

Poetry Series

Ruth warren
- poems -

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Ruth warren(5/4/1973)

A Heart In Flight

Like a caged bird waiting for flight,
weary are her wings, mind full of fright.
Where will she soar, where will she go,
the bars of life have captured her soul.

Releasing her love within her own heart,
no one to share this fragile part.
How much love can a heart withstand,
not being able to share it, can bring life to an end.

Young and tender is her soul,
dying before flight, wanting to let go.
Soaring above the earth, a tremble in her wings,
listening to the echos, as the wind it sings.

Such a short life, no time to find love,
endlessly in flight looking for love.
Born to be captive, never being free,
aimlessly awaiting for love to come to thee.

Caged in fear, with only dreams to get by,
seeing only the beauty, as in her dreams they lie.
Knowing of this love and the strength it takes,
flying high above the heavens, in her heart she still waits.

Ruth warren

A Little Heart Filled With Hope

Her little body shakes as she hears the screaming voice, this isn't the life of her choice. Her tears fall down upon her worried heart, the prayers she does pray, each night as the fighting starts.

Each day she looks into her battered Mothers eyes, sadness fills her soul, as she silently cries. Trying to comfort Mummy's pain, praying that he doesn't come home drunk again.

The sounds of his angry voice, of the screams from her Mummy each night, forever etched in her little mind, never to forget her life of fright.

Day after day she tries hard to understand, why her Mummy stays with this man. Each night clutching her pillow tight, crying as she tries not to hear the fight.

Morning always comes, and soon as he leaves, she runs to her Mummy, with hope in her heart, hoping they too can leave. Away from this life, but in her little heart, she still has hope and tries to believe.

Her only hope, to fix her Mummy's wings, to help her fly free again.

Ruth warren

A Moment In Time

Most days we do not realize,
a complete stranger has touched our life,
we don't even know they are there,
if they are happy or have strife.

Sitting here inside the cafe' seeing the cars
and bikes go by,
the people driving have no idea,
they are the attention of my eye.

I wonder where they are going,
if their journey is near or far,
are they going off to work,
or down to the local spa?

They don't know I think of them,
and wonder about their lives,
if they are happy husbands,
or maybe disgruntled wives.

So quickly they are out of sight,
going on their way,
but for a moment in time,
I thought of them today.

Ruth warren

Against The Wall

Her Mother is in the kitchen,
whistling a happy tune;
but a frown appears upon her face,
when the child enters the room.

She stares with stone, cold eyes,
at the child who is standing there;
This little girl can feel the heat,
from her Mother's, smouldering glare.

She angrily barks at her daughter,
'How dare you to interrupt';
and the child's heart begins to break,
for she only wanted a hug.

'I only wanted to say good Morning,
and that you look pretty today;
I'm sorry if I made you mad,
will you punish me anyway'?

The expression upon her Mother's face,
fills the little girls heart with fear;
for she knows all too well what that look means,
that her nightmare is so very near.

The pain her Mother inflicts,
upon this precious dove;
is simply undescribable,
and lacks any form of love.

When the woman is finished beating her,
the child huddles against the wall;
degraded, bruised and bleeding,
as the tears from her heart start to fall.

Ruth warren

Alone So Alone

I hang my head in my burning palms,
tears sting against my soul, searching
for the calm. Heartaches like never
before, broken, so lonely and torn.

Never to see the light, no tunnel to
be seen, sitting here alone, within my
silent screams. No hand to reach for, no
one to hold me close, I have never
felt so alone.

No one to pull me to safety, no one to
turn to, just broken hearted, searching
for life anew. No embrace, just tears
that fall down my face.

No guarantees on life or love, nothing
but dark clouds linger above. The world
tightens her grip with every breath I take,
making the next step impossible to take.

Alone in a world, the void is here, taking
over my being, taking my life, but in this
void I lose the strife. Haunting thoughts
consume me, just looking through these
tears, just wanting to be free.

Ruth warren

Always Friends

My wonderful, new found friend,
how my heart sheds tears for you;
I can feel your' sorrow and heartache,
from the pain that you've been through.

I talked with you on the phone today,
and your' voice put a smile on my face;
yet through your' laughter I could clearly hear,
the beat of your' throbbing heartaches.

We said our goodbyes as I hung up the phone,
thanking God He had sent you my way;
and I wished that I could turn back time,
and erase all your' fears in someway.

However you're feeling down deep inside,
I too feel the very same way;
for when you are happy, my heart smiles,
and when you are hurting, I too share your' pain.

I would do anything that I could,
if you ever needed me;
for a friend such as you, so special and rare,
is one of my greatest blessings.

Ruth warren

Am I To Blame

A simple hug or a kiss, that would
have been enough;
to make me feel deserving,
of any type of love.

I've never received her affection, for
her heart she kept to herself;
and the emptiness and pain it caused, to
this day can still be felt.

During my childhood years, and even
now as an adult;
I blame myself for her lack of
love, as if it were my fault.

Yet I still remember my anger,
directed completely her way;
for in my Mother's eyes, I was
a mistake that she had made.

Yet throughout the years of my
childhood, and even to this very day;
I feel as if it were all my fault,
that I brought my Mother such shame.

Ruth warren

Amazing Grace

In that old Hymn book her memories
stay, Grandma's weathered hands,
held this book so tight, every
Sunday, from it's torn pages she
sang in his light.

As a child I watched as her tears fell
upon page 57, 'Amazing Grace'
how sweet her sound. Her voice of an
angel reached the Heaven's above,
my Grandma truly felt God's love.

On the day that she passed, in a
Nursing Home she lay, I never
intended on her being in that place.
With tears in my eyes, I gathered
her things, among them, that old
tattered Hymn book, from which
she use to sing.

I sat there on her bed, tears filled
my eyes, searched for that page,
where many tears, she had cried.
Holding the book to my heart, I
heard her sing, I felt her presence,
the memories came flooding in
on me.

So lost in this sweet little lady's
book, I could feel her tears upon that
page. I felt the warmth of her hands
where she held that old book, tears fell
softly upon my face, as one last time,
on page 57, I took a long look.

I saw her reflection, her soft grey
hair, the tears in her eyes, fell
upon the page there. Amazing
Grace, I can hear my angel sing,

throughout the Heavens as she
finally gets her well deserved
wings.

I closed that old hymn book with
my trembling hands, held it close
as I prepared to leave her room
for the last time. Amazing grace,
that was her song, In the stillness
of the night, I can hear her lovely
voice, the Heavenly angels are
singing along.

Ruth warren

An Ocean Of Tears

Memories flood my heart and mind,
as they extinguish all hopes and dreams;
drowning the joy I've been searching for,
of which I have never seen.

Any recollection of elation,
that I have ever had;
has disappeared from my memories,
as a sea shell buried deep in the sand.

Dwelling within my heart and soul,
is the sorrow I feel every day;
replacing all joy I have ever known,
with guilt, heartache and shame.

All happiness I have ever encountered,
is slowly fading each day;
into an Ocean of tears that I've cried,
as the tide slowly sweeps them away.

I try to cling to the memories,
that have caused me to laugh and smile;
yet even as they slip through my fingertips,
I am thankful that I knew them for awhile.

As I sit upon the beach by the Ocean,
formed from the tears that I've cried;
I see a reflection of my sordid past,
and all I wish for is to die.

Ruth warren

Angel In Disguise

You're my angel in disguise
You read my soul with your eyes
Your spirit has entered my heart
And it's my hope we never part
For you are so special to me,
Without you, my heart would weep bitterly.

You're my angel in disguise
Your love comforts my cries
At night you guide me through the strife
And it is for that, my dear angel,
I owe you my life.

Ruth warren

Broken Promises

You broke another promise to me,
how many does that make this week;
yet you also hurt me deep inside,
and I cried until I fell asleep.

I tried to explain the pain you inflict,
upon me everyday;
do you not hear me, are you not
listening, to a single word that I say?

You just don't understand, what you are
doing to me;
with your' jealousy, unfaithfulness,
your' lies and dishonesty.

You always say the same thing, each
time that you betray me;
'I'm sorry, I'll never do it again,
for I love you, can't you see'?

How many times I've heard these words,
I lost count a long time ago;
but I'd rather be dead then to live
like this, so I'm begging you, 'Please
let me go'. so that i can be free

Ruth warren

By Your Side

It hurts to know your hurting
Because your so special in my heart
The pain that you are feeling
Is tearing me apart

But know that love has a way
Of easing all that's wrong
Together we can make it
If we hold on and just be strong

Know that your not alone
In all your adversity
For by your side through and through
Is where I'll always be

Ruth warren

Climbing

Climbing up a mountain
Pulling myself higher and higher
Out of the pit of misery.

Things seem to look brighter
Grass is growing, birds are singing
and the sun emerges from the clouds.

Then you start to slip
Lose your grasp
and down you fall.

Not quite to the bottom
Just teetering on a ledge
Could go over at any moment.

Do you have the strength to climb again?
The pain of my cut soul
Burns like a fire.

The anger, hurt and frustration
Come flooding back into my mind
The fight for survival starts again.

Over come the fears
Search for the holds
Rely on the support from before.

It's going to be difficult but
I've done it once before
So i can do it again.

Try to remember i'm not the only
One out there. There are other climbers
Fighting their own battles.

Searching their own souls
And conquering their own mountains
How many mountains do i have to climb

Because the ledge seems so near?

Ruth warren

Come Let Me Take You To The Sea

Come let me take you to the seas,
no one there, just you and me.

Loving underneath the stars at night,
loving in the day under the sun's light.

Warmth caressing our bodies,
as the heat of our passion caresses our hearts.

On these choppy waters, is where it all starts.

Open seas ahead, open waters below our feet,
open sky's overhead, open arms, where our hearts meet.

No troubles aboard, no worries in sight,
loving and sailing till morning's light.

The waves tossing our hearts to and fro,
your passionate wave tossing below.

Waters upon us as I dream the morning new,
dreaming of another passionate night on the seas with you.

Come let me take you to the seas,
no one there, just you and me.

Ruth warren

Confession

Silence

Only tears

As I press the blade

Against my pale skin

Red

The blood flows

From the wounds

Echoing my inner pain

Satisfaction

As I feel the knife

Slicing into me

I only deserve pain

Anguish

As I realize what I've done

I feel accomplishment

As I gaze at the marks upon my skin

Stares

People are horrified

Don't understand why

Neither do I

Ruth warren

Dark Skies

Black clouds ahead, there's a storm
moving in;
she can here the thunder rumbling,
before the storm begins.

Raindrops on the window, dancing
amongst themselves;
animals fleeing for safety, as she's
done so often herself.

The blackness of the sky, awaiting
whatever may come;
anticipating havoc in their world,
as she has many times done.

The swaying of the trees, blowing
a soft kiss goodnight;
to the bright, sunny clouds, that
don't exist in her grey life.

The wind becomes stronger now, the
storm is oh, so near;
she watches as the lightning strikes,
and thinks, 'My storm is already here'.

Ruth warren

Darkness

In the darkness there is a sound
but it is hidden and can't be found.

In the darkness a child weeps
longing to tell the secret she keeps.

Lost and alone this little girl
who longs again to feel joy.

Dispair and sorrow
no hope for tomorrow

Fear and dread
dark thoughts flood her head.

For years she sits inside her cell
traped within a thickened shell.

In the darkness alone and cold
she waits for her story to someday
be told

Ruth warren

Depression

Depression envelopes my being,
its' tentacles wrapped tightly around,
my mind and heart, dark and confused,
as it pulls me towards the ground.

Helpless and afraid,
with no energy to fight back,
it slowly drags me into a hole,
bottomless and black.

I always scream for help,
yet no one hears my calls,
my anguish is mine, and mine alone,
as are my tears that fall.

There is no one who can rescue me,
perhaps they do not care,
and as I am slipping into myself,
I'm consumed with fear and despair.

A tunnell full of memories,
which my mind and heart regrets,
are swirling all around me,
those nightmares I can't forget.

No one even notices,
that I'm no longer there,
No rope has ever been thrown my way,
to pull me from despair.

And as I am spiraling downward,
into my ocean of sorrow,
all I can see are my yesterdays,
which have tainted my future tomorrows.

Slowly and deeper I am plunged into,
the midst of my heartaches,
and it is there, in the rotting core,
that my pain is stored away.

Ruth warren

Don'T Say

Don't say that you really love me,
and then stab me in the back;
don't pretend that I am special to you,
and then treat me like a tramp.

Don't say all those compliments to me,
and then insult me when we're alone;
don't tell everyone that we are happy,
when I'm so miserable at home.

Don't say that you want to be a Dad again,
then insult our children we've already got;
don't call me the love of your' life,
then curse the day we met.

Don't say that you truly respect me,
then belittle me to the point of tears;
don't say that you'll always protect me,
then fill my life with fear.

Don't say that I am the only one,
then commit the things you do time after time;
don't say that you are sorry, or beg and
plead and whine.

Don't say anything at all, except
hopefully goodbye;
then I would be free of you, for all
you've said were nothing but lies.

Ruth warren

For All Eternity

I've spent a lifetime searching,
For things I could not name.
Waiting in the silence,
Playing someone else's game.
Looking for a journey
But taking the wrong roads.
It's been a long time coming,
This journey to my soul.
Then the minute that I met you,
And looked into your eyes,
I knew there would be no turning back
For the heart, it doesn't lie.
You're everything I've dreamed of
A fairy tale come true
My world, my life, my passion
Are all wrapped up in you.
Your nearness takes my breath away,
A need I can't explain.
Your name is etched upon my soul
The seeds of love ingrained.
I've loved you for forever,
Though we've only just begun,
Destiny has touched our souls
And this love won't be undone.
It's been a long time coming,
But in you I do believe.
And I will love you always,
For all eternity...

Ruth warren

Free To Fly

The chains have been
broken, for years bound to
pain, no more to be his
token. To freedom my heart
can now fly, into your
arms, far away from grief,
far from harm.

No more angry words to be
thrown in my face, no more
sorrows to take place. The
blood stains from this heart
is now washed away,
no more darkened days.

New wings I do adorn, I have
spread them wide, flying away
from your scorn. Released by
a long awaited love, now to
freedom I am bound.

The fear fading from my heart,
as I spread my wings, a new
life to start. The chains I
leave behind, along with this
hatred filled, tortured mind.

Love has come to me, removed
me from your torment. His
wings shall carry me, he will
fly me away, protect
me and set me free.

I demand you release your
hold on me, for enough of
this pain I have seen.
Love me, he does, protect me,
he will.... never again under
your spell.

Ruth warren

Friendship

I can't give solutions to all of life's problems, doubts,
or fears. But I can listen to you, and together we will
search for answers.

I can't change your past with all its heartache and pain,
nor the future with its untold stories.
But I can be there now when you need me to care.

I can't keep your feet from stumbling.
I can only offer my hand that you may grasp it and not fall.

Your joys, triumphs, successes, and happiness are not mine;
Yet I can share in your laughter.

Your decisions in life are not mine to make, nor to judge;
I can only support you, encourage you,
and help you when you ask.

I can't prevent you from falling away from friendship,
from your values, from me.
I can only pray for you, talk to you and wait for you.

