

Poetry Series

**Dawn Lochridge**  
**- poems -**

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## Dawn Lochridge(12-13-1971)

I'm a little bit Rebel and Redneck mixed in a little bit of Bipolar and Hey! ! You and I just met! I try and educate on The American Pit Bull Terriers and bully Breeds, I am firmly against breeding The American Pit Bull Terriers and Pit Bulls, any dogs or cats with the over population. I educate on spay and neuter along with Veterinarian care, vaccines, and Flea, tick, heart worm prevention. If we all worked together we could cut the numbers dramatically.

I am a lost cause I feel & some might not get me or my Stories and poems. I am mentally ill, however you mix in having a stroke and it = me

## ~ Infinity ~

My beautiful daughter and son

You both are my heart, my love is infinity from the day you were born and now my heart still beats so strongly for you two.

I thank my savior Jesus Christ for you two

If not for Jesus intervening in my life at age 15 I would have been down a path of doomed destruction.

Jesus gave me a chance to have a little one and teaching me how to be a mother and daughter, wife, and sister, aunt.

Jesus saved my life again at 27 when he gave me another little one, to show me how to love and appreciate even deeper and stronger.

You're the best of me; and the reflection I see when I look into your beautiful eyes is love without an end, infinity -

once you're a mother it's a love indescribable, you love hard and deeply you love infinity for your children, until you reach the end of your life and beyond into eternity.

Infinity is the love of a mother, a bond that cannot be broken even after death.

Love your mama my beautiful children your mama loves you more than you'll ever know..

Dawn Lochridge

Dawn Lochridge

# A Woman's Heart

The heart of a woman is a precious work of art, each individual woman will learn the strength of their heart with the troubles faced in their lifetime.

A woman's heart without love is easy to shatter as a rock thrown through a window.

A woman's heart is at its strongest when in love with her husband that God chose for her, even stronger when a woman becomes a mother.

When a mother has her heart broken it's a permanent crack that can't be mended, if broken by her husband it becomes shattered through out the remainder of time- even after death.

A woman is only as strong as her heart. Some women have thin hollow hearts made like a cheap wine glass and the strongest women- Matriarchs, have a heart made of glass fit for a king to drink from. Still delicate enough to comfort her children and move forward in this world to take care of her responsibilities.

After the heart of a woman has been shattered she will be no more until she reaches the after life, she begins her journey on the other side she will then understand her meaning and purpose for her life, reasons why she was meant to be and the purpose of her heart, the path and why it's so strong but yet so delicate, a woman learns her weaknesses and strengths in the after life, the reasons for her heartbreak and the reasons for her purpose that was to live the life God planned for her.

Dawn Lochridge

# Black Smudge

I was a independent single mother..  
Now I am just a black smudge..  
Iv'e always been a black smudge!  
I try everyday to better myself with a positive additiude an Thank you Lord for another day!  
The black Smudge always bursts as I awake withmy positive outlook!  
Only to jump right back in bed quickly and curl up with my furbabies..  
I pray at night - Dear Lord please watch over me and take the nightmares away..

I am a mentally ill black smudge..  
I am a weak woman now!  
I went from a successful independent Mother, employee, daughter, sister, friend to a black smudge you lick-your finger and try to remove it...  
I have issues that weigh heavily on my mind and shoulders..  
I am messed up and my own family stirsthe pot and turned up the heat..  
I was the precious spoiled baby that came along, not planned!  
My Father and Mother were preparing retirement - It came to a halt when they found out about me.  
I'm a black smudge, the kind you have to work hard to remove. Only I couldn't be scrubbed away!  
I joined 2 sisters 12 and 10 yrs older than me- You know the black smudge..  
A black smudge that drives you nuts because it want come off..  
A black smudge that had a eating disorder and self inflicted injuries so I could feel pain instead of A black smudge..  
My life has been traumatized since the day I was born a black smudge.  
My sisters fought over me - The black smudge.  
They dropped me and hurt me...  
My sisters actually punched each other just to give a bath and put me to bed..  
Why would a family fight over a black smudge?  
I am a black smudge and don't feel pain now that my sisters stopped wanting me badly that fighting andpunch each other..  
I have no one in my family; yes my children too!  
I was a independent, OCD, BIPOLAR, INSOMNIAC ODD, POUR ANXIETY & PANIC THAT WENT TO WORK EVERYDAY AS A REGULAR RURAL CARRIER..  
A black smudge that my sisters no longer want me!  
Why did I have to take care of my daddy? I was eleven yearold girl watching my daddy's chest to see him breath..

