

## Poetry Series

# Shannon Shields

- poems -

### Publication Date:

November 2009

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Shannon Shields on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

### **Shannon Shields (5/23/92)**

I have been in and out of foster homes, residentials and group homes since I was four years old. I have had the experience of no one wanting me and the agonizing memories of that still haunt me today. I believe that kids of all ages in my situation should just keep their heads up and keep trying, no matter what. I have had family members disown me and say that I was nothing and a nobody. that I wouldn't go anywhere in life. And if I could go back in time I would tell my parents and anybody who hurt me that it doesn't phase me in later life and that I forgive them, i just won't forget what they did to me. all of my past and present experiences help me with constructing my poetry and stories. Right now I am sixteen and am turning out beautifully thanks to my pastor and my new family and my own brothers and sisters. I give thanks to all of those who helped me and inspired me to do what I need to do in order to be successful in life. but most importantly, I thank all of you out there who read and rate my poetry.

sincerely yours,  
Shannon Shields.

Works:

none

## **A girl...**

A girl.

I met this girl with a beautiful personality, but had a lot to hide.

A girl with compassion.

A girl with sorrow hidden deep into her heart, that only a key can open it.

A girl that hasn't found her full potential, but yet knows where she wants to be and what to do with her heart.

A girl who wants to explore the world.

A girl who loves and hates.

A girl who is awake, yet she sleeps.

She's just an ordinary girl who does ordinary things.

A girl who gets mistreated because she's in a residential facility.

A girl who has no one to love her and care for her.

A girl who has to deal with teasing and bullying everyday of her life, as long as she can remember.

She's just a girl...

And that girl is me!

Shannon Shields

## **A mother and a death**

As I step out of the shower,  
I hear peoples voices saying, 'what a beautiful girl.'  
And as I look into the mirror,  
I don't see what other people see.....  
What I see is totally different,  
I see a young woman in a white, flowing dress looking back at me.  
And as I stare into this women's eyes,  
I see trouble.  
I see trouble within her eyes.....  
I try to ask her what is wrong but I get no reply.

Later that evening as I look into the mirror,  
I don't see the woman that was staring at me earlier.  
So I try to ignore it. But later that night I hear the voices again, only this time its clearer.  
I heard people scorning and turning up their noses at a woman.  
I try to wake up, but it doesn't work. So, I try to scream and call out my mother's name, but that doesn't work either. It was only then I realized that I was dying, slowly at first, then faster and faster.  
I see the world around me spinning, tossing and turning too,  
I try to say goodbye, but only a groan comes out of me.  
The next thing I knew, I saw total darkness.

Shannon Shields

## **A picnic in the meadow**

As I step into the meadow, it's actually quite a scene.  
The pearly white flowers are dancing in the wind.  
The hot sun's beating down upon me, the bumpy grass beneath my feet.  
As I set up for a picnic, a beautiful, soft rabbit came hopping to me.  
I reached into my basket for a hard, orange carrot, and I gave it to him, it happily hopped away.  
I reached into my basket again and I took out a still smoking hamburger out of it.  
When I was finished, I took out a juicy, sweet watermelon.  
When I got up to take a walk in the woods, the birds were singing loudly, the bee's humming loudly and the hummingbird's wing's sweetly beating.  
Every now and again, I thought that a pecking woodpecker  
Would fly away and come back again.  
I must have walked a mile before heading back to the site.  
When I got back, there was an angry bear eating the rest of my food.  
I just stood there afraid that the bear would attack me.  
Luckily it did not see me.  
When it was done it ran back into the woods, why? I have no idea.  
I started packing up, but I stayed just long enough to witness the most beautiful sunset ever! ! !  
A perfect ending to a perfect day!

Shannon Shields

## **Drill team practice**

Fall in, fall in  
A time where you're supposed to be quiet  
Right face, left face,  
We dropp the rifle again  
Break time  
Shannon shouted at us not to shake the pop.  
Fall in, fall in  
Time to drill, drill, drill  
"Kaboom" went my rifle  
Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
When stacked rifles fall  
Tyler told me to dropp my rifle.  
"Bang" we started drilling again.

Shannon Shields

## **Dying**

Once I was a little girl wondering about the world, about life and what was in store for me when I was to go to my friend's house.  
But not long after I turned five, all that changed. I had to leave my childhood behind and grow up. Dying, dying, dying.

I had to become stronger more reliable on myself and nobody to put me down. Dying, dying, dying.