I can't give you boundaries which I have determined for you,
But I can give you the room to change, room to grow,
room to be yourself.

I can't keep your heart from breaking and hurting,
But I can cry with you and help you pick up the pieces
and put them back in place.

I can't tell you who you are.
I can only love you and be your friend.

Ruth warren

Giving In I Give

The one thing that I hated most
was having to give in, now I prepare
my heart as the Hell begins. Under your
control, so I can live, I give to you
my soul, and my last breath,
I'll give.

I'm yours now, do as you want to,
I have learned to live in sorrow,
in my life, it's nothing new. I welcome
all the hatred, it's become a part
of me, take my heart, chain it up,
no longer I will be free.

My mind is yours now, so do with it
as you may, my hopes and dreams I
have tossed away. No more plans for
a new tomorrow, I am prepared to
live a life of sorrow.

In my heart I can always pretend,
with each tear that falls, my pain
will blend. So I give myself to you,
do with my life what you will, I can
only pray that I can forgive you.

I have no choice, for I have no life,
I am all yours, your broken wife.
No way to escape, no where to run,
the joys of your heart have just begun.

Tell me that you love me, I know it
is a lie, I'll tell you the same, as I know
it has died. I have to be yours now,
it just has to be that way, happiness
I will never know, no more a joyful day.

I give myself to you now, so take me
as your own, I will be the perfect wife,

as in my heart I am alone. The pain
that you have caused me, the grief I've
come to know, will lie silently inside
my heart, no one will ever know.

A smile I will paint upon my face, as your
hatred I can never erase. I am yours now,
let my life begin, the only hopes of
happiness, I will see in the end.

Ruth warren

Go To Sleep My Child Of Grace

Go to sleep my child of grace,
let your dream's take you to that beautiful place.
So much pain you have come to know,
It would be selfish of me not to let you go.
I know life won't be the same without you here,
but with your new wing's you could always be near.
You are getting weak as each day passes by,
and it break's my heart to see you cry.
Let the suffering end,
no more to see you weep,
close your eye's my little one and go to sleep.
In the arm's of the angel's you will awake,
they can now sing you lulliby's,
as to God's arms,
you the angel's will take.
I may have to let go of your hand,
as on your journey you start,
but my sweet little angel,
Mummy will never let go of your heart.
I will cry a million tear's as I will miss you each day,
but in Heaven with the angel's is where you must stay.
This is the hardest thing a Mother could do or see,
but I know in my heart that God just loaned you to me.
I knew you weren't for keeps,
just a gift from God so sweet,
he has to have you now,
so my child of grace just go to sleep.
We can't keep him waiting for he has so much to do,
and he need's a special little angel,
so he has chosen you.
Goodby my angel of grace,
in Heaven we shall meet,
close your little eye's,
my angel go to sleep.

Ruth warren

God Saw You

God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be.

So He wrapped his arms around you,
and whispered, 'Come to me'.

You didn't deserve what you went through,
So He gave you rest.

God's garden must be beautiful,
He only takes the best

And when I saw you sleeping,
So peaceful and free from pain

I could not wish you back
To suffer that again.

Ruth warren

I Can't Live This Way

I don't have the heart, to tell you goodbye,
though I live in fear, each day of my life.

I can't continue this way, I'd much rather die,
yet I don't have the courage, to commit suicide.

You ignore the tears, that each night I cry,
for you really don't care, or even ask why.

Is my sorrow invisible, or only a surprise,
when all I do is give, yet you never compromise?

I've heard it all before, your' words of decept and lies.

Don't pretend that you care, you've never taken the time,
to try and understand, the feelings that I hide.

Just leave me alone, and I will be just fine,
I don't need your' pity, for I've always been fine,

Ruth warren

I Give

You have shaken my soul, stirred
my mind, just a little deeper with
pain, all left behind. I close my
eyes, I pray for eternal sleep, if
in your world my soul you should
keep.

Twist a little harder, the pain is
becoming of me, these red tears fall
as I lie at your feet, kick me down,
I am as low as I can possibly go,
now I shall give in and let you run
the show.

Inbedded within your powerful hands,
never will you cut the strings, and
let me run, always will be at your
command. Absent heart, cold and
frozen in time, never to regain
this life of mine.

So take my life, do as you will,
have your fun, shattered dreams
left unfulfilled. Aching memories
play over in my head, it is now
in your hurtful hands, my heart
lies dead.

Stripped me of what I use to be,
what I wanted to be, what I'll
never see. Paint that smile upon
my face, for only in your wicked
mind will it ever take place.

Silently and slowly my tired mind
gives in, letting the misery take
my soul again. The grasp of sanity
has slowly let go, Falling into
the firey pits of your burning hell

that I've come to know.

Giving in, is what you desire, I
am here now, do as you will. I've
come to know the pain in life, yet
I choose peace be done, as slowly
my heart dies within your thrill.

Ruth warren

I Look Inside Your Heart

I look into your heart, one piece broken apart.
I see your happiness all tucked neatly inside,
but I also see the parts that you choose to hide.

Your heart is in need of a little repair,
place it within my hands, I'll give it my care.
I see tears in the center, waiting to fall,
I will be right here to catch them all.

I see so much love waiting to be given,
I see that with my love, you could take me to Heaven.
Those broken pieces can be mended, if you permitted me to,
slowly but surely I could put them back together, with my love for you.

I see time inside your beating heart, time that you are reluctant to share,
I see your fears as they come shining through, I feel your love, I know you care.
Don't be afraid to let me start mending the broken space,
I'll take away the pain, and with love I will replace.

I'm inside your heart, I know this is true,
but you haven't opened up enough, to let my love through.
Gentle I will be, so patient and kind with thee,
Let me remove that pain, replace it with warm falling rain,
sunshine so bright, moonlit romantic nights, with so much life to gain.

I look into your heart, one piece broken apart,
May I.....

Ruth warren

I Love You, Don'T You Know

Along the beach they walk,
as hand in hand they stroll;
He softly whispers in her ear, ,
"I love you, don't you know"?

Beneath the dark, blue sky,
the Moon shines on his face;
She looks into his eye's of green,
and is soothed by his embrace.

They stop along the shoreline,
where the Tide meets their bare feet;
He cradles her face gently,
and soon their lip's both meet.

He pulls her closer to him,
then holds her in his arm's;
She's feels so very safe,
and free from any harm.

His body feels warm against her,
as he lowers her onto the sand;
And as she lays beside him,
she thinks, "How blessed I am".

He wraps his jacket around her,
fending off the Ocean's chill;
She wonders to herself again,
'Could this man I love be real"?

Minutes turn into hours,
as they lay upon the ground;
The beating of their heart's,
is a soft and beautiful sound.

Then the Sun peaks over the Horizon,
and it's time for them to go;
She whispers softly in his ear,
"I love you, don't you know"?

Ruth warren

Ice Cold

Memories of my childhood,
flash within my mind;
They are embedded forever,
engraved deeply throughout time.

Most of them are dreadful,
a few of them, quite nice;
The one's that terrify me,
turns my blood into sheer ice.

The feelings which they evoke,
makes me feel soiled and stained;
And as I remember my past,
my tear's pour down like rain.

I huddle alone in the corner,
like a weak and frightened child;
And I can not truly remember,
the last time that I smiled.

They flood my very senses,
with a murky, muddy stream;
I feel so dirty and worthless,
as I fight back the urge to scream.

Alone in my small corner,
tears fall from my swollen eye's;
As I try my very best,
to remain from sound and from sight.

Ruth warren

If I Could I Would

If I could take all the pain, from every child in the world as my own, in a heartbeat, I would. If I could cry their tears, or wipe their eyes, I would. If I could place just an ounce of joy inside their precious souls, I would.

So many lost in life, looking for a helping hand, so many crying out for help, hunger throughout this land. So much confusion and pain, I see everyday, If I could, I would make it go away.

If I could mother all of their hearts, and show them the way, to a bright future and the beginning of a new day, I would. I would harbor their pain, their hunger, their sorrow, I would show them a better life for their tomorrows.

I would be there to take their every step, I would be there always to help. I would dry their eyes, empty their hearts of pain, place so much love inside them, bring them in from this rain.

But I as one, can only do so much, it's gonna take everyone's special touch. For their pain runs deep and their sorrow is wide, I've seen it in the tears they have cried.

Seeing the anger of a child without love in their hearts, can tear one's heart apart. I have seen

this and it makes my heart cry,
seeing a child that would rather
die.

I have reached so many with just a
hug or kind words, these kids just
want to be loved and heard. Open
your heart to a child today, it's
gonna take the lights of all our
hearts, to brighten their way.

Ruth warren

Just A Girl

I'm just a girl, a hopeless case.
Living in the world a familiar place.

I'm just a girl, with tears in her eyes.
Swimming in a pool of cold hearted lies.

I'm just a girl, always second best.
With sleepless nights and no time to rest

I'm just a girl, with scars all around.
Always screaming with out a sound

I'm juts a girl, giving up on life.
Running from my problems headed for the knife

I'm just a girl, who's messed up in the head.
With hope and wishes and prayers to be dead

I'm just a girl, with nothing to live for.
Who shut out the world and fell to the floor.

I'm just a girl, living in fear
In the dark lonely place, flooded with tears.

I'm just a girl, behind closed doors,
soon to be gone and live no more.

Ruth warren

Little Voice In My Head

I sit alone in my room
It was as dark as a tomb.
I listen to the radio blare
While rocking in my chair
I thought about my life
As my hand tightens round the knife
I stare into space
As the tears run down my face.
The knife seems to be my only friend
As i think about this being the end
I place the blade upon my wrist
Tightly i ball my hand into a fist.
Then i heard a voice
It said i had a choice.
Could i live another day
Or throw my life away.
Think about others in your life it said
They would miss you if your dead.
I some how know the voice was right
I couldn't give up without a fight.
I wiped away my tears as i stood up
Telling myself i can't give up
Then i remembered what this person had said
Her voice rang through my head
Nothing is worth throwing your life away
Because in the end your be ok.
So if it wasn't for the voice
Telling me i had a choice
I probably wouldn't be here today
Lets just hope that i will be ok
and her voice doestn't fade away.

Ruth warren

Locked In Silence

You think by your Silence
that you live within that
you keep your secrets safe,

That words from lips
are the only way of
communication,

Sadly enough you are
mistaken,

I hear your body speak,

I see the deep sadness
within your sunken eyes,

As you drift along the halls
of your darkness,

Your shoulders slumped,

Your head hung low thinking
somehow you are hidden from
the ghost that haunts you,

There is no blindness of
what my eyes see,

I see the shell of a lonely person
drifting within the shore of
your own creation,

And I can only hope that someday
you will break your silence,

And let your spirit free.

Ruth warren

My Child My Complete Love

My child, you have become quiet the young lady with time,
but you will always in my heart, be the baby of mine.
I have helped you to grow, and nourished you each step of the way,
but still fear the day that you will go your own way.

No matter how far life takes you from here,
I will always hold you right here in my heart, as I have for many years.
You have brought me such happiness and no love could be stronger than the love
we share, so full of completeness and care.

We have shared our struggles, but no mountain has ever been too high,
we have shared our dreams and have even wished upon the stars in our sky. I do
all I can to see that your wishes come true, I stand beside you in all that you do,
but I always feel I could never do enough for you.

You are well on your way to a beautiful life ahead, so full of dreams that come
true, so full of success and by these hands you were led.
I will never leave your side, I will always take your fall, I am only a heartbeat
away, I will be there when you call.

Never will I give up on you, or turn you away,
it just isn't something a Mother can do, and walk away.
You have made my dreams come true and it's the least I can do for you.
You have given me enough smiles to last my whole life through.

Spread your wings and soar as the angels do,
you will never fall, for I will catch you.
You will never falter, I will see you through,
This I will do, because I have the most complete love for you.

Ruth warren

My Child Our Prayer's Are Answered

Sweet little girl, don't you cry,
we will be free as soon as he dies.
Many years of pain at the hands of this man,
his time has come now, freedom is at hand.

No more fearful nights, we will have to endure,
trust me baby, this time, Mommy is sure.
They gave us the news just yeaterday,
he doesn't have long to live, freedom's on it's way.

I know you have heard far more than a little girl should,
but it's just about over, and life will be good.
No more beatings, no calling me out of name,
a beautiful world we will live in, without any pain.

I prayed for this day, that he would be taken away,
now the time has come, he finally gets his pay.
The day has come for us to celebrate,
our life of love, with no more hate.

Never again will you hear Mommy cry,
never again, will Mommy want to die.
He's out of our life and this is for good,
I prayed for this baby, and God understood.

No more fear, pain, or hiding these tears,
I promise you beauty for the rest of your years.
Rest your head here on Mommy's heart,
hear the beating of our life's new start.

Ruth warren

My Friend

You were there when i was weak
You heard my thoughts when i was to scared
to speak
You made me smile when i was sad
You showed me that things weren't always
as bad as there seemed
You taught me more than what love was
You were always there, just beacuse...
You dried my tears when i was sad
You hugg me when i said i wanted to die
You mean so much to me and you will never
know how much i love you so
Your so much more than a friend could be
You'll always be an angel to me

Ruth warren

My Heart - The Sign Reads - Closed

Tired of the waiting, tired of the pain,
tired of trying to love again. The waiting
is over, my heart condemned, the
sign reads 'CLOSED, never to let another
in.

No, you can't come in, my heart is in need
of repair, gonna be a long time before I
allow it to care. Been torn down, yet
broken it still stands, weak is it's
structure, as over the years, by
hurtful hand's.

These door I will close, to try to protect
all thats left inside, I will try to dry
the tears that it has cried. I will try to
mend it all alone, patch it up and
give it a home.

Man's tools will not touch this heart, for
it is by man's hands it fell apart.
Time is the only one whom can repair,
the broken pieces that lie inside, the sign
reads 'CLOSED', for it's spirit has died.

Ruth warren

My Heart Ache's

There was a little girl, who lived
down the lane;
she also lived with heartache, disgrace
and shame.

I tried once to make friends with her,
but I miserably failed;
for I could never get her, to come
out of her shell.

Why she seemed so sad, was a mystery
to me;
perhaps she was mistreated, or simply
left to be.

Yet day after day, I'd watch this
young child play;
from my window to her front yard,
where she would never stray.

I longed to wrap my arms around her,
and tell her, 'It's okay';
to hold her tightly against me, and
give her my love each day.

This withdrawn, little girl, who played
in her yard each day;
always cried when the sun went down,
yet no one knew her pain.

She'd reluctantly go into her house,
like a sheep that's led to the slaughter;
and I'd think, 'I would give her so much
love, if only she were my daughter'.

Ruth warren

My Prison

Within these four walls
of the prison I live in,
I long to escape.
Yet the windows have no bars,
and the doors are never locked.

Ruth warren

My Teddy Bear

A child sits in the corner,
robbed of her innocence;
for the ones who live in her home,
have betrayed her love and trust.

She sings, as she gently rocks her
Teddy Bear;
wondering what life would be like
out there.

She sighs as she holds her bear
upon her knee;
and tells him her many secrets,
all of which she knows he will keep.

