

Poetry Series

**Dayna Wesley**  
**- poems -**

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## Dayna Wesley(May 18,1986)

I am a writer. I've been once since I was 8 or 9 years old. I love to write and I don't see myself doing anything else with my life besides that. I want to be the best. I have the passion, so all I need to work on is the skill, which I feel are improving with each word I put on paper. I'm currently in college at Point Park University, and hopefully when I graduate (2011) I'll be able to make in Hollywood as a screenwriter.

# A Poem For Father

I'm writing this poem only to say  
"Merry Christmas" on this day  
And to give thanks and appreciation to  
The person whom some is due.  
I know we're not always on the same page,  
And life conversations are hard to engage.  
But as time past we had once again reconnect.  
Though I'm not a child I will never forget  
All the things you have and not have done for me.  
You opened my eyes and caused me to see,  
What I must do to become the woman I am.  
The world is ruthless and being timid won't stand.  
So, thank you Dad for being in my life,  
Through some of my hurtles and my strife.  
Though you're not ideal and you have flaws  
Doesn't mean I love you any less only because,  
People aren't perfect and that's rightly so.  
But you do have good qualities and they often show.  
So don't doubt your skills because you're doing right.  
Just look at me and continue to fight.

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Dayna Wesley

# Happy Birthday

What a long road it's been.  
I remember way back when,  
The time I laid eyes on you.  
I fell in love and it was true.  
You're turning 21 and this is the time  
To have your fun. That's why I'm  
Letting you go and play with your girls,  
Since I'm not the center of your world.  
I fell sorry for you because you had the best.  
(Insert Name) and whoever else is totally less  
When compared to my beauty, success, and charm.  
You apparently wanted the opposite wrapped around your arm.  
Your car accident was she in the front seat?  
You see God doesn't like ugly and He knocked you both off your feet.  
She's 16 and holds your heart.  
You've never loved me did you? That's why we must part.  
All the signs were right in front of me,  
But I wanted to believe you would never deceive  
But liars are cheaters and cheaters are liars.  
And I pray to God you will suffer Hell's fire.  
You both are the same and deserve each other.  
I hope you get a STD and let her be the result of you becoming a father.  
You're worthless, a reject, and are going nowhere in life.  
You better believe I will become some man's perfect wife.  
Your mind remains that of a petulant child.  
That's why I'm not surprised you were with her all the while  
You were kissing, touching, and loving me.  
You made this break-up destined to be.  
After you've had your fun  
The damage has already been done.  
So, happy birthday and many you have many more,  
Because great pain draws closer beyond anything you can endure.

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