The black smudge cleaned up vomit and made daddy's food, why bother he

would vomit it right back up!

I loved my daddy and he didn't plan on have A black smudge...I was a little girl, his little girl! ! I suffer mentally and have vived dreams about my daddy.

I was his black smudge and loved me unconditionally..

Daddy was my hero. I was a black smudge and he was still proud of me.

I am mentally ill, no danger to myself or anyone.

I know right from wrong, I still get mad, really MAD..

THE BLACK SMUDGE WAS SO MAD THAT HER DADDY DIED WHEN SHE WAS ONLY twelve years old.

Be careful! !

You will mark your children with events that causes trauma for life.

The black smudge had to see her hero laying dead in the hospital while he was still warm...

I can't forget it.. I relive it with every dream and while thinking about him.

My Mother loved me! She still does!

I thank God for my Mother...

God left me in the hands of my Mother, I am thankful God left me in her care.. I Love my Mother....

She tells me &quot; Let gp of the past&quot; However I can't daddy is in my dreams...

Dawn Lochridge

# Chess

Chess- See its more than a game.

Its A med formed of life.

It teaches you about life.

It teaches you about what you want out of life and how to get it.

You need to surround yourself with strength an you will be protected.

Vigilance is the key; you be like a stealth an prepared to attack.

Some players are valuable than others and then you keep your enemies close.

You only sacrifice them when it servers you and your cause in the end.

Dawn Lochridge

# Dark Cloud Or Sunny Day

As the dark cloud hangs over my head I do my best to dream of a sunny day.  
I am a dark cloud of gloom that prays for sunny days,  
Often referred to as beautifully broken or desperately seeking drama,  
I didn't choose to be the way I am- easily bored and drama crazed,  
Iv'e always been sheltered and spoiled. Pitted for my consonant bad decisions,  
Is yearning to be loved passionately drama? If so my drama wil continue,  
I have a pattern you see of choosing the wrong men to share a love affair with, I  
should seek Gods intervention.  
I tell to much, speak tp openly when things just should simply be left unsaid.  
I love my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ...  
But oh how I love the man I am married to ad yet he wants othing to do with  
me,  
He doesn't like me- you know you can feel those vibes, a husband that has no  
interest in his wife any shape or form,  
I pray for him to feel my love and see I am the one that has his back and loves  
him more than myself, ,

Yes I am at fault in many ways -but not in the love I feel for a man that can't  
stand his wife, , Iv'e lost everything and everyone I love, ,  
A lifetime of hurt and pain with a dark cloud hanging above my head,  
I can only pray to the Lord above to give me the sunny days I yearn for and the  
true love I believe I deserve and long for,  
The love you only have once in a lifetime and pray not to make anymore  
decisions to knock me of course, God is my lighthouse and I will stay my course  
he has put me on, , ,  
after all God takes down a path in life for a reason...  
My reason will be revealed when my Lord and savior is ready for me to know, , I  
just pray for my sunny days or my eternal life be spent with the true King of my  
love above all and everything

Dawn Lochridge

# Don't Judge

Just because I come from Georgia doesn't make me a dumb redneck.  
I am an educated, classy lady with Bipolar, Anxiety, Panic, and an eating disorder.  
I am not a nut, I am Plagued everyday.  
I functioned and raised two kids.  
I worked until I could no longer hide it.  
I battle Migraines, Vertigo, Bipolar, Anxiety, Panic, and a eating disorder, OCD, PTSD. everyday.  
Don't judge me.  
I had a husband that loved me day to day.  
And I had two kids to raise.  
My health was no worry to me.  
I only lived day by. day.  
I suffered everyday but battled my illness and worked to take care of my kids.  
My life didn't matter to me.  
My kids didn't understand why I couldn't do anything but go to bed after work.  
I was a total mess.  
My kids hate me then and now.  
Their hate was directed to me and still is.  
They hated me for getting sick and they were not given anything they wanted.  
I hate myself, I will until I'm dead.  
I think about my medical and mental capability's as soon as I open my eyes when I wake everyday.  
I am so tired of my life but not tired enough to die.  
I am unstable, I am well aware.  
I am OCD, and mentally unstable.  
I am a danger to myself not anyone one else.  
I manage and deal but don't dare under estimate me or second guess me.  
I am a open book, the topic of many book clubs you see.  
I stay hid as much as possible, but still have run ins with the neighbors.  
I am not the hermit they call me and a PILL-HEAD? ? ? no I don't think so.  
Yet I struggle daily with no one understanding.  
I am disabled not by choice, I don't take pills and check it out..  
I could take pills I am accused of but I'm mentally unstableso much that I think I don't need them.  
I stay up almost all night and sleep all day to avoid the ones that say I'ma monster.  
Just don't judge me I am who I am.