Now that I am a teenager, I look back on my childhood, and see a parentless child, hurting and calling for help. But no one can help her and this little girl didn't know why nobody would help her; Siblings all in different homes, all alone in the world.  
Thrown out into the wilderness, where the lions, tigers and bears and coyotes could gang up onto her and beat her up and then eat her. Dying, slowly as their venomous teeth dig into her fragile flesh. Dying, dying, dying.

Shannon Shields

## **Hunters**

Hunters  
Unidentified  
Non-smoking of  
The  
Earths  
Rarest,  
Shiniest, diamond on the earth.

Shannon Shields

## **I wonder...**

I wonder what life would be like if I were something else. I wonder what I would be and what I would do. Would I be a dog and be faithful to my owners or would I be neglected and abused such as when I was a child? Would I be an owl that only comes out at night and be very isolative and alone? Would I be a wolf or a coyote that stays with the pack or would I be a lone wolf who goes and does everything independently? Would I be a rat that steals food and eat human remains? Would I be a cat who hates everything and everybody who touches me? Would I be a vampire with everlasting life and who never ages or dies? Or would I be a normal girl inside of a crazed-out world and very sad and depressed because of flashbacks and who has been in and out of group homes, residential facilities, and foster homes? Who has absolutely no friends or family members surrounding me? Yes, I shall be that yes I shall be myself and be positive. Yes I shall be cool, calm, and collected. Yes, I shall be isolative and depressed. Yes, I shall be a lone wolf who does everything independently. Yes, I shall be the one who takes care of herself, who will always believe in herself, even if nobody believes in her. Yes, I shall be a young woman of faith and love. Yes, I shall be a positive outgoing young lady who always holds herself in a high manner. Yes, I shall be successful and happy with my place. But who will ever believe in a child who only wonders and daydream about how her life should be? I wonder.....

Shannon Shields

## **I'm thankful**

I'm thankful.  
I'm thankful for my mom.  
I'm thankful for my dad.  
I'm thankful for you.  
I'm thankful for me.  
I'm thankful for life.  
I'm thankful for death.  
I'm thankful for family.  
I'm thankful for friends.  
I'm thankful for enemies.  
I'm thankful for reading.  
I'm thankful for writing.  
I'm thankful for jobs.  
I'm thankful for money.  
I'm thankful for animals.  
I'm thankful for humans.  
I'm thankful for clothes.  
I'm thankful for shoes.  
I'm thankful for everything.  
I'm thankful.

Shannon Shields

## **In This....**

How sweet it is to be called a Human Being.  
How nice it is to live and love a planet called Earth.  
But do people really love it?  
In this world, there are so many do's and don'ts.  
In this generation, kids and teenagers have to grow up and learn the ways gang  
banging and the street life.  
But this kind of life describes this generation and will describe future generations.  
Can't we change and if we could, Why don't we change?  
Why?

Shannon Shields

## **Nameless**

I have had too many fights in my lifetime.  
Too many arguments and too many ups and downs.  
I have had countless dreams and parent after parent who didn't care about me and let me down.  
I have had so many friends and best friends that there is too many to count.  
I have had countless brothers and sisters, but only four are really true to me.  
I am a girl without a name, a girl without a face, a girl without a family, a girl without anybody to love her and take care of her, a girl without friends, a friend without a a soul.  
I am nameless.  
I can tell somebody a fake name and they wouldn't care.  
I can tell somebody that I love them when I really don't and they wouldn't care.  
I am a nameless girl without a face, without feelings and without rythm.  
I am nameless.

Shannon Shields

## **On September 11,2001**

On September 11,2001  
Smothering black and gray smoke ascended to  
The luminous blue sky  
Engulfing it until it turned as black as night.  
Young children are confused while thier parents cry noiselessly for loved ones.  
Calling every person they know to make sure that they are alive and well.  
On September 11,2001.

On September 11,2001,  
Brave young men and women struggled to save our citizens.  
The young. The old.  
Those planes.  
Those innocent men, women and children who died.  
Whose lives were lost on that timid day because of terriosts.  
WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER AND WE WILL NEVER FORGET! !  
On September 11,2001.

Shannon Shields

## **Praise Song for Poetry**

Praise song for poetry.

Praise song for those who write, judge, publish, and read poetry. For those whose passion is for the love and thrill of the ride. For those who read and judge them and for those who publish them.

Praise song for those that publish them on the internet for all to enjoy. For those who reward those with the best skills and talent. And for the performers and creators of this beautiful talent, praise song for poetry.