'I love you Teddy Bear' she says,
as she pulls him close to her;
'I accept you for the way that you
are, tattered and missing some fur.

I would never hurt you, and I'd
never call you a name;
'Do you think they see me as tattered
too, is that why they're so ashamed?

I try so very hard to please them,
sweet Teddy Bear of mine;
to love, honor and respect them, and
to always be gentle and kind.

I hate it when each night, you have
to watch everything that they do;
but I need you so desperately, I just
can't let go of you.

I don't know if you understand, some
of the things that they do;
but it is a mystery I can not solve,
for I haven't got a clue.

The only thing that I think about,
while they're treating me as they do;
is that it will soon be over, and
when they leave I'll still have you.

So let me rock you Teddy Bear, and
sing you some lullabies;
for soon the Sun will go down, and all
you'll hear are my desperate cries'.

Ruth warren

My Third Little Angel

I knew You were special right from the very start,
My last little angel, God truly blessed me from the start.
Your little round face, you little hands,
clinging to mine, you were oh so grand.

So quiet you were, a precious baby to me,
I had you last and that made three.
I had all I asked for, God truly heard me pray,
when he decided to give me one more angel,
to help brighten my days.

My little precious girl, another light in my heart,
so beautiful to me, from your side, I could never part.
God sent you to me on a cold winter day,
I promised him to love you come what may.

You have gave me such joy, you have filled my heart
with so much love, my third little angel, sent from above.
I will always walk beside you, I will help you to be strong,
I will give you all my love, you will never walk alone.

Always believe that the world is all yours sweetheart,
for there is nothing that you can't do, if you just do your part.
Reach for the stars, and let your heart be your guide,
If you stumble dear child, don't worry, Mom is by your side.

Ruth warren

Nightmare

Into the dark of the night,
I run as fast as a deer;
They're drawing closer by the minute,
my eyes are filled with tears.

I dodge the trees and bushes,
as through the forest I run;
for once they lay their hands on me,
at their will I must freely succumb.

Knowing what will happen to me,
if they catch me in the night;
only strengthens my will to run faster,
until they are out of my sight.

I stop for only a moment,
to rest upon a log;
I sense their presence drawing nearer,
through the thick, surrounding fog.

And just as I am ready,
to start running from them again;
I can feel their hands upon me,
hence the torture will now begin.

They drag me through the Forest,
to the place that I call home;
in a room where secrets are hidden,
and the memories are all of my own.

This nightmare is the same each night,
the details are vivid and true;
I can never seem to out run them,
or halt the things that they do.

Ruth warren

No Escaping

The prisoner behind the smiles
Forces herself to hide the pain
She acts just like a normal girl
Trying to forget the problems
That are driving her insane
She's drowning in her tears
she'd rather not let them fall
She reaching for the sky
Just to realize she's too small
She won't escape
She can't really hide
She's just another life victim
Who'd rather hide the pain
So that she can keep her pride

Ruth warren

Oh Little Girl

Oh little girl, my heart has a burden
for you;
we have so much in common, if only
you really knew.

I've heard about your' past, I know
the pain that you go through;
my heart cries out silently, for I
feel your' sorrow too.

If I could hold you for one moment,
and make your' tears cease to flow;
I would turn back time, to when you
laughed, and your' pain you did not know.

I see myself in your' eyes, I hear
me in your' voice;
I carry the same guilt as you do,
I blame myself for their choice.

You told me once, 'My Mommy hates me',
and I cried for three days straight;
for I know the pain that that entails,
how those words can devastate.

I feel so helpless as I watch you,
playing with my little girl;
for I know the shame you are filled
with, in your' shattered, little world.

If I could say one thing to you, it
would be, 'It's not your' fault';
but you, like me, would never believe,
that the ones to blame are the adults.

Ruth warren

Old Tattered Angel

Trodding slowly along these streets,
looking down at the lost souls below my feet.
Begging for food in a country so free,
homeless and hungry, so sad they look at me.

My heart breaking like glass with each cry heard,
shattering in silence with their every word.
Looking in their eyes, I can see the pain,
tears rolling down my face, like a slow falling rain.

I stoop down to talk in an old man's ear
told me on these streets he's been for 30 years.
Lost his wife and children too, gave up on life,
but God said 'with him he wasn't through.'

I took his hand and so rough it did feel,
I noticed humps on his back, so I guessed he was just ill.
He told me of stories that would break any man's heart,
how he use to give money to help others with a start.

We talked for hours and time so quickly passed,
the night come upon us, and I just had to ask,
Sir, what happened to your back, war or disease?
He stood before me and I fell to my knees.

He took off his torn shirt and I began to cry,
as his heavenly wings unfolded right before my eyes.
This angel of life, living on the streets,
sharing his stories with every one he meets.

Getting to know each and every heart,
on those violent dark streets, he's doing his part.
God sent him here 30 years ago,
to help the street people, lonely and cold.

His task has been a painful one, but many lessons learned,
changing lives of others as he had always yearned.
Telling of the love when that day comes, no more hunger,
violence, no more being bums.

Those streets there fit for a king,
more beauty than you or I have ever seen.
Food a'plenty, robes we will wear,
just follow this angel and he will lead you there.

Rising to my feet, I walked on down the street,
knowing those men would soon have food to eat.
For God sent an angel to teach them of his ways,
feeling better now, knowing they'll see brighter days.

Ruth warren

One Lonely Tear

I see in my mind's eye, a very
precious child;
she is innocent and loving,
yet feels worthless and defiled.

On her troubled face, there's an
expression of terror and fear;
and in her baby blue eyes, I
could see one lonely tear.

It didn't make any sense to me,
that I knew just how she felt;
yet I connected with this child,
as though she were a part of myself.

I watched her in my thoughts, as
she played quietly in her room;
then I heard a stern voice say
to her, 'Stop playing, it's bedtime
soon'.

I saw a look of horror, written upon
her face;
as she obeyed their command, and put
her toys' in their proper place.

As she crawled into her bed, she
quickly faced the wall;
and my mind tried to look away,
when I saw the familiar adult.

But somehow I couldn't find the
strength, to turn away from her;
so I continued to watch their actions,
in this child's' secret world.

I watched in utter disgust, the abusive
actions that took place;
and I knew then why there was such horror,

written upon her face.

I couldn't even describe, the despicable
acts of which I saw;
but it made me feel so weak and dirty,
as my skin began to crawl.

I saw the child laying there, she did
not try to fight;
the actions of the adult, who enjoyed
what was not right.

Then I watched as the adult left, and the
child curled up in a ball;
I could hear her softly sobbing, as
she faced the dirty wall.

My heart fell to my feet, as I
realized how I knew;
the way she felt, and then I thought,
'This little girl is you'.

Ruth warren

Pain

Pain stuffed inside of me
Can't let anyone near me
Can't let anyone see the real me
Can't let anyone even hug me

All this pain that's held in me
Why can't anyone see the real me
Why can't anyone help me
Why can't someone just hold me

All this pain that's eating me
Can't let go of the pain in me
Can't get this pain from me
Can't get this pain out of me

When will the pain stop hurting me
Why can't I just feel me
Why can't I just be me
Why can't someone take this pain from me

Ruth warren

Please Look At Me

I will never leave you,
for you'd be too upset;
So I will stay your' prisoner,
and only part in death.

You tell me that you love me,
do you know what that word means;
the way in which you make me feel,
is not true love to me.

You criticize and judge me,
for everything I do;
Yet you never take the time to see,
the me that lives with you.

You control every aspect,
of all I say and do;
I can't be who I am,
as long as I'm with you.

You degrade and insult me,
when no one is around;
You tell me that it's my fault,
then kick me when I'm down.

You've never understood me,
or accepted who I am;
though my intentions may be good,
I feel as though I'm damned.

Why can't you see the me I am,
why don't you take the time;
to treat me with a little respect,
before you cause me to die.

Ruth warren

Rain Painter

Her tears were like a shower
She wept with no reprieve
Her rainstorm came down daily
from morning 'nigh to eve
No sun to greet her daybreak
no moon to rule her night
Her countenance was ashen
her grey eyes void of light
Her teardrops left a pattern
a painting stroked by pain
of cloudiness and sorrow
a portrait of the rain

Ruth warren

Rolling Thunder

In the distance is the sound of rolling thunder,

A sound that makes you look for something to hide under.

Dark clouds race across the sinister night sky,

As the wind howls and like a banshee cries.

The thunder ever present comes closer still,

To intimidate and terrify and give a feeling of ill.

Lightening now illuminates the sky with a blue eerie spectre,

First in this, then that, then in your own frightening sector.

All now combine, lightening, thunder and howling winds,

Panic and fear are evident as natures turmoil begins.

The hours till dawn seem so very far away,

So under your pillow you are determined to stay!

Ruth warren

Sad But Ture

He'd open up the front door, and on the
couch I'd cringe;
for I knew that my Dad, had once again,
been on a drinking binge.

Who would be the chosen one, to
receive one of his beatings;
I'd close my eyes and pray to God,
'Please let him leave us sleeping'.

But he'd always beat up someone, either
me, my brother's or Mom;
for when my Dad was drunk there was,
a storm before the calm.

I can still hear him yelling, 'Woman,
get your' lazy butt in here';
and my Mom would always comply to him,
I surmise mostly out of fear.

I would rather have taken the beatings,
for they didn't hurt that bad;
what hurt me more than anything, was
to see my Mother so sad.

It was always the same, each and every
night, when my Dad would come home drunk;
sometimes I'd sleep in the bushes, or
in our old pick-up truck.

He never had a job, nor ever worked a
day in his life;
I can still remember hearing my Mother,
weeping softly into the night.

To go to bed hungry was one thing, but
to know your eight children as well;
had no food in their rumbling tummies,
to Mom that was worse than Hell.

What money my Dad did managed to make,
doing odd jobs here and there;
was always spent on alcohol, our
cabinets' were always bare.

My Mom did her best to feed us,
welfare helped us here and there;
then I got a job and I helped Mom,
and we weren't in such despair.

I look back on my childhood, it was
tough yet it made me strong;
Dad died from drinking rubbing alcohol,
it was all he could get his hands on.

Ruth warren

Safe And Secure Within My Wings

Safe and secure here within my wings,
keeping my heart from pain from all
hurt life can bring. I will release
my heart when that special day comes,
I will open it's pages to only the
right one.

Sharing all it's beauty inside, but
until then it's beauty I must hide.
Secrets bound within, keeping a tight
rein until his face I see, his heart
beat I feel, his whispers shared only
with me. It's love I shall harbor
until his loving arms are around me,
till then, this heart is only for me.

The right one has the key, for there
is only one. He keeps it safe until
that day, that day when he will unlock
my heart and set it free. Free to fly,
to connect to his, never to be apart,
the key will forever open my life, to
soar among the winds, with that special
someone right by my side.

I will then toss the key to the oceans
below, riding upon the waves, to where
ever it wants to go. No longer will I
need that key, forever this heart will
be free. Free to love, free to feel,
forever with love to be filled. But
until then I shall keep it safe and
secure, just waiting for that day, my
heart will know for sure.

Ruth warren

Set Her Free

Deep, Deep, Inside Of Me,
Lives A Girl That Weeps.

Her Tears Fill Me Up Inside,
How Can I Set Her Free.

Please Help Me, Set Her Free
Before She Drowns Me.

I Feel, I Can No Longer
Breathe.

Ruth warren

Shades Of Grey

Sometimes without rhyme or reason
my heart flutters to a slow beat,
My soul is crying yet the tears will not come,
I think of the people I'm missing and who
have passed before me,
I think of my younger years that
seem to have left me,
I hear the sound of the ticking clock
as it echoes within the empty
halls of my being,
I look around me and I am startled by
the stark bleakness of world affairs,
Oh how I am trapped transfixed within
the swilling thoughts of my mind,
The pain inching through my body
transcending me deeper into the depression
of mixed emotions,
Not happy nor sad yet trapped in the
melancholy of remembering,
So for now I sit here in the
Murky shadows of misty
shades of grey,
Waiting for this day to finally fade.

Ruth warren

Shared Tears

A friend of my daughters', came
home with her today;
yet she did not speak a word, as
they began to play.

An instant burden, in my heart I
had;
for this child, who I never once
heard giggle or laugh.

I baked them some cookies, and
poured them some juice;
when I offered them to her, she
politely refused.

I listened from outside, of my
daughters' bedroom door;
I heard this child whisper, 'Why
do you want me here for?'

My Mommy hates me, she told me
she did;
she said there was no room in her
life, for a worthless kid.

She calls me ugly, and beats me
till I've bled;
and there are so many nights, I've
went hungry to bed.

She's punished me, in such awful
ways;
and tells me that she wished, I
would just run away.

I once made her so mad, she just
went crazy;
and the doctor told me, I can never
have any babies.

But your' Mommy's nice, I can tell
she loves you;
cause she baked you some cookies,
and gave you some juice'.

I didn't hear my daughter, say even
one word;
she just listened as her friend, told
of her shattered world.

I softy walked away, with tears in
my eyes;
for I too shared the tears, that
this little girl cried.

Ruth warren

Shattered Glass

Deep within my heart of hearts,
lies a pain that freely flows;
an anguished river of ageless tears,
that I cried so long ago.

Nothing can soothe this pain I feel,
no Damn can hold back my rage;
caused by years of wasted tears,
from a life of shame and heartache.

Just when I think there are no tears left,
for me to possibly cry;
a tidal wave of emotions flood,
my heart, my soul, my mind.

I'm not sure how deep my river is,
nor how far my pain goes down;
but there is no echoe when a teardropp falls,
as it silently lands on the ground.

I've cried a well of tears in my life,
and my heart can not be repaired;
for it has been broken as crystall glass,
as it has been shattered everywhere.

Ruth warren

Silence

I don't know what to do
My minds going crazy
It's keeping me up at night
It's four o'clock in the morning

I can't control the tears that are falling
I feel as though I want to be trapped
Trapped inside myself again.
Unable to speak

Than that way, I can't cause any feelings
It's making me think that learning to speak
Wasn't such a good thing
It causes too many feelings

Finding it all too confusing
I'm scared I'd say the wrong thing
I never say what I mean.
I can't explain myself properly

Speak don't speak both have their ups and downs
I don't know why I'm battling with myself
Silence is the best thing
It causes less feelings

Ruth warren

Silence Shouts

In the silence of, my still, small World,
I sit alone, nowhere to turn;
Tear's fall down, as drizzling rain,
my broken Heart, consumed with pain.

I see the smiles, on other's faces,
but on my own, no laughter graces;
I search the darkness, for a glimpse of light,
yet only blackness, envelopes my sight.

The pain I feel, overwhelms my Soul,
as I wonder about, with no place to go;
There are no doors, in which to escape,
and the bars on my window's, have sealed my Fate.

As a young woman, I remain trapped inside,
from my childhood memories, I long to hide;
But as a Ghost, they haunt my being,
I have no hope, I've stopped believing.

The light at the end, of my rusty Tunnel,
never appears, as it leaves me troubled;
So I will remain, in my homemade shell;
where I am safe, no pain there is felt.

