

Poetry Series

Ashaunti Taylor
- poems -

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Ashaunti Taylor(May 8,1992)

A Horrible Experience- A True Story

First, he was my friend,
He was a type of friend, I wouldn't recommend,
I would never forget that beautiful day that was ruined at School Ten,
I don't know what he was thinking,
He probably thought that being friends with a girl meant for us to unwillingly have sex,
In school, at recess he was always jealous because I often hung out with my other male friends,
Then, he would carry my books and walk me home from school,
I thought he was my friend, but in reality he was really a fool,
Our friendship was blind,
The whole time, I couldn't read between the lines,
He thought everything was just fine,
I was sitting out in School Ten's playground, waiting for the dumb thing he was going to say,
Instead he said let's go in the nearest alley way,
I rejected that,
Then he suggested that we go in the back of a trailer,
He told me that we needed to talk,
I gave in, thinking that he really wanted to talk,
When we went behind the trailer, he touched and caressed my body,
After that, I wanted to be left alone and decided to take a walk,
As I tried to walk away, he pulled me, trying to give me a kiss,
I tried to throw a punch and missed,
As he zipped down his pants and tried to seduce me,
I screamed and hollared, but no one bothered to figure out why,
The school bell rang for me to go to my next class, tears rolled down from my eyes and I started to cry,
Oh my, oh my, look at what he has done,
Being his friend was not fun,
When he sexually molested me, I felt like I was ripped in half like a piece of paper, and crumbled all at once.

Ashaunti Taylor

A Poem For My Haters

People look at me and laugh,
They make fun of my every move,
What I want to know is what is it about me that people hate,
Could it be the fact that I have nothing to prove,
People are just ignorant for no apparent reason,
They talk about me every season,
What for, I don't know,
I don't really care, and my attitude shows it,
People are going to talk,
But, that's okay because I know how to walk,
While they are wasting their time talking about me, I'm using my time to walk away,
I don't have time to play little childish games,
At least I can say, thank you because it means I'm doing something right,
I really don't like to fight,
People are only looking at me and talking about what's on the outside of me,
The part of me they should talk about is what's in the inside,
They also look at the downfalls of themselves, and use it as a defense mechanism,
Sometimes, I just have to tell them,
There's no shame in my game, I have a lot of pride in myself,
So, people can take their opinions about me and stack them on a shelf,
For those who look at me and make fun of me, I just have to ask you something,

Are you really looking at me,
For those who are laughing at me, I want to tell ask you something,
Is it really me you're laughing at,
This is a poem for my 'Haters' to think about.

Ashaunti Taylor

Chaos

I see a dying world,
There's people living on the streets,
Innocent children are dying of STDs,
Their parents are sprung on crack,
Sexual predators look for little girls, who can't fight back, to neglect,
Violence is a bad influence, but people use it to get respect,
Kids make a fool of themselves when they bring guns to school,
Their parents are never home,
Teenage girls are walking around here thinking they're grown,
All they want to do is have sex and tal on the phone,
Months and months go by, she's pregnant, so now she's not so fly,
Her baby's daddy is somewhere, gettting high,
He doesn't believe that the baby is his, but DNA doesn't lie,
She dropped out of high school and let her life pass her by,
The baby cried and cried, until it got old enough to realize right from wrong,
He wonders why his mother is singing the same old sad song,
She sings songs to cover up what is wrong, Her baby's daddy is still getting high,
but this he he searches for a new thong to pull,
He searches in a place, where he call 'his hood', and his boys say 'man, I wish I
could',
Money, cars, clothes, and having sex with a hoe, are all he and his boys know,
BANG, BANG, BANG, a gun was shot,
Nobody snitches on my boy Dee, or you'll get-got,
As Dee, Pee, and Tee ran from the cops,
I wonder when will this crazy chaos stop.

Ashaunti Taylor

Daddy

I miss him dearly,
He's not gone, he lives in California, I live in New Jersey,
He gave me alot of sisters and brothers,
I am always thinking of him amd I know he's always thinking about me,
Our love for eachother was meant to be,
His ongoing love is just as sweet as a dove,
He is my all of the above,
No matter what, he's the one I trust,
I can tell him anything,
I want to tell all boys that I have no time for their lust,
My daddy's love is a must,
I love him just because,
He's like my best friend,
His love for me is like a ring around my finger,
No matter how far apart we live, his love for me will always linger,
I love you, Daddy.

Ashaunti Taylor

I Am Me

I am unique and creative,
I am a child of God,
I am a beautiful, strong, young lady,
I am a believer,
I am someone's hero,
I am couragous,
I am someone special in my own little way,
I am the only Ashaunti Shaniyrah Taylor that will say...

I am me and not anyone else because I am me.

