

Poetry Series

**Shannon Nicole**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Shannon Nicole(03-30-91)

I'm 18. I've been writing since I was about.. twelve. Around the time that my mom and dad got their divorce.. Around the time that everything went down hill. I've been known to write about how others are feeling, but I have written a few about me, my love, and my life. I can't really say that I'm 100% the best, but I can say that I'm am trying my hardest to become noticed. I have scared people with my poetry and I have touched people's hearts. I can't promise that I will be the best. I can't promise that I'll write something that everyone can be compared to. I write when I'm bored, depressed, pissed off, or deep in thought. I used to be able to write at least 45 to 60 poems in a day. I would carry around a notebook, so when I had an idea.. I could write it down without a mistake. I have the worst memory, so my writing ideas have been a little low lately. I can't really say that I'm not trying, but I can't really say that I'm trying either. Although, I can promise you all that I will try to see what comes to mind. If you have any ideas for me, feel free to message me and tell me them. I may or may not agree with them, but I will try. Thank you so much for reading and commenting my poems. It means a lot to me to know that there are at least some creative people in the world that share my interests. Thanks. Bye.

...Ah.

There she sit in a fairly uneven wooden chair,  
Polished so smooth just right to sit in.  
Her face hiding behind gloved hands,  
A towel to block her sense of smell.  
An annoying fume sways making her feel dizzy,  
Though she can't really go anywhere.  
She's tapping her feet to the semi-clean floor,  
As her hair is being massaged with blood red liquid.  
Lean your head back,  
I gotta get your hair line.  
She did as she were told,  
Holding back a cough,  
Her eyes began to blur.  
Thirty minutes to wait while you scalp numbs,  
Gah! It itches! ! !  
Sitting on the edge of the couch,  
Looking at him from over the towel.  
Eyes lying, so he tells me, I'm smiling,  
He's laughing at me.  
Yay! 7: 30, hooray,  
Time to rinse.  
Once all the excess dye is gone,  
I can condition it so that my hair doesn't break the brush.  
Time to blowdry it,  
Straightening, then ponytail.

Oh my god,  
My hair is dark purple.: ]

Shannon Nicole

# 10second Freak Out

She's lost in the forest.  
All alone and cold.  
She was only following her friend,  
But she wasn't watching the path.  
Her friend ran off and didn't wait for her.  
She bends down to cry.  
She hears a loud scream.  
She looks around.  
She can't find the problem.  
A siren goes off.  
The sound of danger approaching.  
She whimpers softly.  
Dogs are barking,  
People are yelling.  
She wants to get out of the way.  
She looks around.  
Nothing but trees.  
She's freaking out.  
She's all alone.  
It's getting dark.  
Colder and colder.  
She can see her breath.  
Dogs fading,  
People disappearing.  
She's still there.

Shannon Nicole

## A Decision. [[finished]]

With her shining black nails,  
She fingered through her straight, black hair.  
With her glossy lips,  
Her teeth broke the skin.

Her mind races when he enters the darkened room,  
Only her eyes are to settle on his simple smirk.  
Her heart speeds when he leans over the desk,  
Only to lean into the kiss.

A satisfied grin played across his lips,  
All she did was sigh and roll her eyes.  
A discussion was to be placed,  
He sighed because he never liked to make decisions.

He slipped around the table,  
Leaning his plans on the back of the chair.  
He leaned close to her ear,  
Whispered something sweet,  
And slightly nibbled on her lobe.

She pushed him away,  
Hating herself for it.  
She wanted so much to pull him in close,  
And lean into his embrace.

But there was a decision to be made,  
A conversation that needs to be known.  
A promise that she misunderstood,  
And is now confronting him because of it.

She stands in the middle of this dimmed office,  
Her hands clamped together, looking like she were lost.  
She chewed at her bottom lip and closed her eyes,  
Waiting for that long sigh to escape her glossy lips.

He wrapped his arms around her waist,  
And lifted her chin, begging her to open her eyes.  
Once she did, he kissed her deeply,

She lightly kissed him back, but then she pulled away.

I have to speak with you and you're not letting me. I need to understand something and you're not explaining it to me,  
She frowned into her hands.

Tell me what you wish to hear, my darling. I promise, I promise to inform you on the truth it hides,  
He grabbed her hands and smiled.

Tell me why you looked away when you told me of love. Tell me why did you speak so different when I asked you if you loved me. Tell me why you made me promise to always love you,  
She almost cried.

I looked away because I thought you may have rejected my feelings for thee. I spoke differently because I don't know what your reaction would be if I said the truth. I wanted you to promise me. So that I could have told my heart to love you back. So that I could tell my family and friends that I have found the one,  
He was blushing nearly to the end.

She smiled brightly, her hands over her mouth,  
He had surprised her by kneeling on one knee.  
He pulled out a small velvet, black box,  
He took her hand asked her to be his loving wife.

She couldn't stop smiling,  
She didn't care for a big shining ring.  
She wanted to be in love with someone special to her,  
And she had found him,  
For he was knelt in front of her, asking for her hand in marriage.

Excitedly, she threw herself to him and into his arms,  
She cried out a response that he knew he understood.  
For then until forever,  
A loving couple tells stories of this crazy proposal.

Shannon Nicole

# A Dream? [[freshman Year Poetry Slam]]

Sleeping in a pile of garbage on the streets.  
Only eating the fresh food on the ground.  
Searching for change in the corners of curbs.  
Sitting under a balcony, so the rain don't hit her feet.

She watches the cars race past her spot.  
Ignorant guys throwing cans at her face.  
She's only crying in the rain, so no one sees her tears.  
She wishes she wasn't so invisible.

A girl her age steps into her fight,  
That girl saved her dumbass.  
They became friends and didn't leave without one another.  
Until that girl, she slit her throat.

She's guessing her daddy had something to do with it.  
She was gonna talk to him today,  
But the world just go dizzy.  
It wouldn't stop spinning.  
Maybe someone drugged her.

She woke up in the middle of the day.  
Pain striking her head like a broken bat on the ground.  
She let no tears fall.  
She smirked in the face of that girl's daddy.

The daddy smacked her until she was down.  
She only wiped away the blood that spill out her mouth.  
She smiles at him  
And the daddy shoots her in the head.

She wakes up sweating.  
She's saying it was all just a dream.  
'Til she looks around and sees all the worried faces.  
She sees the machines, they beep extremely slow.  
She watches as the nurse smiles down at her.  
She then closes her eyes



# A Fairytale Or Reality..?

There's this one fairytale that every girl wishes would come true.  
That fairytale with the true love and happy endings.  
No girl realizes love's downfalls until they really happen.  
She could think she's falling in love with someone amazing,  
He could ditch her and she'd hurt.  
After a while, she'd realize he wasn't all that great.  
A lifetime would almost pass by,  
And she'd meet someone else.  
She's never allowed herself to love him in the past,  
But she can't help it now.  
There's only one guy that could never really ruin her.  
Every time she thinks she's caught the right one,  
She questions herself if she should follow her heart this time,  
And risk the pain that'll arise in the end.

I think this time,  
I'll risk the pain that might come soon enough.

She'll brace herself through that wall,  
If he cares enough to break it down,  
Maybe he won't hurt her after all.  
<3

Shannon Nicole

## A Father Figure...

Usually a father figure would be someone that cares,  
Obviously..Mine does not.  
He'll visit once a month,  
Not even that.  
He questions why we'd want to speak to him,  
Instead of saying 'I miss you.'  
If we cry,  
He just look right passed us,  
And smile at his new wife and new kids.

A real father figure would look at his children with worry,  
And just about dropp everything to know what's on their mind.  
A real father figure would smile and tell his kids how proud he is,  
Even if all we did was get a B on a homework assignment.  
A real father figure would care enough to encourage his kids to visit him when  
he's a state away,  
Instead of bribing them with their favorite things.

You're afraid to lose your kids,  
So you tell them that they're going to be able to something awesome.  
You're a childish human being,  
You are pathetic.  
You are wrong.  
You should not be allowed to call yourself a father.

Just because you live with a woman whom you love and her two kids,  
Doesn't mean you need to push away the four kids that are your own flesh and  
blood.  
Just because we have made our own mistakes in life,  
Doesn't mean that you should bring them up because you think you can joke  
about them.

The only father-like quality you can say that you have,  
Is that you haven't inappropriately touched us.  
We have left the past to the past,  
But we can't stand this future you're putting us through.  
You're hurting us more than you realize,  
We're your kids,  
Treat us like you are the real father figure you assume that you are.

Shannon Nicole

# A Future To Look Forward To..

I've fixed up my mistakes,  
Erased the scribbles.  
I've cleaned up my cuts,  
My scars are just about healing.  
I've cured my sickness,  
And threw out the medicine.

I'd hike up my skirt,  
And climb to the top of a mountain.  
I'd tie up my fists,  
And with the most confidence that I could conjure up,  
I'd win any fight that comes my way.

I'll write a million stories,  
And only publish the importance of them all.  
I'll say a million things,  
And only admit to a few.  
I'll finish my life with a wonderful end,  
And I'll die with a new beginning.

