

Poetry Series

lou shandra wright
- poems -

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lou shandra wright(5/13/89)

my name is lou shandra but i liked to be called lulu.i'm black and very adorable, since the age 11 i've been sexually molested twice and almost raped poetry is my mental escape from the evil within people. i've been writing for about 6 years and i love to express myself lyrically through poetry. i love dark poetry even though i don't write it i think it's beautifully twisted. let me know if u got any good dark poetry...

A Grandchild's Prayer

She's the strongest woman I've ever known
she breaks her back to provide for her own.
I love her more than these words can say
and I hope to be as brave as her someday.
I can't stand to see sorrow in her face
for her to feel unloved is an utter disgrace.
So God please stop plucking at my angel's wings
and reward her for the joy she brings.
If not for her, I surely would be lost
so I'll protect her smile at any cost.
She raised me better than my mother would
I'd give her the stars in the sky if I could.
She is everything that women were meant to be:
beautiful, funny, strong and sweet.
She loves me even when her heart is broken
and I hope she enjoys this poem, this thankful token.
Remove her pain and depression, relieve all her drama.
Dear Lord in heaven please bless my grandma.
Amen

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Bye

I can hear the people crying
I know exactly what they'll say.
'She didn't seem depressed,
she wore a smile everyday.'
But only if they knew
that my smile was painted on.
Wore only as a disguise
to mask the fact that something's wrong.
I hate to disappoint them
but i just can't go on.
Living a life I didn't ask for
with years that last too long.
So I went inside my closet
with a blade and locked the door.
I asked God to please forgive
and for his mercy I implore.
I carved the knife's signature
deep into my wrist.
And laid against the door
wondering if I'd be missed.
I never was good at anything
and friends I couldn't maintain.
But since I succeed at my suicide
everyone knows my name.

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Love Is....

Love is like a cliff off which to leap, at first look frightening, but even those who have crashed upon unsuspecting plateaus would jump again if they could find the right person to hold in their arms along the way....

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Stop Telling Me What I Am

I'm not shy, I'm anti-social
I'm not rebellious, I just don't care.
I'm not sad, I'm depressed
I didn't leave, I was never there.
I'm not unfortunate, I'm cursed
I'm not hungry, I'm starved.
I'm not confused, I'm lost
I'm not hurt, I'm scarred.
I'm not lonely, I've been abandoned
My heart didn't break, it was destroyed.
It wasn't bad, it was devastating
these feelings were of those I couldn't avoid.
I didn't cry, I bled tears as I grieved
I didn't get over it, I recovered.
I'm not ready, I'm prepared.
I don't need to be found, I need to be discovered.
I didn't go on, I started over
Couldn't live without you, but now I can.
I don't want more, I deserve better
I'm not a nice girl, but I'm a good woman.

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Wondering

He loves me, he loves me not
I wish I really knew.
Sometimes he does, sometimes he doesn't
Tell me what am I to do.
If I tell him that I love him
Would he say it back?
Or would he break my heart
And make my red blood run black.
He has told me he loves my kisses
He's said he loves my body.
I know he loves my shoes,
But what about just loving me?
How am I supposed to know
If you never take the time to tell me?
Until than I'll sit plucking pedals saying
He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me...

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