problems with my health, and am limited on what I can do; yet she's stays right by my side, and still says, she cares

There isn't anything at all, that she would not do for anyone, I love her for the woman that she is, God's Heaven sent blessing.

Tomorrow Today

Sometimes, our mind is on tomorrow, what it will bring, how will it be, will it rain, will it be sunny, will it be happy, and will the world be free? What will we do, go shopping, got to work, go on vacation, what will we fill our day, always thinking about tomorrow, be it work, cooling our heels, or out at play? But tomorrow, is, tomorrow, what about today, with all that is happening around us, we must not dismiss it away. The sky may be gray, it may be clear sparkling blue, birds are singing, fish are jumping, and it's all right here, now, for you. There are people that will smile at you and ask you how you are, a friend will wave at you as they drive by in their car. A loved one will kiss you tenderly, to show you that they care, glad that you are with them; so happy you are there. Tomorrow is, tomorrow, and here it will find its own way, so enjoy this day that we have, tomorrow for us may not come. Who can say?

Tortured Dreams

Night time can give sleep sublime where we find peace and rest

To sleep serene in gentleness we all know that is best

But some times sleep is filled with dreams that cause us greatest pain

Sometimes they haunt our sleep not once but time and time again

They may be of a lover that tore our heart apart

That when we close our eyes at night remembrance of them start

Our mind may have dismissed this one and love is no longer there

But in our tortured dreams at night we remember we did once care

Time is said to heal all things and this we know is true

The time will come when tortured dreams will no longer torture you.

Ruth warren

Towering Low

There are days when your spirit is high like a tower Days when you see beauty in life, the sun and a flower When everything goes well and nothing can go wrong You feel so good you could break out in song But there are days when with a troubled heart You might wish that this day in particular didn't start Your heart may be troubled and your mind too Asking yourself "How will I see this day through?" It is on days like this you are Towering Low Days when you don't even know which way to go If these are your days and you have a troubled heart and mind There is a way, a New way to find Talking it is said gives air and is best When talking to a friend you get things off your chest The worry in your mind and the sadness in your heart Talking is where re-building can start So find your true friend tell all and the pain will go Then you no longer will be Towering Low. Ruth warren

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Oh how the beautiful memories flood this Mom's heart, those ivories danced at the command of your fingers, as the music would start. Your little feet not long enough to even touch the pedals or floor, but nothing was more beautiful, just watching you play, it is these memories that this Mom adores.

I would stand back in silence, as I watched you perform, your golden hair pulled back, a halo you adorned. Little curls to be seen as they danced about your face, nothing more precious, as your Mom's heart you graced. Each day I listened as tears of joy did fall, playing to the Heaven's, performing for us all.

Day after day, practice it would take, you gave it your all as you played those tunes, Years passed and I watched you grow, still carressing those ivories like no one I know. Your devotion, your love, for the music you created on those keys, still linger through this place, but the silence brings these tears, that fall upon my face.

Yet in the still of the night I can hear my angel play, playing for the angel's now, play dear child play! I just know you have brought many smiles to all up there, as your lovely music with the Heaven's you share. The stars dance each night, the moon shining it's love so bright, as I know the Heaven's bow to my little star tonight.

I can hear your music in the song's of the birds, I can see your graceful smile as the flowers bloom in the Spring, Oh how sweet, as I hear Heaven's angels in your glory sing. 'Twinkle twinkle little star, Your Mom hears your music from afar, up above the sky so high, my little diamond there in the sky.'

Uncertainly

Feelings of confusion, Depression, Uncertainty.

Where do I belong? Where do I go? What do I do?

Pick up the phone. No one to call. What would I say?

Go for a walk No where to go. No one to see.

Deep inside Is the urge to scream. At what?

Trapped.
No escape.
Have the need,
The desire,
The want,
For release For freedom.

Understand The Rain

You held my heart in your hands, And threw it down upon the sands.

Now my heart is bent and broken, These words arnt ment to be spoken.

They stand for all the feelings inside me, For all the pain that you cant see.

Cause you could never understand, It's like the rain that falls on the land.

For you could never understand the rain, And its never-ending pain.

