

Poetry Series

**Jennie Bregan**  
**- poems -**

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## Jennie Bregan(05-14-1987)

I am a 26 yr old female born in Pennsylvania. I was taken away from birth parents at 2yrs of age. I was placed in foster care until the age of 4. My brother and I were adopted together and stayed that way until 2001. During the period of adoption I was abused physically, emotionally and sexually. I have experienced much pain and express it through my poetry and sometimes self-abuse. I have been writing poems since I turned 13, the poems I to this site range from when I was 13 to 24. I am currently going to school at The University of Phoenix, taking up business as my major, have my own small business, well two: AVON and my own Bakery in my home.

# A Child's Prayer

Dear God,

I pray to you for love,  
For comfort.  
I ask that you  
Wrap your arms around me,  
Hold me,  
And never let go.  
Thank you.  
Amen.

Jennie Bregan

# A Prayer For Courage

Dear God,

I'm praying to you now  
For courage.  
Courage to make it through  
My pain,  
My worries.  
I pray that you will  
Guide me through  
Any obstacles  
That stand in my way.  
Help me resist the temptation  
To cut  
In your Holy name I pray,  
Amen

Jennie Bregan

# A Way Out

All alone I stand  
In the middle of nowhere  
Hurt,  
Emotional,  
Self abusive.  
I've climbed over rocks,  
Mountains  
Ran through valleys,  
Screaming,  
Crying,  
Cutting.  
I approach a point  
Cautious,  
A sound.  
Human sound  
I see people like me!  
Rejoice! Help at last!  
The pain is far from over,  
But now there's a difference:  
I have people to help me through.

Jennie Bregan

# Baby Girl

Look into my eyes and you will see  
Searing pain beyond belief  
In here a struggle is going on  
To save a life, a newly born  
One still young to the world  
A sweet innocent baby girl  
She was abused so many times  
She does not think she deserves this life  
Hurt and betrayed by all she's loved and known  
She stands stock-still as a stone,  
And screams and cries in self abuse  
For all the times she's been used.  
She is trapped stuck in a cage,  
In a sullen furious rage.  
She is unable to express herself  
But tries and tries to seek help.  
But people are getting tired of this girl  
They are ready to lock her up for sure.  
For all she can do to escape from pain  
Is cut herself again and again  
I'm telling this from you to me  
Because this girl wants to be set free.

Jennie Bregan

# Beyond The Pain

I wish i could see the world beyond my pain  
So far and deep into the gentleness of rain  
Through the couds into the sky  
I want to see before the days go by  
To see the birds and all their glory  
Night, evening and the morning  
I wish I could see the world beyond my pain  
Oh so deep into the falling drops of rain.

Jennie Bregan

# Birds

Birds are free  
Free to go anywhere  
They want  
Free to spread their wings  
And flee to safety  
Away from danger  
Away to a better place  
Free to chirp and play  
Like young children  
No matter their age  
A part of a large family  
Helping  
Supporting each other  
Never giving up  
A birds life,  
Wish it were mine

- 1/24/04

Jennie Bregan



# Cry

Cry

I wish I could be,

Like the clouds.

When they are too heavy,

They pour down rain.

I too feel heavy,

Heavier than

Any cloud in the sky

Yet no tears fall.

Jennie Bregan

# Cry II

Cry II

I can cry!

I rejoice!

Not only tears,

But sobs.

Sobs of relief,

Anger.

Tears of happiness,

And joy.

Falling down my face

Like rivers

Jennie Bregan

# Cut

I tried.  
Got Bored.  
I didn't want to  
Temptation led me.  
I failed.  
I'm back in the eye.  
Down on the way bottom  
Of all trust.  
Why? ?  
Because I cut.

Jennie Bregan

# Cutting

Emotional pain,

Searing,

Unbearable.

I pull out a piece of glass

Sharp on one of its edges

Just looking at the glassMy pain begins to ebb away.