I would know the world,  
But only be known by a few.  
I would be able to be myself,  
And still be able to impress.  
I would fancy so many things,  
But only be strong enough to do so many..

I will be someone,  
And I would be happy about it.  
I will be a proud citizen,  
Of whatever place I may live.  
I will be a memory,  
Good or bad,  
I don't care.  
I will be someone.

Shannon Nicole

# An Asthmatic Disease.

I can feel that there's something wrong,  
Because I get that feeling in the pit of my stomach.  
It continues it's ways through my body,  
Grasping onto my lungs and closing off the airways.  
When no air comes through my nose or my mouth,  
I know something's wrong.  
When my throat starts to burn,  
And the tears are warm against my cheeks.  
When the sound doesn't come out,  
And my body's shaking and my mind is freaking out.  
I know when something's going wrong,  
When my body starts to ache,  
And my life begins to slow.  
A drug that kept me going since I was three,  
A medicine that was stolen from me,  
And now I risk my life just to try and breathe.  
People call me lazy,  
Telling me to run my fastest,  
Usually it's just a medium powerwalk, normal.  
Taking deep breaths and little sniffles,  
Just because my allergies screw with my illness.  
A season changes and I risk a day.  
I look back every now and again,  
To the months I had spent in the hospital when I was three to four.  
Every day someone would come to visit me,  
Not even the machines could save me.  
The doctors created a medicine,  
And it was the only one that had ever worked.  
I had tried many,  
Pill crush, puffs, spray,  
Nothing seemed to work.  
Not a day passes by,  
That I don't think back to a man that saved my life.  
Near-death experiences,  
Yeah only a few.

Shannon Nicole

# An Evening At His Home.

They first walk into the basement,  
Seated next to one another.  
Her legs crossed as she's seated neatly,  
He's grabbing the remote to switch the channel.  
Five minutes into CSI,  
Which always seems to be on when she comes over,  
He starts to tickle her or bite her shoulder.  
Soon she is either leaning into him,  
Or they're lying in each other's arms,  
Just kissing the other's lips.  
Soon they're biting gently,  
And he's kissing and suckling his way to her chest.  
He kisses her through her shirt,  
And caresses her with his other hand.  
His fingertips trace over her stomach, under her shirt,  
It's funny because everytime she would look at him,  
He plays the innocence card.  
Finally his hand is over the cup of her bra,  
He pulls back the cloth and takes her nipple into his mouth.  
Licking gently,  
Getting rougher to biting,  
After she gets a few gasps in.  
His left hand trailing down her stomach to the button of her pants,  
As he's still sucking on her breast and failing to get her button undone,  
She's giggling and gasping at his quick attempt.  
But his lips capture her's,  
And their tongues are having a war of their own.  
Every time she lets out a giggle of his failed moment,  
She thinks she may have heard a growl come deep from his throat.  
Finally her button is undone and her zipper is loose,  
His fingers have found her weakness.  
A slick and sweet movement at a slightly steady pace,  
He kisses her to silence any loud moans,  
For his family is home and could come to see this scene at any moment.  
So far, so good,  
It's been only a half hour and someone's coming,  
He zippers her pants and pulls her shirts down over the button and undone belt.  
As she sits on his lap,  
To hide what's already showing.

Too lazy to move because her body has been in sweet ecstasy,  
The laundry room light is shut off and the footsteps are upstairs in the living  
room.  
He presses his middle finger deep inside her,  
And she's instantly ready right then and there.  
He pushes her to the side of the couch,  
In attempt with his left hand unbuttoning and loosing his zipper.  
He pulls down her pants as they kiss and gasp.  
He's ready, she's ready,  
What's the hold up?  
There's none,  
He's in front of her,  
At her entrance,  
Wrapping her legs over his shoulder,  
Entering her slowly so she can get used to him.  
Then he's at it, once he hears her moans of excitement.  
Minutes or hours,  
She don't know because she's lost track.  
Moving with his pace,  
God it was heavenly,  
But then they had to stop because he was afraid his family would hear.  
Some days she'd wish they weren't home,  
So that he could finish what he had started,  
Instead of making her have to wait.

Shannon Nicole

## And So I Write.

It's been so hard to express myself.  
My poems make it sound like my life is so horrible, it's really not.  
I have everything I need, everyone I love.  
I have my friends and family around for me.  
I have someone to talk to when I'm down.  
I have a spiral to turn to when I'm mixed up.  
I write to express what I'm feeling, what I'm seeing.  
I write for those that cannot speak for themselves.  
I write for those that are caught up in an illusion with no escape.  
I write for those that are being abused or hurt in their own household.  
I write to show people my mistakes and that I'm learning from them.  
I write to prove to people that I'm good at what I say.  
I want to be heard, but I don't really speak up..  
So I write.  
I write to express.  
I write to be known.  
I write to be heard.  
So, I write.

Shannon Nicole

## Appearance..[[unfinished]]

I have to clothes to dress to impress,  
But I don't have the figure,  
Nor the confidence to even try.  
Whenever I even attempt to wear a skirt,  
The kids at school talk down upon me,  
Because my thighs are too big, they say,  
Maybe I shouldn't wear what I do.  
My family compliments on how I've got great legs hidden beneath my jeans,  
But what they don't see is all the scars and bruises that are forever imprinted in  
my skin.  
Some people ask me why I don't wear make up,  
I say it's because it covers up the real you,  
The real reason is because everytime I wear it,  
I'm criticized on how much or how little I know about it.  
I'm asked why I don't just wear my bathing suit in the pool,  
I answer because I have no self-confidence and I'm self-conscious,  
That's partially true,  
The other part is that I'm made fun of for my arms and legs.  
They always said that the pretty girls are dumb,  
And the ugly ones are smart.  
So, my family and my boyfriend say that I'm pretty,  
Peers tell me that I'm not,  
My mom tells me that I'm smart,  
But I don't think so,  
Because I have to work extra hard to get the grades that I have,  
Which are only the majority of B's and C's, maybe one A...if I'm lucky enough.

Shannon Nicole

# Audit

Close your eyes,  
And dream.  
Dream of a life you would like to live.  
Dream of a place you would like to go.  
Dream of a world you would like to be ruler of.  
Tell me the world.  
Tell me this place.  
Tell me what you see.  
Maybe I could help you.  
Maybe I could show you my world.  
Maybe I could show you my place.  
Maybe I could show you my life.  
There's a shooting star.  
Make a wish.  
Wish for anything.  
Wish for your favorite memory.  
Wish for a place you've been before,  
But never returned.  
Wish for a life to live.  
Wish for whatever you want.  
Wish for yourself.  
Make a choice.  
This choice will help you through life.  
This choice will change your life forever.  
This choice is your's.  
This choice will help you.  
This choice needs to be made.

Before forever begins.

Shannon Nicole

## Back Then..

I remember back when my family actually liked one another.  
I wish it was back in the old days,  
Where people were all for peace rather than war.  
I would like to see the tree huggers and the hippies,  
Rather than the stoners and the alcoholics.  
I liked it better when people would greet and smile,  
Rather than frown and hate.  
I remember when my family would invite everyone over,  
Even their crazy in-laws.  
We'd all talk and like best friends,  
But in reality..Now..  
We're hating each other for the stupidest things.  
My uncle and aunt are close with age,  
They're siblings,  
But they won't talk to one another.  
They won't look in the others direction.  
They're wishing the other didn't exist.  
Christmas is coming up..  
Hopefully we can all pretend like we love each other..  
We're bringing a little girl into the family.  
She doesn't need to grow up around all this immaturity.  
She needs a loving family,  
Not a world of destruction.

Shannon Nicole

# Black Out.

Striking pains  
Sharp hiss  
Black out  
Eyes wide  
Bloodshot  
Lying down  
Fists clenched  
Blood rushing  
Teeth hurting  
Body aching  
Breath caught  
Eyes squeezed shut  
Veins popping out  
Wrists bending  
Feet kicking  
Legs working  
Voice screeching  
Hair pulling  
Nose burning  
Heart pounding  
Lungs closing  
Bones cracking  
Veins bursting  
Eyes watching  
Mouths gasping  
Faint screaming  
Claws scratching  
Jaw stuck  
Eyes shutting  
Voices fading  
Faces disappearing  
Unconscious  
Black out.

Shannon Nicole

## Broken Romance...?

She wishes she could lie awake,  
And remember every breath she takes.  
Sometimes I wonder if she thinks of me,  
All the day I think of her, but she don't remember a thing.

She walks to school with her head hanging at her shoulders.  
I watch her climb those steps, not raising her head.  
When I see her reach the top I wonder,  
Does she look at the sky and remember what I said to her?

She takes a step up to the front,  
Her head rose, chin up, smiling.  
She sang such a beautiful tune,  
She lets the music just soak right in.

Just remember all the things we've done.  
Just tell me what you do when you hear my name being said.  
Let's take a road trip, let's go to the past.  
Let's watch our memories fade as we return home..

Can you see all those people going through this same damn thing?  
Its called a break-up.  
Its called heart broken.  
Its.. called..