Unnoticed

She is lonely
Even though you can't tell
She is reaching out
For what, she doesn't know
She will continue to sit in silence
And hope that someone may stumble across
Her and all of her emptiness
But they only hope that they do it in time
Otherwise she will have drifted too far
And she may let go
Of whatever grasp of the world she has
As she slowly fades out of the lives of everyone
Nearly unnoticed.

Unwrapping

A smile so bright a tear so deep,

New dreams on the horizon old dreams buried deep,

Trust is earned yet thin lined from the past,

Gingerly new steps into a future unknown,

Searching for the dim star that lightly flickers in the sky,

Step by step inch by inch,

I unfold the secret hurt held within me,

Letting go of the footprints that were left behind by you.

Voices In The Night

Up and down the hallways
The dead drag their
Rusty chains behind them,
There are ghosts in our midst,
The voices in the night
Scream out in pain.

The pain of the past
Tries to reach out
From beyond the grave,
The walls bleed,
The anger within the ghosts
Is truly unbelieveable.

The torture these restless souls
Must have went through,
Being chained to walls
And beaten to death,
Being murdered In the darkest of night.

Voices in the night Cry out in pain, The smell of rotten flesh Lingers in the air.

The smell of death Resides within the castle walls, It makes the stomach churn.

They moan,
They cry,
They scream,
While their lives are
Being stolen from them.

Walls

No space around me Stifling walls Closing off my view Numbing thoughts Aching soul Suffocating dreams

Memory stirs
Pain wells up
Trapping me again
Nowhere to go
But inside myself
Devoid of any aim

Too scared to move Barriers raised Hearts freedom restrained Tentative Withdrawing hand Fear of hurt again

Thick breath and clouds Within my head Oppressive atmosphere Numbing thoughts Aching soul Suffocating dream

Wasted Words Wasted Paper

Written love words on tear stained pages of days and nights of the past

Heart felt words that now scream they didn't even last

Wasted words that now seem strange to read

In that passionate time our hungry hearts it did feed

Love words now look empty with out loves face

How it takes your heart and mind to another time another place

~Now~

The long day turns to silent nights
The empty night turns to aching days

After all this miserable time Suffering Tears still get in our visions way

Just one more tear falls before you finally go to that restless sleep

As your crying mind softley weeps

What Is Love

I truly wish that you, could see my heart inside; But you ignore my tear's, afraid of what you'll find.

Life has never came with, a full-proof guarantee; and I believe your' holding on, to a love that's make-believe.

The happiness I've searched for, I still have not found yet; Is it within my sight and reach, or impossible to get?

What would it ever be like, to feel love's tender touch; To live happy and content, am I asking far too much?

I'm only fooling myself, for alas I must admit; True love is but a fable, as it never did excist.

When It's My Time

When i come to the end of the road and the sun has set of me.

I want no rites in a gloom - filled room Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little - but not to long and not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that was once shared Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take And each must go alone

It's all of the master's plan A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we know.

Bear your sorrow in good deeds. Miss me, but let me go.

When The Rabbit Howls

Like a rabbit she lays howling, crying out in pain, her small heart can not bear to live, with her degrading shame.

She howls very quietly, so they will never hear, the pain that they've inflicted, all through her tender years. She can't let them see her cry, they must never know she's weak. yet she is just a little girl, so helpless and so meak.

Everynight of her young life, in silence she endures, the torture that she suffers, in the darkness of her world.

Her innocent mind tries to reason, 'Is this what love is about. but deep within, she knows the truth, for her there is no doubt.

Why do they do this to me, do I honestly deserve, to be at the merce of their straying hands, yet she utters not a word.

The pain is so extreme, it is engraved within her mind; to last long after they are done, frozen forever in time.

'Please make them stop' she pleads with silent force, yet they carry out their acts, as they did the night before.

When at last they are finished, she feels so dirty and fowl. for all that's left is an abused, little girl, when the Rabbit begins to howl.

Where Do I Go From Here

This pain in my heart is killing me, slowly every day; how does one say goodbye to her husband, and simply walk away?

The scattered pieces of my life, are laying everywhere; how do I begin to pick them up, and salvage whatever is there?

Fifteen years of my life I gave to him, now it's blowing away like dust; the wind that carries them through the air, is most befittingly named mistrust.

Those years were never good to me, yet I cherished my marriage so; and my pain seems to be taunting me, when I hear the strong winds blow.

How do I go on living, where do I go from here; why can't I simply give up, and wipe away me tears?

