

Poetry Series

**Shaughnessy Turner**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

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

## Shaughnessy Turner(July 13,1993)

Born July 13,1993, I am the youngest daughter of a family of 5, with an older brother and sister. I am creative and destructive, happy and sad, light and dark, the yang to my yin. I help people to vent and maintain relationship advice as i am the 'guuru' amongst my friends. Writing is only a hobby for me, decorating is my career: two things i love that i can do together and still maintain my own social life. I write my own thoughts through symbolism and that's how it has been for years and i enjoy expressing it.

# Dark Little Goth Girl

Dark Little Goth Girl

What have you become?

You used to be so strong

But now you get pushed around

Dark Little Goth Girl

Why do you cry so much when you're alone?

You used to like the darkness so much when you were at home

Dark Little Goth Girl

Why did you fall in love?

You used to be so beautiful with your hair black as night

But now look at it- brown in the shadows and red in the daylight

Dark Little Goth Girl

Why don't you wear black anymore?

You used to look so marble with your skin so pale

I can't look at what you call color now

Dark Little Goth Girl

Where did you go?

Now i can't stand this girl who's going to all your shows

Dark Little Goth Girl

Please come back

I don't like this girl with glitter on her bag

Dark Little Goth Girl

Shaughnessy Turner

# Glass Heart Breaking

You were my one and only  
You always thought of me so fondly  
You would whisper in my ear  
That I would have nothing to fear  
From the darkness around me  
And I could be anything I wanted to be  
But what about you?  
Is it true for you too?  
I could see your sadness  
I wanted to take away that madness  
But now you are gone  
And the world just feels wrong  
I sit next to your grave  
And touch the flowers that need to be saved  
Am I that fragile?  
I never thought I was bashful  
My life was just in the making  
And now my glass heart is breaking  
I cry to the moon's smile  
And think of everything as idle  
You were my everything  
And now I am nothing  
You kept my heart beating  
And now it is just breaking  
The rain washes the glass shards away  
And hides my tears just from today  
My life was in the making  
And my glass heart was breaking  
But now it is broken

Shaughnessy Turner

# I Love You, But Can You Love Me?

I know that I have a horrible past  
And you and I might not last  
But that doesn't take me from loving you  
But I don't know if you can love me too  
A thousand words can't say how I feel  
But what of these tears that make me real  
You've threatened me and then you say you love me  
But what is really in your cold dead heart?  
In that heart is what is tearing me apart.  
I love you but can you love me?  
Words are meaningless to me now  
Ever since you let me down  
So show me that you love me  
And I'll come back from the discretion of my mind  
That I have created to protect my soul from sin.  
These emotions spread us apart  
As the world drifts into its mistakes and departs  
I love you but can you love me?  
Jackals of the wicked echo in my ear  
Forces of darkness press that emptiness and fear  
So tear my soul, and beat my body  
My sake for love is yours and nobodys  
For you are my demon lover, my thunder god  
You escape the likes of me and smother my body for eternity  
I love you but can you love me?  
Hope deranges my mind from the aspects of your soul  
Labyrinths and mazes deprive me of my role  
So empty me in your heart and call upon your thunder to wisp me apart  
These jackals can't break me from my quest to depart  
For I love you but can you love me?  
My demon lover, my thunder god

Shaughnessy Turner

# Meaning

a heart of hatred and despair  
this is a heart that cannot be repaired  
an image that cannot give in  
is the cherry blossoms swaying in the wind  
the meaning of love has turned cold  
and the darkness of the heart becomes bold  
the meaning of life draining away  
and no one is here to save the day  
a life that was taken by force  
for the meaning of life is a rose  
beautiful at times but deadly to those it chose  
the pain of agony and betrayal  
remains to be veiled  
the meaning of love has turned cold  
and the darkness of the heart becomes bold  
the meaning of life draining away  
and no one is here to save the day  
savoring in a grace so pure  
reading these lines, nothing can be sure  
joy and prosperity reign through me  
as well as the the kiss' remedy

