

Poetry Series

Shaakiera Schroeder
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2026

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

Shaakiera Schroeder(02 August)

I live to write. I breathe words. It is writing that saved me. Writing that keeps me sane, and if I choose it will be writing that transcends me over every pain, every betrayal and every hurt I have endured.

I am consistently inspired by the world, and amazed by the people who live in it, including myself. Surviving just over two decades of extreme hardships, tragedy upon tragedy, loss after loss, very nearly destroying myself, coming so close to losing everything that meant anything to me, closer even to losing my very life. Repeatedly getting knocked down so often took its toll on me naturally shattering the last remnants of my self esteem. Drawn to the broken and lost as they are to the emptiness they sense Inside me. Intrigued, I want to know all their stories. Completely entranced as I listen to tale after tale of devastation and despair but more gripping survival. I have been on an endless journey facing many tragedies myself and have known my fair share of loss and sorrow. If not for writing, more specifically my beloved poetry, I can honestly say I would not be alive today. I feel blessed to have been spared long enough to tell my story. I am in constant awe of the resilience humans possess. Especially women, their spirits unbreakable always doing what they have to, not what they want to. Often amazed at my own survival when reflecting back, too many battles fought, enough to last a lifetime, but still being here restored not only my confidence, it restored my faith in myself and re- confirmed for me my strength of character, reminding me that I have strong core values and of the last promise a daughter made to her mother, To Never Give Up! An avid believer in Honesty, Integrity and respect for all and self. When we Choose to live nothing can stop us. We have this amazing ability to overcome the most impossible hardships, getting stronger with each struggle faced then transcending over the pain. All the personal losses in my life, deaths of my close loved ones nearly destroyed me, Instead I became stronger growing up overnight, I also became wiser. Learning priceless lessons about love and compassion. The most important lesson of all is Patience, everything gets better with time. I learned To be grateful for the people you have in your life and too cherish the time you have with them. I chose to use my pain positively. Transcending over my own grief in order to be there for whoever needs me, helps me more than you can imagine. To just be there if only to listen and offer an understanding ear means a great deal. No one needs to go through anything alone. No one should. This is why I feel compelled to write human interest pieces sharing from my own personal life experiences as well as stories I have heard. A freelance writer however, always the infinite Poet at the core, who not only strives daily to be a best selling author but who more significantly aspires to change the world, One word at a time. I'm blessed to

touch just one person knowing that my words offered comfort or hope in what seemed like a otherwise hopeless situation. Maybe imparting some knowledge that may equip you to deal with grief which is almost always foreign and new to most. Making life a little more bearable, if only for the briefest of moments bring me such indescribable joy. I strive to be better every day, even its just to smile more or be kinder. Haunted and in constant turmoil its an every day struggle fighting to keep the demons of depression away. It drives me, the memories of what once was, Yearning for over twenty five years my need for the ever elusive Inner Peace I knew before. So everyday little by little, every kindness big or small, a ready smile, a willing listener, each deed fills my soul just a little, pushing me a little closer to peace and that is the only reward I really care about. Genuine affection, compassion and humanity is a miracle I never get tired of seeing. I smile...finally peace is visible.the light at an unending tunnel.

I want my souls voice to be heard in every syllable I put to paper. I am finally ready to fight a battle for me, a battle that in the end will be the worthiest.

I am Mind, Heart and Soul. I am Here, Broken but Alive. Humbled by his Grace.

SS

Too Familiar

Today I woke with the all too familiar feelings again. Those never changing feelings, except perhaps always only in its threshold.

The familiarity, like the type of stranger you've known all your life, rattles me every time. Each time it happens I feel something stirring deep inside me, a shift at the depths of my core. The slightest of movements almost like a wisp of air it silently flutters, briefly, then it's gone. Because of the almost invisible touch and lightning speed in which it appears and disappears its easy to miss it. Allowing it to sneak up on me and then break through the surface of my mind. This only ever happens when I'm too exhausted to reason with the other side of me...

Nearly impossible to contain, this is the side that has no problem reminding me how completely obsolete I have become. That neither my presence nor my absence is of any relevance. I hear that side mocking me...she drawls in a wannabe sexy voice "honey..no stress...first they must see you". I have no idea whose voice the other side emulates because women were in short supply in my life, but more importantly, no one spoke to me ever In a tone of voice meant to invoke fear. No frustrated demands shrieked at me like a wild banshee or voices raised profanity flowing freely. I know the lowered voice very well, warnings of promised punishment spoken through gritted teeth. Terrifying and unfamiliar is the whispered rage meant to break not just bruise, its purpose to ultimately destroy. Unrecognizable and so hateful, the concept almost always foreign, at that moment I know I will never be able to fully grasp it. If I can't imagine it how would I ever understand it. Very, very cruel... Complex but why so familiar then?

The other side... Not the dark side no, besides being completely over-rated., it's so 2000 and never and quite frankly, personally it's a fashion that made no sense. Best described... The other side is... cold and empty... colorless...unknown. Its the stranger inside of me, residing there since forever. However, this other side remains to this day an enigma, especially to me. This side takes great joy In taunting me with "I told you so" no regard for the pain it so thoughtlessly inflicts, rather sounding proud even. The rant continues "too busy is not a reason, it is a choice we must make.. We decide if spending time with the people we claim to love matters most or not at all". Behaving as if its the most impossible task you will ever face but feeling in your heart that its the only thing in your life that comes so naturally. Knowing this, yet still choosing to ignore your hearts pleading desire to share your love and give generously of your time, tragically reducing all that love and care which can sustain us, to nothing but a tedious chore."I know you are gullible but are you that stupid or just simply weak..you are...pathetic! I can't

stand it." And so it goes. Constantly Tormented by cliches, accompanied by perfectly timed little quotes; not so subtle put-downs intended to inspire and motivate, instead, I'm tortured by the fact that only I ever initiate.

Insecurities and the feeling that I never mean enough, probably not even a little, definitely not enough to deserve a "hey hows it" now and then, all attempts to stay in touch and connected that's me, fearing the other option too much, which is to stop the conversation without the insisted upon required (when convenient for you)communication. In fact let's go nuts, refrain from any and all contact for that matter. Dark night my world, total radio silence... The ships already damaged, hangs on in an extremely fragile state. Clinging desperately to the very last remnants of a life lived...loved in the past. Looking Vulnerable making me question for the first time ever "how much more can it take" two, six, ten blows and still be able to stand up. what if its taken all it can, what if it cannot survive one more hit. What if all It needs is the weakest of pushes and down it goes. Less than a minute, Total demolition, everything...the world as I know it...flattened... In, its aftermath...just dust! A reminder of what once was. Much like me...and like so many unsaid words, time invested, energy shared, forgotten and left to dissipate like moisture, evaporating until there is nothing left, only dry humid air, thick and stifling around you...suffocating. Ironic how once that which made me feel so Alive and light as a feather, floating through life, so beautiful in its love, the brightest light within shining through, blinding, overwhelming all of your being, beyond powerful. The first wave moves through you like lightning streaks, leaving you physically weak, light-headed. The effect always the same, always so intense, it never failed to render you breathless. I find it unbelievable how that very same thing my heartbeat for, now weighs me down, so heavy, immovable, keeps me pinned to the ground, always struggling to breathe, never getting enough air. Too exhausted to care, I listen as the internal debate rages on...the unknown other side screams at the side who I nurture and have chosen to guide me, who believes that there's good in everybody, analyzing everything to death until it finds a logical reason for how people behave, making excuses for the undeserving. Silently accepting the hurt, disappointments and whatever treatment they so freely hand you, no consideration for your thoughts, even less so for your feelings... Always so understanding and accepting, damaged by the many battles you fought, nothing left inside you, unable to muster up enough, not even a little to fight one more battle, so I choose silence. Snapped out of your thoughts, Unknown screams again, the words clearly heard now echoes in your mind "You are in denial" it says...silence...weakly I nod my head...I know ((whisper)sadly the truth is (I say) ...iv always been in denial...the admission slipping out...silence...perhaps now I'll get some peace...maybe...just maybe...I don't know...we'll see. "Out of sight... Out of mind... No more fight. No...more...light" And for the first time both sides nod in agreement...