Devastation I am consumed with, it burns through my very soul; I don't know how to quench the fire, or learn to simply let go.

I know I have a future, yet it doesn't ease this pain; that fills my aching heart, throughout my every day.

Where Her Heart Belongs

The anticipation begins to build, as she slips on her black, silky dress; She's expecting him any moment now, and she desires to look her best.

She brushes her long, blonde hair, and sprays on her favorite perfume; Her makeup is applied with perfection, and candles are lit in each room.

Tonight is a special evening, and all must be perfect for him; as she longs to take him to a place, where he's never, ever been.

The doorbell rings at seven, as she's taking one last glance; at the woman he always calls beautiful, who fills her heart with romance.

Tonight she'll give herself to him, no holding back this time; She'll allow him to induldge himself, and drink from her sweet, juicy vine.

She opens the door with a smile, and motions for him to come in; He hands her a dozen, red roses, then he gently kisses her lips.

Her table is set meticulously, and she's prepared his favorite meal; The candles are lit and glowing, as down her spine runs a chill.

They quietly enjoy their dinner, as she gazes into his eye's; Her desire to please this caring man, can no longer be denied..

She leads him into her bedroom, where her perfume fills the air; Flower petals lay upon the sheets, which have been sprinkled there with care.

He gently cups her face in his hand's, as they lay on the satin sheets; Where all his dreams will be fulfilled, and he'll meet her every need.

Whilst Thou

Whilst thou love me, till all time doeth ebb away, whilst thou still need me, till all songs no longer stay?

Whilst thou heart be unto me, until thou cease to be, will my heart be entwined with thou until our spirits are set free, For I will be only yours till all the stars forget to shine, my heart, my soul, are yours my love, all I have are thine

The breath I breathe each day, begins and ends with you, this imperfect man I am, gives you all my love so true.

The flowers of the fields, the beauty of endless skies, pale into insignificance when compared with the beauty in thine eyes. All that I am, all I will come to be, are no one else but thine, to cherish and adore thee, for thou have said, thee are mine.

Ruth warren

Who Will Soothe My Pain

From the soft glow of a candle, in the middle of the night; a little girl who could not sleep, begins to ponder and write.

So many thoughts and questions, striking as lightning in her mind; a thunderstorm that builds then peaks, this is how she felt inside.

She held her feelings in, fearful of letting them out; and now she sheds one silent tear, that upon the paper does shout.

Secrets of her past, kept hidden within for years; now escapes by way of pen, as she holds back a river of tears.

Her cautiously begins to write, and her soul is stirred within; as her mind recalls the actions, of the one she can't seem to forgive.

Her pen flows almost effortlessly, with memories of her shamefull past; that are revealed upon the paper, as she lets go of them all at last.

Childhood memories are hidden no more, as she vents her anger with pen; and as the tears flow from her eyes she wonders, 'Will my pain ever end'?

She relives the night that it all began, the abuse she was forced to endure; by the hands of the one whom she loved so much, yet caused her to feel insecure.

They came into her bedroom, to tuck her in she thought; unaware that she was only a part, of their wicked, perverted plot.

Their touches they claimed were those of love, but this child did not enjoy; being used for their own devious pleasures, abusing this little girl

And when at last they were finished, they turned off her lights as they left;

her innocense they had stolen, her heart had been pierced by this theft.

For many years this continued, she lost track of the years that went by; yet hidden away within her heart, were the memories of their actions and lies.

She feared that she might betray them, if she uttered a single word; of what went on every night in her room, that tainted forever her world.

At last she finished writing, of the secrets she managed to keep; then she crumbles up the paper, terrified that someone might see.

With a tear in her eye she climbs into bed, where ironically it began; where a trusting, little girl, was defenseless against roaming hands.

Many years have went by since they've showed her their love, for she is a child no more; and she wonders as she drifts off to sleep, 'Did I secure the locks on my doors'?

Why

You weren't there for me the times I needed you most, You were obsessed with your own self-destruction and now I am just a mere ghost.

You ignored me when I cried so you didn't notice when I died, I guietly faded deep inside myself Now in the shadow's where I hide, because you were never there for me.

Are you so blind?
That you cannot see?
Have you really not realised yet?
Open your eyes and see?
That I am you and you are me.