Praise song for the readers of poetry. For those who comment and share their thoughts with the poet themselves, and for those whose poems are on internet websites.

Praise song for those whose poems are thoughtful and deep. For those whose poems are happy and sad, joyful and creative. Praise song for those whose poetry is fun, yet serious.

Praise song for the poets and their ambitions, for the publishers who publish the poems, for those who read others poetry in public and for those whose want to change the world views through poetry.

Praise song for poetry.

Shannon Shields

## **Pretty or Beautiful?**

As I step onto the scale I wait for it to read my weight.115. 'What am I going to do I am still fat. My family says that I am pretty but my boyfriend says that I am beautiful. Which one am me? Pretty or beautiful?

I hear my mother saying 'come down for breakfast.' I call to my mother 'one minute.' I stare into the mirror and I don't see what my family sees. I see my boyfriends point of view; beautiful. The prettiest long brown hair and dark, hazel - green eyes and perfect white teeth. I see a young woman who's ready to live her life to the fullest. I see a woman who loves to help children in their day - to - day lives. I see a woman who's going to succeed in whatever she believes it is right or wrong. I see a woman who will help adoption agencies, shelters and the homeless. I see a woman who will believe in everyone around her and who will motivate those who need motivating and help them succeed. I see a woman who can do anything that is put in her way and who will get it done right the first time. I am that woman, of success. I am that woman of motivating people and challenging them to do the right thing. I am a woman of faith of love and of beauty. I am a woman who is ready to live her life to the fullest. I am me!

Shannon Shields

## **Sometimes I lay awake at night....**

Sometimes I lay awake at night only to wonder off into a world of my own, or to ponder thoughts and questions that are going through my head about the previous day.

Sometimes I lay awake at night to think about life.... 'What's the meaning of life? 'Or 'what's going to happen in the weeks to come? 'And every night I come up with a different answer for each of my questions and from there on I get a different answer each time.

Sometimes I lay awake at night only to think about my past, the present and my future. 'What am I to become? An artist? Another business woman? Or perhaps a novelist who only writes about the wonders, the hopelessness and joys of love and the world?

Sometimes I lay awake at night only to day dream of what'll happen if there was a time machine that was built and it worked. I sometimes ask myself 'what would I change? 'And I was the one who was chosen to test it out. If it worked, I would travel back t when I was ten, I would change a lot of things like the way my attitude was ad my outlook on life. Sometimes I lay awake at night.

Shannon Shields

## **To Whom It May Concern...**

To Whom It May Concern,  
Love has destroyed a young girl's soul.  
Destroyed her life, her feelings  
Her very thoughts are negative, disconcerting and hateful.  
Her words, Her very words are silent, yet they are loud enough for the world to hear.  
Her heart is broken in two like a piece of wood getting split by an axe.  
She has been hurt.  
Hurt one too many times that didn't make her stronger.  
She has been weakend instead.  
Love doesn't exist in this lonely heart anymore.  
Only hate and darkness reside in the depths of her heart made of steel.  
Nothing.  
Nothing can penetrate this heart of steel that only a key can open it up and spill out  
the contents of it for everybody to see.  
To laugh at and scourn at it.  
Nobody. Nothing can help this lonely soul from going through hell and back,  
Nothing, Nobody. Not even a fraction of a hair of help was offered to help this poor and  
lonely soul.  
It shall be and will be her final journey from earth to heaven and this soul is me.  
To Whom It May Concern.

Shannon Shields

## To...

To my Father,  
If you only loved me as much as my siblings.  
To my Mother,  
If only you weren't drunk enough to at least notice me.  
To my Boyfriend,  
If only you were there for me when I was sad and crying out for help.  
To my Father,  
If only you didn't abuse me...  
To my Mother,  
If only you nursed me, then why weren't you there for the rest of my life?  
To my Boyfriend,  
If only you were here to hold me when I cried...  
To my Father,  
If only you were there when I needed you the most.  
To my Mother,  
If only you believed in me...  
To my Boyfirend,  
If only you loved me.  
To my Father,  
If only you could of taken care of me and not starve me until I was bone skinny and  
to the point of mal - nurshiment like those people in the Holocaust...  
To my Mother,  
If only you didn't run off on me to leave to fend for myself and my siblings.  
To my Boyfriend,  
I loved you, but you didn't love me...  
To my Father,  
I hated you; but you lived and breathed for me; And then you died.  
Not only in my heart, but you shut your eyes against the world forever...  
To my Mother,  
I hated you because you ran off and left me...  
To Everybody,  
I am sorry that I must end my life because of what others did to me in my past.  
I love you all...  
Good - bye.