I cut and cut

Until the only pain i feel

Is the pain on my arm

Jennie Bregan

# Dear Friend

I wish  
listen and understand  
of how  
because of what  
and when they  
i put on display  
and tell someone  
dont have to deal  
of how

someone here  
i feel  
not to turn  
i say  
find out  
and hide  
it makes THEM feel

would listen  
as i speak  
without any demands  
and run  
i'm not the person  
or run  
so they  
with a friend in dispair because  
feb 4 2009 5: 05pm

Jennie Bregan

# Eyes

One day i awoke  
And saw before me  
eyes.  
Deep dark brown.  
looking deep inside them  
I saw pain  
Pain beyond belief.  
I saw an abused child  
Hurt and screaming  
Parents not caring  
Using drugs  
No love  
Feeling this made me cringe  
So I began to search deeper  
To move away from the pain  
I am Happy  
For here is a twinkle  
A spot of good times  
And a strength  
That I've never seen before.  
Who is this girl?  
I wonder  
I blink and discover  
It is me

--Wednesday June 30,2004

Jennie Bregan

# Fade

As the winds slow                      and the storm fades                      I glance at the mess  
                    that was my life.                      Despair rises                      yet a deep  
understanding                      and determination                      overpowers.                      And  
I know                      I can piece and rebuild                      stronger and whole  
                    clearing a path                      to a new future.                      Friday 8/21/09  
                    11: 30pm

Jennie Bregan

# Flowers

this poem was written by my 11 year old friend. she loves poetry but is new to writing. she invites everyone who reads it to constructively criticize her poetry so she may become better at it.

F is for Full, open and bright  
L is for leaves petals and seeds  
O is for outstanding lying amongst grass  
W is for Wet, Wild and free  
E is for Everlasting, returning again and again  
R is for Red, pink, and all the colors they may be  
S is for Soft the texture of Silk and  
for the Sun providing the light they need

Jennie Bregan



# Grateful

I hurt so much before  
But now I don't as much  
For I have God.  
I am God's child.  
He fills me with a peace  
I've never known to man  
He gives me love  
No one can override  
Or take away  
He is mine and I am his  
For this I am grateful

Jennie Bregan

# He Is

He is peace  
He is Love  
He is kind  
He is a dove  
He is gentle  
He is calm  
But best of all,  
He is our God

Jennie Bregan

# Help

Help!

Help me please!

I need support

In my time of need

I need a friend

To take a stand

And help me through

My delt hand

For it is rough,

Sly,

Mean,

I want to Cut,

Help me please! !

Jennie Bregan

# I Appear

I appear...strong...yet i feel weak.  
am really crying.

i appear...happy...but

i appear...loved...yet am empty inside.

i appear...bubbly...but am solemn and isolating.

i

appear...calm...but have a storm brewing inside.

feb 9,2009 1:

35pm

Jennie Bregan

# Life

What is life?  
What's it about?  
Is it about love?  
Peace?  
Or is it about  
challenges?  
Obstacles?  
I can't be sure  
What life's about.  
It confuses me.  
So many people  
Being hurt,  
Yet many successful.  
Confusion  
Maybe life,  
Is about none of these things  
Maybe it's a test of faith.

Jennie Bregan

# Love Me

Love me  
Like you would a precious gem  
Hold me  
Close to you  
Hug me  
When i am feeling down  
Support me  
When I don't have the strength  
To make it through  
Compliment me  
When I do something good  
Read to me  
A bedtime story  
Caress me  
As you would a baby  
Love me,  
Hold me,  
Hug me,  
Support me,  
Compliment me  
Read to me  
Caress me  
And I'll love you forever

Jennie Bregan

# Mother Where Are You?

I search and search  
Everywhere i go  
Archives,  
Internet  
Genealogies  
For you  
But your nowhere  
To be found  
Mother where are you?

I search my mind  
For memories past  
Hugging,  
Dancing,  
Laughing,  
But there is none  
To be found  
Mother where are you?

I search my heart  
For tender moments  
Love  
Support  
There again are  
None to be found  
Mother where are you?

Where are you?  
When I need you?  
You're gone,  
Lost,  
Vanished  
Mother where are you?