Why Wasn't You There For Me

Mother TEARS OUT OF NOWHERE HAVE TO COME FROM SOMEWHERE. That somewhere is deep inside of me and you helped put them there. Maybe you played a big part in destroying me. because you didn't help me. WHY DID YOU LABEL ME. Why didn't you recognise the suffering inside of me? I NEED AN ANSWER. I hate you for labelling me because that's what others saw in me. THAT SHY LITTLE GIRL. But that wasn't me. Frightened and nervous of everything around me. TO SCARED TO SPEAK. I don't understand why you didn't notice that in me. I NEED AN ANSWER. You never really noticed me. I can remember being cuddled up in the chair because i was so frightened and scared. BUT THAT WAS MY THOUGHT BECAUSE I JUST LAYED THERE. I tried to get you to notice me. WHY DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT IN ME? I followed you everywhere. But it was as if i wasn't there because you didn't notice me standing there, WHY? What would it have taken? For you to notice me. SORRY YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU? That shy girl in me. WHAT DO YOU SEÉ NOW? Now that i'm still unable to speak. Because in your presence there is still silence WHY? . Do you still see me as that shy little girl? THAT YOU LABELLED ME. Is that why you avoided me. OR DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE. Which is the distgusting guilt that lives inside me because i couldn't say yes he did that to me. Do you know how all this makes me feel? All the unspoken truth that is slowly killing me inside and for what you're still doing to me. NO OF COURSE YOU DON'T KNOW. How could you. You don't even talk to me. So let me tell you now because it's cutting at my heart and tearing me apart. THE PAIN IS SO SHARP. Unbearable sometimes. Because you still can't see the pain that you're causing me. The pain is so strong, i don't understand where things went wrong. What did i do that was so bad that you have to ignore me? YOU'RE DESTROYING ME. I'm so confused frustrated and sad. You

make me feel worthless and that's not fair. The fear in my heart when you're near me. i don't understand. I only smile at you to hide the pain thats inside of me. Maybe it's because you remind me of my past. So many questions remain unanswered. Because i still can't talk to you. So many years of silence. WHY? . What went wrong, i feel i need to know because your still hurting me. WAS IT ME, Was it because i told a lie. Is that why you've gave up on me. WAS I TO MUCH HARD WORK. Who's to blame is it me, is it you. My heads in such a mess. AND YOU WILL NEVER KNOW. Because my heartbroken heart remains unspoken. I SHOULD HAVE SAID YES. I want this pain out of me

Will They Ever Realize

She sits all alone, in the dark of the night. wishing that she could, crawl away and die. She's endured too much heartache, so many tear's she's cried. spun fróm their black web, of tangled truths and lies. No one hears her shouting, no one knows she cries. for she's learnt at a young age, to wear a false disquise. So in the corner of her room, she sits there paralyzed. Do they know that they were wrong, will they ever realize?

Will You Ever Know Her

She feels just like a prisoner, with no where she can run. She's fearful and paranoid, thus her life is never fun.

It does not ever matter, what she'd say or do. Her Husband glares quite angrily, as he always dissaproves.

She's forebidden to even talk, to any other man. 'This can lead to Adultery, don't you understand'?

She feels just like a tramp, as if she'd had affairs. She's accused of this each day, her life is sad and bare.

He believes within his heart of heart's, that everything she does. she has an evil motive for, thus she feels so very unloved.

'Why can't he ever see', she wonders, 'The person I truly am. Why does he falsely accuse me, when I do the best that I can'?

She knows that after fifteen years, if he doesn't know her by now. he'll never take the time to look, for what he's never found.

Wings of a Angel

When sorrow is presented there's no alternative way,

Than to cry out to my Angel, who will save me another day.

When the tears slide down my face in vain,

My Angel is there to wipe away my pain.

Such a sweet caress they gently give,

For they too know the torture it is to live.

But as the day comes, we will hurt no more,

To accend to the clouds, like waves on the shore.

The wings of the Angels will fly us away,

Than to cry out to my Angel, to save my day.

Over time we will find what was gone,

Just the same, we will know all right from wrong.

But as hard as it is now, to let it go,

We will get to Heaven, my dream has shown.

To see the Angels decending from above,

To fix your broken heart of detatched love.

The night is spell bound with the Angels kiss,

To sweeten my dreams from pain to bliss.

