

Keeping the Shame: A book of Poems

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I would love to hear feedback!

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1 - Alive

Alive

You make me happy it's Monday and dreadful on Friday because I will have to go two days without seeing you.

And I laugh when you ask me why I look at the sun but it's because I see your face in it.

In the dark, I reach for your ever glowing light until I can grab your soft cheeks in my hands and kiss your lips like I mean it.

When the summer heat burns my skin, your fingers are the drops of sun screen that protects me from the pain and I can finally relax.

The sky is full of eternal stars but if you look close, you are the firework that cracks across the night and lights it up with colors.

You make me feel alive and worth the fight.

2 - Before You Go

Before You Go.

Wait. Put your belongings down
And listen to me.
There are some things you need to know
Before you enter that building.
This year will not be easy
So you better be prepared.

I need you to know how proud I am
Of such a little girl,
But sweetheart, watch where you step.
Don't follow in my path.
I was lost for a time;
No one warned me for the road ahead.

You are so young and beautiful,
But beauty comes with consequences.
Don't wear your heart on your sleeve.
Love can wait until you are ready;
Boys will come and go like busses,
Just you wait for the right one.

There will be good and bad days.
I will be beside you through them all.
Only you can make your choices
So make them the very best.
If I am too over protective,
You know I only mean well.

Alright, I see you're getting anxious,
The bell is about to ring.
Walk in with your head held high
And never ever forget,
Little sister,
I love you.

3 - Boys and Toys

Boys and Toys

Don't look at me with those eyes that burn
You don't know what happened, when will you learn?

You didn't feel my rising fire
Don't trust his words for he is a liar.

Everyone's acting like it's my entire fault
No one knows of his sexual assault

The way you throw love around like a game
I apologize, I find that rather lame

Look at me now
As I take a bow

My scene is at its very end
Was it all just for pretend?

He played with my crowd
But they aren't that loud

Don't look at me with eyes on fire
In the shadows is where you admire

Watching your scorching lips
I see where the blood drips

His sick games of lust
Is what lost my trust

All you silly little boys,
I am not one of your toys

4 - Changing

Changing

Paper isn't the only thing fire can burn.
And tears can only fall for so long.
The Light always fades to Black.
And paths always separate at some point.
Even your shadow leaves you in the dark.

5 - Dance

It's a movement.
All about a flow.
A pattern.
If you know the steps,
You control the game.
Know when to pick up the speed,
To slow it down.
Swing over. Wait. Go.
Memorize the rhythm.
Time each step.
Faster.
Blast it hard, now!
The ball goes into the back of the net.
Hear the applaud of the crowd.
Bow and retake your position.
The dance starts again.

6 - Don't want it, don't need it

No, don't give me a boyfriend who will lend me his sweatshirt when I am cold. He'll freeze his @\$ off. And don't give me a boy who wants to pay for the things I want. I have my own money.

Whoever he is, he better not call me at four in the morning to tell me he misses me. I'm asleep, and he probably wants to be too.

I have no desire to be called his "baby." God forbid he treats me like one, I'm 17.

Please, I don't want him to always hold my hand. It's mine and if I want to keep it in my pocket, then I will.

For heaven sakes, don't offer me your fairy-tale boyfriend who will sweep me off my feet. What if he drops me?

I sure hope he knows that he doesn't need to unbutton my shirt to better see my heart. For his safety, I pray he respects that.

Just because I am a girl, I'm not going to make him a "sandwich" and stay in the "kitchen." If he's a smart @\$, I was born with a strong hand for a reason.

Let me tell you this: I don't like it when he is always there. Around every corner; waiting for me. That's a little creepy.

Make sure he knows that carrying around my books and things is a little offensive. Do I look like I can't handle them myself? It's sweet, but I have two arms and legs, I can do it myself.

Just give me a boy who loves me for me, including every mistake and scar.