and she needed Him now
Trying to stay strong
as the world hits her
harder every day
trying its best to erase her from the life
She, thinks she doesn’t deserve
And who were those people
to call her names
trying to put her to shame
When they didn’t even know
the full story -
Wishing she could let it out
and let them know
but trapped in the mind
those emotions don’t show
She doesn’t let them see
that she’s a wilted flower.
She doesn’t let them know
that every night before she
Goes to sleep, she Prays
to God to let her trade
Places with the deceased,
She doesn’t let them know
that she sits in her room
and cries at night because
She can’t find the reason
as to why things went wrong
And to her the sweetest song
Was seeing his smile
and hearing his voice call out her name
She gets angry at herself
because it was a mistake,
wishing the world would take
a chance to hear her out instead
of treating her like she doesn’t
deserve anything above.
Because they don’t know
that when she lays her head down at night, she
has to fight to keep it together.
But for now she just thinks
of how much better life on Earth
would be if she could hold
him, and kiss his little brown cheeks
like she used to do when she
was the only one
who cared enough to take care
of a child that wasn’t even hers
And she writes to form the words
her heart won’t let her speak
She writes about not even half
of the drama that goes on in her life. Now
A mistake, Placed on the most unusual face
That girl, is me.

- SE

Anger Scars

I let the rage takeover.
Gun in hand, palms sweaty.
First & foremost I was more than ready.
The thoughts came rushing in like tidal waves,
Banging and crashing into my brain.
The face he will make if I pull the trigger, will he beg
Me not to, will he beg to… pull the trigger…
With his knife to my throat I wonder if 1,500 dollars
Is really worth any of this.
I’m thinking my bullet is faster than his blade, I grip
My Sig Sauer watching the sweat drip down this man’s face.
DO IT!

His crew keeps yelling.
As he steps forward pushing the knife even harder
into my throat, I’m mind boggled like a child who had
gotten lost.
I point the barrel to his knee, his crew starts to walk.
My heart’s racing faster than the speed of light & I’m
Hanging onto the trigger with all my might.

I hear a bang!
I’m going limp.
I feel a pinch up under my chin & another on my left inner calf.
Suddenly I’m left on the concrete up around 25th & Keystone…

I’m stuck not being able to get up.

Stuck with a bullet to the knee…

A gash in my chin…
And a cut in my leg…

I’m scarred for life.
So believe me when I tell you…
Violence doesn’t get you very far…
But Anger Scars.

- AS