And my tears will fall never more,

From my face, to the floor.

And through this depression I have been strangled,

But nevermore, with the wings of the Angels.

WINTER CRYS

WINTER CRY'S ALL THE TIME
LOVE MOVES SLOW JUST LIKE WARM WINE

LONG NIGHTS OF BITTER COLD LONG DAYS OF WHITE SNOW

LONG NIGHTS OF COLD HEARTS
LONG DAYS OF MINDS IN THE DARK

LONG NIGHTS OF LONELY BEDS
LONG DAYS OF WONDERING WHAT AHEAD

LONG NIGHTS OF LOVE THAT IS DEAD
LONG DAYS WHISHING LOVE WOULD RAISE ITS HEAD

WINTER CRYS WITH BLUE TEARS
FROM BURNING EYE'S THROUGH THE YEARS
Ruth warren

Winters Dreams

Winters dream, chills me to the bone, so nice to be by the fireplace, here in my home. An old patchwork quilt that Grandma made for me, so soft and cuddly as it lays across my knees.

The children gone, families of their own, nothing more chilling than this empty home. Crackling of the fire, as the sparks fly slowly to the sky, disappearing in the cold night air, with each one, I send a prayer.

The snow piling up upon the window panes, the moons glow, the only light, other than the flames. Shadowy dances outside, performed by the branches so bare, lonely as the night, my heart aches for someone to care.

Day after day the silence comes, haven't seen the children in ages, I wonder what their lives have become. Husband passed ten years ago, my heart still falling slowly like Winter's snow.

Each flake drifting blindly, no eyes they have to see, lead by the winds, as they bring painful memories. The spruce they still stand strong, carrying the weight of the snow, like the burdens that I carry alone.

Stars dim lights hanging in the sky, still they sparkle, like these tears that I cry. Cold Winter night, a lonely one it seems, wrapped up in sadness, lost in a winters dream.

The mountains covered by natures blanket of white, no footprints of visitors in the cold winters sight. Footprints of family coming home once again, a gentle thought, as my dreams begin.

Within My Dreams-Until That Day

Taken over by the longing for your gentle touch, my soul is arched against the lonely night, as I reach for your heart, my dreams in flight.

Your caress making me tremble, yet I know it is just the chill in this room. In my mind you are here, your lips gently upon my skin, as I take your love so deep within.

Your whispers ignite my body's desire, as I feel the warmth of your fire. Tingles take over, as your finger tips trailing over me, my body desperately seeking thee.

My passion unveiled as I feel you within, electrifying waves crash against the walls, as it is your name these lips do call.

Like the moon as it comes together with the ocean at night, the tides crash in sync, like your ocean of love as it washes upon my shore, such a lovely delight.

My body inviting your every pleasure, as you comsume the feeling, buried within my treasure. Hot nights, as these dreams hold me at bay, these dreams, the only way.

Your tenderness displayed upon my body each night, as so sweetly you love me, as so close you hold me tight. Within these dreams it is you and I, until that day, that we never have to say goodbye.

Words Are Too Few

I love you more than words can say, as my feelings for you grow deeper each day. You warm me as the Sun's golden rays, and hold me gently to soothe my pain. I love you is so many different ways, and my feelings for you will never fade. You've made my world such a better place, forever in your' arms is where I will stay.

Words Can Kill

When my life is a mess, no one could guess, that I'm falling apart inside; I've never denied, how hard I have tried, to mend my heart when it cried.

I had always been taught, no matter what I thought, 'Don't let your' true feelings show'; So I buried my grief, with the secrets I keep, in a place where I only know.

I couldn't have my say, though unspoken words have their way, of causing ones' heart too much shame; 'Never let them out, those feelings of self doubt', though my heart accepted the blame.

When I would feel sad, a feeling I usually had, I could never show how I felt; for to feel so very weak, I could never, ever speak, so I buried it within myself.

As long as I wasn't me, the way she wanted it to be, I was allowed around all her friends; Yet anything else, of the way that I felt, she'd expect me to pretend.

When I was mad, I was considered bad, and she'd say, 'Go to your' room.

Don't come back out, with that nasty, little pout, don't fill my life with gloom'.

'Don't let me see you cry, you're no child of mine, you must prove I did a good job; I'll never impress my friends, if my honor I must defend; so don't let them see you sob'.