Ruth warren

Storms

Storms brewing
Storms howling
how true to life
storms can really be,
Raging within
raging outside,
Cool rain like
falling tears,
Winds blowing
emotions flying,
Cracks of lighting
like pain of a heart,
Loud thunder
head pounding,
Skies clear
sun is shining,
Opening our eyes
To a brand new day..

Ruth warren

Survival

She smokes too many cigarettes, she
takes too many pills;
she tries her best to ease the pain,
but slowly her hearts being killed.

She awakens every morning, another
day of sorrow she'll face;
so she lights up a cigarette, pops
a few pills, in hopes of enduring her
day.

When the pills take effect, as they
usually do, she feels much stronger then;
she's ready to simply get through the day,
without wishing her life would end.

For she can't seem to face the life
that she lives, the misery is too much
to bare;
and the only comfort she has is stored,
in a bottle of pills somewhere.

But she knows this is not the answer,
she's only covering up the pain;
like an umbrella on a stormy night,
that catches all of the rain.

Yet how would she ever be able to
survive, if she had to deal with her
sorrow;
she's not ready to work through the
pain on her own, let alone face another
tomorrow.

Her past is filled with bad memories,
and the present is full of no hope;
so she takes another one of her pills,
her best friend, that helps her to cope.

Ruth warren

Taunting

I see in my minds' eye, a frightened,
little girl;
she lingers in my memories, and
dwells within my world.

I am able to hear her thoughts,
and I know just how she feels;
and even if no one can see her,
to me she is very real.

I've shared in the tears she's cried,
from the abuse we both endured;
yet we are separate people, living
in our own little world.

She comes to me each night, when
my heart begins to race;
from the fear that filled my childhood,
and she gives me a warm embrace.

'It will be alright', she softly
whispers in my ear;
'They are all gone now, so you have
nothing to fear'.

Yet even though I know this, the
fear returns at my bedtime;
it taunts me as if it were saying,
'You'll never feel safe at night'.

Ruth warren

Ten Roses

For every tear you cry,
I cry a hundred thousand more,

I'll give you ten roses,
For everything you're fighting for.

The first will be a red rose,
For courage and for health,

The second a bright yellow rose,
For gaining all life's wealth,

The third will be a soft pink rose,
So you may be happy in love,

The fourth will be a white rose,
Brought by a turtledove,

The fifth will be an orange rose,
To give you back your fire,

The sixth will be a deep pink rose,
So you may have what you desire,

The seventh will be a coral rose,
To gain you many friends,

The eighth will be a purple rose,
To guide you through life's bends,

The ninth will be a pale yellow rose,
To give you hope to try,

The tenth will be a black rose,
So you can mourn me when I die.

I have to leave my dearest friend,
But may the roses last you til my end,

I'm sorry I could not say goodbye,
Though ten roses I leave by your side.

I leave you with a kiss,
Along with these rose flowers,

I know I will be missed,
But I pray the roses will give you power,

Power to go on my love,
Power to be strong,

Power to get over me,
And let your life carry on

Ruth warren

Thank You

The Thought Of Having To Say Good Bye
To You Both Is Breaking My Heart.
You Have Been The Best Teachers
I Have Ever Known And I Thank You For Your
Knowledge. I Have Learned So Much From You
Both And You Bring Out The Best In Everyone
That Comes Here.

The Humam Heart Is A Powerful Thing
And I Would Never Of Made It
If It Hadn't Been For You Both.
You've Been My Strenght In My Weakness
And I Admirer You For Your Care And Patience
That Never Seened To End. My Heart Felt Thanks
To You Both Is Made Of Many Special Things.

I Don't Know How I Will Ever Thank You.
Could There Ever Be Adequate Words of Thanks
For Having Faith And Believing In Me.
It's Because Of You Both That I Am Able
To Reach My Potential In Life And Hopefully Work
Along Side You. One Day In The Future.

Every Thing That I Feel I Want To Say To You
Doesn't Quit Measure Up To Being Enough.
Because How Do I Say Thanks
For All The Ten Thousand Little
Things You've Done And The Million Thanks
For What You Have Both Done For Me
Over The Years.

I Will Truly Miss Being Around You,
You Always Seem To Make Me Smile,
Even When I've Been Down.
But I Want You To Know That From All
These Precious Moments You Will Remain
In My Heart Forever. I Admirer All That You Do.
Thank You For Never Giving Up On Me.

Ruth warren

Thank You For Sharing Your Love

My family never believed in me,
they had no faith at all;
that I would ever become a success,
they were sure that I'd trip and fall.

All of my life I've spent searching,
for someone to accept me for me;
Then you came into my life,
and showed me that I could succeed.

The first time that I talked with you,
was on the telephone;
You cheered me up and made me smile,
and I no longer felt all alone.

You loved me for who I truly was,
and you expected nothing from me;
For once in my life I felt special,
you'll never know what that means.

We've grow closer during this past year,
and there's so much I'd like to say;
but you will hear it as time goes by,
for my love will never fade away.

I mean this from my heart of heart's,
you are my friend, whom I love;
and the bond we share will only grow
stronger, as time moves on.

I don't know how you do it,
cheering me up on my darkest days;
but you'll never know how much you've done,
to help me in so many ways.

Thank you for helping me to be a stronger person.

Ruth warren

The Black Widow

She lurks within the shadows,
spinning her web of lies;
patiently waiting and watching,
for her victims to pass by.

She lures them towards her snare,
with cunningness and skill;
The Black Widow is her name,
and she is hungry to kill.

It doesn't matter to her,
if her prey is married or not;
They are all the same to her,
as in her trap they're caught.

Her Cobweb is her battlefield,
she's spun with care and pride;
She catches her naive victims,
in her web of deceit and lies.

Her name is well befitting,
for she kills with every strike;
She sucks the life right out of them,
then leaves them there to die.

They're helpless when they are captured,
they lack the will to fight;
and her fangs are poised and ready,
waiting patiently to strike.

Only the strongest of men,
will escape the web she's weaved;
for she crawls into their lives,
as she practices to deceive.

If they are able to free themselves,
she patiently waits for another;
to devour their very minds and hearts,
as she carefully chooses her lover.

Ruth warren

The Caged Dove

A little girl, with tears in her eyes,
kneels gently beside her bed;
she's either praying for safety, or
pleading that she was dead.

She says 'Amen' and tucks herself in,
her dolly in her hand;
and in her world, what she's soon to
face, she can't possibly understand.

She gets no goodnite kisses, no 'I
love you, don't you know';
and as the lights are turned off,
one by one, her fear begins to grow.

They always lay beside her, and then
the horror begins;
just as it has for many years now,
and as it will again.

She holds her dolly tightly, as if
it could protect her somehow;
but she knows she is at their mercy,
and the torture will take place now

She feels the need to make them happy,
for she desperately longs to be loved;
so she participates in their sick,
little games, as she feels like a
caged, little dove.

If she had wings, she would fly away,
to a place where there is no pain;
and her feelings would be those of
pride and self-worth, not guilt,
heartache and shame.

But no wings can be found on this
child, though to most she's a

precious dove;
but to the adults who hurt her every
night, she's an object, not to be loved.

Ruth warren

The Cocoon

She sits in her world of silence,
and stares at her bare walls;
she's safe inside of this cocoon,
for in here, she never falls.

In her peaceful, sheltered world, she
finds safety and security there;
yet when she returns to the real world,
danger will be lurking everywhere.

She absolutely hates pain, as
everyone certainly would;
but hers' is the kind, that lingers
inside, much longer than it should.

She feels so ugly and worthless
inside, for she's sure it was her fault;
that the abuse she receives is well
deserved, by the pain inflicting adult.

She tries her best to deny in her mind,
that nothing happened at all;
but in her heart, she knows what's real,
as is her tears that fall.

Ruth warren

The Fear In Her Heart

She walks to Junior High School,
with her head hung sad and low;
She's fearful that if she looks up,
her secrets might somehow show.

Her eye's are red and swollen,
from the tears that she had cried;
after the molestation,
that she endured last night.

Her dress is old and tattered,
faded with age and time;
a hand-me-down from the neighbors,
who's hearts are soft and kind.

All day long she listens,
to the laughter and cruel words;
of her fellow classmates,
as they shame this precious girl.

She never has any money,
when each day her lunch-time arrives;
so she patiently sits on the playground,
no matter what the weather outside.

When the school bell finally rings,
at the end of her school day;
she walks home very slowly,
apprehensive and afraid.

She can hear the voices yelling,
as closer to home she gets;
She knows that soon she'll encounter,
what her heart will never forget.

She says a prayer before entering,
the large and old, oak door;
that leads into her nightmare,
that began when she was four.

The loved one's stop their shouting,
and quietly stare at this young girl;
Her fate lies in their perverted hands,
where their touch's are painful to endure.

They continue with their shouting,
as if she never came home;
and she's thankful for the daylight,
for at night their hand's always roam.

When her bedtime arrives, much too soon,
she says a simple prayer;
not for herself, but for the one's,
who have brought guilt into her world.

Now this teenage girl is grown,
and has long since moved away;
I look at my past and then realize,
I am stronger because of the shame.

Ruth warren

The Forest

Into the beautiful forest, I run as fast
as a deer;
they're growing closer by the minute,
my heart is filled with fear.

I see wildlife all around me, and
deeper into the forest I run;
for once they lay their hands on me,
the chase will then be done.

And so knowing what will happen, if
they catch me in the night;
only makes me run that much faster,
until they are out of my sight.

I stop for a brief moment, but only to
rest for awhile;
I can sense their presence is near,
so I must be quick and agile.

Just as I am ready, to start running
from them again;
I feel their cold hands upon me,
and I know the torture will begin.

They drag me through the woods, to the
place that I call home;
into a room, where secrets are kept,
and hands that freely roam.

This dream of mine, I have each night,
most of it is true;
I never try to run, yet I always comply,
with what they want me to do.

Ruth warren

The Forgotten Child

Depression envelopes my being,
its' tentacles wrapped tightly around
my mind and heart, dark and confused,
as it pulls me towards the ground.

Helpless and afraid,
with no energy to fight back,
it slowly drags me into a hole,
bottomless and black.

I always scream for help,
yet no one hears my calls,
my anguish is mine, and mine alone,
as are my tears that fall.

There is no one who can rescue me,
perhaps they do not care,
and as I am slipping into myself,
I'm consumed with fear and despair.

A tunnell full of memories,
which my mind and heart regrets,
are swirling all around me,
those nightmares I can't forget.

No one even notices,
that I'm no longer there.
No rope has ever been thrown my way,
to pull me from dispair.

And as I am spiraling downward,
into my ocean of sorrow,
all I can see are my yesterdays,
which have tainted my future tomorrows.

Slowly and deeper I am plunged into,
the midst of my heartaches
and it is there, in the rotting core,
that my pain is stored away.

Yet still within my absense,
the child is never missed,
for within the memories of everyone,
this little girl doesn't exist.

Ruth warren

The Ghoul

He limps down the street
you can hear the dragging of his feet.

He comes from the pits of Hell
what will he do next? No one can tell.

He goes to the graveyard late at night
into the darkness, out of sight.

The ghoul senses fresh meat
he sees an open grave and has a seat.

Owls in tree tops are watching him
the streetlights start growing dim.

He sits and tears the corpse apart
the ghoul starts eating the still bloody heart.

The corpse just put into the grave
the ghoul gets his fill, heads back to his cave.

He awaits for another night to begin
so he can sit and eat a freshly buried corpse again.

Ruth warren

The Hole

Desperate and confused,
alone in the darkness I sit;
saddened by the failure I am,
as another cigarette is lit.

I was once so full of hopes and dreams,
a treasure box I truly cherished;
but depression caused my joy to vanish,
thus my dreams of happiness perished.

I wasn't always quite so sad,
I lived on a cloud every day;
but somewhere along my trip through life,
my happiness faded away.

Cruel words were spoken of me,
that pierced my tender soul;
I stopped believing in myself,
and dug a deep, dark hole.

I retreated into this self-made cocoon,
where I would spend my days;
and no one has ever once entered,
this quiet and very safe place.

If I were to emerge from my dark despair,
it would put myself at harm;
from lips that speak of lying words,
and the touch from betraying arms.

Ruth warren

The Reflection

I sat and watched, this young child play;
she stayed in the corner, on that dark day.

I watched her laugh, I watched her pretend;
'She's really happy, yet where were her friends'?

She seemed wrapped up, in her own small world;
this precious child, this withdrawn little girl.

She appeared to be, quite content;
to be all alone, where ever she went.

Then the sunset began, and I noticed a tear;
her face held an expression, of terror and fear.

She put away her toys, laid her dollys' to rest;
she was meticulous and careful, during her quest.

I heard a voice, calling out to her;
'It's bedtime, come along, don't doddle my dear'.

At that moment, I can't explain why;
tears welled up, in her troubled eyes.

She quietly did, what she was told;
all she had in her bed, was a blanket to hold.

She turned over, facing the wall;
and I saw her teardrops, silently fall.

I knew at that moment, that something was wrong;
yet I had to turn away, I wasn't that strong.

How could I understand, her pain and grief;
Because this little girl, grew up to
be me.

Ruth warren

The Storm Is Her Sorrow

The storm is her sorrow
the thunder her rage
and the lighting, the sharp pains
she feels every day.

While the rain, salty tear drops
that fall from her eyes
Mother nature, she weeps
and with her, I do cry.
As the tide in upheaval;
this souls inner sea
that have flooded the barricades
deep within me.

But the calm of the storm
soon will follow this war
and the stillness of rest
be the day that's in store.
As the storm is her sorrow
the rainbow, her peace
o'er the clouds be the sun
and this heartache at ease.
Mother nature, she laughs
and with her, I do grin
as the light be her strength
and this love here, within

Ruth warren

The Stronger Side

I walked along the ocean,
my head bowed low in sorrow,
I hardly handled today,
how do I cope with tomorrow?

The day was like every other,
the pain the grief inside,
my strength was running out,
I could no longer hide.

The pain was immense that day,
it had never been that bad,
and all of a sudden, out of the blue,
I didn't feel as sad.

Something happened that day,
the weight became like a feather,
it'll never be entirely gone though,
the memories are there forever.

Although I still look back and cry,
I had a friend to confide,
She means the whole world to me,
She helped me reach the stronger side.

Ruth warren

The Visit

I opened up the door, to a room at
the nursing home;
it was dark and quiet inside, for
my Mother liked being alone.

I tip-toed ever so quietly, to the
bed where my Mother layed;
I whispered, 'Mom, I've missed you and
thought I'd come, to visit with you
today'.

In her usual stone-cold voice she
asked, 'Why are you even here;
it seems I just can't get rid
of you, though I've tried for many
years'.

'Now Mother', I tried to joke with
her, 'you know that you're glad to see;
this thorn in your' side, this pain in
your' neck, this daughter full of
failousies'.

I should have known better by now, then
to joke with this woman in the bed;
for all of my life, we rarely spoke,
though so much was always said.

I sat down in a chair beside her,
and looked into her eyes;
they were full of anger and hostility,
directed at me, I surmised.

I must have been there for over an hour,
yet not one word did she say to me;
she just stared with contempt at her
youngest daughter, who was staring back
at her lonely Mommy.

I finally said, 'Well Mom, I have
things I need to do;
but I'll be back as soon as I can, to
spend some time with you'.