Dawn Lochridge

# End The Ban

The heart of a pitbull is loving and loyal.  
Judged so poorly and unfair from ignorance and fear.  
Not to mention the terrible torture they had to endure at the hands of humans  
that gain financially with their evil and wicked unsavory way of life and  
characters, and if they didn't win their cast out and sent to be on their own?  
If their lucky enough to be alive,  
If rescued they will prove that a true Heart of The Pitbull and love their human.  
Please End the Ban

But Not lucky enough to be rescued?  
Some of us are lucky enough to be rescued and loved by our new pack that  
teaches us to this be the last day with my human pack?  
Am I safe for now?  
What about tomorrow or next week?  
Please don't take my humans away see?  
are a pack and we are friendly and loving and training for us is really is natural  
behavior that is to be loyal and loving.  
The behavior that comes from being loved by the family we desire to be taught  
how to live and it comes natural to pitbull's to stay loyal and let me live, and  
Prove to humans I have feelings, and worries too! Please don't let them band  
me! Let me show them I am good.

Dawn Lochridge

# I Will Never Rest In Peace

I will never rest in peace:

Don't visit me to cut my heart with your sharp tongue!

There is more to me than the beauty and looks you claim I have.

I'm fighting as I grow older.

Your sharp tongue has cut me from the first time we met, don't you see that I care?

Probably not, I have been a woman no one could, love to or seem to understand.

I don't know why I can't be loved!

I've tried to love and make you feel that I am made from your rib.

How can you be so hateful to the one that will be there when no one else will.

Wait-

Im not trying to make you feel bad.

I know I'm hateful, mean-and will challenge you to a duel..however I can promise I will win!

I've been hurt and left more times than once.

Just to hurt back just out of spite.

when I do love - I love hard.

I've been punished, bruised, and thrown through the air! Kicked, verbally and mentally abused. NEVER WAS I BROKE!

I'LL NEVER BE BROKE!

I'll die first, only! I'll come back for one last try to make you feel the compassion, love and the beating of my caring heart.

You'll just have to see it when I'm gone.

When you don't have me anymore!

I just died and you don't even care I promise you'll cry to my grave - only the tears from your eyes go unheard forever.

I'm gone for good, The woman that was made for you, from your rib.

You have been so deaf to the heart that is broken and scared yet still cares deeply through eternity for you,

Cry to my grave knowingly you can still hurt me with your words after I am gone.

The only protection I can provide, will be to watch out for you from the other side.

Please my love treasure this lullaby.

I have the same talent and I'm not a stranger to the feeling of regretful words.

As I've stepped over the boundaries and hurt myself.

I've been there, Now I'm gone out of your reach and can't make it right from my grave.

I want you to think of me as you go through the world with each and every night  
you fall asleep; I'm the one that was meant to be for you.  
Promised you I would always be true, still loving you.  
I have eternity to watch you.  
I know in my heart we were meant for each other, not two can be so alike.  
Night after night I will protect you, keep you, and our commitment we made to  
one another when I was visible to you, right there so you could touch.  
I will watch over you from above, for I have loved you since we met.  
Keep your flowers and your tears for they no longer matter I cannot feel.  
Your pain, "only you my love" can feel, you are why I'm gone.  
It was all your anger and torture that put me here.  
I forgive you my love, now learn how to forgive yourself..

Dawn Lochridge

# Its A Must Or Mental

Probably today -I will light up that first cigarette of the day only today in bed all day.

Probably a must - Well to be honest its a Mental must.

Probably today I will binge eat and try not to purge, starve myself, and eat when everyone gets in bed, it's a great chance I will purge.

Probably a mental must- I self pity and turn into an opinionated maniac, it's all about me and talk and talk about the past.

Probably Mental fear of what the day has in store for me!