'I detest how you act, how would my friends react, if they saw how sad you are? I would certainly be viewed, if they saw the real you, as a Mother who's child is scarred'.

'You must show them all, how you obey when I call, they can't see anything else; than this perfect Mother, better than the others, this actress I call myself'.

'You're MY China doll, who must never fall, from your' place upon this shelf; for if you would break, my reputation's at stake, and they'd know the truth about myself'.

When I became an adult, I still lived with her insults,

but I stopped being her China doll; I've accepted her hate, though it wasn't my fate, to be treated this way at all.

I have always lived, deep down within, the shell that I had built; I realized one day, she'd always gotten her way, yet she was consumed by her own guilt.

Words of a poet

With a few well placed words

I can sweep you off of your feet

I can fill your heart with love And make you feel complete

Strokes of vivid colors and happiness

Painted with tenacious tenderness

I'll create a world where dreams can come true Take you there so I can be with you

I can write about the sun To warm the world with love

Make the clouds disappear Revealing the stars above

So if you are sitting there wondering Of what it is I do

I'm wrapping my words in this poem And sending them off to you.

Worthless

No one's ever believed in me, thus it's torn my world apart; words have crushed my self-esteem, and broke my tender heart.

All my life I have always been, extremely sad inside; searching for the love that I, have always been denied.

I never am quite good enough, and I can't do anything right; I am worthless and pathetic, within my loved one's eyes.

All I have ever wanted, was to be accepted just for me; I can't be someone I am not, what you get is what you see.

The hole in my heart is painfull, for it's empty and hollow inside; and everynight when I go to bed, I pray that I will die.

I am not special or worthy, for someone to truly care; I'm a misfit to society, and this truth I have to bare.

I have never known success, for I fail at everything; The song that once was in my heart, I can no longer sing.

As I ponder upon my failures, which are much too many to count; I wonder why I was ever born, and what is my life all about?

Years Of Tears

There once was a timid and shy, little girl, who lived withdrawn, in her own little world.

Her heart was full of compassion and love, she was truly a gift, from our father above.

She had no control over the treatment she received from the one's who practiced to deceive.

For they would tell her, they loved her very much. yet this statement was contradicted, by their dirty, shameful touch.

At night when they'd finish, playing their games with her, they would abandon this small child in her shameful, little world.

She so longed for love, that she always obeyed and tried so much to please them, by giving herself away.

This abuse continued, for many years and as she grew, so did her tears.

No one was there, to ease her pain so she grew up defiled, and full of shame.

As she grew older, the abuse came to a halt yet this innocent, little girl felt that she was at fault.

There was no turning back the damage had been done and the adults who misused her had finally won.

When she thinks of the abuse that she was forced to endure she feels that writing, may be her only cure.

If you wonder how this little girl is doing these day writing is her therapy, of which is written upon this page.

You Are Amazing

You'll never know how many tears, I've cried in my heart for you; or your' pain that I feel from the many heartaches, that you've unfairly been through.

If I had but one wish, I would wipe your' tears away; and take upon myself, all your' troubled yesterdays.

I would gently lift you up, and never let you fall; I would stand right beside you, and answer when you called.

If only you could see yourself as I see you, through my eyes; you would then realize how much you have, and how beautiful you are inside.

I know that you never view yourself, as kind, gentle or giving'; but I want to thank you, for bringing me back, from the land of the unliving.

My prayer for you, is that one day, you will find the love that you need; and when you do, I know I will wish, that the one you love would be me.

You Are Never Alone

She listens to the voice, as it whispers in her ear; 'I can hear them coming closer, their footsteps are drawing near'.

'What do you think that I should do', she asks the one who should know; 'I'd pretend that I was soundly asleep, maybe then they'll leave you alone'.

'I'm willing to listen to any advice, that you might have for me; For you have been where I am now, since the tender age of three'.

'Well, one thing I can tell you, always pretend that you're asleep; Maybe then they will ignore you, sometimes it would work for me'.

'When you know that they are coming, lay as still as you possibly can; That might detour them for they truly hate, when something messes up their plans'.

'I should know more than anyone, what agony it can be; to endure the roaming of their hands, all over your' trembling body'.

'You must go now, for they're almost here; There's no need for you, to shed shameful tears'.