I leaned over her bed to give her a
kiss, and she pulled away from me;
I thought, 'She'll never show me any
love or affection, for some things were
never meant to be'.

But I kissed her anyway, and I hugged
this stranger that I knew;
I whispered in her ear, 'I love you,
and her response was, 'Right back at
you'.

Ruth warren

The Walls

I know of a secret place, where only
I'm allowed to go;
for it's my safety and harbor, and
it lies deep within my soul.

I constructed it years ago, when
the abuse began to take place;
for I needed somewhere that I could go,
where I would feel peaceful and safe.

For outside the solace of those walls,
I knew danger was lurking for me;
but deep inside this soothing place,
I found there, safety and peace.

When I would find the courage, to
venture outside of those walls;
I was confronted with the pain in my
life, and danger constantly called.

Nothing has changed from my painful
youth, not even the ability;
to come and go, when I feel the need,
to escape from reality.

Ruth warren

Their Sweet Love

She glances at her watch,
anticipating tonight;
When she will be together,
with the one who completes her life.

Her memory takes her back,
to the first time that they met;
She smiles as she remembers,
this man she'll never forget.

From the first time that he spoke,
she knew he was the one;
Who was created just for her,
by her Heavenly Father above.

The doorbell interrupts,
the memories she holds dear;
And when she opens the door,
he slowly draws her near.

The scent of his warm body,
intoxicates her Soul;

He kisses her with a passion,
that she has never known.

He tells her that she's beautiful,
it's music to her ear's;

She feels the heat between them,
and thanks God that he is here.

When their evening comes to an end,
he whispers a soft, "Goodbye";
She feels the love they share,
burning deep within his eye's.

Ruth warren

Their World

The child is filled with terror,
as she trembles in her room;
it's almost time, for her to comply,
with their wishes, all too soon.

She is nothing more, than a voice
that's never heard;
her feelings are ignored, so she
doesn't speak a word.

She just sits and stares, at her
dirty bedroom door;
waiting, with a terrifying dread,
of what's soon to be in store.

Her heart begins to race, as the
time draws very near;
she starts to sweat, for her heart
is consumed, with a neverending fear.

And though she may be small, she has
never been unaware;
of the abusive treatment she receives,
from the ones who clearly don't care.

She is not allowed an opinion,
for she is only a little girl;
they do not ask permission, to
join them in their sick world.

She hears her own heart pounding,
as the time has almost come;
when they will do horrendous things,
to this child, so full of love.

She feels used and abused, by their
actions, throughout the years;
and they make her wish that she were dead,
as she cries her silent tears.

Ruth warren

These Tears Of Joy

The tears that now fall upon
my face, are not of sorrow, nor
pain. They sparkle like the
stars of the Heaven's, they
glisten like the falling rain.

The warmth of these tears
caress my face, the trails
they leave behind lead to
the most beautiful place. That
place within my heart, where
on that day, our love did start.

These tears fall to a different
beat, to the beat of a heart that
once was alone, now the beat so
strong, for now in your gentle
hands is where this heart calls
home.

These tears each have so much
love within, so I catch them as
they fall, for through these
tears, my love I send to you.
The tears for you I do cry,
until forever in your arms my
soul does lie.

Ruth warren

These Tears Will Dry In Time

You said you would always love me, and never leave my side,
you took my trust and heart, and took me for a ride.
Every day you greeted me with sunshine in your eye's,
I never would have thought, all this time it was all lie's.

I found the note, that you forgot to throw away,
telling you how sweet you were when you two made love that day.
Now you say you're sorry that it was a big mistake,
that you do not want to lose me, my trust you did forsake.

This pain, it overwhelm's me, these tears they burn my eye's,
all because you had to betray me, and tell me all those lie's.
You can go now, I am sure she need's you more,
You say you do not love her, as I send you out the door.

My heart you have broken into a million piece's one last time,
don't ever come around here, it will only break my heart one more time.
I love you and it hurt's me to put you out that door,
but don't ever come around here, 'our' love doesn't live here any
more.

Yes I see those tear's that you are crying, but I have to let you go,
I will not put myself through this, for your true colors you did show.
I am sorry it has to end this way, but you broke this heart of mine,
just keep walking, don't look back, these tear's will dry in time.

Ruth warren

These Walls Surround Me

These walls surround me
I feel like
they are closing in.

I scream to get out,
but there is no one
to hear me.

The air gets thin,
the walls creep closer,
there is no way out.

I look up,
I look down,
there is no escape.

I start scaling the walls
I stop....
I realise I'm trapped
between these walls
forever.....

Ruth warren

These Wings

To love and be loved, I must
shed these wings, walk in
darkness, forget the beauty
in things.

Open my heart to the pouring
rain, learn to accept the
true reality, 'with love there
is always pain.

Maybe I should keep my wings,
and fly far away, never to look
back, or have a pain filled
day.

If I give my wings away, myself I
cannot be, all reflections of my
life, will be washed away from
me.

To love I must be just how 'they'
want me to be, to be loved, I
must let go of all that is simply
me.

So these wings I'll keep and soar
within the winds, just being me,
all alone again.

Ruth warren

They Whisper

When I was but a child, fulfilling their
lustful needs;
they'd whisper, 'This is all your' fault',
and my heart sank to my knees.

Guiltridden and confused, consumed with
fear and shame;
they'd whisper, 'You are a bad, little
girl, you've no one else to blame'.

Sobbing quietly in my bed, as they had
their way with me;
they'd whisper, 'You know that you are
enjoying this, we're just giving you what
you need'.

Curled up in a ball, wondering what I
could have done wrong;
they'd whisper, 'You are a sweet, little
girl, for you always play along'.

Clenching my teeth as they'd leave my
room, feeling cheap, dirty and abused;
I'd whisper, 'I'll never get back what
they stole from me, my innocence and my
youth'.

I'd tightly cuddle my teddy bear, the
only friend that I had;
I'd whisper, 'I'm only getting what I
deserve, for being so wicked and bad'.

Even though I felt I was not worthy, of
getting a good nights sleep;
I'd whisper, 'I know that when tonight
arrives, they'll make my tender heart
bleed'.

And as I lay there half asleep, thinking

what will happen tonight;
I swore I heard my teddy bear whisper,
'Hush now, don't you cry'.

Ruth warren

This Little Girl

She huddles against the dirty wall
hugging it ever so tight;
hoping that he will choose not to do
the things, he did last night.

Her breathing is ever so shallow
no signs of life in her.
A technique she's developed with perfection,
to guard her twisted world.

'Maybe he will think i'm dead, ' she hopes
'For he can't see me breath,
perhapes for just one night,
he will turn around and leave'

Her wishes fade away in the night
as he climb into her bed
and any hopes of fooling him
are replaced with anquish and dread.

She knows too well the ritual,
it's the same as the night before.
The abuser will take what he wants from her
and no words will this child implore.

For she tries so hard to please him
and everyone she loved.
Yet all of the time she cringes
from their touch.

While she is huddled against the wall
never once looked in to he's eyes
She can almost she him smiling
as he rape this child of nine.

This little girl holds back the tears.
she knows she soon will cry
she utters not a single word.
As he enjoys the one he despise.

And when the torment is over,
he leave without a sound,
and the tears that she's been holding back,
fall silently to the ground.

Ruth warren

This Pain

Place your hand upon my chest,
tell me, do you feel the emptiness?
Do you feel the pain within me,
begging to be set free?

Keeping this pain within my heart,
has taken away all hopes of a new start.
Only wondering if love is to be,
wanting this pain cast away from me.

Many years have passed,
and true love I haven't found.
Watching true love invade,
all the people around.

Maybe it couldn't find me,
for I've yet to set this pain free.
Maybe it's knocking at my heart's door,
but my eyes are blind to what stands before.

Afraid of what time may send,
afraid to let that someone in.
All this love I keep inside,
waiting for that special guy.

Will he hold the key to my heart,
will he love me from the start?
I cannot say what will come my way,
I just hope this pain will leave someday.

Ruth warren

Through The Eyes Of A Child

No-one is bad, no danger abounds,
all is pure, no horrible sounds.

Father Christmas is real and angels fly high,
there is nothing deadly to fall from the sky.

No such thing as debt, as money, grows on trees,
they can have anything they want, if they say, 'Please.'

Food is abundant and there is no such thing as fore-closure,
they can live in the sun, no thought of exposure.

No such thing as wars, no knowlege of abuse,
if it can't be eaten or played with, for it, they have no use.

Then in one day, their innocense is gone,
they have stepped into a world where innocense doesn't belong.

Ruth warren

Through The Eyes Of Others

Through the eyes of others, many wonders to be found. I have seen the love to which their heart's are bound.

Looking into the eyes of a child, so much splendor there, some with so much sorrow, some with no care.

Through the eyes of others, many tears I have seen, heartaches overflowing, as they spill from their life's seam.

In the eyes of the old, so many stories there to be told, some of love, some forgotten, left out in the cold.

Through the eyes of others, I have come to know, as I look through the windows, I will always find their soul.

There in the eye's, always their life comes alive, ever changing, never to stay the same, as some close them to life's pain.

Through the eyes of others, beauty I have seen, their children, their hopes, their wishes and their dreams.

I have seen a soul take flight on broken wings, I have felt death, felt their sorrow that it brings.

Eye's can tell you everything you need to know, take you on a journey into one's soul.

Ruth warren

Ties That Bind

Our Road has taken
us through many journeys
some of love some of pain
We have given each other our
hearts
and then in turn torn them
all apart
We have laughed, we have cried,
we have shared some of our deepest
pains
We walk, we run, we hide,
we try and leave each other behind
yet a deeper spirit
we do not see
Has other plans for you and me
We may not walk together
as we travel through life
But when we look deep
we are never alone
our spirits speak
I can not reckon with what has been
written
I don't pretend to understand
our two souls
The ties that bind or
The ties that weep
How two separated souls find
there way back to each other
in life
But yet somehow can never
be one with each other
I only understand one simple
thing
This Man and this Women
were born to always
be intertwined with life
and bonded together
Through life's ties
That truly bind.

Ruth warren

Till I'M Gray And Old

I care about her so much
I hate seeing her in pain
As i've been there myself
Black and blue on her arm's

With a baby on the way
He puts on the greatest front
With a smile
(Never say's a word)

But behind that smile is a angry man
And for that its her he hurts
The baby's 9 monthes living now
And he's got a ring he bought down town

He askes her to marry him
She sai yes but slowly frowns
Out of this crazy life
She wants so bad

But he wont let her leave
I wanna take her out of that life
And take care of the baby her and me
Christina i love you so much

I just want to let you know
I'll take care of you forever
Even if it's till im grey and old
Why is there so much hurt in this world.

Ruth warren

Tiny Little Tear Drops

As tiny little tear drops
fall from my brown eyes,
I remember you

I remember how it felt to look
straight into your eyes

I remember how it felt to
feel safe and secure with
in your gentle arms

I remember how it felt to have
your kisses fall upon my
supple lips

or how it felt to tease you lovingly
by teasing your bottom lip

I remember how ever touch
rocked me to my core
always leaving me fulfilled
but yet always wanting more

I remember how it felt
to have you hold me close
and whisper in my ear

I remember all the things we shared
as we talked about life and
fears

I remember ooh so many things
they were blessings from above

Now with every little tear drop
I remember how it ended
it cuts me like a spear

I remember how I thought life
Surly can be unfair!

Now we passed Us by

I think of you so often
and wonder how you are

I wonder if you are happy
Do you ever think of me

Do you even remember happy times
and how things used to be

Although we had to choose
to leave each other behind

It does not erase the fact
that you were part of me

If you have a moment look inside your
heart IM sure you will find a part of
me

I left it there for you
so you would always know
my love for you was true

Ruth warren

To Dance With My Daughter

Looking through the window as I watch you at play,
seeing me as a child, memories flood my way
The gentle way you smile as the butterflies fly about,
the most precious sight in this Mom's eyes, theres no doubt.

I watch as the warm winds blow through your hair,
so freely you run, as I hear your laughter in the air.
The grass swaying beneath your little feet,
as in this heart these memories I keep.

The birds sing their sweet tunes each time you are around,
to their heart your beauty will forever be bound.
I remember all the little things as I watch you grow,
now new memories being made, ones also that
my heart will hold.

As you read your first book without missing a beat,
we danced together, as you stood upon my feet.
The memory of your laughter still ringing in my ear's,
the memory of my eye's filled with tears.

You are grown now and still as beautiful as the years before,
and now new memories of my eyes filled with tears as you
walk out that door. I still see the wind blowing through your
hair, chasing those butterflies without a care.

Keep your feet firmly upon the ground, the birds will still
sing their sweet tunes each time you are around.
Be strong sweetheart, and don't be afraid to take life's chance,
just one thing before you go.....Can your Mom have this last dance?

Ruth warren

To Night I'll Sleep

To night i'll cry my last tear
and let go all my fears
because tonight i'll sleep forever
can't take anymore.
All this pain
this feeling inside
this is why i had to die.
Lying on my bed
with the covers wrapped around me
I bleed from my wrists.
Empty drops of life falling away.
The bottles of pills clutter the floor
I made sure i wasn't coming back no more.
Angry feelings clutter my mind
never ending darkness surrounds my soul
as i fell asleep.
With a single tear running down my face
the wet stained sheets i left for you
now you'll believe me when i say im lost.
I suppose i'll be forever forgot.
As i lay there cold dead on my bed
my eyes still staring at the ceiling.
No point in crying now i'm dead
Tonight i'll sleep forever. x x

Ruth warren

To Night I've Got The Blues

I cannot keep climbing these walls,
my empty heart shattering, the pieces they
fall. Walking these cold floors each and
every night, the arms that are supposed to
hold me are long gone in the night.

I am tired of looking through teary eyes,
tired of singing these blues to the skies.
The longing, I pray that it will just go,
this pain I promised myself, again I would
never know.

Curtains blow as the soft breezes make
their way in, the cold comes to me as the
blues begin. Frozen tears here upon my face,
ice shatters as I think of you, of my heartaches,
Darling, I certainly got the blues.

Don't want to face these long lonely nights
ahead, sounds of silence playing in my head.
No room for pain, I cannot let it in,
trying to get through another lonely night,
will it ever end.

Pillows welcome my tired aching head, as I
lie back and try to erase all that you said.
These silken sheets, the only comfort I have tonight,
wine glass spills and releases the red color of pain,
flowing softly as the blues consume my night again.

Ruth warren

To Spend Forever

I give you my heart, mind, body and soul
I give you love, for you to make me whole
I give you this promise, the promise to try
I give you each breath and the tears i cry
I give you my past, my future and now
I give you my thoughts and my hopes in this vow
I give you my voice and the music i sing
I give you forever by accepting this ring
I give you my world all the pain and strike
I give you my hand and learn to share life
I give you this kiss and there words i say
'I'll cherish you always as of this day'
I give you my faith that these words are true
from now untill the end i promise 2 you

Ruth warren

To You I Send My Love

I have met the most wonderful person,
who is my entire world;
I appreciate everything she does for me,
I know I'm a very blessed girl.

