

Poetry Series

Shannon Hart
- poems -

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Shannon Hart(July 12,1980)

I was born in Orange, NJ on a Saturday of 1980. My mother and father met in high school and were married a month after I was born. The years that followed were full of great times and sad times. I have lived in numerous states in the US from age 8 yrs old until I settled down for the last 15 years in North Carolina. I have never followed all the rules when writing, because I feel it just flows the way its written.

Now married to, Whom is my King, Lyn. With a Prince, Kaelyn 14 and a Princess Lynasia, my hands are pretty full. My family are Royalty and we let each other know that.

Writing has been an outlet for me since I can remember. At 35 years old I decided it was time to start writing my poetry for the world to share.

I write for all reasons and the main reason is life itself. There is nothing more complexed, yet beautiful, More dark, yet brighter,
More exciting, yet calmer,
Or more Enjoyable, yet Risky,
Than Life itself.

A Peaceful Place

I have had thoughts of running away.
Thoughts of leaving my family someday.
Thoughts of ending the pain.
Whispering thoughts of hurt again and again.
I thought I shouldn't be so lucky.
I thought there was no one to truly love me.
I thought if I ran I wouldn't have to hurt.
Then someone spoke to me and 'Put God First'.
So I did!
My family is stronger than ever.
The devil thought he was clever...
But when God stepped in and shut the devil down....
A peaceful place at home with my family, is what I found.

Shannon Hart

B.L.A.C.K.

BLACK

Beautiful with all my flaws.

Loving and nurturing compliments it all.

Assertive when I need to be.

Compassionate unexpectedly.

Knowledgeable of my blackness!

And Proud of it

Shannon Hart

Colorful World

Do you see all of the Beautiful colors.
So many in this world, yet only few are loved.
The colors that make the world even more interesting.
To see these colors are God's blessings.
You cannot change it, you cannot destroy them all.
So some try their best to dismantle them and watch them fall.
Yet still they grow and rise above.
Now that's just a testament of God's love.
No matter how hard you try, colors still evolve,
For the greater good you must keep your heart involved.
Don't turn away when you see your brother in suffrage.
Keep praying for better days don't fall into the hatred.
Imagine a world living in harmony,
With the different Beautiful colors of you...and me.

Give Love a try.

Shannon Hart

Colors

My flesh is wrapped in white and black.
I have my parents to thank for that.
Excepting the beauty of what's inside me.
Forever binded by the world's insecurities.
Do I love myself?
Absolutely!
Do I love others?
Definitely!
So why is it so hard to live in this world?
The hate was here long before I arrived.
So sad to say it may be here until the end of time.
Yet I will keep my heart away from the hate.
Just to let anyone know, this is one life it will not take.
I am human whatever color I may be.
I will love you no matter what color I see.
So why is it so hard for the world to love me?

Shannon Hart

Escaping My Past

With all of my heartaches
With all of my losses
With all of my downfalls
I found a way to escape.
Escaping into a world where no one can harm me
Escaping to a path where only light surrounds me.
I found a way to escape.
I found a place where I feel protected.
A place that feels like home.
I found a way to escape.
I found the plans that were written on my life that were made to tear me down.
And I found my escape.
See there was a tunnel that only I could see.
A place where no one ever thought I'd be.
I found the place inside of me.
I found a way to escape.
This place I found,
No man can touch,
No pain could hurt,
No harm can lay upon me.
This place I have found inside of me.
I found a way to escape.
Once my mind was set free.

Shannon Hart

Goodbye Love

Falling in love with you was easy to do.
Finding a way to get away from you, that's something new.
I held us together for as long as I could.
But your insecurities made it impossible to love you as I should.
I fall for every apology and every excuse.
But, I can no longer pretend like I'm not being abused.
Every whore and bitch you've called me, left such deep wounds.
I can't begin to explain how my heart hurts for being such a fool.
I trusted you to care for me and treat me as your wife.
I've given you every thing I had to give in this life.
I am completely drained.
I'm in so much pain.
You know how good I was to you and you took my love for granted.
My heart is broken, but it's something I should have expected.
You never knew how to love someone without mistreating them.
But I pray that someday you do and eventually find the right woman.
God knows I loved you with everything in me,
But it's time for me to say goodbye to the man whom I thought would be a part
of my destiny.
Goodbye my love,
And may God heal your heart from whatever keeps you from trust.

Shannon Hart

He Loves Me

Eyes filled with tears.

Good ones of how God has carried me through the years.

Grateful for His Grace and Mercy.

Though I am not perfect,

He still loves me.

Even when I couldn't find anyone else who could understand.

My God was right there to hold my hand.

You just don't know my story,

About how God, My God has set my soul free.

Shannon Hart

His Queen

I am his Queen.

Whatever his wants and needs are,
I'll meet them.

Whenever you see him smile,
I helped put that on his face.

The pure essence and dignity of his Grace,
God made just for me.

These beautiful eyes and body, in which I possess,
God made for my King.

The kisses that warmed his once cold heart,
Are mine.

I am his Queen.

The gentle hugs and unconditional love
That tore down his concrete walls,
Were mine.