'Are you sure that you, will be alright; when they come for you, in the dark of my night'?

'Yes I am sure, I have no doubt, just runaway and hide; I don't want them to find us both, huddled together tonight'.

'As soon as it is over, will you promise that you'll return; For it is so very lonely here, inside of my mixed up world'.

'Don't ever blame yourself, for it's never, ever your' fault;

And I am never far away, I will come the moment you call'.

'And one more thing, before I go; No matter what happens, you are never alone'.

You Bring Heaven To My Eyes

You bring Heaven to my eyes, you're being held accountable for the tears that I cry. You placed the romance, and love in your words to me, you helped me to see, the happiness in these tears I cry from the word's of thee.

You write with such grace, as you place each word so carefully in it's place. My heart has been enlightened, my mind sent for a spin, as your words touch me so deep within.

Your world I have seen through your words to me, such a lovely place for any woman to be. I see your heart, your dignity, your life before me, as I open your pages and start to read.

Thanks for sharing your life through my eyes, thanks for the beauty that you share in my every sigh. Thanks for each and every tear that you make me cry, thank you my friend, you bring Heaven to my eyes.

You Did That For ME

She stares into the mirror, and staring back at her; is the reflection of a wide-eyed child, that of a nine year old girl.

She utters not a word, remaining silent behind the glass; The woman watches intently, as the reflection speaks at last.

She hears a small voice question her, 'Don't you know who I am; I am a part of the child you were, I submerged when the abuse first began.

I knew that I was stronger than you, so I willingly took your' place; and absorbed the torture you simply could not, protecting you from guilt and disgrace.

I surmised you went into hiding, though a coward you surely were not; so I faced the actions of the abusers you loved, the torture you somehow forgot.

When their playtime was finally over, they'd quietly leave our bed; yet you had no memory of the sexual abuse, that for years has messed with your' head'

The woman gazed at the child, as tears fell from her eyes; 'You did all of that especially for me, yet I never even realized.

Will you be alright with the memories, of the pain you endured for me; for I was too weak and so afraid, to face my reality'?

For once the little girl smiled, knowing she was able to help; absorbe the pain that the child could not, nor deal with the shame that she felt.

You Have Given My Heart Wings

You slowly led me to your heart, opened your arms wide, right from the start. We share life over land and sea, dreaming of the day, your face I see.

You wrapped me in your wings, and your words, to my heart did sing. You have taken me near and far, I am beside you, wherever you are.

Your hands have held mine tight, your love comes to me each night. You have scribed such beauty before my eyes, wiped the tears this Belle has cried.

I have looked through your souls window, my eyes so full of tears, from the pain that you know. I have carressed your face so many times, as I have loved you deeply, in this heart of mine.

All this I can do each night as I sleep, knowing you are there as this heart weeps. Missing you has become an everyday thing, but I can now reach you, you have given my heart wings.

You Put Yourself In Harm's Way

You put yourself in harm's way, Though you might die, that we might live, The Good Samaritan for pay, Asked often for what few would give.

Though you might die that we might live, You make a conscious choice to be Asked often for what few would give, And to remain while others flee.

You make a conscious choice to be The calm, well-trained professional, And to remain while others flee, To face the fear within us all.

The calm, well-trained professional, The Good Samaritan for pay: To face the fear within us all, You put yourself in harm's way.

You Scare Me

Here i am wondering what to do. Wondering just exactly how i feel about you. (You scare me) Testing the water béfore i jump in I've kept to myself. (oh so long) I guess i've leared how to be strong. I've never had anyone there before but here you are standing before me. trying to make me see, that you are here for me. (That scares me) And that alone i no longer be. But can't you see. (That scares me) I lost apart of me long ago and couldn't let anyone help me. But in you i have faith which helps me through my days. I have faith in you to take my pain away, helping me to live another day. I hope i have the strenght in me to deal with my pain. (That scares me) But you can help me now, I'm letting you in. Because the trust in you. I have found. But i'm scared you'll let me down. Just like everyone else in my life. (And that scares me)

You The Reaper of My Soul

My eyes are closed, yet I still see through these tears, my mind numb, yet I still sense the greatest fears. My ears closed yet I still hear the painful cries, my fingers numb, yet I still feel my heart as it dies.