She has a heart of gold,
and is a special, human being;
the mere thought of living without her,
my heart can't possibly conceive.

She is a very special woman,
in too many ways to count;
She's always there to pick me up,
when I stumble and fall to the ground.

I have many problems with my health,
and am limited on what I can do;
yet she's stays right by my side,
and still says, she cares

There isn't anything at all,
that she would not do for anyone,
I love her for the woman that she is,
God's Heaven sent blessing.

Ruth warren

Tomorrow Today

Sometimes, our mind is on tomorrow, what it will bring,
how will it be,
will it rain, will it be sunny, will it be happy, and
will the world be free?

What will we do, go shopping, got to work, go on vacation,
what will we fill our day,
always thinking about tomorrow, be it work,
cooling our heels, or out at play?

But tomorrow, is, tomorrow, what about today,
with all that is happening around us,
we must not dismiss it away.

The sky may be gray, it may be clear sparkling blue,
birds are singing, fish are jumping, and
it's all right here, now, for you.

There are people that will smile at you and ask you how you are,
a friend will wave at you as they drive by in their car.

A loved one will kiss you tenderly, to show you that they care,
glad that you are with them; so happy you are there.

Tomorrow is, tomorrow, and here it will find its own way,
so enjoy this day that we have, tomorrow for us may not come.

Who can say?

Ruth warren

Troubled Are These Waters That Carry Thee

Troubled are these waters that carry thee,
can't see through these tears, as you leave me,
like the waves, carrying you out to the seas,
my heart's pieces float into the deep darkness,
submerged in your sea's abyss.

No more sun to rise or set for you and I,
oh how deep these waters, being filled by my eyes.
No need for the bottle with the note for thee,
troubled are these waters that carry thee.

The storms will take you far away away from
the love I so wanted to share some day.
O' waters blinding my eyes
the sting of death washing upon me,
troubled are these waters that carry thee.

I cannot release you to the depth and cold of the sea,
my heart so longs still to be with thee.
Upon my heart the angry sea beats so violently,
troubled are these waters that carry thee.

I sit and wait in the night, no hope till I see morning's light.
The mist from the sea dampens my spirit and soul
along with these warm tears that for you,
fall silently in the sea,
troubled are these waters that carry thee.

Washed away into the night,
taking my heart on a one way flight,
out into the cold sea along with thee,
troubled are these waters that carry thee.

Ruth warren

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Oh how the beautiful memories flood
this Mom's heart, those ivories danced
at the command of your fingers, as the
music would start. Your little feet not
long enough to even touch the pedals or
floor, but nothing was more beautiful,
just watching you play, it is these
memories that this Mom adores.

I would stand back in silence, as I
watched you perform, your golden hair
pulled back, a halo you adorned. Little
curls to be seen as they danced about
your face, nothing more precious, as
your Mom's heart you graced. Each day
I listened as tears of joy did fall,
playing to the Heaven's, performing
for us all.

Day after day, practice it would take,
you gave it your all as you played
those tunes, Years passed and I
watched you grow, still carressing
those ivories like no one I know.
Your devotion, your love, for the
music you created on those keys,
still linger through this place,
but the silence brings these
tears, that fall upon my face.

Yet in the still of the night I can
hear my angel play, playing for the
angel's now, play dear child play!
I just know you have brought many
smiles to all up there, as your
lovely music with the Heaven's you
share. The stars dance each night, the
moon shining it's love so bright, as I
know the Heaven's bow to my little

star tonight.

I can hear your music in the song's of
the birds, I can see your graceful
smile as the flowers bloom in the
Spring, Oh how sweet, as I hear
Heaven's angels in your glory sing.
'Twinkle twinkle little star, Your
Mom hears your music from afar, up
above the sky so high, my little
diamond there in the sky.'

Ruth warren

Uncertainly

Feelings of confusion,
Depression,
Uncertainty.

Where do I belong?
Where do I go?
What do I do?

Pick up the phone.
No one to call.
What would I say?

Go for a walk
No where to go.
No one to see.

Deep inside
Is the urge to scream.
At what?

Trapped.
No escape.
Have the need,
The desire,
The want,
For release -
For freedom.

Ruth warren

Under A Citrine Sun

I dreamt a dream,
that I opened a door;
I stepped outside,
to the splendor, so pure.

I heard my Lord say unto me:
'You may do all that makes you smile,
I've granted you this blessing,
but for only a while.'

'Thank you, Lord, ' I breathed,
and I rushed into the beautiful scene...

'Let me sing with the voice of the sapphire ocean;
swim in its' deep crystal pools,
Answer the call of the ivory doves;
spring down a beach layered in jewels.'

'Let me be free as the glassy river;
impossible to outrun;
Beneath the dome of an aquamarine sky,
under a citrine sun.'

'Let me dance on a carpet of emerald grass;
my rainbow skirt will blow with the breeze;
I'll pick every blossom of ruby and pearl,
and climb every peridot tree.'

'Let me be free as the glassy river;
impossible to outrun;
Beneath the dome of an aquamarine sky,
under a citrine sun.'

'Let me gather together the golden lilies,
and feel the velvet petals of each crimson rose;
stroke the amethyst crown of each iris;
adorned in thier imperial clothes.'

I was free as the glassy river;

impossible to outrun;
Beneath the dome of an aquamarine sky,
under a citrine sun.

And just as I sighed with the joy that I felt,
I saw the beauty around me disappear;
My heart broke to see all the dream turn to stone,
and I cried to God, shedding a tear:

' Don't let this all end, Lord, please let me live in this bliss! '
His kind Voice replied:
' Child, you soon will eternally dwell in a place far more lovely;
for Heaven is fairer than this.'

Ruth warren

Understand The Rain

You held my heart in your hands,
And threw it down upon the sands.

Now my heart is bent and broken,
These words arnt ment to be spoken.

They stand for all the feelings inside me,
For all the pain that you cant see.

Cause you could never understand,
It's like the rain that falls on the land.

For you could never understand the rain,
And its never-ending pain.

Ruth warren

Unnoticed

She is lonely
Even though you can't tell
She is reaching out
For what, she doesn't know
She will continue to sit in silence
And hope that someone may stumble across
Her and all of her emptiness
But they only hope that they do it in time
Otherwise she will have drifted too far
And she may let go
Of whatever grasp of the world she has
As she slowly fades out of the lives of everyone
Nearly unnoticed.

Ruth warren

Unwrapping

A smile so bright
a tear so deep,

New dreams on the horizon
old dreams buried deep,

Trust is earned
yet thin lined from the past,

Gingerly new steps into
a future unknown,

Searching for the dim
star that lightly flickers in
the sky,

Step by step
inch by inch,

I unfold the
secret hurt held
within me,

Letting go of the
footprints that were
left behind by you.

Ruth warren

Voices In The Night

Up and down the hallways
The dead drag their
Rusty chains behind them,
There are ghosts in our midst,
The voices in the night
Scream out in pain.

The pain of the past
Tries to reach out
From beyond the grave,
The walls bleed,
The anger within the ghosts
Is truly unbelievable.

The torture these restless souls
Must have went through,
Being chained to walls
And beaten to death,
Being murdered In the darkest of night.

Voices in the night
Cry out in pain,
The smell of rotten flesh
Lingers in the air.

The smell of death
Resides within the castle walls,
It makes the stomach churn.

They moan,
They cry,
They scream,
While their lives are
Being stolen from them.

Ruth warren

Waiting Alone

Alone, I never dreamt I'd be,
these tears I never knew would
flow so free. Waiting, the greatest
pain of all, with each day my heart
further falls.

No happy songs play against my
mind, no happiness in being
alone all the time. Need a love to
hold close to me, need tender
hands to touch upon me.

Longing for whispers so soft upon
my skin, needing my life of love
to begin. Alone, so tragic as
it takes control of me, nothing
but lonely wishes washed out
to sea.

I cannot be alone, living in
silence, no heart of my own. This
pain too much to bear, breaking
down my spirits, no love here
to share.

I want to give my love each and
every day, want to share life in
every way. Want a hand to hold,
want to search eyes, want to
look deep into one's soul.

Alone I cannot be, too much pain,
through these tears I cannot
see. Nights spent alone, lying in
bed wishing for someone,
someone to give my love to,
waiting for the sun to break through.

Hopes, fading more each day,

dreams, even they seem to be
drifting away. Time, slowly passing
as the heataches build, feelings of
emptiness from my heart being spilled.

Waiting, the greatest pain of all,
with each day, my heart further falls,
as so many tears I cry, with time, my
heart slowly dies.....

Ruth warren

Walls

No space around me
Stifling walls
Closing off my view
Numbing thoughts
Aching soul
Suffocating dreams

Memory stirs
Pain wells up
Trapping me again
Nowhere to go
But inside myself
Devoid of any aim

Too scared to move
Barriers raised
Hearts freedom restrained
Tentative
Withdrawing hand
Fear of hurt again

Thick breath and clouds
Within my head
Oppressive atmosphere
Numbing thoughts
Aching soul
Suffocating dream

Ruth warren

Wasted Words Wasted Paper

Written love words
on tear stained pages
of days and nights
of the past

Heart felt words
that now scream they
didn't even last

Wasted words
that now seem strange
to read

In that passionate time
our hungry hearts
it did feed

Love words
now look empty
with out
loves face

How it takes your
heart and mind
to another time
another place

~Now~

The long day turns
to silent nights
The empty night turns
to aching days

After all this
miserable time
Suffering Tears still get in
our visions way

Just one more
tear falls before you finally
go to that restless sleep

As your crying mind
softly weeps

Ruth warren

What Is Love

I truly wish that you,
could see my heart inside;
But you ignore my tear's,
afraid of what you'll find.

Life has never came with,
a full-proof guarantee;
and I believe your' holding on,
to a love that's make-believe.

The happiness I've searched for,
I still have not found yet;
Is it within my sight and reach,
or impossible to get?

What would it ever be like,
to feel love's tender touch;
To live happy and content,
am I asking far too much?

I'm only fooling myself,
for alas I must admit;
True love is but a fable,
as it never did exist.

Ruth warren

When It's My Time

When i come to the end of the road
and the sun has set of me.

I want no rites in a gloom - filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little - but not to long
and not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that was once shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone

It's all of the master's plan
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,
go to the friends we know.

Bear your sorrow in good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.

Ruth warren

When The Rabbit Howls

Like a rabbit she lays howling,
crying out in pain,
her small heart can not bear to live,
with her degrading shame.

She howls very quietly,
so they will never hear,
the pain that they've inflicted,
all through her tender years.
She can't let them see her cry,
they must never know she's weak.
yet she is just a little girl,
so helpless and so meak.

Everynight of her young life,
in silence she endures,
the torture that she suffers,
in the darkness of her world.

Her innocent mind tries to reason,
'Is this what love is about.
but deep within, she knows the truth,
for her there is no doubt.

Why do they do this to me,
do I honestly deserve, to be at the merce
of their straying hands,
yet she utters not a word.

The pain is so extreme,
it is engraved within her mind;
to last long after they are done,
frozen forever in time.

'Please make them stop'
she pleads with silent force,
yet they carry out their acts,
as they did the night before.

When at last they are finished,
she feels so dirty and fowl.
for all that's left is an abused, little
girl, when the Rabbit begins to howl.

Ruth warren

Where Do I Go From Here

This pain in my heart is killing me,
slowly every day;
how does one say goodbye to her husband,
and simply walk away?

The scattered pieces of my life, are
laying everywhere;
how do I begin to pick them up, and
salvage whatever is there?

Fifteen years of my life I gave to him,
now it's blowing away like dust;
the wind that carries them through
the air, is most befittingly named
mistrust.

Those years were never good to me,
yet I cherished my marriage so;
and my pain seems to be taunting me,
when I hear the strong winds blow.

How do I go on living, where do I go
from here;
why can't I simply give up, and wipe
away me tears?

Devastation I am consumed with, it
burns through my very soul;
I don't know how to quench the fire,
or learn to simply let go.

I know I have a future, yet it
doesn't ease this pain;
that fills my aching heart,
throughout my every day.

Ruth warren

Where Her Heart Belongs

The anticipation begins to build,
as she slips on her black, silky dress;
She's expecting him any moment now,
and she desires to look her best.

She brushes her long, blonde hair,
and sprays on her favorite perfume;
Her makeup is applied with perfection,
and candles are lit in each room.

Tonight is a special evening,
and all must be perfect for him;
as she longs to take him to a place,
where he's never, ever been.

The doorbell rings at seven,
as she's taking one last glance;
at the woman he always calls beautiful,
who fills her heart with romance.

Tonight she'll give herself to him,
no holding back this time;
She'll allow him to indulge himself,
and drink from her sweet, juicy vine.

She opens the door with a smile,
and motions for him to come in;
He hands her a dozen, red roses,
then he gently kisses her lips.

Her table is set meticulously,
and she's prepared his favorite meal;
The candles are lit and glowing,
as down her spine runs a chill.

They quietly enjoy their dinner,
as she gazes into his eye's;
Her desire to please this caring man,
can no longer be denied..

She leads him into her bedroom,
where her perfume fills the air;
Flower petals lay upon the sheets,
which have been sprinkled there with care.

He gently cups her face in his hand's,
as they lay on the satin sheets;
Where all his dreams will be fulfilled,
and he'll meet her every need.

Ruth warren

Whilst Thou

Whilst thou love me, till all time doeth ebb away,
whilst thou still need me, till all songs no longer stay?
Whilst thou heart be unto me, until thou cease to be,
will my heart be entwined with thou until our spirits are set free,
For I will be only yours till all the stars forget to shine,
my heart, my soul, are yours my love, all I have are thine
The breath I breathe each day, begins and ends with you,
this imperfect man I am, gives you all my love so true.
The flowers of the fields, the beauty of endless skies,
pale into insignificance when compared with the beauty in thine eyes.
All that I am, all I will come to be, are no one else but thine,
to cherish and adore thee, for thou have said, thee are mine.

Ruth warren

Who Can Stop The Rain

Huddled in a corner, her eyes
opened wide;
sits a little girl, trying to
hide.

'They can't find me here', she
whispers to herself;
'for I'll be as invisible as
dust underneath a shelf'.

Yet she knows it's inevitable,
for they always find her there;
curled up in a ball, paranoid
and scared.

They reach out to grab her, but
she only pulls away;
for she doesn't like the games
that the loved ones make her play.

They drag her into a cold, dark
room;
she cringes from the thought of
her impending doom.

Panic arises within her, as their
hands begin to stray;
she closes her eyes in terror, and
then she begins to pray.

The ritual, as she calls it, doesn't
seem to last very long;
she says to herself, 'You'll get
through this, but you know you have
to be strong'.

After they are finished with her, she
always cries tears of shame;
she feels dirty and guilty and

wonders, who can stop the rain?

Ruth warren

Who Will Soothe My Pain

From the soft glow of a candle, in the
middle of the night;
a little girl who could not sleep,
begins to ponder and write.

So many thoughts and questions, striking
as lightning in her mind;
a thunderstorm that builds then peaks,
this is how she felt inside.

She held her feelings in, fearful of
letting them out;
and now she sheds one silent tear,
that upon the paper does shout.