Oh.. wait...  
I'm dead.

Shannon Nicole

# Call Me Crazy..

There's a voice cooped up in the back of my head,  
It's telling me to speak up,  
Relax,  
And Just be myself.

There's a voice built into my brain,  
To keep me in line,  
For my mind to stay clear,  
To make good choices.

There's a voice engraved into my skull,  
Reading words I never knew,  
Understanding a language that has been forbidden,  
And learning a new way to see things.

It's like there's eyes in the back of my head,  
That watch my back,  
That see the past,  
That hurt so much.

There's eyes growing,  
To see the darkness,  
To see the lights,  
To see the outsiders.

It's like there's a hand gripping my throat,  
So I don't snitch,  
So I don't speak up,  
So I don't weep.

There's a hand resting on my shoulder,  
Telling me I have been a good girl,  
Telling me that I've had a mission accomplished.  
Telling me that I was doing something good for once.

It's like my heart's on my sleeve,  
Because he has it,  
Because I don't want it,  
Because it's being sewn back in place.

There's a heart on my sleeve,  
Speaking like it's broken,  
Screaming that it cannot mend,  
Whispering that she loves him.

There's a few words that I wanted to say,  
Suicide,  
Sadness,  
Broken,  
Dying.

There's a few words that I promise,  
Love,  
Friendship,  
Honesty,  
Fidelity.

There's a few things that I hold close to my heart,  
Him,  
My sister,  
My best friend,  
My talents.

I have things that I wish to say,  
But I don't know how to word them,  
One word can state so many.

Shannon Nicole

# Can'T Wait For Eighth.

It's the first period of the day,  
Sitting there, spacing out and now the bell has rung.  
Stepping into the crowded all of high school,  
There's kids that walk too slow or stand in groups in front of lockers.  
Two minute bell just rang and you're arriving to second period,  
That class flies, so does third and fourth.  
Now you're in homeroom, next you're sitting next to way too happy people,  
That don't stop talking and annoying the hell out of you when you've got your  
earphones in.  
Next your in 6th period doing labs and such,  
Time flies because you know what you're doing.  
Now you're in seventh hour,  
Pictures and photoshop are easy to learn,  
But this class seems to take forever to end.  
So you're sitting there,  
Crossing and uncrossing your legs,  
Then crossing them again, while checking your phone every two minutes to see  
how many minutes are left of class.  
Pulling out candy and such to see if your jitteriness would speed up the hour,  
But it doesn't, it makes you want to crash because you're not doing anything  
exciting just yet.  
So then it's 2: 20 and class is over,  
The bell has rang and you're basically power walking down six flights of stairs,  
through a hallway, and to the only locker without a lock.  
You place the books from period six onto the top shelf above your English book,  
Then you slam it shut, then apologize because you spun around too quick and hit  
someone.  
You get to the locker room and get your gym uniform on,  
Lock your locker and walk into the small gym.  
You can't help but smile, because he's standing there,  
So, you try and hide your face by looking down and biting your lip.  
Your body's shaking and you mind is racing,  
But once he wraps his arms around you,  
Everything becomes comepletely calm again.  
This class feels like the quickest, because he's there and you don't have to wait,  
But then the bell rings and the day's over.

Great, now I've gotta wait for tomorrow to begin,  
You thought to yourself as you got onto that crowded bus.

Shannon Nicole

## Child Within[unfinished.]

We could be the oldest of our age group.  
But could act the foolish of our class.  
Not because we're idiots.  
But because we're kids within.  
We never really wanted to grow up.  
But we got caught up in the river of time.  
We still play those childrens games,  
Because there's nothing more fun to play.  
So what if we run around like the little kids.  
In the end we know we'll have life long friends.

Each child different from the rest.  
Some happy, others sad, but they always find each other.  
Some want to run around laughing like clowns.  
Others just want that hug their parents never gave them.

You can go by a busy street, and can always tell one thing.  
Who still embraces their child within, and who let their's loose long ago.  
They can walk by with a sly grin on their face.  
Or knock your shoulder and scream some obsurbity.

Sad to see, those who let their child die off.  
They never seem to be happy in life.  
Ever searching, trying to get to true happiness.  
But ignorant to the fact it left them long ago.

i'll leave the rest to see what she can think of

Shannon Nicole

# Christmas Eve

Every year we wish for the best.  
Every year we want to get along.  
Every year, it's all a routine.  
First there's hugs and kisses,  
Then the night ends with a fight.

Christmas eve is supposed to be about family,  
It's supposed to be about love and caring.  
It's supposed to be nice,  
But mine wasn't.

Mine started with laughs and jokes,  
Then we argued and laughed.  
Next was dinner and fun,  
Then there was fighting and tears.

A family that hates how we've grown apart.  
Words that are said wrong, or misheard.  
We can't get the whole family in the same room,  
Without cuss words and tears and anger rising.

Everyone has to watch what they say,  
Because the young ones will hear you wrong.  
They'll hear one thing, and think you're making fun of their 'rents.

I was crying on Christmas Eve,  
Because it's just a routine, now-a-days.  
We'll be all fine and dandy,  
But once you get to that age.  
The beers are gone,  
The words are slurred,  
The tears are flowing,  
The smiles disappear.

There's one thing that I wish for this year,  
One thing I want,  
That next year is REALLY a New Year.



# Christopher Francis Slansky.

Standing there.  
Telling such lies.  
Using big words and such.  
Thinking I don't understand.  
But what you don't know is,  
I got a dictionary in my sleeve.  
So the truth finally comes out.  
You're shouting at me,  
And I'm laughing.  
'Do you think this is funny, '  
You ask.  
'Obviously, '  
I answer.  
You try to hit me,  
I duck and dodge.  
You're getting angry,  
And I think this is funny.  
Steam coming from your ears,  
Your face is getting red.  
I'm just laughing.  
You're playing as the victim.  
This is getting annoying.  
You're telling all these lies.  
Everyone's starting to not believe you.  
You're hurting people around you.  
Honestly,  
This is really pathetic.

Shannon Nicole

# Confusion

Is this emotion I'm feeling called love?  
Where it sends shivers up my spine.  
When I blush so deep that I can't help but giggle,  
Is it love?

What is this hatred doing in me?  
Why do people hate?  
When we can love.  
Is there ever going to be an end to this hate?

All this darkness,  
Tightening around me,  
Is there ever gonna be an entrance to the light?  
I ask myself,  
Am I dead?  
Is this depression?

All those tears,  
Broken hearts and scars,  
There's no way out.  
Death is our only escape from this Hell.

Can it be,  
That all these things I feel,  
Are real?  
Is this how we're supposed to live our lives?  
Is there any quiet places,  
That we can sleep through the darkness?

Love,  
Hate,  
Death,  
Depression,  
These are all emotions, that we are bound to feel.

Tears and screams,  
They don't solve anything.  
Love and hate,  
They're just normal emotions.

Death and depression,  
They're are sad,  
But true.

Shannon Nicole

# Could She Ever Be Who She Wants?

She's hiding in her memories,  
Terrible ones at that.  
She's living in a lie her family wishes she could be,  
A lie told to deep to change.  
She's remembering how her little sister used to get into all her stuff,  
What was she thinking?  
She didn't have any family,  
No one would come to her side when she needed them the most.  
She always wondered when someone would really notice her,  
Notice her pain through this all.  
She wanted people to understand that she was hurting inside,  
That she really needed someone's help.  
She wished someone would hug her tight and say everything would be alright,  
Everything would be okay.  
She knew that nothing would change,  
Nothing would be fine.  
It was all just a lie, remember?  
Her life was just a lie.  
She was nothing but a fake,  
To everyone else.

Shannon Nicole

# Dear God.

Dear God,

I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry I have never believed in you.  
I never did until the day your son helped my mother through it all.  
You allowed my father to get through that huge storm near my home.  
You helped us through starvation and when money was tight.  
Thank you for allowing us to have a wonderful Christmas.

Your words were printed so many times that no one seems to believe anymore.  
There are days where everyone is going through hell,  
And wonder if you're really there,  
Watching over them.

There are Christian families with strong religious beliefs.  
My grandfather told me you could help me,  
That all I had to do was pray.  
Well, God, I'm praying.  
Will you answer my question?  
Help me get through this peacefully?

Dear God. Thank you for letting me live.

Shannon Nicole

# Dear Mommy And Daddy.

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

Sister said you weren't coming back.  
So, I'm writing you this poem.  
I miss you right now.  
I'm crying in my bed,  
Tears slamming onto this page.

Sweet Mommy and Daddy,  
Brother told me you were in an accident,  
That you were only sleeping.  
That you'd be back in a lifetime.

It's been years, Mommy and Daddy.  
It's been decades, Mommy.  
It's been a lifetime, Daddy.

Finally Mommy and Daddy,

I can see you again.  
I'm sitting here waiting.  
Waiting for you to come back.

See Mommy and Daddy?  
Do you see me?  
Do you see my hands in your's?  
I'm here, Mommy.  
I'm here, Daddy.  
We'll never be apart.