Together in their certainty, voices confident, they state simply "Right"

Shaakiera Schroeder

Remembering, Me...Woman Infinite

Being a woman is not simply belonging to a certain demographic. It is a privilege not to be taken lightly. Being a woman is being an indestructible soldier in a Historic Movement of Epic proportions. Flourishing in the knowledge that you are a part of something so special is utterly gratifying and nothing short of a miracle. An elite member of a Universal Society comprised of The Global Community and women in our entirety. A Social support initiative offering motivation and love without conditions and without fear of judgment. For the "Every woman" existing in a world not of her own design, instead a world where compromise and conforming is the norm. A world where the fight for any women's rights is humored but barely tolerated. A Dangerous world where violence against women gets no reaction to a point where the brutality almost seems encouraged, expected therefore accepted. A world where our Voices are systematically Silenced sometimes permanently. Where we easily forget ourselves, Living only to be the best mom, wife, daughter, sister even friend. If you ready to live for yourself, take a break from reality even just for one day. Spend some time with women from all different walks of life participating in all types of activities sharing experiences creating new adventures discovering unexpected passions. Women being Women with one common goal, a shared desire to connect. Ultimately forming unbreakable bonds that lay at the very heart of this extraordinary, uniquely diverse community born from trust, respect, acceptance and most importantly Selfless love.

When we Rise we rise in our Truths, stand tall and strong, heads held high...confident and certain, believing deeply, proclaiming proudly I AM WOMAN, Infinite

We are not alone. I am saying 'Lean on Me' Our life begins now...Women doing them... With God and each other I am woman to every woman together...changing every possibility into a definite probability.

Let's Change the world by changing ourselves first. Triggering a ripple effect, causing a shift in basic fundamental dynamics, affecting positive change, one life at a time. Remembering always... I Am Woman, Infinite

#BeTheMiracleEveryday! @ShaakieraS @iAmInfiniteSoul

#BeTheBestMe #LYS (loveyourself)

Shaakiera Schroeder

Pieces Of Freedom

Based on my personal perception of Freedom and the significance it holds in my life.

What does 'Freedom' mean to you? Personally I believe its not only enjoying basic human rights but celebrating actual freedom everyday. The downside being that it is an everyday thing for us that we tend to forget the significance of it and reduce it to 'ordinary' when in fact its the most extraordinary, most divine God given sanctified gift we have. Our free will so precious that our Creator Almighty will not sway or manipulate it in any way. Yet mere mortals dictate enslave and brainwash attempting to do what not even God himself can do, ripping from you, your right to speak, to do and most importantly to choose your own path. Stealing your birthright to experience life, love, humanity in the way God intended...as a free human being only submissive to Him. There is a reason why we received the 10 commandments 'thou shall not take any gods except One God, thou shall not create images of God, Thou shall not kill or steal or lie, honour thy parents, love thy neighbour, thou shall not covet thy neighbours wife or possessions, thou shall not commit adultery' 10 simple rules to being the best human beings we can be. If only leaders around the world as well as the people could remember this when they are senselessly killing innocents in wars for territory that belongs to neither of them solely fighting as if its their personal property. Invading defenceless countries justifying Declaration of War by spewing lies, inciting fear and hatred.

Ex-terminating people young and old without an ounce of remorse All this bloodshed not for religion or beliefs and definitely not holy as no one is forcing you to renounce your God and faith, no the reason for all this tragedy I'm afraid is for something as trivial as financial gain, like rabid dogs foaming at the mouth to ravish and exhaust the natural resources of the area as quick as possible. Abandoning it as soon as all the resources have been depleted leaving nothing behind. For example Take the Gaza conflict Israel and Palestine at war for hundreds of years fighting for God alone knows what-im certain if you ask them the when and why they would be unable to answer because they simply don't know. They are raised to hate and fight no cause or reason needed. So they kill and worst of all they kill in Gods name. If they really fear God there would be no dictators, no killing no fighting over worldly possessions-they would know not to fight but rather find a solution which will allow everyone to peacefully co-exist. Living side by side on that very same Gaza Strip simply because there is enough space for everybody - instead we see daily how the Palestinians are horrifically oppressed, stripped of all human rights, shoved together in the smallest rural space existing in darkness and deprivation because

of the unjustified Border restrictions denying any services and suppliers access, whether its essentials like medicine or food it makes no difference. When a father cannot cross the border to go to work or is unable to feed his family. When he is forced to watch his loved ones die because there is no hospital or medicine available to treat the ill or injured in most cases by bombs and bullets - its a cruel joke when the only functioning hospital is situated across the border in israel. When the permits for a day pass is almost impossible to obtain because the paperwork is ridiculous, having to wait several days for permission when your loved ones condition is critical and perhaps only have a few hours to survive. I will not ask; where is the humanity in all this, I will however ask; where is the logic in this system? . Then again it is unrealistic to expect a person who lacks humanity to be anything but unreasonable and cruelly uncompromising. An insert from my favourite most inspiring book 'I Shall not hate' by Dr Izzeldin Abuelaish explains the atrocious violations best 'Absurdity of a system that does not allow humans to be humans. Palestinians lucky enough can go shopping while working in Israel to return to Gaza the land that's closed where everything is shutdown, shut off or shut out.'

Dr Izzeldin Abuelaish' to live like that and still remain strong in your faith and unfaltering in your convictions shows strength of character and this is the truly phenomenal thing that stems from our gift of free will. Consciously Choosing to overcome our struggles with patience and grace can only be described as Godly. Three of the Doctors young daughters and niece killed intentionally by an army tank who opened fire attacking his home launching missiles demolishing the building while an innocent family lay terrified, cowering for cover as the rubble crumbles and collapses around them. Strangely symbolic of the turmoil the family is experiencing, trance like they watch intently unable to tear their eyes away, the girls fighting to stay alive amidst the chaos and destruction. The very same people who he vowed to heal and care for, sincerely vowing to uphold the hippocratic oath, and practice all its ethical standards. Treating all equal regardless of ones race or religion A palestinian doctor in a israeli hospital blind to what separates us. Neither israeli nor palestinian he sees only human beings. His family ripped from his life so violently -The Doctor didn't retaliate with violence instead he announced to the world 'I shall not hate' obviously in unbearable pain yet he reflects only the true depth of resilience that the Human spirit possesses. With Tears streaming down his face he publicly vows that his daughters deaths will never be in vain. This book is by far the most moving, most inspirational story u will ever read -i recommend everyone make an effort to read it. You will be reminded that the human spirit can overcome anything. The necessary lesson of character, patience, humility and compassion for all is so loud it will not be ignored. The way he reacts and handles all his hardships makes you want to be better even if its just a little bit kinder. The message is simple yet deeply profound. Relevant to every one of us in today's World - no

matter how many obstacles you encounter, how many people wrong and hurt u, never allow it to change who u are fundamentally. Don't ever abandon your core values, this will result in the loss of faith leaving only anger bitterness and a vengeful spirit in its wake. Instead let it strengthen your faith automatically you will become stronger mentally and emotionally as well. When you have faith you put your total trust in God knowing that he is sufficient and more than capable to handle anything and everything. Lastly you are able take comfort in knowing you are not alone.

The point is to restore humanity and make the world better we only have to change ourselves. Right now! I challenge you to Consciously make the choice to change your perception, be kinder and slow to react, practice compassion until it becomes second nature to you. The moment your attitude and actions affect even one person positively-pay this challenge forward -this way u making the world just a little better one person at a time.

#BeTheMiracleEveryday

#BeKindSmile

Shaakiera Schroeder

Within My Soul

My soul is not within me, I am within my soul. The essence of my being, all of my core. I am my soul. Battered by Life Strong but shattered, yet I am Alive..I ask myself; how am I alive...the realisation envelopes me slowly...softly...completely magically no divinely everything is revealed to me. All becomes clear the knowledge, sanctified it wraps me up holding me firm but gentle.. Soothing, . comforting like only a mothers embrace can. Designed in the image of Our Creator; A mothers embrace epitomises Gods un-faltering love and is the truest reflection of His unquestionable existence. Effortlessly Delivering the blessed, ineffable Peace we so intensely crave all of our natural lives.

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Worthiest Battle

My life seems like an endless journey that I continue on faithfully always searching for answers. Many a times I feel like I just don't belong_ almost as if I'm from another planet...an alien_ misunderstood in this strange but familiar place...my birthplace! I am surrounded by flesh and blood people when I am composed of mind, heart and soul! Where everyone carries their souls deep inside of them...I am my soul...visible for all to see...to love...and yes, sadly to hurt!

I try to imagine what it must be like for God with his infinite compassion, to feel all these souls hurting and yet being helpless to do anything. I realise that HE gifted me with writing to save me from myself...he blessed me with the ability to write. And it is writing that saved me _ writing that kept me sane, and if I choose it will be writing that transcends me over every pain, every betrayal, and every hurt I have endured.