Secrets of her past, kept hidden
within for years;
now escapes by way of pen, as she
holds back a river of tears.

Her cautiously begins to write, and her
soul is stirred within;
as her mind recalls the actions, of the
one she can't seem to forgive.

Her pen flows almost effortlessly,
with memories of her shameful past;
that are revealed upon the paper,
as she lets go of them all at last.

Childhood memories are hidden no more,
as she vents her anger with pen;
and as the tears flow from her eyes
she wonders, 'Will my pain ever end'?

She relives the night that it all began,
the abuse she was forced to endure;
by the hands of the one whom she loved so
much, yet caused her to feel insecure.

They came into her bedroom, to tuck her
in she thought;
unaware that she was only a part,
of their wicked, perverted plot.

Their touches they claimed were those of
love, but this child did not enjoy;
being used for their own devious
pleasures, abusing this little girl

And when at last they were finished,
they turned off her lights as they left;
her innocence they had stolen, her heart
had been pierced by this theft.

For many years this continued,
she lost track of the years that went by;
yet hidden away within her heart,
were the memories of their actions and
lies.

She feared that she might betray them,
if she uttered a single word;
of what went on every night in her room,
that tainted forever her world.

At last she finished writing, of the
secrets she managed to keep;
then she crumbles up the paper, terrified
that someone might see.

With a tear in her eye she climbs into
bed, where ironically it began;
where a trusting, little girl, was
defenseless against roaming hands.

Many years have went by since they've
showed her their love, for she is a child
no more; and she wonders as she drifts off
to sleep, 'Did I secure the locks on my
doors'?

Ruth warren

Why

You weren't there for me
the times I needed you most,
You were obsessed with your own
self-destruction and now I am just
a mere ghost.

You ignored me when I cried
so you didn't notice when I died,
I quietly faded deep inside myself
Now in the shadow's where I hide,
because you were never there for me.

Are you so blind?
That you cannot see?
Have you really not realised yet?
Open your eyes and see?
That I am you and you are me.

Ruth warren

Why Do You Stare

Tell me please why do you stare,
Is it my clothing or maybe my hair?
I have tried very hard to look tidy appealing,
So why do your eyes now look at the ceiling?

When you ask questions it is never to my face,
Is my being alive such a disgrace?
I may not be as robust as you,
But I do have qualities that are faithful and true.

I could be your friend in time of great need,
If you were to hurt then I too would bleed.
I accomplish so much with all of my day,
I'm an ordinary person and should not affect you this way.

So tell me please why do you stare,
Or could it be the wheels on my chair?

Ruth warren

Will - My Dreams

Will my heart ever feel the beauty
in which I have dreamt, will my eyes ever
see your face in which I have longed?
Will my hands ever touch your lips,
your lips so soft, that I so long to
touch with mine own?

Will these dreams haunt me forever,
taking me away into the night, taking
me to you, there in your arms so tight?
Will I ever live outside these dreams,
will they ever come true, will I ever
be with you?

Will this heartache ever cease, will
I ever find that sweet release? Will
the day come when I look into your
beautiful eyes, and know so deeply
that you are for sure the one?

Will I ever feel love, is it really too
much to ask, will I ever share the
sunshine as I so want to with you,
will the warmth ever become us, as
I become one with you?

Will these arms forever be lonely,
no one to fill the space, will these
dreams linger upon my finger tips,
as along your lips they trace?

Will I ever feel your heart beat next
to mine, will I ever live outside these
dreams, will you ever truly be mine?

Ruth warren

Will They Ever Realize

She sits all alone,
in the dark of the night.
wishing that she could,
crawl away and die.
She's endured too much heartache,
so many tear's she's cried.
spun from their black web,
of tangled truths and lies.
No one hears her shouting,
no one knows she cries.
for she's learnt at a young age,
to wear a false disguise.
So in the corner of her room,
she sits there paralyzed.
Do they know that they were wrong,
will they ever realize?

Ruth warren

Will You Ever Know Her

She feels just like a prisoner,
with no where she can run.
She's fearful and paranoid,
thus her life is never fun.

It does not ever matter,
what she'd say or do.
Her Husband glares quite angrily,
as he always disapproves.

She's forbidden to even talk,
to any other man.
'This can lead to Adultery,
don't you understand'?

She feels just like a tramp,
as if she'd had affairs.
She's accused of this each day,
her life is sad and bare.

He believes within his heart of heart's,
that everything she does.
she has an evil motive for,
thus she feels so very unloved.

'Why can't he ever see', she wonders,
'The person I truly am.
Why does he falsely accuse me,
when I do the best that I can'?

She knows that after fifteen years,
if he doesn't know her by now.
he'll never take the time to look,
for what he's never found.

Ruth warren

Wings Of A Angel

When sorrow is presented there's no alternative way,
Than to cry out to my Angel, who will save me another day.
When the tears slide down my face in vain,
My Angel is there to wipe away my pain.
Such a sweet caress they gently give,
For they too know the torture it is to live.
But as the day comes, we will hurt no more,
To ascend to the clouds, like waves on the shore.
The wings of the Angels will fly us away,
Than to cry out to my Angel, to save my day.
Over time we will find what was gone,
Just the same, we will know all right from wrong.
But as hard as it is now, to let it go,
We will get to Heaven, my dream has shown.
To see the Angels descending from above,
To fix your broken heart of detached love.
The night is spell bound with the Angels kiss,
To sweeten my dreams from pain to bliss.
And my tears will fall never more,
From my face, to the floor.

And through this depression I have been strangled,

But nevermore, with the wings of the Angels.

Ruth warren

Winters Dreams

Winters dream, chills me to the bone,
so nice to be by the fireplace, here
in my home. An old patchwork quilt
that Grandma made for me, so soft
and cuddly as it lays across my knees.

The children gone, families of their
own, nothing more chilling than
this empty home. Crackling of the fire,
as the sparks fly slowly to the sky,
disappearing in the cold night air,
with each one, I send a prayer.

The snow piling up upon the window
panes, the moons glow, the only light,
other than the flames. Shadowy dances
outside, performed by the branches so
bare, lonely as the night, my heart
aches for someone to care.

Day after day the silence comes, haven't
seen the children in ages, I wonder what
their lives have become. Husband passed
ten years ago, my heart still falling
slowly like Winter's snow.

Each flake drifting blindly, no eyes
they have to see, lead by the winds,
as they bring painful memories. The
spruce they still stand strong, carrying
the weight of the snow, like the burdens
that I carry alone.

Stars dim lights hanging in the sky,
still they sparkle, like these tears
that I cry. Cold Winter night, a lonely
one it seems, wrapped up in sadness,
lost in a winters dream.

The mountains covered by nature's blanket
of white, no footprints of visitors in
the cold winter's sight. Footprints of
family coming home once again, a gentle
thought, as my dreams begin.

Ruth Warren

Wisdom So Bountiful

So many stories told, from the beginning to the end,
generation's passing along their knowledge to the next of kin.
Each line written so long ago, meant to harvest in wisdom,
so much for you to know.

Our wise old earth tells of live's that have come to past,
every mountain, every valley, in every sun ray that is cast.

So freely is this wisdom, so bountiful everywhere,
just take the time to see and hear, the earth, her stories she spare's. An open
mind receiving every word that is before,
taking in the wisdom from our earth's very core.

Many battle's on our land, many scar's amongst man,
a word of wisdom shared in the line's on every hand.

Wise is the one that live's with open ears,
never doubting stories that are passed down through the year's. Wisdom flow's
so freely to all whom will allow it too,
being without wisdom, is to simply be a fool.

Ruth warren

Wishes For A Love Untold

In my world where wishes and dreams never come true,
alone my heart will be, only wishing for you.
Walked many miles on the lonely dirt roads, serenity
is my only friend, as it is to you my wishes are told.

I whisper them upon the wings of the butterflies,
I send them upon the winds from the Southern sky.
Upon deaf ear they do land, but time and again,
my wishes are still at your command.

My heart sways with the willows so fair as their
shadows cast my wishes through the scented air.
I walk by the stream and throw my wishes in, to
float upon the leaves as they leave my sight,
tumbling over rocks in the West bend.

I rest beneath the old oak tree, with pen in
hand, I write my love for thee. My sun kissed
tears begin to dance with the ink, flowing like a
river as they fall to the ground and within the
moss they sink.

Crumpled papers scattered about beneath the
trees, along with the wishes, the wishes
I have made for thee. Long walk back upon
that dusty road, leaving behind me, the wishes,
and the love for you, the love still untold.

Ruth warren

Wishful Thinking

Each night when he comes to me we lay there very still,
Not a word is spoken, not a word is said, of each we'll have our fill.
I feel he's hands around me as he draws me to he's skin,
The way I feel about him must surely be a sin.

He holds me to he's nakedness he; s breath is long and slow,
I pray that this will last all night that he will never let me go.

I have felt he's kiss so tender and I've also felt he's tears
And when he holds me close like this I know that heaven is very near.

But I will never kiss him nor tell him not to go,
Because I am not so real you see,
I'm just he's damn pillow!

Ruth warren

Within My Dreams-Until That Day

Taken over by the longing
for your gentle touch, my
soul is arched against the
lonely night, as I reach for
your heart, my dreams
in flight.

Your caress making me tremble,
yet I know it is just the chill
in this room. In my mind you
are here, your lips gently upon
my skin, as I take your love
so deep within.

Your whispers ignite my body's
desire, as I feel the warmth of
your fire. Tingles take over, as
your finger tips trailing over me,
my body desperately seeking thee.

My passion unveiled as I feel
you within, electrifying waves
crash against the walls, as it
is your name these lips
do call.

Like the moon as it comes together
with the ocean at night, the tides
crash in sync, like your ocean of
love as it washes upon my shore,
such a lovely delight.

My body inviting your every
pleasure, as you consume
the feeling, buried within my
treasure. Hot nights, as these
dreams hold me at bay,
these dreams, the only way.

Your tenderness displayed upon
my body each night, as so sweetly
you love me, as so close you
hold me tight. Within these dreams
it is you and I, until that day,
that we never have to say goodbye.

Ruth warren

Within The Midnight Hour

In the midnight hours, my heart
breaks, the fog moves in, wraps
it arms around the morning's
longing wake. The gentle dew
falls from the nights moon, within
the loving fog, my heart
blooms.

The midnight stars fading one
by one, falling from the darkness,
until the night is done. Stars
floating within my sea of tears,
midnight awaiting for my
love to appear.

Gripping the cool night, feeling
alone, lost in the misty fog,
my heart looking for a home.
Crying to the Heaven's, my
universe in pain, moon beams
playing melodies upon my
broken heart strings.

In the midnight hour, your
sweet name I call, the galaxy
crying, losing light as it's stars
fall. Alone in the midnight hour,
my heart, the pain consumes,
within the loving fog, my heart
does bloom.

Ruth warren

Words Are Too Few

I love you more than words can say,
as my feelings for you grow deeper each day.
You warm me as the Sun's golden rays,
and hold me gently to soothe my pain.
I love you in so many different ways,
and my feelings for you will never fade.
You've made my world such a better place,
forever in your' arms is where I will stay.

Ruth warren

Words Can Kill

When my life is a mess, no one could guess,
that I'm falling apart inside;
I've never denied, how hard I have tried,
to mend my heart when it cried.

I had always been taught, no matter what I thought,
'Don't let your' true feelings show';
So I buried my grief, with the secrets I keep,
in a place where I only know.

I couldn't have my say, though unspoken words have
their way, of causing ones' heart too much shame;
'Never let them out, those feelings of self doubt',
though my heart accepted the blame.

When I would feel sad, a feeling I usually had,
I could never show how I felt;
for to feel so very weak, I could never, ever speak,
so I buried it within myself.

As long as I wasn't me, the way she wanted it to be,
I was allowed around all her friends;
Yet anything else, of the way that I felt,
she'd expect me to pretend.

When I was mad, I was considered bad, and she'd say,
'Go to your' room.
Don't come back out, with that nasty, little pout,
don't fill my life with gloom'.

'Don't let me see you cry, you're no child of mine,
you must prove I did a good job;
I'll never impress my friends, if my honor I must
defend;
so don't let them see you sob'.

'I detest how you act, how would my friends react,
if they saw how sad you are?
I would certainly be viewed, if they saw the real you,

as a Mother who's child is scarred'.

'You must show them all, how you obey when I call,
they can't see anything else;
than this perfect Mother, better than the others,
this actress I call myself'.

'You're MY China doll, who must never fall,
from your' place upon this shelf;
for if you would break, my reputation's at stake,
and they'd know the truth about myself'.

When I became an adult, I still lived with her insults,
but I stopped being her China doll;
I've accepted her hate, though it wasn't my fate,
to be treated this way at all.

I have always lived, deep down within, the shell
that I had built;
I realized one day, she'd always gotten her way,
yet she was consumed by her own guilt.

Ruth warren

Words Of A Poet

With a few well placed words

I can sweep you off of your feet

I can fill your heart with love
And make you feel complete

Strokes of vivid colors and happiness

Painted with tenacious tenderness

I'll create a world where dreams can come true
Take you there so I can be with you

I can write about the sun
To warm the world with love

Make the clouds disappear
Revealing the stars above

So if you are sitting there wondering
Of what it is I do

I'm wrapping my words in this poem
And sending them off to you.

Ruth warren

Worthless

No one's ever believed in me,
thus it's torn my world apart;
words have crushed my self-esteem,
and broke my tender heart.

All my life I have always been,
extremely sad inside;
searching for the love that I,
have always been denied.

I never am quite good enough,
and I can't do anything right;
I am worthless and pathetic,
within my loved one's eyes.

All I have ever wanted,
was to be accepted just for me;
I can't be someone I am not,
what you get is what you see.

The hole in my heart is painfull,
for it's empty and hollow inside;
and everynight when I go to bed,
I pray that I will die.

I am not special or worthy,
for someone to truly care;
I'm a misfit to society,
and this truth I have to bare.

I have never known success,
for I fail at everything;
The song that once was in my heart,
I can no longer sing.

As I ponder upon my failures,
which are much too many to count;
I wonder why I was ever born,
and what is my life all about?

Ruth warren

Years Of Tears

There once was a timid and shy,
little girl, who lived withdrawn,
in her own little world.

Her heart was full of compassion
and love, she was truly a gift,
from our father above.

She had no control over the
treatment she received from the
one's who practiced to deceive.

For they would tell her, they loved her
very much. yet this statement was
contradicted, by their dirty, shameful
touch.

At night when they'd finish, playing their
games with her, they would abandon this
small child in her shameful, little world.

She so longed for love, that she
always obeyed and tried so much to please
them, by giving herself away.

This abuse continued, for many
years and as she grew, so did her
tears.

No one was there, to ease her
pain so she grew up defiled, and full
of shame.

As she grew older, the abuse came
to a halt yet this innocent, little girl
felt that she was at fault.

There was no turning back the damage
had been done and the adults who

misused her had finally won.

When she thinks of the abuse
that she was forced to endure she feels
that writing, may be her only cure.

If you wonder how this little girl
is doing these day writing is her therapy,
of which is written upon this page.