I'm your baby! !  
Don't you care?  
I want to be with you  
How? ?  
Where

Can I find you?

Oh mother,  
WHERE ARE YOU! ! ? ?

Jennie Bregan



# Nursing

Look into my eyes and you will see..searing pain beyond belief. inside is a little girl, trying to make it in this world. Brought up on drugs neglect and abuse. She ponders if she is of any use. Wanting to make a bold difference in the world around her, but support lacking, how can we endow her? No family...so no financial support there, she finally gets put into foster care. The system is lacking and doesn't do much, she gains her diploma then pushed right into the world's rush. Failure upon. Failure she finally succeeds, , associate in business is. Now her degree. Feeling unfulfilled she continues to search for that missing piece of her. Human studies, psychology yes but no, nursing is where she wants to go. The road is rough, and many tears will fall, but with strength, resilience and dedication she conquers it all. Graduation day comes and she dons the robe, ribbons around the neck she is ready to go. Approaching the stand, nervous at first she welcomes the crowd and values their worth. She begins to speak, softly at first, adding passion and strength the story flows. She tells of brief of her life, looks out of the crowd, and tells all the families and students they should all be proud. It doesn't matter where you came from, or what you were taught, it is what you carry within your heart. Your drive to complete a difficult task, not giving up and resilience to jump back. This career is not easy, it makes you think, it requires skills and withstanding high heat. The journey is not over, we have far to go, but. Our feet. are now. Planted on newly trimmed paths we can grow. So..go grow and expand, widen them more. Show the world we are leaders and continue to explore. Never stop learning, technology and medicine advance, be the ones to aid this, grow and expand.

Jennie Bregan

# Our Love

The poem is in the photo...taken on our trip to the Grand Canyon the endless canyon river represent our love.

Jennie Bregan

# Our Love...Our Fights

This month has been tough...  
the toughest of our almost three years together...  
We've yelled...screamed and walked away from each other...  
Argued over stupid and not so stupid things...  
We've bared our souls to each other in ways...  
I didn't expect to until much much later...  
I think by this point we have pretty much  
seen everything in each other that could  
push one away...  
And we are still here...  
and better for it.  
I would not change anything...  
This past month has taught me that  
relationships aren't all peaches and rose petals...  
sometimes limes and thorns get into the mix.  
In these cases...  
I know that by making Margaritas with the limes  
while kissing the wounds the thorns have made...  
will get us through.  
No obstacle can stand in the way of our love...  
We made it...

Jennie Bregan

# Rain

Falling from the sky  
pour

droplets  
onto the earth

like tears  
replenishing it

Jennie Bregan

# Reflections

As the day ends  
set in the sky.  
eyes reflecting,  
through another day  
content  
and find myself  
Saturday 8/22/09 12: 06am

Jennie Bregan

I sit on the hill,                      Watching the sun  
I'm in the warm breeze              and close my  
Proud I made it  
unharmd                      I sigh,  
smiling.                      I open my eyes  
amongst the stars.

# River Of Red

I want to float in a river of red, the relaxing drip drop sound turns away the dread. the first clear then eventual fade into red lets me know I'm in control of this...yes.

so

Cut...slit....slice....on the roll of a dice. The blade in my hand cuts the skin nice. Back and forth pain and red river flow, when can I stop..I do not know.

Jennie Bregan

# Show Me

Show me  
How to be young  
But yet a child

Respect me  
How you would  
A precious gem

Love me  
As you would  
Your own daughter

Teach me  
How to live  
According to God's word

Hold me  
Close to you  
And never let go

Jennie Bregan

# Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home  
Away from all this pain

Show me the way to go home  
I'll walk it in the pouring rain.