I am his Queen.

The soft touches that wiped away his loneliness and pain...
All mine.

I am his Queen.

The King of Our Castle.

The Head of Our Table.

His back, I will protect.

I am willing and able.

His Queen from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet.

He is not only my King.

God sent him as a part of my destiny.

Shannon Hart

Inside I Cry

I cry out and no one hears me.
So I cry inside so no one sees me.
Waiting on the right moment to leap.
Just gotta get my head together, I have to think.
I can't do this alone, I need you with me.
It seems like it's getting harder and harder to dream.
What do I do if I don't know what I want to be?
Cry inside so no one can hear me.
The sacrifices I've made seem to go unnoticed.
The pain I've endured, seems to stay in my focus.
I'm trying to let it go, you know trying to let things be.
But what am I letting go?
Oh yes, all of me.
So if I let go of myself what do I become?
A soul so lost that it makes me numb.
I need you here with me,
To help me along the way.
So I can stop these tears from falling each and everyday.
This life isn't what I thought it was...
Not at all what I wanted it to be,
So I cry on the inside so no one can see me.
All I ever wanted was to be loved completely,
Instead I'm here, in a corner, crying inside of me.

Shannon Hart

Mirror

Hello Beautiful.
Do I know you?
I've seen you somewhere before.
You look so familiar to me.
Did we go to school together?
I remember your face.
I remember your voice.
I'm trying to remember where we met.
I haven't placed it just yet.
Oh, now I remember who you used to be!
Without the scars and the bruises,
You used to be me.

Shannon Hart

My King

I can tell him a secret
He'll keep it.
I can tell him my problems.
He'll help me fix them.
I can share my pain.
He'll wipe it away.
I can tell him my dreams.
He'll dream with me.
When I think I've fallen,
He carries me on his back.
When I want more from him,
He offers me the world.
He's my best friend.
He's my lover.
He's my secret keeper.
He's my confidant.
He's my dream catcher.
He's the apple of my eye.
He's the love of my life.
He's everything in between the between.
He's my husband, my Heart, my King.

Shannon Hart

One Day Mommy. One Day.

'Failure is not an option'

As my Mom used to say.

She said I would be great one day.

She said I could be anything I wanted to be.

A singer, A writer, even a mommy.

One out of three isn't bad,

But sometimes I feel like I've lost a part of me.

I love being a mother, but I cannot deny,

I still want to write a book about my life.

Maybe not today, and maybe not even tomorrow, but one day I will be great
Mommy.

Just you wait and see.

Then I shall know that you are truly proud of me.

Shannon Hart

Respect Me

The color of my skin makes me no different from you.
I bleed the same color, and breath the same air as you do.
You are scared of my strength and Afraid of who I am.
For what? We are all the same under God's true plan.
Don't be afraid of me because I am black.
See it's the knowledge of my royalty in which you lack.
I am a Queen and demand to be treated as such.
So the next time you think you can disrespect me,
Remember this is much.
I am a child of God covered in Royalty, not riches
And I will not be called your niggers, your whores or your bitches.
I am a Beautiful, Intelligent and Powerful Black Queen.
Made from some of the strongest bloodlines you have ever seen.
Respect me when you speak my name.
And know that I will treat you with dignity just the same.

Shannon Hart

Shot

Staring down into a dark and scary hole
I reach for my chest because There's a story being told.
The story of my life flashing vigorously in front of me.
I tried to look away,
But it was the only thing I could see.
I heard someone yell, and then a Loud BANG.
Wait who is that? Do I know you? What's your name?
Nothing came back so it must've been nothing.
As I turned towards the light, I saw someone running.
Wait! Wait! Help me out of here! ! !
I yelled and I yelled, but no one could hear.
I cried and fell to my knees.
I didn't even see the body laying at my feet.
As I got closer to see who could it be,
They were my eyes staring back at me.
Get up, I said. What are you doing?
You have got to get up and start moving! !
It took me a while, but I finally did.
Shot in the face by stranger taught me to live.

Shannon Hart

Stages

I was molested at 5 by my own father.

I was raped by my stepfather from age 9- 11.

At 12 Mom sent me to live my Father

At 12 he raped me until I was 15.

I was raped by a boyfriend and his friends at age 16.

From 17-20 I was in an abusive relationship.

At 20 I lost my mother to AIDS.

From 20-21 I began prostitution.

From 21-22 I began stripping to live.

At 22 I married a man I hardly knew.

At 24 we seperated and I began smoking crack.

At 26 I met my best friend.

At 26 I stopped smoking crack.

I was still married to my first husabnd,

And every once in while my botfriend and I exchanged smacks.

At 27 I found I couldn't have children.

At 27 my boyfriend gave me his to raise.

At 30 I knew that despite all my boyfriend and I were going through, he was my best friend.

At 34 I married him.

We overcame all the obstacles of abandonment and hurt together.

At this stage in my life,

Nearly 36,

My Husband is my best friend. He knows all my flaws and loves me through them all.

All that I have gone through hasn't weakened me.

It strengthens me!

Shannon Hart