I have come to a point in my life that I know for me to live the kind of life God intended for me and most importantly to honour Him _ I have to use that gift. I must excel above every expectation he has set for me. It is with this I can show him how truly thankful I am, for sparing my life long enough to tell my story ...to touch one person...to make a difference, however small. I am here by his grace. all I want to do is write! I want my soul's voice to be heard and felt in every syllable I put to paper! I found the answer...it was always my time! I just needed to believe and then to pursue what I always imagined the unobtainable dream! ...It took a little more faith to nudge me in the right direction! Peace and happiness within my reach. Now

I am finally ready to fight a battle for me...a battle that in the end will be the worthiest. Carrying me from existing to truly living, most importantly...living happily! SS nov16

Shaakiera Schroeder

Death To Soon, Brother

When death took you too soon we had to learn to live without!

Without your laughter without ur generous nature without ur unselfish need to help and better people especially the elderly and the kids.

Let there be no doubt you are loved and u left a void In everyone u touched...u will forever be remembered!

I love and miss you deeply my brother! Till we meet again!

Ss

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

She Deserves Our Tears

as much as she lives in our hearts we miss her terribly so...and days like this when we should be celebrating with her we can't! Because she was taken from us. And that makes me sad....it makes me so angry.! I don't like when ppl tells me not to be sad. It may be 20 years that she died..but on days like this it feels like yesterday. And we cry and we are sad...coz we love her she's our mother and we miss her coz she's our best friend...and we need her more than anyone knows or can understand. She deserves every tear shed for her she was an amazing woman all around...so a little tears shed for her today on her birthday would've happened even if she was alive!

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Ineffable Innocence

Ineffable innocence; That sacred light that radiates from innocence, exudes the divinest of energy, its purity...ineffable. SS11/16

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

I Live To Write

I live to write. I breathe words. It is writing that saved me. Writing that keeps me sane, and if I choose it will be writing that transcends me over every pain, every betrayal and every hurt I have endured. I am surrounded by flesh and blood people when I am composed of mind, heart and soul! Where everyone carries their souls deep Inside of them...I am my soul...visible for all to see, to love and yes, sadly to hurt. I want my souls voice to be heard in every syllable I put to paper. I am finally ready to fight a battle for me, a battle that in the end will be the worthiest. I am Mind, Heart and Soul. I am Here, Broken but Alive. Humbled by his Grace.

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Freedom

'Freedom' defined as 'the absence of necessity, coercion or constraint in choice or action''liberation or restraint from the power of another' 'the quality of being frank, open or outspoken. Boldness of conception' Simply put - to be truly Free, You must be allowed... No, you must be encouraged to be truly You. SS
(28/02/12)

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Be Grateful

'Wrestling with thoughts that consume your conscious mind but only serves as a waste of time is just fooling yourself...let it go! Live and let live! Stop and be grateful for another beautiful day you are blessed to experience - then look up and thank Allah for this incomparable gift you get everyday! A clean slate...a fresh new start...a chance to be BETTER than yesterday!

Shaakiera Schroeder (23/12/11)

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Divinely Favoured, Sissie

Gods' most priceless gift...My Beloved sissie. Divinely Favoured he ensured that every hardship written we would never be alone. shukr Allah for his compassion& sissie reminding me to breathe when I just cant. We've been through hell & back countless times. Yet we survived everytime because we did it Together as it was written. Ss

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Rise, Everytime

A million times I stumble and fall...STILL I RISE...there are no mistakes, only lessons. It starts as painful lessons learnt the hard way and ends as priceless pieces of life's teachings never to be forgotten. At the very least I'll be wiser next time- Life...at full circle. We fall countless time...yet we Rise...I rise...every time!

ShaakieraS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

The Sorry Prayer

The Sorry Prayer

The word sorry...I hear so often, everyday...sometimes several times a day...its constant use muttered in a voice lowered as if in prayer, and just like that...daily...religiously I hear it recited...the Sorry Prayer! 31/03/2016 SS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

True Happiness

The secret to true happiness is living your life with patience, humility, compassion for all humanity and gratitude....always most importantly gratitude. knowing Allah knows best is the only road to true peace and contentment. §§

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Success

'success is knowing what you want, happiness is knowing what you don't want
know your worth more importantly believe completely in your value -then u will
find the latter will never be a problem.ss #ImCertifiedPriceless

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Life At Full Circle

Life comes full circle your painfull endings inevitably will meet your your beginnings, what happens in between is what matters. How we ran the race. Did we finish the race as that's the most society asks of us or did we defy them all. Personally I aim to win it or else what's the point. When my life comes full circle and end meets beginning they will be unrecognizable to each other, because I refuse to be right back where I started SS # Dare2Win IA?I?f?????S??!

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Missing

missing...longing...for someone you know know you will never see again is by far the most excruciating. Your head tries to convince you but your heart won't let you accept or forget. How do we endure the rawness of it...the melting of the skin kinda pain, searing like an un contained Blaze that leaves you burning all over. Unlike physical burns that can heal - grief can only be soothed...timelously patiently and with a lot of God like love....simply put - love like God....unconditionally and without reservation or any time frame.

#BeThereIfYouPfomisedYouwould

S.S 4/6/14

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is really very simple its like grabbing a rag and wiping up that spilled milk. No mess no fuss. We let go and move on, life is way to short to waste a second of it not cherishing our loved ones every nanosecond. SS13/4/16

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Authentically Cool

Authentically cool people will always have little to no friends because society loves followers more. their cool means the same as them, Authentically cool are the trend setters free thinkers...authentically cool people are those who refuse to conform, better known as losers who without their inventions or ideas we would still be stuck in the dark ages with none of our 'cool gadgets'. So before u label anyone not cool or a loser....stop think that maybe tomorrow that loser will create a transport system to go to space and back to earth...now that...that is authentically cool!

13/4/16 SS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Mom Is

Mom is the most Priceless of gifts, honour her, love her alive, love as she loves, do not Fear your Originality. Live as she lives, her every principle, each value, emulate, always always always appreciate don't let your story, her story end with 'its too late' SS 07/10/16

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Precious Time, Fleeting

As precious as time is...being the single most important thing that every human being has in common, sadly it is also the most fleeting...before a beautiful memory can be stored, we find ourselves clutching nothing but a distant, almost faded thought, struggling uncertain of the reality of this very same time always fiercely loyal, invested...however fleeting here today gone tomorrow!
Was it real...or fantasised. SS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

I Am Within My Soul

My soul is not within me, I am within my soul. The essence of my being, all of my core. I am my soul. Battered by Life Strong but shattered, yet I am Alive..I ask myself; how am I alive...the realisation envelopes me slowly...softly...completely magically no divinely everything is revealed to me. All becomes clear the realisation, sanctified it wraps me up holding me firm but gentle... comforting like only a mothers embrace can. Created in the image of Our Maker.A mothers embrace a true reflection of Gods un faltering love and His Boundless mercy.

I Am Here. I Am Alive. In his infinite wisdom have spared my life by his grace I will fulfil the purpose and potential if he wills...I will be awesome again...even better this time around coz Allah iz our true ride or die and he always rides...Your God got this always remember that and life will be rewarded with simple pleasures from the smallest moments. #LoveGodLoveYourselfLoveOthers
29/11/16 SS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Two Years Today... For Angel Jk

Two years its been-painfully we struggled through the first half, barely survived the second half quite like a dream, trance like...going with the flow not caring where that flow may take me! Two years already...wow it seems like yesterday you told us your stay on earth is complete. You must return home where our Creator calls your name! 'Time flies when you're having fun, Go big or go home was s...ome of your favourite expressions' well Angel J..our Angel of smiles I can testify that time not only flies but it Jets by when you're in sorrow and the paradox is for most of us time stood still that dreadful july day...2yrs today! Who knew The biggest thing to do is to go home...that ripping of soul july...two years today! The questions with no answers still cloud my thoughts. Two years today...I still hear your laughter -your monkey giggle, your crazy theories shared to confuse, bemuse...and to the few who knew and got it...provoke thoughts deep like only you could! I miss sharing my thoughts with you. Like how if time stood still that heart wrecking, shattering shrapnel july, two years today...how could it jet past stealth in its movement but felt to its core every second in its second. If going home was going big are you doing it like you doing it for mtv...or would that be GTV(God tv) ... Guess I need to know are you giggling and happy...have you met my mom and taking care of Adu...have you greeted nana and shoems dad...playing with carmies little ones- I need to know will I see you all again? I hear you telling me 'jassie jy dink baie for someone who failed grade 1' Its things I need to know... I miss u JK today tomorrow forever...I'll miss u and love u until the day I see u again...and u better have it going on! Two years today...its that horrid july again but I smile through my tears coz I feel you here...right here where I carry you...right here in my soul! Shine bright our Angel of smiles...Fly high! Love infinity From all you touched even for the briefest of moments...you will never be forgotten.