Show me the way to go home  
I'm begging you now, please

Show me the way to go home,  
Look at me....I'm on my knees

Show me the way to go home  
This child is crying out

Show me the way to go home  
And I'll be pain free without a doubt

Jennie Bregan



# Snow

Falling from the sky,  
Able to roam free,  
Until it Lands.  
It sits  
Stuck  
Until the sun comes out  
Then melts

Jennie Bregan

# Storm

Storm

There is a storm,  
Rumbling on inside my heart.  
In it is an eye,  
A sense of calmness.  
I have havoc going on around me,  
I try to stop it but can't.  
The wind prevents me.  
The eye comforts me,  
holding me a prisoner of the storm  
I try and try to escape  
each time being blown back into the eye  
although this occurs,  
I get farther each time,  
hoping one day,  
I reach outside of the storm.

Jennie Bregan

# Storm Or Peace

The sunset and the moon to rise, gives different colors to my eyes but unbeknownst to all around my eyes maintain that cloudy brown. The sparkle that's there that everyone sees is fading in nature and being lost to the sea. My smile still there my face relaxed my eyes hold the guard that no one can get past the wisdom that's there they don't want to see, for if they get past they will see only me the persona I play the mask I wear gives no hint, to the pain that I bear. My depression comes in rolls intermittent it seems here today gone tomorrow flies by like autumn leaves. And just as a nature when the wind starts to blow the clouds rolling in soon the storm Will show. Clouds will gather cluster tight and dark rain starts to fall burying nature's art the mask slides off the smile fades away everyone can now see how I'm feeling that day oh what would it take for just a minute or two to escape to the eye to feel at peace and not a skewed.

Jennie Bregan

## Storm2

The sky's darken  
Winds start to blow, , ,  
I already know  
Where this is going to go.  
Rain. Starts to fall,  
a drip then a pour..  
Intermittent but soon  
It comes down even more  
Clouds Adding a false cover  
and instigating the fall.  
Makes matters worse  
when your dealing with it all.  
Thunder rolls in, lightening strikes,  
The storm is here...  
Can you see it in my eyes?  
My smile is less genuine,  
It falters sometimes,  
You think something's wrong,  
but won't look in my eyes.  
My eyes tell the story  
Of this storm coming,  
What to expect...and why I' m not well.  
Most don't know...and don't care either  
For those that do the are helpless in  
Helping me in my oendeavors.

Jennie Bregan

# Stuck

I need to write,  
What I feel,  
But what I feel,  
I cannot write.

I am stuck  
In a state of mind  
That would drive  
Anyone crazy

Especially when  
One is unable to  
Speak, Write, or Express  
Anything they are feeling

What is one to do,  
What is possible,  
To help me express,  
How I feel inside?

Jennie Bregan

# Sun

Shining bright  
up in the sky  
Drying all our tears away.

It shines of joy  
That gives us hope  
To make it through the day

When clouds cover  
The sun still Hovers  
Pushing them out of the way.

But there will be times  
It won't make it through  
And will shine in another way

Jennie Bregan

# Tears

I feel the tears and want to cry.

My throat is burning.

I go to my bed,                      only to realize,

I'm still surrounded.

I can't cry here,

I realize,

as I dont cry

in front of others.

I NEED to cry,

just let a river

of tears fall.

I can't pretend any longer. I can't

take it anymoref

April 2009

Jennie Bregan

# Thank You Lord

You Spread word  
The True word  
And that you are the Messiah

Blasphemy!  
The high priests yelled

You were beaten  
Nearly to death  
Skin peeling off your body

They nailed you to a cross,  
A crucifixion they call it

You laid down your life  
to wipe away our sins,  
To show your love

You show your love  
Forgiveness,  
To even the worst of sinners

you ascended into heaven,  
To guide and protect  
All mankind

Thank you Lord  
For showing us your love

-- 16 yrs old

Jennie Bregan



# The Dam

When the storm comes the contents are still and at low tide  
The storm grows strong rain pouring  
down everything begins to rise.  
Pressure tenfolds the dam splinters contents start to leak  
The fatal raindropp hits the dam  
breaks as the storm hits its peak  
The dam and its contents crash into the valley scattering the pieces  
below The storm fades away and the sun  
starts to shine setting the mess all aglow How  
can we rebuild this dam making it all new  
But to learn from our mistakes, let go, move on is what we must do.