Ever again.

Shannon Nicole

# Death List.

Wait. Stop. Don't come any closer.

Eyes dark  
Nostrils flaring  
She's pissed.

He watches her, very amused.  
He traces her cheek with one sharp nail.

She squirms beneath him.

Nothing you can do. You can't save yourself from me.

He leans into her exposed neck  
Sniffing deep in her coconut scented hair  
He sinks his fangs into her delicate pale skin.

She screeches too loud  
Clawing her fake nails at his back  
Pushing him away.

Not strong enough, my lady.

She's crying now.

He doesn't care  
He has his way  
Leaving her body drained of blood.  
Onto his next victim  
Who's to be next on the immortal's list to die?  
A helpless human, dumb enough to hitch a ride with him.

Shannon Nicole

## Deep Down..

She could walk this earth with empty eyes,  
But once someone makes her laugh,  
She can't hide the fact that she loves to smile.  
She could look away in an argument,  
But deep down she's screaming back,  
She just doesn't want to speak.  
She could tell a lie and no one would notice it,  
But she will always hate herself for it,  
She'd rather stay away than hurt anymore.  
She could keep a smile on her face,  
But she couldn't get it to reach her eyes,  
She lost all she had because she wasn't looking to the positives.  
She could look around and notice all the pain,  
But she wouldn't say a word to stop it,  
She would write and write until it was found.  
She could hold onto someone,  
But wouldn't really be there,  
She'd be lost within her thoughts.  
She could think that there's no way out of the world,  
But she really knows there's something so much more than what she sees,  
She could be who she wants to be.  
She could look for a perfect, little world,  
But she'd get lost within the first ten seconds,  
She hasn't figured that there's only where she's at.  
She should notice what's happened,  
But she doesn't want to admit what she sees,  
She just wants to let go, forgive and forget.  
She could hide behind masks,  
But there's few people that can tear it away from her face,  
She's honestly glad that she has them.  
She could dress as a depressed poet,  
But really she's fine,  
She could be just fading because she doesn't want to see into the future.  
She could play along and pretend,  
But she wouldn't feel like herself,  
She'd be the one she created and who she never wanted to become.  
She could just walk away and leave it all behind her,  
But she has people to live for now-a-days,  
She can't just disappear.

She could stay and smile,  
But there's a difference in this girl,  
She doesn't want to be seen,  
She wants to be heard.

Shannon Nicole

# Enemy.

She's so afraid of what I might say,  
So she holds back her feelings and hopes for my happiness.  
Then she loses interest when I've got someone's hand to hold,  
She looks in the opposite direction and hopes I don't notice that sad smile.  
She's so caught up in this perfect little world,  
Where our smiles are directed toward something other than their actual meanings.  
She laughs in my presense to show that she would never cry in front of me,  
She wouldn't look at me like she used to.  
She'd swear that she was okay,  
But I really knew what hid behind her clouded eyes.  
She'd hug me and whisper something sweet,  
When I asked her to repeat she'd shake her head and apologize.  
When she'd walk away from me,  
I would think how much I missed her being my best friend.  
I missed how I could tell her anything,  
We'd laugh and joke about everything.  
She was my friend,  
Now it feels like she's distancing herself from me,  
Like I'm her enemy.

Shannon Nicole

## Explain Love To Me..

Some days I wonder what he sees in me,  
Other days I wish he'd tell me.  
There's times that I see him smile at me,  
There's others that I think he's not even looking at me.  
He looks at me like I'm actually worth something,  
He smiles when I say something cute.  
He tells me he loves me,  
Is he even telling the truth?  
Sometimes I wonder if there's a part of him that wants to get away,  
Others he's just there..  
Sometimes I wonder if he wishes I wasn't with him,  
Others I just wonder if he's trying to be nice.  
If he's just playing me,  
What's the point in the word love?

Shannon Nicole

## Fragile Child.

Watch her beautiful smile disappear,  
Its like a lost pet that never returns.  
She loses faith, she loses hope.  
Please, I beg you,  
Save her from this place.  
She gets lost in crowds.  
She burns in the light,  
Her voice is lost and cracked.  
Every night she wishes upon a great star,  
Hoping something comes true.  
Grant her one important little wish,  
I promise, its simple.

Shannon Nicole

## Gummy Bears. Lol.

She got a box of gummy bears from a friend,  
On her seventeenth birthday this year.  
Red, green, yellow, clear colored gummy bears.  
Not really tasting the color or the sort,  
Which is quite disappointing if you really think about it.  
Just made of pure sugar,  
That's what they really are.  
Eating too many aren't really great,  
Unless you have one of those sick cravings.  
One, two, three, four...  
Whoops,  
Ate too many.. now I've lost count.  
Looking back into that gummy bear box,  
And they're all gone..

Shannon Nicole

## Have You Ever....?

Have you ever felt so worthless,  
That you would do anything to hear someone say they care?  
Have you ever cried yourself to sleep,  
Even after someone said 'I love you. Get some sleep'?  
Have you ever spoke to someone like they meant everything to you,  
And they still talked down upon you?  
Have you ever had to hide your face,  
Just so no one saw the tears well up?  
Have you ever scribbled over a scar,  
Just so the world wouldn't wonder?  
Have you ever felt so alive,  
And within seconds,  
There's tears on you keyboard?  
Have you ever been so caught up in the past,  
That you'd still arguing knowing that you are more than wrong?  
Have you ever had someone tell you to text them if you were bored,  
But wouldn't because you didn't want to ruin their day?  
Have you ever felt empty,  
Because you were never needed for anything?  
Have you ever hung your head,  
Because you weren't strong enough?  
Have you ever looked at you reflection,  
And asked,  
Am I really worth it?

Shannon Nicole

# Hey, Just Wanted To Tell You Somethin'.

I don't know what you do,  
But you've already got me missin' you from a seat away.  
You're already makin' my breath get caught in my throat,  
When I just get lost in your eyes.

I don't know why,  
But I'm so glad that you're still lovin' me.  
You've already got me willin' to be your's,  
And we've only been in this since November.

I don't know what you're thinkin',  
But you make my heart skip a beat,  
Even as you're reading this.  
How can you be able to do this to me,  
I'm already commited,  
You've got my heart and soul.

I don't know what you're goin' to say to me,  
But I just wanted to tell you at least one thing,  
Maybe two.  
I love you with all my heart Matthew,  
And you mean the world to me.

I'm so glad you're still mine.

Shannon Nicole

# Home Sweet Home.

A trunk covered in a massive amount of dust,  
Victorian, gothic lining, a forest green.  
A skeleton key like lock bolted to the trunk,  
A faded silver shovel leaning in the corner across from it.  
A music box, a pale pink,  
It's shining rim along the edges.  
It plays a soft lullaby,  
Only to be thrown across a darkened room.  
An antique mirror having the reflection of a girl,  
This girl has a white eye and a broken face.  
A blood stain on the wall to the right,  
A gash along the left side of her left leg.  
A pretty, little doll lying against a rocking chair,  
Eyes unblinking, Lips unmoving.  
A symbolized death of an innocent child,  
Locked away in a box with her favourite things.

The look that raced passed her eyes,  
Peering through the slightly cracked mirror,  
A face is smiling from behind.  
He's standing close but oh so far,  
So she's glaring into the eyes of a stranger whom she cannot see.  
Her heart cold and shredded,  
He speaks as if she is alive and well.

A shadowed girl in a disrupted family,  
A shattered photograph, burnt at the edges.  
With a smiling face and cleared eyes,  
She holds the hand of a beautiful woman.  
The corners now ashes and breaking off,  
Her eyes fill with unshed tears.  
Clouded eyes, broken faces, a faded past,  
She was her future no longer.

A girl with a heart oh so fragile,  
Broken to millions of pieces by a simple burn,  
That only a photograph had caused.  
Ashes breaking off,  
Her eyes now blackening,

She's in a far off place.

A bright white cloud,  
Showing a beautiful woman with pale hands,  
Her skin smooth, a smile across her lips, a blush fade across her cheeks.  
A shadowed child in a faded place,  
A child faced death,  
The forest green, gothic trunk placed into a corner, unmoved,  
A body inside, blood dried in the veins, bruises scattered.  
A child never found in an abandoned home,  
Home sweet home.

Shannon Nicole

# How Do You Do It.

How do you do it,  
When you know you shouldn't.  
How do you do it,  
When it's not allowed.  
How do you do it..

You make it seem so easy,  
Being perfect.  
You may not see it,  
But you're perfect to me.

How do you do it,  
When you're supposed to be focused.  
How do you do it,  
When it's something that takes time.  
How do you do it.

You always know what to say,  
Even if I don't want to hear it.  
You smile at me and make me laugh,  
Even when I don't want to face it.

How do you do it,  
When you should be able to ignore it.  
How do you do it,  
When you're looking away and hiding.  
How do you do it.

I don't understand,  
How you can make me feel this way.  
I don't get why,  
I'm so caught up on something you said,  
Like it's the end of the world..