The traumatic childhood memories are always there looking back at me - with a smirky smile, reminding me of all my mental failures and everything I have done that is failed in my life.

Its a must not to let anyone know just how unstably mental I am. I

hide the anxiety that starts in my stomach while the sweating up my spine turns quickly to panic, I've already determined that it's mental.

I am trying to understand my must or mental issues that make me hateful, its definitely a must to get along well with others, Mental is all I know.

Probably die and no one would be the truth, not pity but guilt.

Its a must to fix the mental stability!

But time is running out.

I know I don't have long and it's hard to say this but I am!

My only friends whom loved me, stayed by me are just a handful.

The family is just as few..

I am going out in the way a lady should without a great big deal.

Thanks again Mental this time you won all I do is worry if my children will be okay today, and safe tomorrow.

It's a mental - I can't explain when you lose all the ones that you love to a death.

Its a mental and a must- I can't make up for all the bad I've done or that hurt I caused.

It's a must- I will not have a pity party for myself.

It's a mental- and a must to decide if you can Accomplish the day.

Mental must-I will not be a burden on my children as they have their own lives to live.

It's a must and a mental- I will never harm myself again for the sake of my soul and my children and grandchildren.

Thanks for your judgement that you passed on me.

Its a mental must that I don't respond negatively to your hate.

It's a mental and a must- No matter what I will always keep you guessing about the reasons I write.

So much for all of the people who thought it was a personality of mine.  
It's a must I tell you that I am not mentally insane. Just mentally bruised.  
It's a - - - MUST TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN NEVER SAY "I KNOW HOW THAT  
FEELS!"  
YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE,  
Try OPENING A TEXT BOOK - READ HOW THE HUMAN BRAIN AND CHEMISTRY  
ARE NOT AT ALL THE SAME.  
It's a MENTAL MUST TO KNOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER KNOW ME UNLESS I LET  
YOU KNOW ME!  
DON'T ASSUME ANYTHING ABOUT ME IS EVEN CLOSE TO ANYTHING YOU MAY  
HAVE BEEN THROUGH, OR THE PERSON I AM.  
MY HEART IS SO BROKE, SORE, HARD.  
I ONLY LET FEW KNOW ME, YOU MIGHT BE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONE'S.  
IT'S A MENTAL MUST TO KNOW ME.  
DON'T SAY ANYTHING PUSHY OR HARSH.  
IT'S A MENTAL MUST TO KNOW THAT NOT EVERY ONE IS GOING TO LIKE YOU.  
IT'S A MENTAL MUST THAT YOU MUST REALIZE I PROBABLY CAN'T STAND A  
MENTAL MUST- YOU WISH YOU COULD BE ME!  
IT'S A MENTAL MUST YOUR JEALOUS OF ME.  
IT'S A MUST AND MENTAL MUST-TO GET OVER YOUR OBSESSION AND MOVE ON  
WITH YOUR OWN LIFE,

Written and owned  
D Lochridge aka Roxii Anne

Dawn Lochridge

# My Daddy

A daddy's for protecting. A daddy's for playing an walking and singing too.

A daddy's for lifting you up higher and higher.

A daddy's for making you laugh and laugh.

A daddy's is for his silly faces and jokes.

A daddy's for hugging and loving lots.

A daddy's daughter thinks her daddy rules the world and hung the moon!

Daddy I'm glad that my daddy is you.

in memory of my daddy

Dawn Lochridge

# My Glory Girl

She is midnight black.

The best ride of your life.

She is so gentle as the moon light;

Yet would give you the ride of your life under the moon light.

She gives you what you crave! So up and up Glory racked her huge heart out,  
stop when you asked her to.

Oh Glory Girl lets just walk on and talk.

My "Guts And Glory" Had the the gentle nature..

Glory Girl was the one you could depend on.

My Glory Girl and I went many miles together

And she wouldn't leave me without a last goodbye with her head in my lap and  
softly lipping my neck such a goodbye only a precious best friend could give and  
her dignity lives on.

Fly high my beautiful Guts And Glory with your huge Black Angel wings you  
earned.

I love you my beautiful Glory Girl

Dawn Lochridge

# My Hurt

Cast aside as if I never mattered,  
Hurt by your words and actions,  
Will I rise from the hurt?  
I will, You can't break me,  
You try everyday to mentally abuse me,  
I let you so for that hurt is my fault.  
Love me don't hurt me, I never verbally or physically abuse you,  
I sacrificed so much for you,  
You sacrifice nothing for me,  
I am stronger now and taking back my life.

