

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Stephanie Cage()

Bad Mommy

have a bad mom, i haven't ate in days;
I lied I've had a dixie cup and three crackers
One I saved.
I have a room called a basement, no windows no fresh air
I want to tell someone but my freedoms up the stairs.
My rib cage is showing like a ladder on my skin
I know my mom will feed me, i just don't know when.
Once the door opens my bones begin to shake
I know she's going to hit me so i pretend I'm not awake
I knew she'd hit me anyway and the tears form in my eyes
But I don't wail Im strong plus she hates it when I cry.
I hear her walk up the stairs and thats when i felt free.
I wipe away my tears and thats when I see.
She left another cracker so now i have two!
I form a small smile but i don't know what to do.
Should i save it with my other one or
go ahead and eat it away?
well Im hungry but I guess I could just save it one more day.
And then I noticed, she ruined it.... She crushed the cracker i saved.
I tried not to cry, I tried to be brave.
But mom heard the crying the sobbing and sighing
and she came down & hit me some more.
But she didnt understand the crumbs in my hand
were crumbs that I longed for!
Now my stomach is growling like a hungry lion
so I lay praying on the floor
I stare at the ceiling, unbeknowst to what I'm feeling.
I'm just so hungry for food andlove
Somebody please save my soul
Im just a hungry child who's Bad mom crushed My hope

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Death Rattle

its the story of love the story she didn't own
the story she longed for in her weakest tone.
she cried out for love
but no one came to rescue
as her heart began to crack
her soul slipped through.

Her eyes went cold
her face grew pale
she was hungry for love
her limbs became frail.

her lips turned purple
hence lack of touch from another pair
her arms reached out for the anyone that wasnt there.

with very few words left
she began to say.
'someone please love me'
then her words went stray

they call it the death rattle
but for her it was a cry for affection
thats what happens when the world doesn't love
cause all she needed was a fraction.

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Gay

I know I'm gay but not in my dreams
I pretend everyday life is not what it seems.
Inside my head I lose control
I just hope it doesn't show...
Because I hide it from my mother
And her world of Christianity
I lay in bed at night wondering
"Why God why me? "
He never answers back
So I leave a note in my prayer box.
Saying "Lord please change me back,
Please turn back the clocks."
"Please take these thoughts away
& mess with my free will.
I don't care do anything, just change the way I feel.
I don't want to break my mom's heart
Or shatter it to bits
by telling her the truth
Of the crime that I commit.
I don't want to look at the same sex
And feel funny inside.
I want to be in love,
In a love I don't have to hide.
I don't want to see beauty
In another man's face
I just don't want to God
I feel like a disgrace!
Then I couldn't hold it in
I went to mom with soiled cheeks
I told her the truth & she said I'm not the son she seeks.
She couldn't love me anymore
She practically said it with her eyes
My heart fell to my stomach
"Just leave" she advised.
"But mom" I tried
she cut me off like I wasn't even speaking
She turned her head like my eyes weren't even leaking.
Im no longer the child she raised me to be
No longer the Toddler who cries on skinned knees.

No longer the baby who has his future ahead
I am just a gay person trying to be fed
Trying to swallow all the words I just spoke
I wish I could have stopped them I wish I would've choked.
Not literally, but I don't know where to turn
my dream of her sympathy
just completely crashed and burned.
I am no longer who she wants all in all
But without my mother my world is so small.
Note to God; Please let mother understand
Note to self; I can still be loved... I can

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Ribbons & Lace

She wore her favorite frilly dress
And though this was not a house of ill repute
Her efforts still bear no fruit;
Her fragile fingers dig deep into the sheets
Her pillow scarred from marks left behind by her teeth
Her face shoved into the dirt of no mans land.
Fair tan twines bounding her hands
Her Stomach to the mattress
His back to God
Inside her mind she is praying for a police squad
To come save her
To come take her
From the devil who holds her captive
Whos raping her the only time shes allowed to be active
Because mom left her alone with a man she barely knew
He was a bad man she was blind too.
After all she is only 4
What more could she believe
In her world cats have 9lives, ghosts live in trees
&The sky turns colors because it changes its mind
Her happy place is interrupted from the burning of the twine
She cries out in pain, yet theres no one to hear her
No to be to her savior
Nobody is near her
To see the anguish in her face
The only thing on her side are the ribbons and lace
Wrapped around her tiny waistline
So even they had no choice
But to be ripped off of a baby with a too small voice
The loose curls in her hair are now
Knotted and dull
From the abuse she sustained
In between too thick walls
Her limbs have become weak, her heart broken into a million pieces
Her life forever shattered ... until the day he deceases!
She was raped in her own bed like a sick twisted game
called"you only have yourself to blame"
Because in his eyes, she led him on
The way she twiddled her hair, playing "big girl salon"

The way she spun in her dress to the music in her head
Singing ring around the rosy, her sheets now stained with red
The pain inside her body has become too much to handle
Poor child is being ridden like the horse under the saddle
He is a sick bastard & her life is ruined
She now has deplorable memories of her room
She has had nightmares since the day that this took place
In that pretty little dress designed with
Ribbons & Lace

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