How do you do it,  
When my heart starts to race.  
How do you do it,  
When those butterflies fill my stomach.  
How do you do it.

I could look into your eyes,  
And I nearly melt.  
You could just look at me,  
And I'd blush.

How do you do it,  
When I can't even look away,  
How do you do it,  
When color comes to my face,  
How do you do it?

I take a glimpse at you,  
And I can't even blink.  
When you smile at me,  
My breath gets caught in my throat.

How do you do it,  
When my mind goes blank.  
How do you do it,  
When my lips start to bleed.  
How do you do it.

I'll have something I really want to say,  
But can't remember because you smiled at me.  
My teeth attached to my bottom lip,  
Because I'm not so good at hiding my smile.

How do you do it.

Shannon Nicole

## I Could.. But Then..

I could say that I was feeling alright,  
But then I'd be lying.  
I could say that I was feeling distant,  
Because that's all I know that's right.  
I could say I was feeling awake,  
But I know that I'm really asleep.  
I could say that I was breathing fairly,  
But I know I'd lose my breath at any minute now.  
I could say that my heart was beating slowly,  
But I only knew it was beating real fast.  
I could say I haven't been smiling,  
But you'd read my mind and know I was.  
I could say that my eyes have darkened,  
But I know you'd look at me say 'liar'.  
I know you look at me and think I'm someone that's different,  
But if you really look at me..  
You'll know I'm really the same.

(I lost train of thought..)

Shannon Nicole

# I Could.. I'M Sorry...

I could write a million stanzas,  
And not like any.  
I could draw a million pictures,  
And shred them all.  
I could paint a million pieces,  
And still think that someone did better.

I could sing a million songs,  
And still want to change every lyric.  
I could sign so many photos,  
And still imagine someone beating my imagination.  
I could learn so many instruments,  
And still hate myself for not even trying just one.

I could fall in love with someone,  
And watch them walk away.  
I could smile at someone,  
And still see them fade.  
I could believe someone's every word,  
And still listen to their lies.

I could feel the pain of every emotion,  
And soon enough die.  
I could keep falling over and over,  
And just get back up.  
I could get a scrape,  
And lose some blood.

I could end up in the hospital, on my death bed,  
And still think that someone's in much more pain.  
I could lose my breath from an asthma attack,  
And still see that someone's dying of a disease.  
I could complain to the world that I hurt,  
But I'd still see that someone is hurting more..

I'm sorry.



## I Hate It..

I hate it when my throat starts to burn,  
And my eyes start to cloud.  
I hate it when my body starts to cramp up,  
And my heart begins to race.  
I hate it when my breath gets caught,  
And I swallow my words.  
I hate it when the goosebumps form,  
And I start to shake.  
I hate it when my words start to repeat,  
And I begin to studder.  
I hate when I part my hair,  
And it doesn't part evenly.  
I hate that I wear to not be judged,  
And not worry about comfort.  
I hate that I'm hiding,  
Behind a mask of pretend..

Shannon Nicole

## I Love It...

I love it how people say they love you  
But you know its just a lie.  
I loved it when he walked away not even noticing I was there  
I love it when he looked right passed me  
And told the girl behind me  
He loved her.  
I love how you told me that you wanted me to stay  
But then you left.  
I love the way you say I love you  
Every word dripping with lies.  
I love it how you hold her close  
And push me away everytime.  
I love the way you look at me  
You look into my eyes  
But when I look back  
There's nothing there  
There's no thoughts of me..  
I just love it!

Shannon Nicole

# I Love You.

She wants to tell him that she thinks about him more than anything.  
His name is the answer on her Algebra test,  
Number three to be exact.  
She wishes he could see how much she wants him.  
His picture is the only picture on her bedroom wall,  
Closest to her heart.  
She wants him to see that she would do anything to see him smile.  
His smile lights up her day,  
If only it was seen more often.  
She waits for him to realize that she only wants him to be happy.  
Waiting until that day comes that he says he's found someone better,  
Hoping it comes sooner than later,  
The longer it takes to be told.. The more it hurts to know it's the truth.  
She loves him with all her heart.  
She wants him to be her lover.  
He is her love, her life, her world..  
Does he realize that she cannot find anyone better,  
Because she doesn't want anyone better?  
She's happy with the one she's completely in love with.  
Maybe he needs to decide whether leaving her would be the best..  
Maybe he should realize that he'd hurt her more if he left..  
What should be done,  
Is more than his choice.  
It is our decision,  
But she's already told him..  
He just needs to be the one to finish the agreement.  
Can he remember what she said?  
"Forever and always."  
She'd love him forever and always.  
Until their dying breath,  
She would confess her love to him and only him.  
She just wants him to understand that she'll be there for him either way.  
She just wants him to be okay,  
To be happy.  
She wants him more than anything in the world,  
But she wants him to smile more than anything.  
She would be by his side,  
Even if it means crying to herself at night,  
Because he's found someone better.

She just wants him to be happy.  
I just want you to be happy.  
I love you so much.  
Please,  
Whatever you decide,  
Don't worry about me,  
But please,  
Please just be happy.

Shannon Nicole

# I Really Hate You Right Now.

Why do you have to confuse me?  
Why do you have to say you miss me?  
Stop lying to me.  
You don't miss my smile.  
You don't miss my laugh.  
You don't miss my touch.  
You don't miss my voice.  
You don't want to hear my cooeing.  
You don't want to see my face again.  
I miss you.  
Only a little though.  
I try not to think about you.  
I apologize for everything.  
I apologize for dating you.  
I apologize for meeting you.  
I apologize for wanting you.  
I apologize for loving you.  
I apologize for still being here.  
Talking to you.  
Calling you.  
Wishing you a good life.  
My apologies.  
Good-bye.

Shannon Nicole

# I Wish It Was Yesterday. [[11/29/09]]

So the fighting begins  
The arguments rise  
The doors start slamming  
Voices are lost from all the screaming  
Tears are falling and crashing around our feet

I wish I didn't stay home today  
I wish they stayed at my father's  
I wish we could all just get along  
I wish there wasn't so much fighting  
I wish he would stop being a smart ass  
I wish he would learn,  
But I know none of this would happen  
I know,  
Because it never does  
It's more of a routine we all seem to face

All I have to say is:  
I hate today  
and  
I wish it was yesterday.

Shannon Nicole

## If Only, If Only.

I've been told to go kill myself,  
To go jump off a cliff,  
To go die in a hole.  
If only, if only is what I always said.  
If only no one loved me,  
If only no one cared.  
If only, if only is what I always said.  
Everytime I would even attempt,  
Someone turned my way.  
Hey look,  
How come someone cares now?  
Didn't think I would do it?  
Didn't think I had the guts to try?  
I would have been successful if he wasn't there to pull me back,  
I wouldn't be here now if he hadn't been here all along.

There's a thought in the way back of my brain,  
Repeating and replaying,  
A moment in the past,  
Where all my mistakes took place.  
A place where attempts were thought of as wrong,  
A place where no one thought anything of it.

If only, if only is what I always said.

Shannon Nicole

# I'M So Done With You Two.

There's two people that I've known for the longest,  
And we've been through so much.  
Then a certain idiot breaks my heart,  
And the all hate his guts and are on my side.

Single for about a month and a half,  
And they're trying to hook onto my hand.  
Attached at the hip is basically what they were,  
They were always there.

Then I started dating someone that changed my views,  
He took a hold of my heart and hasn't thrown it back just yet.  
Now they're ignoring me and befriending the ex,  
All because 'I'm not the same anymore.'

The ex kept on emailing me because I asked him if he was happy that he's  
making people feel unwanted,  
He replied with a sarcastic smiley, saying that it wasn't his fault.  
It seems that all I need to do is change a little more,  
And I could have those friends back.  
Obviously, they weren't really friends to begin with,  
Because they were so caught up in how I'd feel if I saw him,  
And now they're flirting and speaking to him like nothing happened.  
I know it wasn't their situation,  
But don't tell me that you're going to keep my secrets and stay my friend,  
If you know damn well that you're lying to my face and that you could never  
keep your mouth shut.  
Maybe I shouldn't have let you passed my thick wall,  
Maybe I shouldn't have told you what I had,  
Maybe I shouldn't have promised you a lifetime of friendship.

Honestly, I hate you both,  
I'm done dealing with your bullshit.  
You hurt me before and I forgave you because I wanted you in my life,  
But now, I'm done with this bullshit.  
You can kiss my ass and take his side,  
Cuz you just lost the only friend that could EVER truly care.

Good bye.

Shannon Nicole

## In Response To Your Words.

I told you I couldn't dream of pushing you away,  
I wasn't lying.

I can't imagine anything without you,  
Honestly.

I know that might sound really clingy,  
But you said you didn't mind.

I told you that I wanted to help you,  
All you had to do was let me.  
It's your choice whether I go or stay,  
If you don't want me to go,  
Will you at least let me help?

I love you with all my heart,  
I promise.  
I'm not lying,  
I can't lie to you.  
I love you.

It's your decision,  
Will you let me help?