I respect your feelings even now that I am over you,  
Respect is not in your vocabulary or love.  
I am hurt to badly to fix and have been since I was a child.  
I am hurt beyond repair of our marriage but forgive you,  
I will not let your hurt loom over me until I leave this world.  
Good Bye my hurt and true love I wanted to be your one great lifetime true love  
but I can't fill your shoes and all the love you feel for yourself.  
I will learn to love me

Dawn Lochridge

# My Love

My love - the special love we have is what we have looked for all our lives.

At 46 I found my true love.

I went through a few bad apples and always reached a lemon and took the bad behavior for fear of being alone.

My love -I will never betray you and will rely on you.

I will allow you to know me through and through.

I'm hard to love yes I know. my true love - never worry anymore.

I'm always going to have your back like you have mine.

I always prayed for a real man like my daddy was afraid they broke the mold.

You are my soul mate.

My love - rest your heart on mine, I will always you my son and daughter And My precious granddaughters.

My voice is going to be heard by any an all, the animal advocate an passion for The Pit bulls euthanized and abused.. I don't love a ignorant human being that fight and breed pit bulls and all bully type dogs.

Written by Dawn Lochridge'Hardin ~ owned by Dawn Lochridge'Hardin

Dawn Lochridge

# My Mama

My Mama is the true Southern woman that loves her kids when we are acting up really bad even when it was difficult to love.

My love for her grows and grows, Yes I loved daddy, however I always had her my Mama as my leader, teacher, best friend, and built in security system.

She is one of the last true Southern Matriarchs Mamas left and I love you Mama and need you at 45 years old, I will be the lady you have shown in your reflection of teaching me your ways and I am never letting you go.

Dawn Lochridge

# My Roxii Anne

My Roxii Anne you are A Sweet little &quot; American Pit Bull Terrier.

You have the heart of thousands of a soldiers.

We love and get along,

Your heart beatsto it'sown drum.

Roxii Anne, my Service Dog -You deserve a metal for saving my life.

You play and love our Snooki without any aggressiveness when you're not assisting me. You never show aggressive behavior to any human or fellow furbabies.

Leave my fellow American Pit Bull Terriers alone and pit bull dog's to live as any other doggies.

keep Roxxi's and Snooki's happiness and love for our family in all of the other pitbull parents who have to worry about the BAN!

Roxii nor Snooki is the monster they are made out to be.

Judge humans that have devilish ways and make us do things not in our nature.

Roxii and Snooki are not suffering from the hands of the realmonsters because my Service dog and all of my friends and family who gives the love A pitbull deserves.

Not all are trained to make blood money or to be a threat to other animals or humans.

And I have to remind you to get to know a sweet little pitbull before you judge and Discriminate against them and their owners!

There are many other breeds that are deemed viciousand I love Chihuahuas but they are more out to be vicious than the pitbull.

Always remember that beauty is in the eyes of the holder and when you'resweet precious furbabylooks at you all your beauty is what he or she sees.

Written by Dawn Lochridge Hardin

AKA dawnandthepaws/ Dawn's Paws ?? For Pits

Dawn Lochridge

# Mysterious!

She stands alone with her last Smoke of the night.  
While she is watching the sun coming up  
You can see what a day she lives lighting another cigarette.  
She is so mysterious.  
Now mysterious as she is; she longs for a true love.  
But always always on guard,  
If You're lucky and she lands on a shooting star she is a little closer and when  
she lets you in just enough to make you think "I know her";!  
You haven't a clue how she is "broken"; her heart, mental state,  
anxiety and panic,  
bipolar mixed with just enough anorexia and a lot of PTSD.  
She battles the demons in her mind from daylight to darkness. it's just part of  
her every day life so mysterious don't everforget!  
My mysterious ways has always got me in VIP-anywhere I go even in my same  
sweet, loving ways can get me what I want.  
Man I will blow your mind and make you fall in love with my mysterious ways!  
Always have you begging me for the mysterious ways I hooked you will board  
the train again an again  
I will blow your mind.  
You will never get me out of your head.  
Ijust sit there and act like I don't want him anymore or he will tell me "You  
aregorgeous";  
I talk to him in my Sweet little kisses as he begs me to break his heart I'm  
mysterious like that!  
Then when I am done I walk away with everything I have given him.  
His heart is breaking well it's to bad!  
I'm going tell you if you think for one second I'm not mysterious, and I get what  
I want.I  
I will play with your head and you're every word you see!  
I have been told I am so intriguing.  
You are mystified, sad an crying as I light up an cigarette and explain-  
I used all of my talents that was given to me.  
I always get what I want.  
Mysteriously I second guess myself! And want to say "I have this meeting  
with thevoices in my head ";  
You will always remember I'm so mysterious and you want to know so much  
more -thenI suggest you ask to take a page from my book.  
Normally I don't let anybody know I'm selfish, I am so opinionated, and they  
most hateful person I am.