Jennie Bregan

# The Ripple...

The red rivers flow again. Slow at first for it 'twas only a ripple to start the flow. The pain soars high into the clouds of doubt and frustration. Dripping the tears of frustration and hard work wasn't enough to hold back this storm. Mother Nature has come around possibly at full peak. What to do but to succumb to the storm and hopefully come out in one piece.

Jennie Bregan

# Tired

I'm tired of being strong      I want to break down and cry.  
 I'm tired of being generous      I want things for myself.  
 I'm tired of being frustrated      I want it to abate.  
 I'm tired of the word 'no' can you say 'yes' sometimes?  
 I'm tired of feeling empty      I want to feel and  
 be loved.      I'm tired of struggling      I want to  
 give in.      I'm tired of failing      I  
 want to succeed in life.      I'm tired of faking I want  
 part of this show no more.      I'm tired of not speaking  
 I want to scream and shout.      I'm tired of  
 EVERYTHING      just let me float away.

Jennie Bregan

# Turmoil Desctrction

The sky is blue, the sun shining bright.

Can you see the dark clouds in my mind?

They thunder and clash, and build quite a storm, but all you can see is an escaped rain storm. and sometimes not that, because despite it all I can smile and walk, you, oblivious to the destruction in my mind.

don't try to see don't try to observe, cause at this point Im a great actor. Some times it shows through, i might not smile as much but you glance notice and ask and I blow you off. you will never know, nor do you want because then my storm becomes yours and that I do not want. SO here I sit, in complete turmoil, unable to concentrate, unable to bleed.

Jennie Bregan

# Turmoil....

Standing here feeling dread...My thoughts are scrambled in my head. Stressed out to the tenth degree...I only long to be set free. Silver slices the still air...red moon rises and remains there. The river runs from clear to red, the body now relaxed is ready for bed. Red moon sets into the night...dreams flow in and turmoils temporarily take flight.

Jennie Bregan

# Void

They thought	at first	the world was flat.
That there was an	edge you can	fall off.
Sometimes	I'm there	
peering into the void,	wondering	if I jumped
would the outside	match the in.	Friday
8/21/09 11: 55pm		

Jennie Bregan

# Wanting A Family

I want a family  
A mom, Dad  
Grandparents  
Aunts, Uncles  
I want a family  
One with happy means  
One where they wont  
Give up on you  
When obstacles  
Challenges appear  
I want that support,  
Love  
Can you help me? ?

---15 years old

Jennie Bregan

## Wanting A Family Part II

I wanted a family so bad before With love and hugs Support and challenges Then  
i found Christ and turned to him finding a whole world of brothers and sisters

Jennie Bregan



# Who Will Cry For The Girl?

Who will cry for the girl  
Who was neeglected and abused?

Who will cry for the girl  
Whose mother and father used?

Who will cry for the girl  
Who is locked up in rage?

Who will cry for the girl  
Who was savagly torn away?

Who will cry for the girl  
Whose innocence was torn apart?

Who will cry for the girl  
Who can have the heart?

I ask again  
Who will cry for this girl  
Whose storm is brewing inside?

Who will cry for this girl  
For her tears have run dry?

Jennie Bregan

# Why?

The pain i feel  
Is unbearable  
It stabs me from head to toe

The memories  
Are foreverlasting  
They go wherever I go

The dreams  
Are full of Fear  
They forever keep me bound

The paranoia  
Drives me crazy  
My head spins round and round

Fears are  
Forever real to me  
They wreck my entire mind

Life is  
Unbearable  
It's hard to take sometimes.

You ask me why  
I cut myself  
Well if you can't already see,  
It is from all thee above  
From which I cannot flee.

Jennie Bregan

# Writing

I need to write                      what I feel,                      but what I feel  
                 I can not write.                      I am stuck                      in a state of  
mind                      that would drive                      ANYONE crazy.                      I  
often feel                      that I am walking                      as in a dream,  
                 like nothing's real.                      April 2009

Jennie Bregan