Ashaunti Taylor

I Love You Alex,12.26.09

Alex oh Alex, my sweet boyfriend I adore,
This Valentine's Day will a very special day for us,
You and I both know that when we walk down the halls in school, we have a
relationship that some people lust,
I love you because you with my heart, I can trust,
Hold on to my heart boo but don't take it and run,
Slow down boo there's no need to rush,
Our love for eachother can't never be crushed,
I have to admitt that after we kiss I often start to blush,
OMG, boo it's just the little things you that I like about you,
I want you to know that I appreciate you for mingling with me when I was single,

When your next to me, my heart starts to jingle,
Okay, okay, I guess this is part where I have to say,
I love you, Alex,
There's no other way for me say this but I want to spend the rest of my life with
you,
Even if we turn 102 together,
At least I know that you miss me when we are at home apart from eachother,
Whether if I'm at my house, snowed in or any weather,
I truly believe that we are birds of a feather,
I'm just your pleasure but not no other man's treasure,
My love for you I can't even measure,
As I pour my heart out to you in this poem,
I want you to think about what I said,
And call me when you get home,

I love you, baby.

Ashaunti Taylor

If You Look In My Eyes

Some people believe that facial expressions paints a picture about a person's feelings,

My facial expressions are unpredictable,

When I'm sad, I really don't show it,

If I'm feeling happy, I am laughing,

But, you can't really tell what I'm feeling, unless you look in my eyes,

If you look in my eyes, you might see tears of pain, joy and sometimes depression,

I don't have any set emotion of my life,

If you look in eyes, you will see me cry,

I cry for children that are straving or poor,

I cry for all of the stupid violence going on in this world,

I cry for all of the teenage girls, who don't feel loved,

I cry for anyone who hates me,

If you look in my eyes, you will feel my pain.

Ashaunti Taylor

Jesus Christ

Every time I talk to him, I cry,
I cry because he died on a cross for our sins,
And in three days he resurrected so that we can be free,
People failed to realize that,
They close to do things that God forgave them them for doing,
He gave up his life for our sins for a reason,
People need to acknowledge that Jesus is still here,
Jesus cares for and about all,
So all should care for and about him,
JESUS CHRIST, our savior.

Ashaunti Taylor

My Sister Ebonee And My Brother Terrance

I love all of my sisters and brothers,
This sister stands out to me from the rest of my sisters,
We look just alike,
We have some things in common,
Yes, I'm talking about my sister Ebonee,
I miss my sister Ebonee,
And let me not forget my first brother,
He's the brother stands that stands out to me from my other brother,
He looks like me too,
We have something in common, too,
He's the oldest boy,
I'm the oldest girl,
I miss my little man, Man-Man,
His favorite cartoon characters was Spider-Man and The Incredible Hulk,
He didn't like anything wasn't Spider-Man or The Incredible Hulk,
He loved him some Spider-Man,
I think about them both alot too, just like I think about my daddy,
I love you, Ebonee and (Man-Man) Terrance.

Ashaunti Taylor

Never Give A Boy Your All

If you love someone, you must love them for who they are not what the person looks like, have, or their actions,
I once fell in love with this boy, who had low self-esteem because he couldn't dress,
We were dating for four years, on and off,
He wanted all our relationships to be seen and heard,
Without words I got so affectionate with him,
I give him my virginity at the age of 14,
I loved him and I thought he loved me,
I never knew what he admired me for,
Day after day, we started to see each other even more than before,
We broke up and my heart where he used to be was sore,
I was so open to him to the point where, if I seen him somewhere and I hadn't seen him all that day, my heart would go to him, faster than the rain when it pours,
This is why when you met a new boy, you shouldn't give him your all,
If he brakes your heart, it will fall,
Some boys don't about you like you care about them,
I don't know why he couldn't just be faithful.

Ashaunti Taylor

Pcti

PCTI stands for Passaic County Technical Institute,
That's my school,
I love my school very much,
Our Bulldog spirit can't be touched,
PCTI is the best,
This is the school others like to test,
We're not a test, we're the best.

Ashaunti Taylor

Tears Of A Heart Broken Soul

I can't even express the way I feel,
My mom and her were very close friends,
They loved eachother deeper than the love within the inside,
Now all her family can do is look at pictures of her and cry,
I can't even sleep without asking the Lord why,
Why did Mercedez have to die?

Ashaunti Taylor

Why Must Society Die?

I see a dying world,
There's people living on the streets,
Innocent children dying of STD's,
Their parents sprung on crack,
Sexual predators look for innocent girls to molest,
Violence is a bad influence, but people think it's cool,
And this whole society has turned upside down,
Teenagers don't even learn anymore, like they used to,
They're having sex, instead of learning in school,
As the years go by, all this society has left to do is cry,
Why,
Why must society die?

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