Shannon Nicole

# In The Beginning

In the beginning of a story,  
Someone explains the purpose.  
Everything forms into a mystery.  
Suspense, thriller or a romantic, comedy.  
There will be some sort of character sequence.  
Enemies or best friends.  
Cousins or siblings.  
Boyfriend/girlfriend or husband/wife.

In the beginning of a lifetime,  
Someone is brought into the world.  
A being is loved/hated/jealous/proud.  
Sometime later, they grow older.  
A few years after, an accidental problem.

When someone dies in a lifetime,  
They're still living in the story.

Shannon Nicole

# It Keeps You Wondering.

Bored. Gone. Wasted. Shattered.  
Loved. Used. Abused. Ruined.  
Dead. Breaking. The morgue.  
Taken. Forgotten. Lost.  
Rusted. Stolen. Don't come back.  
Staked down. Through the heart.  
Seen dusty. Broken. Gone.  
Dying. Frost bite on her thumbs.  
Staying quiet. Staying hidden.  
Watching knees to feet.  
Biting finger nails.  
Bleeding bottom lip.  
Hair strands dangling. Drenched in gel.  
Make-up smeared.  
Clutching a bat too tight for comfort.  
Brightened room.  
No where to run.  
Black mass. In the doorway.  
Where to go?  
Shaking. Scared. Tired. Alone.  
What to do when no one's home.  
Grab the phone.  
Dialing fast. Pressing wrong buttons.  
Hearing the footsteps.  
Nervous. Scared. Alone.  
Waiting. Freaking out. Alone.  
Not wanting to know what's next.  
Standing up and running.  
What a waste of energy.  
They're coming closer.  
Hold your breath.  
Stealing glances at the mirror on the wall.  
Watching more feet enter the room.  
Staring. Widened eyes. Breath caught. Don't speak.  
Don't suck in a breath. Shh. They'll hear.  
Splinters digging in her chest.  
Hissing. Silence  
Bad choice. They've found you.  
You're dead. Alone.

Buried and cold.  
Dirty and soft.  
Stiff as a rock.  
Motionless.

[[[My dad said that I could be like the next Anne Rice. lol]]]

Shannon Nicole

# It's Another One Of Those Days...

It's another one of those days,  
Where the bad feelings won't leave,  
And the tears just won't go away.  
It's one of those times,  
Where the body wants to break,  
And the face wants to hide.  
It's one of those hours,  
Where the soul would rather be some place else,  
And the mind would rather not wander.

I hate this emotional time,  
It's the time where my throat burns,  
And the tears cloud my eyes.  
It's the day that people tend to stay away,  
When I'm feeling so down that I could take your excitement away.  
It's the time that cause people to get annoyed,  
Maybe that's why I feel this way.

The time where the emotional breakdowns surface,  
And the numbing goes away.  
The time where pain rises,  
And faces haunt me again.

Shannon Nicole

# It's Hard

It's hard to look away and just forget.  
It's hard to forgive those that hurt you.  
It's hard to walk away from something you love.  
It's hard to not cry when you've just been put down.  
It's hard to believe everyone when you've been lied to all your life.  
It's hard to understand someone when they're not making sense.  
It's hard to help people that don't let you know.  
It's hard to put a good word in when all you can do is wonder.  
It's hard to not say your opinion.  
It's hard to quiet down when you're pissed.  
It's hard to let go,  
When you've just learned to hold on tight.

Shannon Nicole

## I'Ve Built Walls....

I can't explain much of anything,  
I'm not good with words and I'm not good with actions.  
I don't speak up for myself,  
When I need to get off the bus or when I need to get to class.  
I hide behind smiles and simple little laughs,  
Just so people don't wonder what's really going on in my mind.  
So, he just had to come along and right into my life,  
And ask me what I was thinking about.  
I've only opened up to three people but not even my mother,  
Because I was always afraid that people would go away because I thought they might.  
This one boy, making my stomach fill with those stupid butterflies,  
Wonders why I'm looking away and not answering his questions.  
I tell him it's nothing,  
Am I trying to convince him or myself?  
The life I seem to be living is really great,  
But there's some cracks, some flaws, in this girl you see.  
She doesn't look people in the eye,  
Because she is afraid of what she might see.  
She hides behind her sarcastic ways,  
Because she doesn't want anyone to see the real her..  
This girl was lying down with that boy one day,  
And she wanted to tell him everything that was bothering her,  
But she was afraid he'd push her away.  
So, she stays within her built up walls,  
Just waiting for him to break it down.

Shannon Nicole

# Just Doesn'T Make Sense Anymore.

sometimes I wonder how much it'd hurt to slit only once  
how much would it take for a flame to burn through my flesh..

People come at me in all different directions  
Usually wanting me to make their pain ease  
Their life easier  
Their day better  
But what about my day  
What about my life  
How does my pain ease  
Why can't I be different  
Why do I have to take care of this shit  
Why can't I escape  
What if I left  
What would they have left  
Would they even look  
Would anyone even care  
To die alone is to be alone  
You have to take care of the fact that we aren't here to rule out your life  
We're here to make you feel better about yourself  
Bullshit!  
That's what they've told me  
Bunch of lying sacks of shit  
That's what I say  
Fucking bull  
Whatever  
What happened to living life to the fullest  
And not crying over some boy that broke your heart  
What happened to no video games before dinner  
And no television at the dinner table.  
What happened to love at first sight  
And people that actually cared  
What happened to love actually meaning what it was meant  
And same for forever  
What happened to holding hands in the sun rise  
And kissing in the sunset  
What happened to 'I love you's not being thrown around  
And hate being as strong as it used to  
What happened to all the minimum of gang violence

And toy swords being the new thing  
What happened to no such thing as cell phones and internet  
And letters & phones with cords being the only way to communicate  
What happened to parents enjoying the kids' company  
And teens actually staying home without being forced  
What happened to Teenage Ninja Turtles  
And boys with cooties.  
What happened to Nintendo being awesome  
And Soulja Boy not in existence  
What happened to fighting for popularity  
Without getting your ass kicked  
What happened to poetry and bedtime stories  
And imagination  
What happened to all these wonderful things?  
Where has everything gone?  
Where, I wonder?  
Will they ever come back..?

Shannon Nicole

# Just Something I Was Thinking About..[[eh.]]

You know when you look at something,  
You can see it breakdown, it crash.  
She could look through something,  
And see its worst ways.  
She can see what's going to happen,  
Though she wishes it would not.

There's a past, there's a way, there's a place, there's a time.  
Someone that wastes a single breath,  
Just telling a lie can become a story that will never end.

There's a crash, there's an accident, there's a thought.  
Someone's dying or breaking away,  
From the life that's going great but they can't seem to help it.  
A place that no one wants to be seems to be the one where everyone goes,  
That one place where everything goes wrong and nothing is ever right.

There is a place that she would like to go,  
But it seems there is a barrier that is blocking her path.  
Where to go now?  
What's left?  
Nothing?  
Maybe something?  
Maybe not.

Shannon Nicole

# Just Wanted To Say Thanks..

I'm trying to hold myself back,  
From falling so fast.  
I don't want to say that I love you,  
But I really like you a lot.

I fall for people easily,  
It's just one of my weaknesses.  
Every time I ended up falling for someone,  
I always seemed to get hurt.

You don't have to promise that you won't hurt me,  
Because honestly,  
I'm not so sure I'll fully believe you.

I've been through this shit before,  
I've gotten so close to someone,  
Told them that I loved them,  
They ditched me too quick for me to realize it in the end.

I'm not looking for someone to love,  
You just make me feel so great.  
Honestly,  
When you move away from me,  
Because you're mom's there,  
I'd wish she'd go away,  
So that you could hold me again.

To be completely honest,  
I love that you're around and that you haven't gotten bored of me...yet,  
But I do believe that you will,  
And if you prove me wrong..  
Well, I might know you're true.

I love it when you smile,  
Because obviously it makes me smile.  
I like that you're gentle,  
But can handle whatever comes your way.

Anyway,

I just wanted to say thanks.  
Thank you for being my friend.  
Thank you for being around.  
Thank you for not ditching me,  
Even if it's only been a few weeks...  
Or a month..

Shannon Nicole

# Just Wish I Knew.

Days and days,  
That's what keeps me thinking.  
Him and her,  
That's what keeps me going.  
Thought by thought,  
That's what keeps me from crying.  
One word before the next,  
That's what tells a story.

I just want to know what he's thinking about,  
I just wish I could help,  
But there's a few things in life that just aren't said.  
Yea sure we can all fake smiles,  
But they're never true til you're good at playing pretend.  
A childhood with a gruesome future,  
Is what really chooses your path of existence.

It makes me wonder if what he's thinking,  
Is it my fault?  
I wonder if he'll eventually tell me,  
Or will I have to pry?  
I don't want to make people tell me,  
I was never good at force or being in demand.

I just wish I could know these things,  
I hate being unaware and confused.  
I hate wanting to cry,  
All because I'm always thinking that it's my fault,  
Even if you try your best to convince me that it's not.