Shannon Shields

## **Two hearts, One soul**

He says that he loves me. He says that he wants to be with me forever. But do I believe it? I don't know the answer to this question, but in time I will.

I say that I love him. I say that I want to be with him forever, but does he believe it? I guess that I will never know the answer to this question, but I may already know.

School, work and family are getting in the way of this love.

Our hearts are in two, but our soul is one.

We are forever bound by our never - ending love for one another.  
And when we die, our spirits shall roam the earth for eternity, searching for each other so that we could be re - united once again.

Shannon Shields

## **What's what?**

People of all ages, listen to my plea and hear my screams. Hear my cries for help and reach out to help me. What else must i do to carry out my plea for help? what must I do to get your attention? What else can I do besides carry out my plans? What else should I do? Everything that I do seems to be wrong. People are seeing me through thier own judgements and seeing that I can't do any better. But I feel and see that they are wrong. it just seems like they are steadily putting me down, but i keep lifting myself up with nobody to help me out. i have only one true friend and one true love. besides, there's nothing and nobody else who can help me. so why? why let them continue thier bad judgements bring me down? when i know that i am so much better then those who feel bad about themselves. who continue to see only the negative things that i do and not the positive? what's what?

Shannon Shields

## **When Mother Reads Aloud**

When mother reads aloud, the past seems as real as everyday,  
I hear the tramp of armies vast; I see the spears and lances cast,  
I join the thrilling fray. Brave knights and ladies fair and proud when I meet when  
mother reads aloud! !

When mother reads aloud, I long for noble things to do-  
To help the right, redress the wrong.  
It seems so easy to be strong. So simple to be true. Oh  
Thick and vast visions crowd my eyes when mother reads aloud! ! !

When mother reads aloud  
Far lands seem very near and true; I cross the deserts gleaming sands,  
Or hunt the jungles prowling bands,  
Or sail the ocean blue.  
For heights, whose peaks the cold mist shroud,  
I scale when mother reads aloud! ! !

Shannon Shields

## **Where Do I Belong?**

I never know where I belong,  
things are not how I've imagined them to be.  
I can't sleep and I can't breathe.  
Sometimes I just don't want to eat.  
Nothing can be kept, even as small as just one word.  
Living in everything broken.  
It just seems nobody cares.  
I'm wondering constantly where everyone who I called family is because everytime I  
turn around they always seem to run out on me.  
When a phone call is not returned, you don't know these strangers looking in your face  
\ and they always end up hurting you.  
But who is going to listen to a 'child' who has no idea where she belongs?

Shannon Shields

## Why?

Why?

Why must people taunt others?

Why must they judge before they know me?

Why must they base me on my family?

Why must I be always going against my faith?

Why must I be the one who gets hurt?

Why must people call me names?

Why must I live through this angonizing pain?

Why can't I survive with the people who taunt me and tease me?

Why can't people just leave me be?

Why can't people live weith who I am and not ty\ry to change me?

Why must I live?

Why can't I just leave this world and everything that doesn't care about me?

Why should I put up with this daily mock and tease of my personality?

Why should i have to be the one who goes through this all the time?

Why do they always have to question my thoughts, feelings and opinions?

Why can't they just leave me alone to my own thoughts and feelings?

Why can't I just be left alone to worry about me and only me?

Why can't I be set to go to church instead of not?

Why can't I be here with at least one person to worry about me and who cares about what I feel, think and my actions towards those around me.

Why must I be doomed to live a failed life?

Why must I have to be ina nd out od\f group homes and residentals?

Why must I be in and out of foster homes and once I find a place i like i get pulled out of there at the snap of a finger?

Why must I live any longer?

Why must I have to be depressed to the point where i want to kill myself and not have a desire to live any more?

Why can't they realize that I am slowly dying?

Why?

Why?

Why?

Shannon Shields

## **Your...**

Your always putting a smile on this lonely face, everytime I see you.  
Your presense is always something that I look forward to.  
Your always cheering up this sad and empty heart.  
Your the reason why I live; eat, breathe and wake up in the morning.  
Your the heart inside my chest. Your the spirit inside my soul.  
Your the thought inside my head. Your the meaning behind the words I say.  
Your my life, my home, my everytthing.  
Your in my thoughts constantly because you and I...  
You and I are a match made in heaven.  
We are everything that anybody can only hope for.  
You are MY LOVE....

Shannon Shields