

Poetry Series

**Tearsica Brooks**  
**- poems -**

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# Tearsica Brooks()

# Almost Like You'Re There

It's another Valentine's day  
And yet again you have to be away  
I set the table for two  
There is no one else here  
Just me without you  
I put your picture across from me  
So that we can have dinner together  
Even if it is just pretend  
My heart is breaking into so many tiny pieces  
The tears are streaming  
I almost can't remember your kisses  
I've put on your favorite red dress  
The one I wore for our first kiss  
The same one I wore when I said yes  
I light another candle  
Think to myself, sometimes this is more than I can handle  
I sit here alone afraid to think of you  
Knowing your heart is also breaking in two

Tearsica Brooks

# For Baby Robert's Mother

For you I do pray  
My words come hesitantly, I'm just not sure what to say  
I am a mother myself and for your son I will pray  
I feel your pain as though it were my own  
I can't tell you I know how you feel in this time of unknown  
Your life feels so empty without him at home  
I couldn't imagine the horror if it were one of my own  
We are given a voice but not a choice  
Whom lives and whom dies it is only for God's eyes  
They say he is a merciful God and to his mercy we do appeal  
Let him have mercy let him hear how we feel  
Your child is special, he is the brightest of stars  
Please God in your infinite mercies see that his leaving would leave a ugly scar  
For the love of a child is the deepest of emotions  
He has awakened in us, from both near and far, a definite devotion  
Your child is special, more than you know  
Your beautiful baby has broken down walls  
Wall of indifference and intolerance in us all  
He is innocence defined, he carries no blame  
We have all come together to send our prayers in his name

This precious child later lost his battle with cancer but he lives on in the poetry  
created for him and his family and in their hearts and memories.

Tearsica Brooks

# My Right! ! ! !

I am sitting here with the news turned up loud  
Knowing we are there to help, makes me proud  
I know so many just don't understand  
If YOU had no freedom  
If YOU had no say  
How would you feel?  
What could you do?  
Without help, NOTHING!  
I miss my husband  
I miss his touch  
But I am proud of what he does  
I am proud of whom he is  
You may have the right to protest  
And you may not like this war  
But no one has the right to tell my husband his rights should be ignored  
His right to be proud  
His right to be a patriot  
His right to be a soldier  
They say HE is wrong, that just isn't true  
My husband could fight and die  
For my right to speak  
For my right to cry  
For my right to feel this pain  
For my right to be angry  
For my right to feel the way I do  
Your rights are not given by the grace of GOD  
They are given by the blood of patriots  
They are given with the lives of loved ones  
Remember when you are out there slamming our own military  
They are out there fighting and dying for your right to hate them

Tearsica Brooks

# The Phantom

He has been torn apart by a war of the heart  
He hides in the shadows to keep the world from seeing his pain  
He wears a mask because he thinks it hides the scars  
All of his scars are not quite visible for they are on the inside  
He thinks he is alone in all of this  
He thinks no one knows his pain  
I know his pain I live it everyday  
I listen to his lonely cries in the night  
His heart calls to mine as if it were meant to be  
He tries to hide the fact that he hears it too  
I see him when he thinks no one can  
They call him The Phantom because he is elusive  
They say he cannot be found  
They just don't know where to look  
I follow him through the darkest of shadows  
I would follow him into the depths of hell  
I would happily give him my life if he would ask  
I love The Phantom for what he is and is not  
I love this man they call The Phantom

Tearsica Brooks

# The Raven

The Raven is black as night  
But, her heart remains pure  
She is always misunderstood  
Her motives are always in question  
She is seen as the dark messenger  
That is far from the truth  
Her messages come from above  
They are laced with truth and love  
They may not always be happy  
But, they are the truth  
She bears no feelings of spite nor malice  
She makes no judgements of right or wrong  
Her lonely voice echoes her hearts song  
She spends her nights singing alone  
She doesn't think of the future or the past  
She only thinks of her given task  
She spreads her wings and takes flight  
For another dark and lonely night

This is for all those whom are misjudged and misunderstood. You are not alone  
the Raven is with you always.

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