I just wish I knew,  
How to make you smile,  
And keep it.  
I wish I knew,  
How to make you laugh,  
Instead of making a fool of myself.

There's somethings that I wish I knew,  
But I suppose I'm just going to have to wait.

Too bad I'm not really that patient,  
Kind of ironic,  
Don't you think?

Shannon Nicole

# Justyna.

Sometimes I hold my breath as you tell me who hurt you,  
Because I don't want to hurt you anymore with my words.  
Sometimes I close my eyes as you cry,  
Because I don't want to see your painful memories.  
Sometimes I tune out your sobs,  
Because you're putting yourself down.

I just want to hold you as you cry,  
But I understand if you push me away.  
I just want to be there to help you through it,  
But I understand if you're going to shut me out.  
I just want to be your friend,  
But I understand if you don't want me here.

I want you to look at me and tell me the truth,  
Are you happy?  
I want you to look at me and tell me the truth,  
Are you okay?  
I want you to look at me and tell me the truth,  
Do you trust me?

I'm sitting here thinking, wondering, waiting,  
Just for you to come around.  
I'm sitting here thinking, wondering, waiting,  
Just for you to tell me what's wrong.  
I'm sitting here thinking, wondering, waiting,  
Just for you to be my friend.  
To trust me.  
Hopefully you can trust me.  
I promise I'm here for you.  
I promise.

Shannon Nicole

# Life Still Goes On [[junior Year Poetry Slam]]

So there's heart breaks  
And pain out bursts  
Tales of so many liars  
Tears breaking through your clouded eyes  
But life still goes on

There's a story that's being told every day  
Secrets and promises are being broken  
Forgiveness and forgetting  
That's what we're all about  
Respect and Trust  
Disrespect and pain  
But life still goes on

There's a smile and a clash of whispers  
Don't tell the messenger  
He will be sad  
Pick up a pirate hat and your sword  
We're playing games, remember?  
It's what life's all about

You see,  
We may play games  
Mess up to the point of no return  
We might hurt and cause pain  
But in the end,  
We realize how much we really caused

Sometimes we wonder if life is out to get us  
Other times we know that there's always going to be someone waiting in the end  
We find out who our true friends are  
Where we stand and who takes us seriously  
We never know what's out there if we never get the opportunity to explore

There's so many kids wasting their lives on a simple picture  
So many people are dying because they've only given up  
There's so many women that are watching their weight or not  
So many men that are killing girls because of what only one did to them  
There's so many families that are losing their sons or daughters to suicide and

rape

So many mothers and fathers that are just being overprotective to keep their kid breathing

Some day we'll all understand that we have to live life to the fullest

Listen here, people

We only get one chance to find our self

We get only one opportunity to live

So stay proud

Keep your head held high

Forget the name-calling

Forget the hate

Forget the pain

You've got one thing to remember

Whatever happens in the end

Life still goes on.

Shannon Nicole

# Long Day, No Sleep.

My body doesn't wanna move.  
Plopped down on my bed;  
Opened my computer.  
Shit, my body's tensed up.  
I don't even wanna eat;  
One meal.  
Man, I'm still functioning.  
I feel like I could lock myself away  
And maybe my body will wanna do at least one thing.  
The cries for help aren't doing anything for me,  
They're just there to say, 'No one's gonna help, so why are you still yelling? '  
I'm not depressed..  
I just don't wanna move.  
I just wanna sleep.

Shannon Nicole

# Lost Memories

Living within your memories  
Taking the tears from your eyes  
Erasing the thoughts you ever had of me  
And breaking all those truths

Telling your mind not to remember me  
That I was never here in the beginning  
Speaking in soft whispers  
Growling out words through your teeth

Everyone is telling you about this tragic event  
People are crying of what's not there  
Why are these people caring about what's dead  
She's not coming back  
Just give up

Telling people you're the only one that knows the truth  
A harmful truth  
It causes pain and a lifetime of misery  
Disturbing thoughts  
And harsh words being said

Her lovely black eyes  
Swollen up, through all those tears  
She cried and cried but no one helped  
She smiled at the thought of her own death being placed  
She looked upon the shining moon  
Wished upon the invisible stars  
She told the gods up in the sky that she was ready to die  
She didn't think anyone would care  
She thought everyone would just forget  
That she would become a lost memory  
But her family still cherish their thoughts of her  
They just remember her last words  
'I love you, Mommy and Daddy.  
My time has come to an end.  
I'm sorry to inform you now,  
That I am forever dead.'



## Matt. =]

Sometimes I could call him my best friend  
Because of all the stupid fights and laughing in the end  
I could trust him with my life  
And I know he wouldn't screw me over  
We play stupid games like war  
Then act as if nothing happened when someone's looking  
Though we want to be close  
Although we are, but can't  
I can simply call him my boyfriend  
Not because we're dating  
But because we can be each other's beau and still be close friends  
Sometimes I want him to tell me stuff he wouldn't tell anyone else  
I want to hear about his problems and be there to help out

I have this gut feeling that he won't hurt me like all the rest, but I've given up on gut feelings now-a-days..

Shannon Nicole

## Matthew. [[unfinished]]

You know I'd come back in a heart beat.  
You know I love being with you.  
You know I like holding you.  
You know I love you with all my heart.

There's some days that I hate being away,  
But sometimes I think,  
'Isn't that a good thing? Just so I don't become so clingy? '  
You said you didn't mind me being so attached,  
But are you sure you don't mind?

You chuckle at my habits,  
And you smirk when I do something 'cute.'  
I've noticed that you watch me when I'm thinking,  
I'm only wondering what you're going to say.

There's days that I just don't care,  
And you're still there to make me want to.  
There's times that I just want to disappear,  
But I can't because you're always here.  
I like it when you're around.

I like when you lay with me.  
When I get all quiet,  
I'm listening to you're breathing,  
So I can fall asleep.

Yes, I do like your skin.  
Yes, your skin is soft.  
Yes, I like rubbing your back.  
Yes, your shirt is frustrating.

Shannon Nicole

# Maybe, Just Maybe.

I told myself I wouldn't fall in love again.  
Well, I suppose I lied.  
I feel like there's no one else in the world,  
And for one reason and one reason only,  
I hate this feeling that I have.

I've been hurt one too many times to love again.  
I don't really trust my emotions.  
Why should I start now?  
I like him more and more,  
And I can't seem to stop thinking about him.

There's ways to avoid this emotion,  
But I seem to not want it to go away.  
I smile when he looks my way or says my name,  
My face heats up whenever he smiles at me.

If he knew how long I've liked him,  
I think I'd have to die.  
He might laugh at me,  
And I'd feel completely embarrassed.  
I'd blush and get mad,  
Even if he thinks it's cute,

I don't really understand why he agreed to date me,  
I wish he'd tell me why.  
I don't understand what he seems in me,  
I'm not even pretty to top it all off.  
I'm a klutz.  
I'm wrong,  
A bad influence.

Maybe there doesn't have to be anything great about me,  
Maybe he could like me for me.  
Maybe I'm just thinking too much.  
Maybe I should stop.  
Maybe I should look away from this and breathe.  
Maybe I should sleep this off and forget I said or thought any of this.  
Maybe I should know my place,

And quit questioning.  
Maybe I should love what I've got.  
Maybe I should love who I have.  
Maybe I should love him.

Shannon Nicole

# Mikayla

She knows that she was never perfect  
She's been lost within your heart  
She thinks she should change for that one she loves  
She cuts those lines so deep  
So deep into her beautiful skin  
She destroys herself for the one she wants  
She looks into that mirror on the wall  
She widens her eyes in shock  
She sees all those scars on her body  
Then, whispers,  
'I broke myself for her,  
She won't want me now.'  
So she thrust that knife right into her wrist  
She watched the bloody mess  
With her love at home  
She'll never know a thing  
So that girl took that gun  
Loaded it up  
Put it to her beautiful face  
Pulled that trigger  
Within a few minutes  
She was dead  
Her love was told by her parents  
Her love killed herself the same way as her.

I love you, Baby! I always will! Please don't change yourself for anyone! Love  
you the way you are! I promise! <33333

Shannon Nicole

# Mindless Suicide

Those sirens blared through her mind  
No one was coming  
To save her from herself  
She held the tears in  
Not letting them fall into sight  
She shed not a tear  
Even when that blade drew through her wrist  
She smiles now  
Making sure not a soul knows of her pain  
She pulls down her sleeve and lives her pathetic life  
She goes on hiding her for another  
She remains unloved and unwanted  
She throws her arms up in the air  
And screams  
She screams  
She screams all her secrets  
Out loud  
She fights her way back through her mind  
Wishing to stay there  
Maybe overdose her thoughts  
She's gonna slit her throat  
With her razor sharp thoughts  
She's gonna make sure she's lost forever  
She's gonna be a forever lost image  
Just a memory unfound  
She stares at herself  
Apart from herself  
Staring at the pathetic, dead image  
That image floats through her mind  
She was a mindless suicide

Shannon Nicole

# Mr. Hero

I found this hero today.  
They looked right through me,  
As though I were invisible.  
They never noticed me,  
What a smile I had on my face.