Shaakiera Schroeder

For Alison Botha - Stay Strong Soldier Girl

For Alison Botha

Stay Strong Soldier Girl

Amidst all this darkness you have been a shining beacon for thousands around the world, most importantly you have been your own light. When I read your story I thought "Greatest fear- Marianne Williamson". You did what she describes as "make manifest the Glory of God that is in each of us". From the very first moment you decided to take the hard road...you chose courage...you chose Life!

YOU made the choice ...lay down and die or crawl...get up...stumble...fall down...struggle up...and LIVE! Does this not epitomize the journey we all call life? Do we not all have "our demons" we fight day by day? "Trauma beyond the norm"...is any trauma normal?

The Divineness of your situation is that you stepped back, out of yourself and you said "whoah stop the train! I will not give them anymore- NOT ONE SINGLE THING! " ☐

Raped, ripped...you crawled and clawed your way out of being a mere statistic...one of the unlucky masses - to becoming an international symbol of hope! You proclaimed proudly "SURVIVOR" not victim. Yes "victim of circumstance" but SURVIVOR BY CHOICE!

As I read your book (fourth time LOL) I find myself deeply sad but deeply inspired. You survived something even modern medicine has no answer to still and it reconfirms to me and so many that it is our willpower and Faith that will carry you over any obstacle you may encounter, no matter how battered, torn apart and shattered our bodies may be...we only have to have the WILL to live and the faith to know that everything will be okay. God chose you Alison not to hurt or feel any of the pain (and I am so so sorry for all the pain that you endured and still enduring) not only to survive, but to live and to thrive - a visual reminder of the power we possess inside of us. To help the many thousands find comfort _ because if you an ordinary girl from PE survived hell itself, then we can live...REALLY LIVE_ Smile_ be kind...help one another...

YOU make the world a better place!

If only more people had an ounce of whatever divine magic you have inside of you...WOW!

We are all praying for you...you surviving and putting those monsters in the dark holes they deserve will never be in Vain! Just believe...have Faith...the Almighty

did not bring you this far to just leave you stranded and alone in the darkness I know may be threatening to swallow you in.

STAY STRONG!

Sending love and prayers
Shaakiera Schroeder (JHB- SA)
28th March 2012

Shaakiera Schroeder

For My Best Friend

I say friend to many because I am a friend...but I say best friend to only one soul...you who inspired me and believed in me when I didn't believe in myself! You look at me and see my soul! You accepted my flaws and instead chose not only to appreciate but to celebrate the best of me which drove me to believe and to want an even better me! ! For that...I will always be grateful...I bask flourishing, in the ambiance of your unconditional love! What you mean to me will only grow in its magnitude...day by day...year by year...our bond impenetrable...death will not...cannot part us..our souls will find each other wherever we may go...sighing...inhaling, we breathe easy and smile...comfort that only familiarity brings... we know we are home!

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Why? ...For My Baby Sis!

Why is it that when you are angered I feel the rage inside myself,
When you hurt my heart feels as if its literally breaking,
When tears cloud your eyes and stream down your face it burns trails down my cheeks,
Why is it that when you are upset, disrespected or harmed in any way I lose all perspective, logic and reason disappears as if it never existed in me? Blind rage takes over and I become an animal with one goal and that's to defend, protect and yes even destroy whoever the person is who dared to make u cry! Our souls are connected like twins we are always mistaken for...I feel your pain...and its devastating that you Cannot share it contiously with me! Its my own fault because I care too deeply I come across as judgemental or too overbearing! I do not know all the answers and I may not even be able to fix whatever's broken..but I can listen..and wipe your tears! I can be there and let you know that I will be your strength when you are weak..or your voice when u cannot speak! I will not allow you to fall..because if you do...I will go down with you. When you are happy my heart smiles and my soul is as light as a feather! I pray for you..for courage, happiness and most importantly your peace...why is it that whatever affects you affects me too...because you are my sister..we are born from the same womb and that's why I know you stronger than you realise you just haven't tapped into it! We share the same blood...why I ask...because you are apart of me and I'm apart of you...you are a fighter...so fight...fight to live and to live happily because you fighting for my happiness to...and we both deserve the best of this world! We survived the worst...everything else is a piece of cake...together we will thrive I promise you! ! Just hold on...Allah is working miracles in your life...all you have to do is...believe!

With love Always!

Shaakiera Schroeder

Take No Prisoners.

In the battlefields of love, souls are lost

Bodies linger aimlessly...

No purpose....no hope,

except the tangible longing to die....

Crawling around, hearts are found, shattered in a million pieces...

Minds' in frenzy- almost completely lost ...searching...searching... for something,
not sure what...

I give up, roll onto my back and look to the sky for answers...

What is the point of all this?

Inside a war rages and I hear a voice loud from deep within "GET UP...DON'T
GIVE IN - VICTORY AWAITS"

With torn limbs and shattered heart - I jump to my feet and start my
trek...struggling through the battlefields of love once again....praying for victory.

SS

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Still It Hurts_For Angel J

The day we most feared is here!
Knew it would come...tried to prepare ourselves,
Prayed for it...
Still it hurts.

As the days pass us by_
Slowly you fade away...
We watch you ...like the pained movements of your eyes...
Slowly close then open....We struggle to let you go...
As you struggle to keep them open...
We love you....we understand...you are suffering...you understand...why,
Still it hurts.

I clutch your hand and squeeze it tightly ...
Holding on forever...it seems.
My mind wanders to another time...
A happier time....
A time before your body was viciously invaded!
Here I see your smile and hear your ready humour...
Like music to my ears...
A kind word, an encouraging hug,
You brightened up everyone's day...giving hope where there was none!
Oh your humour_ your humour...makes me laugh even today!
Still...still it hurts.

I wait to hear your voice,
Almost craving the teasing,
Anticipating, the gentle taunting I've grown to adore!
<Still ...it hurts.>

I find myself wishing, even for your tantrums,
Though very far and few in between,
They had an impact.
<Still it hurts.>
I long for the conversations, serious and relaxed because,
In each there was a lesson, always to be learnt.
Five in the morning you would get the urge to share and philosophize about life,
God I'm going to miss you and talent to annoy me.
<Still it hurts.>

Oh how I wish I hadn't moved that day,
Rather remained by your side a little longer.
If before you were an awesome man, this
Dreaded illness brought to the surface a deeper strength...I saw,
A stronger you!
Your courage inspires me, your concern for others something to aspire to...still at
the very front of your mind. Your body wrecked with pain you seek to comfort
your comforters...and don't give a passing thought to your own.
<Still it hurts>

Now we stand at your grave, heads hung low, pleading
Prayers lifted to the sky.
A constant river of tears stream down our cheeks...a pain
So deep... rob us of air.
A feeling so surreal...borders on bizarre.
Messages and consoling words rings deaf to my ears,
I hear nothing but the sand falling...loudly...covering your encased
body...laying....Lifeless...
Adorned ...with flowers.
Still it hurts.
I want to scream "THIS IS NOT REAL_IS EVERYONE INSANE? WAKE UP IT'S JUST
AN AWFUL DREAM! "
I look around and through my tears I blindly search for you...
<Still it hurts! >

Commemorative Balloons climb the sky and I remember to breathe, I see the
faces of all that love you and know you will never leave!
<Still it hurts.>

You remain in each and everyone of us_it is your 1Love that we keep alive in our
hearts.
<Still it hurts.>

We'll live together for you...for us,
Remembering, crying, laughing...sharing our loss, will get us through this journey
we on.
Even though it hurts so so, much...we will smile and laugh because that was truly
your way...I love you J.

Journey well....
Our Angel of smiles

Forever in my soul...

Written by

Shaakiera Schroeder

11/07/10

<JK's Going-home>

Shaakiera Schroeder

Silence Needed.

Today I woke
Face soaked
Eyes swollen
Today I woke with tears in my eyes.
Drenched were the pillows on which I sleep
Saturated like my soul...
Finding no inspiration to leave the refuge of my bed ...
I sink deeper into the sodden bedding
Dragging the covers over my head.

Just two hours of restless slumber...two hours was all I managed.
I'm exhausted but I can't sleep...
Drained...in everyway imaginable...drained past the bone,
Drained right down to the core of my soul.
No energy to move...cant move...don't want to move.

Can't stop the memories ...overpowering...
Filling my head.
Conversations and moments_
Tears and laughter_
Dreams...desires...fears...
All we shared...
STOP....STOP.
Please stop.....
I can't take it anymore!
Drowning...suffocating...
I can't breathe....

The haze of fatigue sweeps over me...
My eyes drops wearily close...
As they painstakingly open then close...
You begin to fade into the mist.
Promised silence entices me_
Quiet is all I crave...alone is all I need!
Stillness is granted for mere seconds...
Peace fleeting...

Dreams are haunted...eerily preoccupied...
Swamped with images of you.