Ruth warren

Yes Sweetheart

Yes sweetheart, go with your hearts desire,
let your thoughts of me fill your longing with fire.
Go ahead, release your thoughts of delights,
let these wonders of your heart, satisfy you tonight.

The warmth of your breath, on my skin,
the pouring of your affection, I feel within.
Only you can unfold the passion, and wake what's inside,
yes sweetheart, let your passion be your guide.

Your heart I intended to change, to show you of life,
now the freedom of your thoughts, release you of strife.
Your fantasy begins with me in your sights,
release your soul to my wantings tonight.

I wish to become one in our passion tonight,
I will lead you on the path of my heart's light.
Holding your hand, me leading the way,
fulfilling your fantasies, in your heart to stay.

Living in a world full of hopes and dreams.
you having your fantasies is the only way it seems.
I'll see you tonight, your dreams floating with the wind,
Just open your heart and soul, it's there we begin.

Ruth warren

You Are Amazing

You'll never know how many tears,
I've cried in my heart for you;
or your' pain that I feel from the
many heartaches, that you've
unfairly been through.

If I had but one wish, I would wipe
your' tears away;
and take upon myself, all your'
troubled yesterdays.

I would gently lift you up, and
never let you fall;
I would stand right beside you,
and answer when you called.

If only you could see yourself
as I see you, through my eyes;
you would then realize how much you
have, and how beautiful you are
inside.

I know that you never view yourself,
as kind, gentle or giving';
but I want to thank you, for bringing
me back, from the land of the unliving.

My prayer for you, is that one day,
you will find the love that you need;
and when you do, I know I will wish,
that the one you love would be me.

Ruth warren

You Are Never Alone

She listens to the voice,
as it whispers in her ear;
'I can hear them coming closer,
their footsteps are drawing near'.

'What do you think that I should do',
she asks the one who should know;
'I'd pretend that I was soundly asleep,
maybe then they'll leave you alone'.

'I'm willing to listen to any advice,
that you might have for me;
For you have been where I am now,
since the tender age of three'.

'Well, one thing I can tell you,
always pretend that you're asleep;
Maybe then they will ignore you,
sometimes it would work for me'.

'When you know that they are coming,
lay as still as you possibly can;
That might detour them for they truly
hate, when something messes up their plans'.

'I should know more than anyone,
what agony it can be;
to endure the roaming of their hands,
all over your' trembling body'.

'You must go now,
for they're almost here;
There's no need for you,
to shed shameful tears'.

'Are you sure that you,
will be alright;
when they come for you,
in the dark of my night'?

'Yes I am sure, I have no doubt,
just runaway and hide;
I don't want them to find us both,
huddled together tonight'.

'As soon as it is over,
will you promise that you'll return;
For it is so very lonely here,
inside of my mixed up world'.

'Don't ever blame yourself,
for it's never, ever your' fault;
And I am never far away,
I will come the moment you call'.

'And one more thing,
before I go;
No matter what happens,
you are never alone'.

Ruth warren

You Bring Heaven To My Eyes

You bring Heaven to my eyes, you're being held
accountable for the tears that I cry.

You placed the romance, and love in your words to me,
you helped me to see, the happiness in these tears I cry from the word's of thee.

You write with such grace, as you place
each word so carefully in it's place.

My heart has been enlightened, my mind sent for a spin,
as your words touch me so deep within.

Your world I have seen through your words to me,
such a lovely place for any woman to be.

I see your heart, your dignity, your life before me,
as I open your pages and start to read.

Thanks for sharing your life through my eyes,
thanks for the beauty that you share in my every sigh.
Thanks for each and every tear that you make me cry,
thank you my friend, you bring Heaven to my eyes.

Ruth warren

You Did That For Me

She stares into the mirror,
and staring back at her;
is the reflection of a wide-eyed child,
that of a nine year old girl.

She utters not a word, remaining silent
behind the glass;
The woman watches intently, as the
reflection speaks at last.

She hears a small voice question her,
'Don't you know who I am;
I am a part of the child you were, I submerged
when the abuse first began.

I knew that I was stronger than you,
so I willingly took your' place;
and absorbed the torture you simply could not,
protecting you from guilt and disgrace.

I surmised you went into hiding, though a coward
you surely were not;
so I faced the actions of the abusers you loved,
the torture you somehow forgot.

When their playtime was finally over,
they'd quietly leave our bed;
yet you had no memory of the sexual abuse,
that for years has messed with your' head'

.
The woman gazed at the child, as tears fell
from her eyes;
'You did all of that especially for me,
yet I never even realized.

Will you be alright with the memories,
of the pain you endured for me;
for I was too weak and so afraid,
to face my reality'?

For once the little girl smiled, knowing
she was able to help;
absorb the pain that the child could not,
nor deal with the shame that she felt.

Ruth warren

You Have An Angel Now

You have an angel now, to hold you when you are lonely,
to wipe the tears when you cry, your beautiful Mom, your loving
angel, now lives with God beyond the blue sky.

Maybe God needed her to help all the little children in this world,
for it takes someone special to care for hurting little boys and girls.
Your Mom will be an angel to many little hearts, she will bring smiles
to many just as she did to you, right from the very start.

I know you miss her sweet voice, her hugs, and her beautiful face,
but just know you will meet her again in God's beautiful place.
It is there that you will live with her forever, never to part, you can
walk by that river of life, pick the most beautiful rose, and place it
near her heart.

Your angel will always be there with you, through laughter and pain,
to help you on your bad days, to take you in from the pouring rain.
When life gets to hard, let her take you in her arms, just as
she did when you were but a little child, to keep you safe from harm.

You have an angel now, to watch you as through life you go,
take her hand son, hold it tight and never let go.
The most beautiful angel will walk daily by your side, let God and your
angel, your loving Mother be your guide.

Ruth warren

You Have Given My Heart Wings

You slowly led me to your heart,
opened your arms wide, right from the start.
We share life over land and sea,
dreaming of the day, your face I see.

You wrapped me in your wings,
and your words, to my heart did sing.
You have taken me near and far,
I am beside you, wherever you are.

Your hands have held mine tight,
your love comes to me each night.
You have scribed such beauty before my eyes,
wiped the tears this girl has cried.

I have looked through your souls window,
my eyes so full of tears, from the pain that you know.
I have carressed your face so many times,
as I have loved you deeply, in this heart of mine.

All this I can do each night as I sleep,
knowing you are there as this heart weeps.
Missing you has become an everyday thing,
but I can now reach you, you have given my heart wings.

Ruth warren

You Ignite My Dreams

I am withheld by a longing,
one like i never dreamed i could be.
Pressed against the lonely night,
i reach for you, my heart in need.

I dream of your touch as the tremble
begins, i know it is only the winds,
yet in my heart you are here, your lips
so softly against my bare skin.

Your winds whisper their passion, and my desire
ignites, your sighs are felt against my heart
tonight. Through these thoughts of you i find my
release, sweet lover, your passion i need.

You unveil these thoughts, as so gently i let you in,
breathless i soar into the night, the night that
i pray to never end. Your name whispered from my lips
of red, joining you in dreams, as i lie here in this bed.

Through the shadows of the night, i cast to you my
desires, as your hunger sets my soul on fire. Into the
night upon the light of the misty moon, our shadows
cast about in my mind, as your raging heart i consume.

These dreams being to diminish and your kisses linger
still, the desires of you come to me again, your
command, my will. Passion flowing sweetly into the
night, awaiting for your, call, as my soul you once
again ignite.

Ruth warren

You Know Who You Are

You know who you are, need I spell it out for you?
Your sun upon my shoulders, your warmth to
see me through. Thoughts of you envading my mind
day and night, you know who you are as in dreams
I hold you tight.

Your tender words calm the storms within me,
as my heart pretends they are written for only my
eyes to see. I swim upon your waters, as your
words gently flow about me. you know who you
are, in dreams we play upon your sea's.

Your words gallop playfully upon this heart of mine,
like a wild foal set free for the first time. Images you
paint so beautifully, consuming my heart, taking a
peaceful flight, till I am blinded by your sun, on my journey
to your poetic site.

Stars cascade about me each night, moon beams dance
around me, as I turn the page for yet another masterpiece
to read. Roses bloom each day under your bright sun,
fed by the hues of your rainbows, as the art from each page
to my heart runs.

The passion begins with each write you create, blood pumps
madly as I grasp to each and every word, through the sighs
my name is heard. My heart pretends, and the fantasy begins
as you softly place each word upon my skin.

Taking me to the Heavens, reaching beyond the stars, with your
words, love is never far. My heart plays upon your talent as my
eyes behold all the pleasures in every line, you know who you
are, as you steal this heart of mine.

You know who you are, need I spell it out for you?
I retreat to my dreams as the pages are turned tonight,
holding to your every word, as in this fantasy, we
spread our wings together in flight.

Ruth warren

You Put Yourself In Harm's Way

You put yourself in harm's way,
Though you might die, that we might live,
The Good Samaritan for pay,
Asked often for what few would give.

Though you might die that we might live,
You make a conscious choice to be
Asked often for what few would give,
And to remain while others flee.

You make a conscious choice to be
The calm, well-trained professional,
And to remain while others flee,
To face the fear within us all.

The calm, well-trained professional,
The Good Samaritan for pay:
To face the fear within us all,
You put yourself in harm's way.

Ruth warren

You Scare Me

Here i am wondering what to do.
Wondering just exactly how i feel about
you. (You scare me)
Testing the water before i jump in
I've kept to myself. (oh so long)
I guess i've leared how to be strong.
I've never had anyone there before
but here you are standing before me.
trying to make me see, that you are
here for me. (That scares me) And
that alone i no longer be.
But can't you see. (That scares me)
I lost apart of me long ago and
couldn't let anyone help me.
But in you i have faith which helps
me through my days.
I have faith in you to take my pain away,
helping me to live another day.
I hope i have the strenght in me to deal
with my pain. (That scares me)
But you can help me now, I'm letting you in.
Because the trust in you. I have found.
But i'm scared you'll let me down. Just like
everyone else in my life.(And that scares me)

Ruth warren

You The Reaper Of My Soul

My eyes are closed, yet I still
see through these tears, my mind
numb, yet I still sense the greatest
fears. My ears closed yet I still
hear the painful cries, my fingers
numb, yet I still feel my heart as it
dies.

My sorrows resurface as this war
within me breaks through, all the
pain taking over as I try to forget
you. Years have passed since last
I saw your face, now one glance and
the torment begins to once again
takes it's place.

I sent you on your way, to never see
you again, cast my heart out forever,
to be carried away by the winds.
Buried those memories along with
my soul, silently I screamed, as my
heart let you go.

Now once again, I face uncertain
days ahead, all this time your
memory presumed to be dead. I watch
hopelessly now, as again my soul is
ripped apart, and all I asked for,
was healing for my heart.

The pain becomes clear as the days
pass along, you will cause me grief,
you will never leave me alone.
Like the reaper of the night, you
will again steal my soul,
to keep me lifeless and miserable,
is your ultimate goal.

Ruth warren

You Will Always Have My Heart

My precious, I now know you are a boy,
tears flowed when I heard. Your 'Nanna' is over~joyed.
For now I must hold you here in my heart,
but the day will come when we'll never part.

I dream of holding you close, rocking you to sleep,
all the sweet memories in my heart I will keep.
I asked God to keep you safe for me, for I so long
for the day your sweet little face I see.

I have never been so happy as I am today,
I am sure there is more happiness on the way.
Can't wait to count your fingers, kiss you upon
your little nose, my angel in the making, God has
blessed me so.

Your Mommy is so proud, as she too awaits that day,
Love will surround you as through life you make your way.
Five more months to go my little one, waiting patiently,
until with you God is done.

You see, God is an artist, only beauty he does create,
His hand's carefully mold you as your Nanna eagerly waits.
He will make you unique as he does with everyone,
as he so gently creates my first Grand~Son.

For you I will be there, to hold you ever close to me,
to help you take your first steps on your way through life.
If ever you fall my angel, I will be right beside you, to pick
you up and help you through.

Your little hand will grow strong in mine, as together
we live, love and share precious time. I am so proud of you
my angel, from Nanna's thought's you never part, I pray
for you my little one, you will always have Nanna's heart.

Ruth warren

Your Coast Your Words My Dreams

Is this the sunset you speak of sweetheart,
is this the light from which we never part.
Your words fill my heart with passion as I read,
You have taken me along a wonderful journey indeed.

Your words flow so freely through my heart,
pumping wildly through these veins as these dreams start.
You there in the sun, on the shore that you speak of,
it's ok to dream of being in love.

Passion consuming all my strength, as you take over my mind,
my heart grows weak as you whisper your words to me, as
so eagerly your lips I find.
Those words come alive in my dreams, I feel your touch, as I
pull you into these dreams of mine.

My heart the very canvas you paint upon, color my world
as if it were your very own.
Not to be touched just admired, the beauty only to be seen.
I can only be touched by you in these dreams.

Yet I have felt you, longed for you and been inside your heart,
your words whispered to me softly along this coast, it all starts.
Dreams you have created along the way, the waves lapping at my feet,
as I walk along this coast, your words I shall meet.

Sweet dreams take me away, to your heart, to your soul,
on this shore with this sun, you, never to part.
I can always see you standing there waiting for me in the suns beams,
My heart so lost in you, in these dreams.

Ruth warren

Your Destiny

There is a special purpose
that's why you are on this earth.
It's been designed for you
even before your birth.

Some call it destiny,
The life you're supposed to live.
It's there for you to take,
If you would just believe.

It's planted in your heart
By God, like seeds, it seems.
Soon in time they grow
And take the form of dreams.

If you still don't know
What you're set out to do,
Just listen with your heart;
He'll whisper it to you.

He made you who you are,
The things you need, He'll give.
Just so the life He planned
One of these days you'll live.

Hold on to your dreams,
Don't let them slip away.
The road may be rough,
But you'll get there someday.

You owe it to the Father
To be what you're born to be.
Work hard and don't give up.
Fulfill your destiny.

Ruth Warren

Your Smile

Your smile, gentle like falling rain,
some days get you down, some
simply a pain. Take my hand,
come in from the crying rain.

Life isn't always kind, this I've
come to know. But peace can be
found within a smiles glow. I extend
my smile to you, as well as a hug,
hoping my words give your
heart that 'tug.'

There are days when nothing seems
right, but my friend, you will find
such harmony within the night.
The heavenly stars, as they
dance about, sure to bring a smile,
without a doubt.

The moons loving glow as it shines
upon your gentle heart, anticipating
your wonderful smile to start. The night
sky, will not give up on you, it will
always be there, to help you through.

It's beauty way beyond compare, the
angels watching over with tender care.
So smile my friend, it shows the real you,
as the tenderness in your heart comes
shining through.

Wear that smile as if it were a crown,
well deserved, spread it all around. The
Heaven's will share smiles for a life time,
in the sparkles of the stars dear friend
of mine.

Tonight I will see the stars dance around,
as they reflect your gentle smile, to

my eyes beautifully bound. The falling
rains will leave your sight, as I share
my smile under the same heavens
with you tonight.

Together with the stars our smiles
will dance, your worries will
leave, your smile will to the
Heavens enhance. So smile my
friend, let your gentle smile to the
Heaven's ascend.

Ruth warren