

My Feelings Exactly

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There's a guy..Isn't there always? Anyways, I had nothing better to do and my fingers just kept on a typing. So, please comment, lemme know if there is anything I could fix.

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1 - My Feelings Exactly..

My Feelings Exactly...

I know I am not the most important thing in the world.

Not the top on most people's lists.

But I do feel.

I do love.

I do cry.

But no one seems to know.

No one seems to see.

That I cry.

That I love.

That I feel.

That I care.

I want to help.

Not all thoughts are about me.

Most are about others.

But if you do not take the time.

The time to know me.

The time to see me.

You can't know me.

So please.

Take the time.

The time to see the real me...

-The Pain of a Heart Broken Teen

By: Chance Virginia Faye Marshall...

Walking into the house. The boy greeted her with a warm and welcoming smile. The best she had ever seen. Her single bag in her hand. She followed the boy into his room. A large bed and all the other items found in a male's room were in here. The room not too small. Not too large. The bed, warm and inviting. Promising any one who laid on it a peaceful night's sleep. The two got acquainted. The boy left. Guaranteeing his return before the day's end. Night rolled around, the girl remembered him telling her that they would be sharing a bed. So off she went. Upstairs and into the bed that seemed so inviting. Crawling under the warm sheets and comforter. She melted. Sleep taking over. But not deeply. Picking up the sounds that went on around her. Including the pitter-patter of feet. The wind against the sides of the house.

Coming into the quiet house. Minutes before his promise would expire. He realized where his guest had gone. Upstairs and into his room. There he saw her. Quiet, motionless. Changing into his pajamas, he walked towards the bed. Slowly and cautiously getting in, trying not to wake her. He had kept to himself during the few hours with her after her arrival. Even though her feelings were known. Talking to her was one thing. But being in the same presence. Both parties understood it. With a thought out decision, he gently pressed up against her. Kissing her bare shoulder.

The girl rolled over smiling. Her eyes adjusting to the dark, she looked into his, "Good day?" she asked warmly. He returned the smile, "Yea, it was" and leaning in, he gently kissed her bottom lip. Testing her out. Seeing if she allowed his attempt. Nevertheless, the girl returned the gentle kiss. Taking the permission, he leaned in more, holding her against him. Her arm found its way around his neck. Up into his hair. Holding him tighter.

Their lips battled. Crashing against the others. Teasing and begging for the other's company. One of his hands slid down and over her chest. Slightly grasping. She moaned with in the kiss. Sinking away from him as if he had just pushed with great force. Slowly, he descended on top of her. Placing a leg on each side.

Her heart beat against her chest. Her blood raced. Yet the two never parted. As if as soon as their kiss ended, one of them would disappear. Scraping her teeth lightly against his bottom lip. He smiled. Kissing her once more. Then looking in to her eyes. A yawn leaving him, she giggled childishly and silently. Kissing his forehead, she softly whispered, "Goodnight"