So vivid...
Taste ...smell
Everything so real...
I swear I can feel your arms around me
Embracing...
I pray- "don't leave"
Familiar voice...Mouth promising ...
"I love you...everything will be okay"
Lies ...sweet....sweet ...lies.

Last night I dreamt I lost you...
This morning I woke to reality...
And found its true!

Shaakiera Schroeder
<08 December09>

Shaakiera Schroeder

My Gain, Lost.

For our Angel JK

(14/11/1979-06/07/2010)

The day I met you,

Unbeknown to me, my world changed.

I gained a committed friend, a best friend,

A brother who loved me, just for me.

You tried to understand me,

An impossible task,

but it is in that effort that I was most convinced of your love for me.

The day I met you,

Unbeknown to me,

My world changed...for the better,

I became a better me.

A space in my heart I never knew existed was filled,

A special space created just for you.

These places exist in all our hearts, but we don't know it,

Until its filled. And we feel it...God do we feel it..

When its empty!

You're gone...OH the PAIN! !

I cried for the fear of the empty,

Until I stilled myself,

Absolute silence...envelopes...far in the distance,

I hear your voice tell me:

"I'm safe now, I have no pain_its okay, let me go! "

Savouring the sound of your voice,

Slowly I open my eyes...and realise that i...am...still...full!

The little space created just for you,

Is saturated with love, that is YOU!

You're still there, you never left.

Your heart and spirit imprinted in me,

Permanently tattoed on my mind, body and soul!

As long as I breathe...you breathe,

Inside of me!

The day I met you,

Unbeknown to me,

My life ...changed.
I gained so much,
Most of which was unimaginable to me.
I gained so much more and can only hope that,
You gained half as much as me!

THE GREATER THE GAIN_
THE DEEPER THE LOSS...

YOU_a Magnificent GAIN...
Tragically now also...a GREAT LOSS!

Written by
Shaakiera Schroeder
(05/06/11)

Shaakiera Schroeder

Memories We Need

To remember is easy...forgetting, is the hard part.
If only it was as effortless to forget...how simple life would be.
Memories linger long after our ANGELS are gone!
We pray and pray for seconds of relief...because it hurts to remember but refuse
to let go and allow it to fade away...
We hold on like drowning people clutching lifelines.
As the days fly by...the years we leave behind...
Our memories still fresh...
Polished and shine...
Treated like precious possessions
Gifts, every one...
One of its kind.
But then it is a gift...its all we really have left.
The only light in this dark...
Our sole comfort from this pain...
The smile...through our tears.
I heard death described as Bittersweet...
Bitter in its pain...but sweet in the salvation and promise of life eternal...
Sort of like the memories...we keep.
Even though we try to forget...to make life more endurable...
The truth is that without our memories...we would not survive!
So when we push it to the back of our conscience ...we struggle and a battle
rages....
Our minds may forget...but our hearts...
Our hearts will hold on ...to the end of time!

Shaakiera Schroeder

<11/05/10>

Shaakiera Schroeder

Like A Dream.

How can this be?
Could this be real?
I can't believe
A whole year has passed,
Like a dream...
Gone by in a blink of an eye
Emotions raw...tears still
Warm ...against the cheeks it rolls down most of the day.
Lives are lived as if in a dreamlike trance, where uncertainty is the only real thing.
We approach each day with a new sense of fear-
A kind we never knew existed before!

I find it strange when you have lost someone you love, you are
Reminded...NO expected to live life to the fullest...
How?
When, now you are filled with nothing but, this debilitating fear.
All the things you use to take for granted, now terrifies you beyond reason.
Simple things like allowing your son to ride his bicycle or hanging out with his friends paralyses you if he is not within your sight...
The fear of losing another is petrifying...simply unbearable!

So how do you live?
From second to second,
Praying it's uneventful ...
Wishing your time on earth would be over soon...
Reuniting you with your precious boy!

And as we remind ourselves of the shortness of life
We try to live right
Be kind...show compassion to creatures...humans, every, living thing.
We were born by the Grace of God...
He will carry us through this voyage we call living...and
It is by that same Grace...
That we will be returned to our Creator, where only
Pure bliss waits!

Shaakiera Schroeder 24/03/10

Last Night

Last night I dreamt I lost you
Between oceans of dreams and
Storms of thoughts
I searched through the waves of panic but
Found no trace of you_
My thoughts blank and dark,
Oh my dreams...my dreams...
So empty

Impossible as it seems
I fought against my own rage
Yelling
Refusing to accept...

Last night I dreamt I lost you
Between the madness and mundane.
A sob escaped my lips
Evidence of my pain-
a voice for my despair.

I reached down deep...so deep
Beyond my heart...
I reached right down...
Into my soul...
I saw you there...
Standing...
Proud and protected.
I inched towards you...
Slowly stalking...
For fear you might disappear

Last night I dreamt I lost you...
Between the confusion and the hurt...

Gradually your face comes into full light.
Gloriously comforting...
Your smile more radiant as I near.

I stood silently, afraid to speak a word

Last night I dreamt I lost you
But you were not lost...
Only tucked away safely in my soul...

I wake to you drying my tears_
Whispering ...reassuringly
"Last night I dreamt I live in your soul".

Shaakiera Schroeder <26/10/09>

Shaakiera Schroeder

I Wish...

Sometimes I wish I didn't have a heart...it betrayed me one to many times....
I love to deeply. And care too excessively...

Then I hurt!

And the hurt is like so many hurts I have endured...yet so unlike any...

Each time its new...somewhat unique in its anguish...lingering...

Stalking me during the day...and as night falls so does my reserve...

Proclaimed by the world as a 'strong woman' if only they had to see be now...

On bended knees wailing pleadingly to GOD ...'Help me'...help stop this pain....let
the light come in me...and then...then there's silence...not just your everyday

quiet...but serene silence...the type that let's you know at this very moment your

creator has lifted you up to his chest and is now rocking you...lulling you to

sleep, a deep peaceful slumber and you exhale....thinking...there is

tomorrow....tomorrow I'll be brave...tomorrow I will try again!

Written

SS(06/10/11

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Happiest Birthday Angel Jk

Birthdays remembered, happy...uttered softly;
There's nothing happy about this day anymore...there's no comfort in the cliché
of celebrating your birth today...without you here...
I try not to cry but I haven't been able to stop..yet!
It hurts so much, it just hurts too much...'YOU' not being here...the lack of a
physical you...a you that can lift me up and swing me around...or the you that
use to squeeze the air out of me with your special 'monkey' hugs!
'You're in a better place' 'there's no pain'...that's what they say right?
If I hear someone say that one more time to me....hrrrrr...I SWEAR...
Its not right man! ! Its just NOT RIGHT!
Its your Birthday dude...we should be able to dance together again...
Instead...
Here I am, spending my day with emptiness and darkness...
Chilling with the memories, crying... And laughing...
The truth is when you spoke those words'I'm dying'...my heart shattered. And its
never been the same!
See its not that you my friend was here and now you're gone...what's most
important is that you were here and we had you! Period...WE HAD YOU! !
So...Happiest Birthday Our Angel of Smiles..you're the greatest!
Loved intensely and missed immensely!
You will forever be remembered!
Love infinity,
SS(14/11/11)

Shaakiera Schroeder

Go Home _ For Angel Jeremy

A road travelled before,
Perhaps,
A road travelled once to many times before.
Where the norm of the day is
Suffering and pain...
Constantly praying for relief _
Comfort eludes us....
Everyday seems the same...
The fear gets deeper_
Darkness....looms!

This familiar road ...
So familiar infact, it's the reliving of the past.
Everyday, waiting....expecting the worse.
Cringe every time the phone rings!
We remind ourselves to be strong:
"Keep it together" we say to each other,
But we feel it...we feel it in our souls!
The pain is too much... unbearable,
You can't take it anymore...
You...want to go home!

We're selfish and beg you to hold on,
Fight it ...don't give in!
But this monster inside you is eating you alive,
And we cannot imagine what it must be like.

You tired...but concerned about us.
Don't worry we will be okay....
Let go...go to where there is no pain.
Let the Angels take your hand ...and
Lead you home!

Written by
Shaakiera Schroeder
26/06/10

Shaakiera Schroeder

Memories Real Or Fantasized For Adu

Thoughts of you consume me,
Images of your face fill my mind
Changing, flashing...almost like a slideshow
Memories not real, but fantasized.

See we never had a relationship, when you were alive.
So I listen...carefully...shamelessly...
Undivided attention, a hunger I can't conceal!
Hang on to every funny, crazy, even
sad tale, remembered by family and friends alike.

From this I construct...brick by brick
Memories of my own.
This may seem strange and probably even
Bizarre,
But when you have no memories
of your own,
you do what you have to,
to get through.

