

Poetry Series

Shawnie Delgado
- poems -

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Shawnie Delgado(01-07-93)

Misunderstood

Yesterday was the day
I said my last good-byes,
I can never look back
For the tears I will cry.

I tried to make something work
That I doubted never would,
As I began to drop my guard...
To hurt me, you never could.

I can't put up with all the drama
That my life filled with quick,
I wasted so much time
With someone control sick.

I tried my best to cope
With all the nonsense between us two,
I tried not to let it bother me
But you do the best to delude.

It's hard to change things
I understand that, I do
But there are just some things
That you need to drop, just for you.

To look out for me you tried
And I appreciate that very much,
Just sometimes you need to let things go
And leave the wounds untouched.

I had started to fall a couple times
And caught myself too late,
The feelings I acquired
Would conceal my beat up fate.

I don't want to fall completely
For you and or anyone,
I am only just a child
Who needs some harmless fun.

To love isn't my plan
For some years i would hope,
I need to get my life together
Before I climb that slippery slope.

Forgive me for everything
And for breaking your heart,
I warned you not to let me have it
Because I knew it would fall apart.

I know I hurt you very badly
And I know it will leave a scar,
Just please learn to forgive me
To become friends that we are.

I must admit
You were different in many ways,
Definitely more unique than any guy
I have dated in my days.

Someday maybe things will change
And together we can be,
But first we need to work out
All the anguish that needs set free.

I will always care for you
Don't forget that till you die,
Even though I hate that word
I love you and good-bye...

Shawnie Delgado

To Shed A Tear

Down in a field
Where nothing would grow,
Sat a pretty young creature
Of whom you know.

She lay on her knees
With her head between arms,
Crying so silent
Not yet freed from harm.

Her tears did stream
As from pain she cried,
Broken pieces fell down
To catch them she tried.

A heart split in half
Like a shot to the chest,
She lay on her side
Patient to rest.

'He wouldn't hurt me, '
She repeated aloud,
With a quiver and a shake
People formed a crowd.

The word spread fast
Of the young girl they knew,
As she lay in the field
Of golden-brown hue.

The sun set in the West
And the light fade away,
While magical colors dim
Then slowly turn to gray.

The heart that once raced
Has ceased all together,
With her body so stiff
She's light as a feather.

The day that she died
The loss they mourned,
To never be revived
Many hearts were torn.

Many tears were shed
For the pretty young creature,
As she lay in her grave
With no facial feature.

The man with the pistol
Never once shed a tear,
Till the day he shot her cold
So driven to disappear.

Down in the field
Of golden-brown hue,
A sheer light reflected
Off of Crimson Milieux.

The place where she lay
And shed many tears,
Has started to sprout
Red and green peers.

These beautiful roses
Are given life from the dead,
But magical powers
Let their precious beauty spread.

She will always be missed
For very special she'll be,
No one can replace her
For she... is me.

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