My sorrows resurface as this war within me breaks through, all the pain taking over as I try to forget you. Years have passed since last I saw your face, now one glance and the torment begins to once again takes it's place.

I sent you on your way, to never see you again, cast my heart out forever, to be carried away by the winds. Buried those memories along with my soul, silently I screamed, as my heart let you go.

Now once again, I face uncertain days ahead, all this time your memory presumed to be dead. I watch hopelessly now, as again my soul is ripped apart, and all I asked for, was healing for my heart.

The pain becomes clear as the days pass along, you will cause me grief, you will never leave me alone. Like the reaper of the night, you will again steal my soul, to keep me lifeless and miserable, is your ultimate goal.

Your Angal Dancing Upon The Stars

Hear her whispers dear as she calls, do you feel her near? Feel the softness in the wind, her wings, to you, your little angel, God did send.

God heard your prayer, so he sent your little angel to visit you today. Within her little hand, a little rose, picked in Heaven, where her beauty glows.

Do you feel her soft white wings, listen closely dear, you will hear her sing. She will dance about, her beauty on display, her smiles will warm your heart.

Rose petals falling softly to the ground, as little girl dances around. I see your tears my friend, I know your heart breaks, but you are promised 'forever' and a promise, God doesn't break.

At night, search the Heavens dear, it is there you will find, your sweet little girl. She will sprinkle star dust from the sky, falling softly about you, listen for her sigh.

She is watching over her Mommy from afar, dancing so tenderly upon the stars. The most beautiful angel, there in the sky, softly wiping the tears from her Mommy's eyes.

She hears your every prayer, and she knows that one day you will join her there. Her little hand in yours my friend, two angels together once again.

Your Coast Your Words My Dreams

Is this the sunset you speak of sweetheart, is this the light from which we never part. Your words fill my heart with passion as I read, You have taken me along a wonderful journey indeed.

Your words flow so freely through my heart, pumping wildly through these veins as these dreams start. You there in the sun, on the shore that you speak of, it's ok to dream of being in love.

Passion consuming all my strength, as you take over my mind, my heart grows weak as you whisper your words to me, as so eagerly your lips I find. Those words come alive in my dreams, I feel your touch, as I pull you into these dreams of mine.

My heart the very canvas you paint upon, color my world as if it were your very own. Not to be touched just admired, the beauty only to be seen. I can only be touched by you in these dreams.

Yet I have felt you, longed for you and been inside your heart, your words whispered to me softly along this coast, it all starts. Dreams you have created along the way, the waves lapping at my feet, as I walk along this coast, your words I shall meet.

Sweet dreams take me away, to your heart, to your soul, on this shore with this sun, you, never to part. I can always see you standing there waiting for me in the suns beams, My heart so lost in you, in these dreams.

Your Destiny

There is a special purpose thats why you are on this earth. It's been designed for you even before your birth.

Some call it destiny, The life you're supposed to live. It's there for you to take, If you would just believe.

It's planted in your heart By God, like seeds, it seems. Soon in time they grow And take the form of dreams.

If you still don't know What you're set out to do, Just listen with your heart; He'll whisper it to you.

He made you who you are, The things you need, He'll give. Just so the life He planned One of these days you'll live.

Hold on to your dreams, Don't let them slip away. The road may be rough, But you'll get there someday.

You owe it to the Father
To be what you're born to be.
Work hard and don't give up.
Fulfill your destiny.

Your Pain

I see it in your' dark, brown eyes, the pain you've tried so long to hide.

But now your' brave and courageous disguise, is slowly wearing off with time.

The heartache you can no longer fight, flows from your' sad and weary eyes.

Your Pleasure Not Mine

She was only young, when the abuse first began; yet she was much too young, to comprehend or understand.

But night after night, every since she could remember; they'd enter her bedroom, where her body she'd surrender.

For they came, not bringing her hugs or kisses; but acts of perversion, against this child who resisted.

Yet fending them off, did this young one no good; for they were bigger and stronger, and did whatever they would.

Helpless and afraid, this child lay in utter silence; as they continued with their usual, secret violence.

They used her small body, for their own, demented pleasure; and the guilt it created, could never possibly be measured.

When at last they were finished, with their fun for the night; they would leave her to herself, where she'd suck her thumb and cry.

And into a ball, this little girl would lay; long after the loved ones', had her their own, perverted way.