Familiar anger well up inside_
I always thought I'd have enough
Time_
All those days wasted,
Watching you, in and out
Passing me by...
Like clouds on a windy day,
Swept away.

Wishing now I had stopped you
Hearing the familiar "salaamalaykum"
As you turn and walk away
"Wait" I should have said,
"how was your day? "
But I left you to walk away,
Mimicking your greeting...
I put it off and excuse it "he's a teenager"
I say "they have their own way"

Days like these when anger overwhelms,
I day dream,
That you had sat down beside me
And shared your life...your laughter...
Your smile!

I envision you speaking words that people say you used and laugh,
As I hear your voice clearly
Beautiful child...
Strong voice like a favorite song...plays over and over in my head...it's a sound
I will never forget.

The last time I saw you
A brief moment we shared...

Sadness tries to steal through my thoughts
I rush to block it out and replace it with
Silly things you did...
Instead of unhappiness ...
Your eyes sparkle with innocent mischief_
Memories not real_memories fantasized.

Unlike the humbling of loss and grief
Like a monster...guilt rides me
Makes me so unkind.

As if you reach down and
Envelope me in your arms
Suddenly I am reminded of what you left behind...
A constant reminder_
How precious is time? ? ? ?
Belonging to no one
Not yours or mine
Too precious to be wasted
For a second or nine...

Now I spent most of it
Writing or talking to you
Building a spiritual relationship
I know is alive.

Death will not defeat us...
You have my time!
Alive in my spirit...heart and mind!
Alive in me, forever in time...

It no longer matter if memories are
Theirs or mine...
I no longer care if they real or fantasized!

Shaakiera Schroeder 29/12/09(2 days to 9mnths)

Shaakiera Schroeder

Closed And Unmarked

Lost in thought I sought and sought in a jungle of memories,
which with every passing second fades into the distance but struggles
to disappear. I walk through the foyers of my mind- on each side open
doors all except one – closed & unmarked. I edge towards it anxious and
afraid, turn the lock but it will not budge. The memory of u is trapped
behind a closed door. I bang and kick and shove and kick, everything
hurts but not a creak. U are forever locked away in the crevices
of my mind- a door that refuses to be opened with memories that WILL
NOT...CANNOT be forgotten...

S.S

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Choosing To Stay

My friends' son died! There I said it! He didn't pass away or go home or any of the hundreds of euphemisms that people choose to use, he died, he's gone and he is never coming back!

353 days, 50 Wednesdays after the fact and all still seem so unreal. There is not a day that passes that I wake up and not think...how can this be?

How could this happen to her?

I cannot stand that she is experiencing this magnitude of pain and the worst realization of it all is that she will have to endure it for the rest of her life!

I try to imagine what she might be feeling but it is an impossible task. I measure it by what I'm feeling and I think "if I feel so torn up...it must be a million times worse for her"

She described it once saying "it feels like your womb has been literally ripped out and you walking around bleeding all the time" where her heart use to be, there is now only a gaping hole filled with nothing but emptiness.

She has always had the most animated face of anyone I know...her eyes speak volumes without her having to say a single word. After the loss of her son her eyes say nothing... they are vacant. I watch her intimately, but unlike before I have no idea what she is thinking, even her once melodic voice now holds only sadness.

If the eyes are the windows of your soul, then I fear the worst as her eyes are lifeless and reflect nothing!

After listening to several people, most of which are strangers tell me that my friend is blessed to have me. I find myself wondering if what I have done and continue doing is out of the ordinary?

Apparently most sources say it requires real commitment and absolute patience to stick around when your friend becomes a bereaved parent. That it takes a real special person to remain in the darkness. Not for a second did I consider myself to be special...I simply did what I FELT was right! I followed my heart.

My secret: UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and of course mule stubbornness, the kind that screams STAY no matter what!

I refuse to standby and watch Death defeat my friend without giving everything of my being to try and get her through this. After all real failure comes in not even trying!

For me "not being there" was NOT an option...with love as my advantage everything else followed naturally!

The fact that I experienced great loss when my mom died when I was fifteen years old spurred me on. I never want her to feel that alone, the way I did back then, because even though you have many supportive people around you, when one is grieving you still always feel achingly alone!

For others, things may not come as naturally. After all our pain thresholds, how much we can handle, differs.

When I lost my mom I asked "why me" until near insanity, Fifteen years later my closest friend loses her boy and I fear I got my answer! I now believe that I was being prepared for this very important purpose.

My journey starts on the 01st of April 2009.

I was awoken by "the call". Needless to say, it shook me to the core. All I managed to say was her name.

At that very moment I knew my friends' life would never be the same again, So to changing my life forever!

When I first saw her I found myself speechless, searching through the millions of words and possible things to say in my brain. I simply put my arms around her and sobbing said "I am here".

Then did what I know she would want me to do_Sprang into action. Doing everything she wanted to do herself but had no strength for, so as not to make her feel anymore useless than she was already feeling. Everytime she said something, I wanted to be able to say "it's done- don't worry" and I think that makes a difference...as her friend I wanted to deal with all the tiny things in order for her to deal with this colossal thing.

WORDS ARE NOT NECESSARY IN THIS TIME...PRESENCE IS!

Do not make promises you cannot keep.

Do not say "everything will be ok".

Do not say "its God's will".

Do not say "your son is in a better place".

It's patronizing and the only thing your friend is thinking is "there is no better place than his mothers' arms" and "how can this be Gods will to hurt one of his children like this? ".

I don't take anything she says or does personal. If I did I might just go insane... In this horrific time she is super emotionally sensitive! Because of this weigh everything...every issue ...every thought... everything carefully. I found that irrelevant people would always bother her with trivial things. Common sense would be to ask yourself "is this really so important that it cannot wait for another time? "

Most of our arguments stemmed from this: my thinking is "focus on surviving this and ignore things that do not matter. Another friend committed as myself summed it up best when she said "she needs to heal and deal with the death of

her son instead of worrying that her friends will leave her or judge her”.

If you are a true friend, it is your duty to ensure that she knows that you are there no matter what. She would lash out so much ...more often than not! Say such hurtful things...but how you react is VITAL here! Suck it up! Swallow it! Console yourself with the fact that she loves you and trusts you enough to lash out honestly and without fear. Also she knows just how much you care for her to allow her these sessions of ranting and raving...she knows her friend is right there beside her in all this emptiness. She pushes but her true friends...immovable soldiers ...push right back!

As a result of the trauma, shock and travelling through the unknown lands of grief, your friend will be a million different people. I learned very quickly to go with the flow. Follow their pace very carefully...try to keep up! Some days move at lights speed, others seem never to want to end.

Keep in mind the death of your precious child is life altering, so to assume your friends' has not, is unrealistic.

Nothing will be the same. They may actually break all contact with you for awhile. Let them! Do not put too much pressure on things to go back to “normal”. They need time to grieve alone as a family. During this period all you should do is assure them that when they are ready, whenever that is, you are there...no matter how long it may take. I later learned that my daily text message and emails was appreciated because even when they have no energy to talk, reading about the support and prayers and knowing that you do not have to suffer through this alone...does make a difference, however small.

Helplessness is my constant companion, the only familiar thing, in unfamiliar territory. Well, that and the pain. Residing in your heart and mind ...overpowering...so easy to drown in it...but try to stay strong because your friend cannot!

My most powerless, most inadequate moment came early. The morning of the funeral, getting ready, the sound of the shower running triggered so much. My friend collapsed. As I took her in my arms she pleaded “please take this pain away! I can't take it! Please take this pain away! ! ! ”

I remember crying so hard, all this time struggling to hold her up...refusing to let her fall, when all she wanted to do was sink to the floor and never get up! Today she cannot even remember those days!

This memory however, stuck in my mind. A visual reminder of what it means to stay. Her wanting to lie down and never get up and me refusing to let her!

Remember no matter how glamorous your friend is, she now no longer has the will to live, so doing her hair and nails is the last of her concern, looking pretty

will not make her feel better. Leave her be, when she is ready she will get to it!

Suicidal feelings are part of a "natural" process, do not panic, instead just listen, and try to understand. Join forums, grief blogs, ECT. I found that on these platforms I could speak about my feelings of helplessness and learned that I am not alone. Also it has taught me much about what to do and what not to do! If I may dare say, it has equipped me to deal with my friends' pain.

I live by three (3) simple principles now:

1) Patience: Be patient with your friend. There is no time limit on grief. Do not expect her to get back to her old life just because you think it is time. Remind her to be patient with herself.

2) Listen: I had to learn to shut up and listen. Believe you me a very difficult task, I am very opinionated but there is no way that I could know what she is feeling, listening is the kindest thing you can do.