Just as I took a wall down- you think you you know me?  
I say very loud you told me "how gorgeous, mysterious and a hot blonde  
female you ever met"!  
Let my mysterious ways and the most beautiful black lace and heels that you  
would never stop wanting me and I won't be so mysteriously conjuring up  
feelings for you because I am mysterious like that.  
People are amazed how I mind screw you.  
While I remind him how I rescued him from the nasty world we all know and love,  
my The Voice's tell my ego roughly with frustrations in a good way for the failed  
marriages "KEEP HIM HE IS A GOOD MAN" I'm so mysterious and I  
get those little hush-hush  
He wants you as his wife!  
And I argue back with the voices and say -  
Don't hate the player cuz it's a win-win with my mysterious ways.  
When I have a blackout day mysteriously checks out to smoke a cigarette, your  
man's to wonder serious and almost angry because I don't want anyone to  
know and it hurts him! Really? I don't care I still have my mysterious black glaze  
and I'm going to leave now go now.  
I have my footprint on his heart.  
I have put the voices away and a smile on my face.  
I have the most beautiful ones. I am so classy, and mysteriously mysterious. I will  
take your husband and use him for my own financial needs send him back  
begging for me to love him  
When I'm done -I'll have your money and your jewelry! Because being  
mysterious and you're husband paying my bills. I'm not only mysterious, I'm  
beautifully broken because the man that has my heart is as mysterious as I am.

Dawn Lochridge

# Now He Knows Now

He doesn't know how much love I feel for him.

He doesn't know the feeling I have in my heart for him.

He Doesn't know that I have his back and have always been his ride-or-die.

He doesn't know how it feels when I need him to kiss me passionately and make love to me the way he use to.

He doesn't know his feelings and interest in me change when I caught him talking to that whore..

He doesn't know how insecure I am.

He doesn't know that I have a feeling in the pit of my stomach of hate for what he has done to me.

He doesn't know that I know since he married me and no longer talk to whores; I know that is why he can't make love to me anymore.

He doesn't know how lonely, scared, mentally damaged, and why my heart hurts.

He doesn't know how bad it hurts when he calls me out of my name.

He doesn't know I still have nightmares of the times he hit me, pulled my hair out, but my face.

He doesn't know how it hurts to be rejected and how I will walk out the door and he will never see me again..

He doesn't know how I hurt myself to make the pain go away but my heart, body, and mind, soul still aches for him.

He doesn't know I can't take anymore.

He doesn't know that no matter how he felt about his past relationships it hurts like hell when he tells me he never hit, cursed, or argued like he does with me.

Who cares? I care! I promise no one will love and stand by you the way I have.

He doesn't know I love him enough to let him go an the hurtt he has caused me.

He doesn't know my feelings have changed dramatically.

He doesn't know it will hurt like HELL; , he is free to go.

He doesn't know he will miss me.

He doesn't know how I hope an pray he grieves, cries an feels the same hurt he has bestowed on me.

He doesn't know that I will take comfort in another man's arms when he tossed me aside.

He doesn't know he has fucked me up so bad that I will hurt him like he has me and I'll mind, emotionally until I see tears of his hurt.

He doesn't know I'm bitter- bittersweet he will never have anymore.