Shaughnessy Turner

# My Darling Sister

Love is a funny thing  
But what if it turns into obsession?  
Will you let me take you under my wing?  
Will you accept my protection?  
My Darling Sister  
I can't stand these men hurting you so  
I suffer from being so sinister  
But i cannot stand for you to woe  
These afflictions to your heart  
Please allow me to help you  
I do not know how it began from the start  
Real love would not play with your emotions as they do  
These accusations to your marriage  
My Darling Sister  
Even if that means i have to be your carriage  
I will wait with you till your love comes home in the near future  
My Darling Sister  
I love you so  
And i don't like being sinister  
But i don't want your heart to woe

Shaughnessy Turner

# My Life, My Trial

Darkness has many secrets  
But daytime shows all  
My life is torn to pieces  
But I will remain strong  
Angels sing above me  
But demons drag me to hell  
I see my life before me  
Like I'm under a type of spell  
I await my trial in my cold, dead heart  
And whisper these lies that will tear me apart  
But when I am free, then you will suffer  
My blade will go through your middle  
And your blood will cleanse my torture.  
This is my Life, My Trial  
The plead for innocence is not for a while.  
My heart is a cold, dead being  
But my time has yet to be seen  
So argue for your guilty innocence  
While mine is to be guilty of conscience  
So bleed from your mouth  
And screw with my head  
I will not rest until it is you who is dead.  
I savor your inner-being  
But it is you who will not be seeing  
The lies and mockery of the everlasting soul  
Will be yours to behold  
In the Temples of Hell of which I am  
Knowledge and power is mine to command

Shaughnessy Turner

# My Love, My Disaster

The love I feel, I know it can't be real,  
My heart aches to these tender wounds  
That was punctured by emotional moods  
But what makes you so special?  
Are those words just a denial?  
My tears aren't hot; my love is what you got.  
Demons claw at me from every angle  
And yet these chains drag me to hell  
Why can't I be free? Free is what I want to be  
I hear those words, I feel those feelings  
But what is love? What is its meaning?  
It is golden, it is wonderful  
My heart, it is so painful.  
The pain is good, the pain is just  
I'm not staying just for that lust.  
You are a dark king, I am Persephone  
You complete my inner-being  
I am spring, I am youthful  
You are dark, you are hollow  
Our love is great, our love is pure  
If only they could see it, it is the cure  
For I love you, I know that to be true  
The fear is rising, my cries are scorching  
These tender dreams, the outcomes are revolting.  
Why is that you understand me?  
You are my polar opposity.  
My dreams of love, my dreams of grief  
They are all but unique  
My cries are hollow in your heart of stone  
And you hold me as if your own  
I can feel the animal inside me  
It is all but prosperity  
I feel tempted, I feel just  
What is this madness? What is this lust?  
I've never felt so real, so aroused  
But yet I feel so amused  
I want to be in your arms of conceit  
The protection and sanity it brings to me.  
My soul is chained forevermore

But my heart will be yours to behold  
I yearn for you, yourself, your being  
What is in my heart? What are you seeing?  
For you are my love, my disaster  
My once upon a time is my never after.  
I am selfish, I am depressed  
My feelings have always been oppressed  
My life is in ruins, my soul is in chains  
My outer-being is all that remains  
The trial has been fortified  
My soul is to be mortified.  
The doors are closing to my emotions  
The chains are all but cautions  
But where are you in this storm?  
I want to be in your arms, they are so warm.  
You deny me, you defy me  
This weight of the world is what holds me  
So let the rain wash away these tears of pain  
And let everything else remain the same.  
You condemn me, desert me  
All I ever wanted was for you to hold me  
I realize that you are afraid  
But that can be of yesterday  
Please let me help you out of your heartless-being  
And tell the world what they're not seeing  
For I see the soul in you  
And I love it, all to be true.  
For you are my love, my disaster  
My once upon a time is my never after.

Shaughnessy Turner