3) Love: Love your friend enough to put aside any differences you may have. Your love will allow you to bury your weaknesses and insecurities in order to be strong for her. Getting her to an okay place should take precedence over everything.

Throughout this journey you will be faced with many obstacles, most frequently you will be fighting your friend. Be relentless for her sake. Nag her to eat and sleep even if she does not want to hear it.

Her pain touches me so deeply. Raw emotion as she shares pierces my soul everytime. My heart literally breaks when she speaks about missing her Boy. All this time, hurting for her I feel helpless!

However this is not about me. It is about being there unselfishly day and night, willing to suffer in silence, as you remain strong. Many people will turn away. You will be punished for what appears to be their betrayal. When they turn away there will be many justifications as to why...one being "they cannot see their friends like this".

NEWSFLASH! None of us can!

I do not blame anyone that is unable to stay in this pain. It is at its best the most unbearable thing anyone has to deal with. However, it is merely a case of asking yourself how much your friend means to you and does she mean more to you than your own weaknesses and fears. Then take it from there.

This has perhaps been the most difficult time in my adult life. There are days where I think "I can't anymore!" I come so close to giving up. Either her grief becomes too much to handle or her words or actions hurt more than she realizes!

In these rock bottom moments I recite a little mantra.

I say over and over:

"It's not personal. She loves me. She's hurting. Her grief and fear is overwhelming. She appreciates me! I will not let her push me away! Even though she wants to be alone, it is the last thing she needs! GOD HELP ME BE STRONG!
"

These simple words do not only renew my emotional strength but it also strengthens the commitment I made, a promise to her, but more so a promise to myself to love and to do so unconditionally!

Eleven months later and not much has changed. The only constant being her pain and me feeling hopeless and helpless! Always praying for more strength and her peace, My helplessness now however, is accompanied by the gratifying knowledge that she knows without a doubt that she is not alone in the darkness. I will not let go of her hand. I AM HERE!

The days are a constant rollercoaster. So many twists and turns. More downs than ups, leaves you gasping for air, almost always choking on tears, but as we remember her precious Child a smile steals across her face and in that smile I see a glimmer of hope. A tiny sliver that makes me believe that one day, it may be years from now, but one day she will feel the light again.

And as we struggle day by day, months passing us by, the years looming, I am here holding her hand in the darkness, praying for the light we know is there!

I will remain here with her forever. When her time on earth is up, I will pray for her reunion with her Son. I will feel her light shine through my soul and I will know...GOD help me, I will know, she is ... EVENTUALLY AT PEACE! !

Shaakiera Schroeder.
<19/03/10>

Article published in the summer edition of a USA based magazine
"We need not walk alone" featured under "friends of the bereaved parent"

Shaakiera Schroeder

A Letter Dreamed

A letter dreamed

(I had a dream and in it I dreamt of AADILLE and the words of this poem loosely scribbled in an exercise book....not exactly – but mostly of what I remember.)

My dear family and friends

The days are racing by, but as the months and even years hasten pass...

I look to you and the tears still wet your cheeks...

Trails burnt into the skin ...from the ever -flowing....

Constant pain....an ache...so deep_

A void, in the shape of me...

You hold me responsible for...

The unbearable pain blamed on me....

Makes you angrySO ANGRY...

You can't see,

I'd never leave you...

NEVER...if the choice was left to me!

Id never say goodbye...

I'd stay with you until the end of time.

However I had to go awayTheres nothing I can say...

Except pray ...pray that you know I am okay,

SHAQO my sonny all you have to do is look inside your heart; there you will find me,

Guiding you, like from the very start.

OuMa JEN I know its sore...simple things like unlocking your door...hurts you more deeply then anyone can fathom.

POPS you think you have to be strong....you miss me and know I miss you too...so much...but Shaqo and moms need you to be weak with them...they need to know its okay to cry...share each others tears....so you can start healing!

MAMA... my crazy moms...

A beautiful lily alone in this insane world.

I see you struggle to survive the day...

I see you cry...almost everyday.

I wish you could see me....today....yesterday

Where I am there is no pain.

My only sadness is watching the battle...rage inside you!

I know you mad, but its life's way.

I am there....i will always be right beside you....

Close your mind....open your heart mama...

Feel me!

Know that there will never be a moment that I will not care, and although you feel painfully alone ...

Love surrounds you....accept the solace of a friends' arms.

To family and friends thank you...

Thank you so much for helping my ma keep my memory alive.

Its feels like I have never left and it's so awesome to know I have so touched so many lives....

Please know every one of you have touched me in some way or another.

The support you have shown my family brings me comfort like you can't believe.

Smile and live life joyously and

In that laughter I am ALIVE!

I love you all...

Remember me in your mind and in your heart

Carry me ...in your...spirit!

I am trissen...and need you to be too!

HONOUR ME.....SMILE! ! ! ! !

ADZO!

Shaakiera Schroeder

09/06/10

Shaakiera Schroeder

A Cry From My Soul

My heart is beating dangerously slow... I feel
> cold, as if my soul has left it's encasing. No more blood courses
> through my veins...only complete emptiness. I can't cry, eyes so dry-
> all my tears have been shed already. My body trembles, hands not so
> steady... My soul screams for you... Slowly, slowly fading away into
> the abyss of darkness... No longer seeing the light that is you...
> Where are you? I'm petrified... I need a miracle... I need you... If
> forgiveness is love and love is forgiveness, all I ask is that you
> love me... Forgive me.

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

1st Angel Day - 01/04/2010

1st ANGEL DAY

To Angel AADILLE with love

Strangest is the feeling
Where the day of Death is honored,
Instead of a birthday, you
Now have an Angel day.

Where we should be wishing you a
Happy life,
We now with tear-filled eyes wish you
A peaceful journey...
Into ETERNITY!

Your SPIRIT still ALIVE
In our hearts and mind,
As memories flow over
Images of your face bring
Comfort of another kind,
We cannot help, but smile...yes and
Even laugh...
Because even though it hurts
So so much
And it will for a very long while...
We try to live like you...
A FREE SPIRIT...
A FEARLESS CHILD!
We take one agonizing day...at a time!

A year has passed _yet,
Pain never changing...
Tears our only constant_
Sorrow remaining...
Our struggle, never-ending...
Holding on...hour by hour...
To make you proud!
Hoping that when you look down on us,
You're smiling and boasting:
"See that's my people...they know I'm fine!"

KEEP SHINING ANGEL BOY!

WE FEEL YOUR LIGHT BURNING IN OUR SOULS!

SS(01/04/10)

Shaakiera Schroeder

Rooted(Anchored In Stone)

My roots are your roots,
All that nourishes you, also nourishes me
That which devastates you, will destroy me
At first you stood in the center of the world
So sturdy...so strong...a Rock to all,
Life ripped from you_
Shattered to pieces...
Shattered to the core.
My roots are your roots,
When you bleed,
I bleed.
Our souls entwined...
Leave the comfort of the earth...
My roots tenderly, envelope every little piece,
Come undone...holding together...
Never letting go...
My Roots is your Rock,
Your Rock is my Roots,
Our love...rooted in the earth,
Our Friendship....
Anchored in stone.

SS <16/10/09>

Shaakiera Schroeder

For My Mama- Gone But Not Forgotten

Gone so long, but never forgotten

Almost fifteen years have passed

Seems like a lifetime

Infact,

It is, the good half of mine.

It is the half in which I had you,

Where my days were filled with unconditional love and support.

Even the craziest of my dreams, I would hear you say "why Not"

You were always there...

Ready for anything ...

Always there...breakfast, lunch and supper.

We would rush home from school knowing you there waiting, with arms open wide, welcoming us home and thanking God its in one piece!

I remember in those days how easy sleep came after you placed your hands on our heads and prayed to God for our safety.

As I listened to you plead for our health and happiness, I have never felt safer ...it's as if God Almighty himself had placed his hand on my forehead!

And then you were GONE!

And all that wonderful, warm light that was our safe and sheltered life was swallowed and shattered by the darkest of darks!

Nothing made sense.

Pain overwhelming,

Anger almost destroying, the very foundation of your lessons taught with love!

In these dark and empty days, I felt like you and God had abandoned me!

"What kind of cruel God would rip a mother away from her young children, when they already had no father? "

Questions like these drove me insane.

I got sucked in...disappeared...lost myself, in this blurred haze, which was my so called life.

In these crazy days...drugged up existence, I lived my worst fears....not remembering you! Every memory of you was distorted...your face unrecognizable...and this drove me over the edge!

But in all this riotous silence I heard your voice...and I felt your hands reach into the darkness and drag me into the light, enveloping me in your embrace ...holding me tightly against your bossom. Your voice reminding me "I am your

mother! I will always be here and here! " as you point to my head and my heart....gone so long, but never forgotten!