Dawn Lochridge

# Respect Your Mother

I wanted to be a Mother. I always wanted children just not as a contractions and completions were to much to owned all my love when I looked into his eyes and so happy he was mine. I begun counting for ten fingers and ten little toes, he was perfect. I was a loving mother and happy he was mine, I had prepared myself to never feel the pain of having another child we lived as a family an I never forgot. I let me guard down and 12 years later I'm with child only terrified of the memories of the unbearable pain I was to be asingle mother of one an one on the way. I had another little set of eyes looking up at me and begun counting ten fingers and ten little toes. I was overwhelmed and to proud to ask for help, and I caved and my Mother came in to my aid. I worked two jobs and many hours an that is the truth, with every minute free I had free I spent it with my children, I had work and children like any Mother. I made mistakes and as my children grew they begun resenting me for working myself to disability whether we get to the root now or the other reasons they have to say to their Mother, &quot; It take a woman to have a child but takes a Mother to be the woman that has the capability to act like one and others to view you as A Mother. I respect my children and do unto others does not apply to world is much different today, I would never tell my mother such things because it takes a child to become a adult, man or woman and have the respect for your Mother when you have responsibility of children and working to care for them and give them the best.

Dawn Lochridge

# Simply Love That Beautiful Smile

I sure do  
Simply Love that beautiful smile  
I am a beautiful dog inside and out.  
With a beautiful smile.  
I can be trained to fight its just not in my nature.  
I can be trained to potty, sit, rollover.  
My beautiful huge musculature body, might scare some.  
Please remember -  
I am not a reflection of my humans nature.  
I have been treated poorly, taught to fight.  
Rescueme into a home of love.  
I am always going to Simply Smile  
Big and Beautiful.  
So give me a chance.  
Love a Pit Bull today!

Written & Owned by:  
Dawn Lochridge ' Hardin  
Dawn's Paws For Pits

Dawn Lochridge

# Suicide

Hey suicide, Its me again, "Mentally ill"  
I wanna come visit you.  
You remember me surely.  
I've visited you before only to wake up and realize-  
I had escaped your hold on me -until the next time.  
Suicide I know you well,  
It's the little voice telling you to do it;  
the voices you can't escape from because its in you ears,  
your the only one hearing it & your insane Brain making you Mentally ill or  
possibly you are just insane.  
well suicide -meet Mentally ill and all my wonderful treats to help me along my  
way to suicide.  
I down tequila and a couple blues, you know the ones your grandparents called  
nerve tablets -  
to escape the pain and the crazy things I do for my excitement, entertainment-  
Anorexia, binge eating, cutting- the pain I long to feel.  
I just want to feel.  
I wanna be loved by someone that loves me the right way.  
Suicide you are just a thorn in my side, a constant reminder to  
keep all my options open. I can go now, today, or even next week..  
I was screwed up before I was born.  
I had anorexia by age 7.  
Anxiety and panic by 5.  
Separation Anxiety by 7 and learned vomiting up what I was made to eat came  
easier and easier.  
Traumatic events of taking care of my dying Daddy at 10.  
I was supposed to save him and get him well, after all he was my hero.  
Suicide you took him if anyone cares to ask - by alcoholism and being fucked up  
by the Korean War.  
I am fucked up on so many levels that I was so afraid to even get out of bed.  
I was a bully and just fight, fight anyone that looked at me wrong.  
I believed my daddy was gone to a place to recover and he would come back  
when well.  
He was still warm when we made it to the hospital.  
He was sleeping in my suicidal mind.  
So I know God intervened and I was saved when I Met my sons daddy at 13, had  
our son at 15.  
My son was a blessing, he was my way of having someone that would never  
leave me again.

He and I had a bond Mama and son  
Always keep you in my mind Suicide.

Suicide your my friend that I turn to when it gets tough an the voices will not  
quit.

I am A stronger willed Lady now with the class I had spinkled over me.

After all Suicide &quot; You were given this life because; you're stong enough to  
live it' Dawn Lea Lochridge 1985 in 6th period.

I wear my statement well, in the ink..

I have many days I still cannot get out of bed, at least suicide isn't laying next to  
me right not.

My love came along in my later years of life- John, Thank you for loving me.. Its  
a difficult thing to do.

I am opionated, its all about me, but at the end of the day I thank God suicide! !  
! ! ! Because you didn't get me....

Dawn Lochridge

# Sweet Little Pitbull

Leave me at a door in a basket with a note.

Tell the loving family you chose "I am a Sweet little Pitbull born into the world of innocence";.

And I will be the loving sweet little pitbull.

I can be trained in the way I should go.

Your love for me is shown by the choiceto let me go when you couldn't provide yourself a home much less both of us.

You left me with the loving familyto love me. You loved enough to let me go so I can be the loving little sweet pitbull I am.

