

Poetry Series

christina smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

christina smith(1972)

Daddy

Did you want me to grow up to be a whore?
The things you did to me
Ruined me for ever more.
You made it easier for all
those other scum.
Every time you made me ***

Yea, dad you made me a target
and gave me this life I cannot forget

Never had anyone that I could trust.
You took that with out a thought.
What was it in in me,
Your daughter, that you sought?

Did you get what you came for?
I hope at least
I made you explode real nice
Because EVERYDAY I pay your price!

christina smith

Fairytales

How can you honestly say you
ever loved me?
Especially when you say
the same about the new girl you see?

You believe that I must enjoy
bringing pain to your heart.
Which I cannot understand.
Cause I told you everything from the start.

You say you cant understand why I do the things I do.
I reply always the same.
'My past is to blame'
I tried to explain
I need a man stronger than me.

A man who no matter what
may come to be.
A man who wouldn't lie
A man who always said
'lets give it another try'
A man who would not leave
A man in who I could believe.
A man who wouldn't
give a false start
A man who would help me become whole.
Not tear my heart even farther apart.

A man who would know help is what I needed.
A man who know that
Together there was nothing that
couldn't be defeated.
A man who loved me and me only.
A man who was not a phony.

Know what I got from you?
Believe me nothing new! !
I got the lie fed to me.
A fairytale disguised as

The family I craved.
Instead in it I became enslaved.

Fairytales all end the same.
All end in tragically and in shame.
With ashes after all the flame.

christina smith

I Pay

I Pay

I pay
As beneath the earth
You lay
I fight to survive
From day to day
As your bones decay
And I pay

I pay
No matter how much
To GOD I pray
I still pay

Everyday I live
I pay

christina smith

Just Short

I fall just short on everyones expectations
Just short-ly after the dead line.
Just short of the finish line
Just short in ALL expectations
Just short regarding all aspects of life
Just short from ever becoming someones wife
Just short of succedss
Just short of finesse
Just short of bing a good part of society
Just sort on being a true friend
Just short of evin having a broken heart to mend
Just short on being gthe right kind of daughter
Just short in being that leader I should of been
Just short I've fallen
Today yet again.

christina smith

Spun

Wasted
before I'd even tasted.
Knowing
just not going.
Trapped
although it has all been mapped.
Unable
it was all just another fable.
Alone
and very much grown.
A shell
in an oceanless ****
Tired
even while wired
Unhappy
since birth
Life has been crappy
Existing
While also resisting!
Done
over before I've begun!
You know
Spun!

christina smith

Thief

You stole my life
I want it back!
The bible says to take
back
what the devil has stolen
from your camp.
But how can I when
You only left the soul of a scamp?

You kidnapped my whole being
So now,
I live without seeing!
You stole my Husband
and my family
That I so very much long for!
Your a thief
Thats caused me a lifetime of grief
I now can see the value
in what you ravaged from me
No longer am I blind!
How empty,
I am,
To the nth degree!

Thief stealer of life,
Babykiller
Cheater
And Liar!
You have stolen
everything
from within my hearts desire! !

christina smith

To Stand

To stand yet take no action
Be there but don't have a reaction

Be aware
and into the distance
Just stare

Make your morals known
Let your heart be stone

Take a stand
Do not make any demand

Declare a change be made
And continue to let
Those images fade

Have knowledge to make a difference
For ones hurt beyond repair
But be sure to
Protect the monster
Just to be fair!

Written December 2007
By Christina

christina smith

Who?

Who could I even begin,
To possibly trust?
Nobody that's surely a must.

Now more than ever
To trust someone is
What I need.
Is there no one
To fill the deed?

Need not they be a friend,
Nor a person,
That on one can depend.

A person that will listen,
And not judge.
Or later hold a grudge.

A person who won't
prey upon me.
Even when I am at my
weakest I could be.

A person in whom
I could believe
and would never deceive.
Someone strong enough to
help me get thru my break down.
And someone who would stick around.

That person would know
All my fears
And see all my tears.

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