Almost fifteen years since I had the privilege of looking at you, but the image of you still so fresh as if I had seen and touched your face just yesterday. From the perfect shaped eyebrows and the sharp bridge and tip of your nose, to the mole below it! Your ivory skin contrasted against the pitch black of your hair...flowing like silk, down to your back.

I relive every conversation and little things you said, which back then I could not relate to, but now I treasure! All the tiny bits of advice seemed then to mature; now all makes perfect sense!

It's as if you knew, you wouldn't be around all our lives...and went about preparing us for that time...a life...without you! Gone so long ...but never forgotten!

I know now after everything experienced...the good and the bad...you have never really been gone... you have always been here with me.

In simple decisions, I hear your opinion...in the more difficult ones...I ask myself "how would mommy handle this? "

Your character and strength has always been an inspiration to me and it remains my ultimate goal. I aspire to be just like you...you are my hero!

Independent, free-thinking,

Self-sufficient...faith so strong...one whole individual, not needing anyone to define me!

And when God blesses me with a child, I pray I can instill the same values with respect and love!

Mommy I thank you....I thank you for the woman I am today...and for everything!

You remain alive in our hearts ...and even if fifty years passes us by ...you hold the most influence in my life!

Gone so long...but never forgotten!

I love you mommy and hope I make you proud!

Shaakiera Schroeder

<29/03/10>

Beautiful Oak Tree

Your soul and memory of your life is like a beautiful oak tree.

You provide shelter from the storm...homes for the homeless...humans like creatures, all different, finds sanctuary within you! Shade, when reality burns like the angry sun...and most importantly, you provide oxygen which helps us breathe... even when we no longer want to!

You stand tall and firm...reaching to the sky...reminding us to look up and know there is a reason ...you now fly!

Beautiful Angel ...we look up and imagine your smile!

We may not know why...you fly...

Beautiful Angelbut,

You live in everything...

From the wind in the trees....to the drops of the rain...the colors' of the flowers and the blue of the sky!

We see you Angel...

We see you smile!

SS (08/03/10)

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

The Clearing

The Clearing

Inspired by a dream I had as confirmation of

My commitment to remain in the darkness with my friend as long as need be.

I hear the screams of centuries falling

Compassion, tumbling...down

Values, landing...loudly

Chainsaws...cutting...

Right through our very hearts,

Trucks dragging...

Lifeless...

Humanity...

I tear through the thick of it

Struggling to stay on my feet

Terrified I run...I run,

Blinded by the darkness...

Suddenly as if commanded to halt

I'm stopped by the tiniest sliver of light, accompanied by an invisible force filled

With so much promise of what I yearn for.

It draws me into a world so...

Spiritually diverse...

On either side Life...

One side ...so many ugly things humans are capable of.

Anger, resentment...even hate

The other....wow the other....

Acceptance...contentment...

Love as pure as the day God gave it to us.

My mind craves silence

Without uncertainty...

I step confidently through the lush protecting the light.

Welcoming me...a Clearing...so beautiful...

Completely naked in its magnificence ...

Except,

For an extraordinary centerpiece of rocks,

Nestled safely between two sky scrapping trees...

towering...threatening, like two hired guards,
The rock gently embraced by its roots protruding from the earth,
Covering the once solid boulder,
Now holds a million pieces together so hauntingly tender...
Roots and rock as one.

Outside the deafening world goes on...
Screams...
Sawing...
Dragging...
Oblivious and blissful in their ignorance...

Inside....cleared minds,
Complete calm...
Sheltered by,
Unconditional Love and
Absolute devotion.

SS <20/10/09>

Shaakiera Schroeder

Two More Days

My eyes fall on the calendar
And my heart races...
Just two more days...
Two more days from the worst of so much and
For so many,
Not that anyone needs a calendar as a reminder ...
Our fear is our continuous reminder.
As "The" day comes closer, the sadness in our hearts gets deeper...
The pain we have torturously endured for a year gets heavier...
An almost unbearable weight to carry,
"God help us! Has it really been a year? "
363 days on this journey...blindly struggling through the dark.
A voyage with 363 days of non-stop, heart wrenching, sanity destroying ...pain.
The reality of you not being here...
Still, so surreal...
Same questions...the whys and what ifs,
No answers found...we searched since "that" day!
Filled with anger...NEEDING to pray.
We sob and plead, as tears stream down our cheeks...
"God please, please give us strength! Grant us Peace and acceptances in your
decision.Please God...please let us know that our ANGEL is safe with you! "
Heart still racing...energy draining....
Blood runs cold....
Two more days...
Two more days, then its here! !

SS

29/03/10

Shaakiera Schroeder

Wednesdays Lost

As "The" day draws nearer
Spirits sink lower
Fears rise, higher.
Not completely sure why,
It's as if we expect something...or
"That" to happen again...
Anything worse...is impossible!
Still so unbelievable _ surreal almost.
Two months short of a year
And we continue to struggle to grasp the fact_
You're gone!
How do you go about planning an Angel Day...?
When you can't believe...
Yet register every Wednesday...
As we stare at the clock...silence engulfs...
We hold our breath...for that moment to pass...
I find myself praying that this Wednesday ...
Wednesday no: 45...I WAKE UP!
The nightmare is over!
When your mom calls ...I hear happiness _
Instead of the emptiness that fills her voice...
Her heart...her soul.
Sorrowfully...it's not a dream,
This is our heart aching reality...
Leaves an unnatural feeling in our souls...
"GOD give us strength to make it through TODAY"
I open my eyes and prepare to face,
The never shifting pain...
Aggravated and worsened...
By the FEAR of every Wednesday!

SS

(10/02/10)

Shaakiera Schroeder

There Are No Answers

There are no answers to our whys
I wonder if this life is nothing but a splendid lie...
If all can be over in a split second of time...
There are no answers to our whys...
Neither reason nor rhyme_
No time to say a final Goodbye...
When it's over...
There are only Cries from the lives we left behind to continue the lie...
There are no answers to our whys.

<30/06/09>

Shaakiera Schroeder



PoemHunter.com

Helpless Still

HELPLESS STILL

Six months, ten days have passed
Yet nothing has changed
Time has not started since that April day...
Sadness remains
Tears constant
Helpless still...

Days remind me of a rollercoaster ride
Not one you enjoy...
But the dreaded kind...
Where every uncertain second
So unkind
One day bearable...
The next, a bottomless pit...
Falling,
Anger overwhelming
Emptiness always ...
Helpless still

Alone...is what you prefer
Push and shove everyone that's dear
Out of your life...you want no one near
If you don't love anyone...you can't lose anyone
Patience my answer...
But you won't hear
Your fear suffocating
Can't breathe...
Can't walk...
Can't live...
Helpless still

Days are awesome...remembering your ANGELS smile...
Remembering his antics...
That nearly drove you insane...
Days are awesome
As your face lights up with the lost smile that was hidden since that day...
As if not allowed,

Suddenly your laughter transforms into a sob...
Heartbreaking...
Soul wrenching...
Helpless still...

Sleep does not come easy...
Helpless still
Eat...what's eat?
Helpless still

They say the pain lessens
Who are they?
Helpless still

Questions unanswered
All the why's you ask
Helpless still

As you struggle
Day by day
Hour by hour
I am still here ...right beside you...

Reminding you...I care...I love you.

Shaakiera Schroeder

Shaakiera Schroeder

Helpless

Helpless <my friend hurts and there's nothing I can do>
Written by Shaakiera Schroeder -10/05/09

Time stood still for you... and I was sleeping
Forgiving me is not in my scheme of things.
Your world crumbled ... I was not there.
Through silly vibrations I awoke to a world so different....
So sad....so silent and empty.

The news come and I SCREAM your name
wishing... the loudness would shatter this nightmare
But I am awake and it's not a dream,
"you lost your boy"... "you lost your boy" plays repeatedly in my head,
Yet grasping it all is impossible it seems.

The sound of sorrow all around is deafening
Yet the silence ...even more so maddening.

Together we lay...
Helplessness creeps over me...
Softly you whisper "I want my son"
I wrap my arms around you...
You scream "TAKE THIS PAIN AWAY"
My arms fold tighter.

My friend hurts and there's nothing I can do.
I keep busy what else can I do?
My heart bleeds ...because you in anguish...
My friend hurts and there's nothing I can do.

I pray every second of everyday...
"God help them through just today"
Hoping... tomorrow will be a better one.
Tomorrow is here and it's the exact same day...
Time stopped that April day....

My friend hurts and there's nothing I can do ...
Except remind you that I am here...I care...I love you.

With everything that is me.

Love Shaakiera

Shaakiera Schroeder