You know my new family knows I am loyal and loving this you already know.

with my PitBull muscular massive body can look scary to some, all though the biggest muscle in my body is my heart. I will lick your face and snuggle up after all " I am Naturally A Sweet Little PitBull.

Dawn Lochridge

# Thank You For

The best gift in my lifetime was given by you and I want to thank you:

Thank you for letting me know you.

Thank you for helping me to understand you.

Thank you for helping me to get on the same page with you.

Thank you for helping me learn to be tough and stand up for myself.

Thank you for teaching me to fight like a man.

Thank you for helping me learn to catch people in their eyes.

Thank you for helping me learn and educate myself on compulsive lying.

Thank you for teaching me to protect my precious children.

Thank you for helping me by running around and all the cheating on me.

Thank you for giving me a gift for every time you beat on my face and head.

Thank you for letting me know how to work and support is while you drank and smoked.

Thank you for helping me enough to get knocked down and pull myself up.

Thank you for teaching me what Narcissistic, bipolar maniacs, compulsive liars do to a healthy woman and children.

Thank you for helping me leave; all though my punishment returned almost immediately.

Thank you for helping me with future relationships that I threw away.

Thank you for helping me learn to fear men and women.

Thank you for taking my life and leaving my children with a mother who is helpless without their help.

Thank you for taking my career and leaving me with out a way to support us.

Thank you for all your hard work and help, taking care of your children.

Thank you for hiding up underneath your Whorish, adulterous slop bag.

Thank you for thinking of me and our daughter when I was surviving on what little money I had left.

Thank you for asking me to help you get away from -the whorish, adulteries slobbering drunk you told me she was.

Thank you for helping yourself to the very last penny I had.

Thank you for leaving me with nothing to go back to- The thing you described was a nasty, man looking woman and hid again from your daughter.

Thank you very much for teaching me how to help myself and my daughter to come to our senses and see you for what you are.

You're lucky she took you back because you both know and how to hurt your family.

Thank you for giving me a very beautiful and wise Lady you did have-Your

Mother.

Thank you for helping me think I was doing okay and telling me I was faking my illness that has been diagnosed.

I am Thankful to be rid of you from my life and my heart.

I am Thankful for my lessons of what life can be without you and the abuse.

I am Thankful you don't come around.

I am Thankful to be a happily ever after now.

I am Thankful to know you are miserable and recent me.

I am Thankful to be alive and a roof over my daughters head and a son that loves his family and Mama.

I am Thankful for the wonderful gift of a family you left and I don't miss you.

I am Thankful for the successful man and daughter I raised.

I am Thankful for my children knowing right from wrong.

I am Thankful for the love of my Lord and Savior and from my family and you're family.

I am Thankful you're gone and you're living a tough hard life.

I am Thankful I don't love you anymore and care if you're okay.

I am going to say-

Never think mental or physical abuse is okay! I am proof of that, along with many more woman and children, men.

You took my Love and your children's,

I hope you learned how to treat others.

I am no longer an option or your children's.

Written an owner 02/2012

Dawn Lochridge

## Yours Truly, Mentally Ill

Failure - that's plan to see. My mental stability is slipping away from me, and Mentally I think I'm just fine. I just have issues with ignorant humans and for some reason the people around me just target me. I should not engage with stupidity and childish arguments. For some reason certain people love my name and it musttaste really good because they can't keep it out of their mouths. I feel like a target in the middle of the field because I never was good with getting along with others that's why I always had few friends unless they were for easy animals I can relate to and get along with. I always though I had a supportive family, But informed I tore our family apart! I panic daily and so full of anxiety. When it's bedtime I dread, nights are long while my mind continuesspinning its wheels and worries never end. Why can it not be normal with that badly attitude and lays my family the way I did things I never did anything wrong and I was too hard to love.I never learned how to get along With the others. One must continue? Why do they not care? I am damaged mentally but my family and others don't understand that theydid this to me and pleading with the ones for love that hurt me the most.I tried not to be the one that stood out and all the pain was a gossip or two and feeling the pain when I pull the knife out of my heart. I'm mentally unstable and yes I agree but I love life and learned that it's not my file I'm not there mentally unstable person I'm accused of being or the bad mother and bad daughteror even sister and aunt. In reality I'm still 12 years old the little girl that was traumatized and being in the situation I was traumatized by. no one understand whyI can't remove it to this day only to holler at me to forget the past.

Dawn Lochridge