I am happy to see you, Mr. Hero,  
But you don't see that I'm right here.  
You're looking right through me.  
You're not seeing that I'm here.

Mr. Hero, I am here to save you,  
For you are my hero no longer.  
I'm here to take care of you, Mr. Hero,  
Not for you to take care of me.

Wake up, Mr. Hero.  
I'm here to take your temperature.  
I'm here to make sure you're all better.  
Mr. Hero, I'm sorry to inform you,  
But you're not my hero anymore.

Shannon Nicole

# My Love.

I've always wondered what it'd be like to wake up next to you.  
I've always wondered how it'd be if I opened my eyes to your smile.  
I've always wanted to know if looking into your eyes,  
Was the one thing I've always longed for.  
I've always thought that I was afraid of commitment,  
But then I remembered that you'd always be at my side.  
Whenever you hug me,  
I never actually wanted you to let go.  
When you pulled away from me because you were in front of an adult,  
I wanted to pull you back and kiss you.  
I've never wanted to be with someone this much.  
I think about you all the time.  
I wish you could be my escape from the world.  
I love that you know how I'm feeling at that moment,  
And I love it how you know how to cheer me up when I'm sad.  
You're close enough so I don't have to crave.  
I've always craved love,  
I've always wanted to know what a true kiss felt like.  
You've showed me these things,  
And I love you more than words can explain.  
Thank you for being here with me.  
Thank you for caring for me.  
Thank you for loving me.

Shannon Nicole

# My Mind, My Heart, My Body.

She could be anywhere in the world,  
and she'd see his face.  
A dark, cold breeze could rush passed,  
and she'd somehow feel the warmth of his skin.  
She could be alone on a silent walk home,  
and still feel his presence some place close.

A whisper at the edge of her ear,  
Telling her to take a deep breath,  
But she can't find the strength to even gasp.  
A nip of sharp pain,  
She hisses through her clenched teeth,  
But she can breath again.  
A rush of feeling throughout her body,  
Telling her brain not to scream,  
Sending all those little messages to her mouth,  
Demanding to not even moan.  
She failed,  
She opened her mouth with her eyes squeezed shut,  
She let out a quick gasp and a minor sigh,  
She was feeling better.  
Her eyes opened,  
Glistening with tears,  
She was a girl with a mind full of emotions.  
She dared not to open her mouth,  
For her teeth attached to her lip,  
Causing her to bleed a small wound.  
She's telling herself not to say it,  
She failed.

He said three magical words,  
That caused her heart to race,  
And her body to go haywire.  
Three words that could mean so much,  
That could make a blush creep across your cheeks,  
A smile reach your eyes,  
And fog fill your brain.

She failed one night,

Her mind told her no,  
But her heart told her yes.  
She said those three words back,  
And she hasn't regretted them yet.

Shannon Nicole

# My Place, Your Place, Our Place.

Imagining a perfect world,  
No rules, no mistakes.  
Just everything we want,  
All laid out and pretty.  
No one hates in this perfect world,  
Only likeable, friendly peers.  
If only there was this secret place,  
To set up this imaginary place.  
If only there was a group of positives,  
That would help create this new experience.  
If only we could be those likeable, friendly people,  
Then maybe we could live in that perfect world.

Shannon Nicole

# Near-Death Experience.

Swimming in a place,  
Can't see, can't breathe.  
Pushed deep,  
Lying at the bottom.  
Can't breathe, can't see,  
Slowly dying.  
A light so bright,  
Blinding into my eyes.  
Can't see, can't breathe,  
There's a sudden black force.  
Pulled to the surface,  
Can't breathe, can't see.  
Sirens and bright, flashing lights,  
I hear someone faintly yelling.  
A woman whispering my name,  
A family crying because something happened.  
Can't see, can't breathe,  
I can only hear beeping.  
The sound of a heart monitor,  
Catching my every breath.  
Opening my eyes,  
I saw faces.  
They seemed happy that I was awake,  
Honestly, I didn't remember a thing.

Shannon Nicole

# Nightmares

Drowning out all the whispers in my mind  
Stuck in a nightmare  
Its all passing by so fast  
Living in the darkness  
Among the dead  
The lights are dimming as we walk  
We step into the tunnel of my dreams  
Everything has gone wrong  
There are no happy thoughts  
They have all gone to waste  
Exiting to a lonely world  
Where no one exists to the lighted day  
We're all stuck inside  
This mind of hate  
No one has enough tears to cry out  
We're just stuck here  
There's no way out  
Just emptiness throughout this deserted place  
The stalkers that own this place, within my mind  
Have made us all think we're dead  
But by fact, we are not  
We are too much alive to let death cross our minds

Shannon Nicole

## No Title..

Seeing your smile  
Hearing your laugh  
Lovely words unspoken  
Lies just pleading to be told  
All those hearts  
Lying there in pieces  
Can't you see everything I wish to be?  
Hearing the cries of the broken  
Whimpers and tears  
Scars and bruises  
Can't you see that I'm hurting inside?  
Blocking out the pain  
And locking up my heart  
This is my life  
This is my pain  
This is what I am  
Broken and alone  
This is how I feel  
Locked away from everyone in sight  
This is how I am  
Changing into the darkest of night

Shannon Nicole

# Oh Sweet Brother Of Mine..

Oh sweet brother of mine,  
How I am going to miss thee.  
You are about to make a choice,  
That will change everything forever.

I understand that there are things you have to do,  
That you want to do.  
I understand that you want to sacrifice yourself,  
Just so we all can live in freedom.

I know you want to see the faces of the demons,  
To fight off the enemies.  
I know you want to grip the gun,  
And not be afraid of death.

I wish I could tell you that you're crazy,  
But this is the path you have chosen.  
I wish I could tell you that I'll miss you,  
But obviously..You already know that.

Oh sweet brother of mine,  
You're going to be missed.  
If you do go into active combat,  
I promise that I will begin praying every night,  
Just for you.

Oh sweet brother of mine,  
Please be safe.  
Please don't show them your back.  
Please keep yourself on guard.

Oh sweet brother of mine,  
I hope I see you when you come back.  
I hope you're not broken into millions.  
I hope you don't have to replay through those demons.

Oh sweet brother of mine,  
I will miss you.



# Only A Storm.

Rain falls and the sun hides.  
Clouds come together,  
Everything goes dark.  
Lightening strikes the sky,  
Thunder drowns the house.

The children grab their blankets.  
Mommy holds the infant.  
Daddy carries the puppy.  
Baby's dragging dolly behind.

The light goes out,  
And Baby screams.  
'Don't worry, its just the storm.'

Shannon Nicole

# Past, Present, Future; It's This Lifetime.

It's like we're trapped in a room with no way out.  
We're talking to the walls and making imaginary friends,  
Because that's all we seem to be friendly with these days.  
We're smiling to our self imagining the families searching and searching,  
We soon frown because we notice we're still yet to be found.

Stories are told to little kids with hoping faces,  
About princesses stowed away in castles in the middle of lava and volcanoes.  
It's like they don't have to worry about what's really happening around them,  
They're just listening and learning about things that really don't exist.

The beautiful children grow to be wonderful adults,  
All of which passed through broken families.  
They would hide within story book,  
To escape the fits of screaming their parents seemed to have.

Life's only been a fairytale through all this,  
These adults that grew to love them soon left them abandoned.  
Going through the dusty boxes in the back of their mind,  
Throwing away distant memories and forgotten images.

We're forgetting our future tasks and goals,  
Looking at things for how they are now not the big picture.  
Suppose that we could remember our forgotten details,  
Maybe we could manage to get around the wall that is built upon what we don't  
want to remember.  
Maybe in the end,  
We could all get along.

Shannon Nicole

## Promises, Promises.

She did the very last thing that I hate,  
Something we agreed we would never do.  
She gained a boyfriend sometime last year,  
Then lost him sometime this past month.

I don't know if she had decided that she needed some time,  
Or if she was simply bored with a single flavour.  
She moved on so quick, so I've heard,  
You told me that you and her were planning to date.

She lost a boyfriend and gained another,  
All in one day, not to make it seem bad,  
Which it sort of really is,  
Sort of making her seem like a slut.

Maybe in the beginning of this poem,  
I should have said what was happening,  
But with all honesty,  
I was informed by Facebook of this terrible mess.

Although the way that I put this,  
It's painting a picture in my eyes,  
Of a couple losing a loved one or something passing away.  
You can't really say that I should have left her for the dead,  
Because she is my sister and I must take care of her.

I am just truly angry with her,  
Obviously our past promises mean nothing anymore.  
Maybe it's because we were just kids,  
And now we're young adults.  
Maybe it's because we're trying new things,  
And experimenting.

I don't know anymore,  
Honestly, I don't care,  
After all, It's not my business anyway.

Shannon Nicole

## Random Wishes..

Seeing all the broken faces.

Tears appearing and people are falling apart.

Smiles fading and laughs are being torn.

Love told me once that you cannot always believe in what you hear.

They say all those people stuck on the streets get lost in such lies.

Getting stuck in a romance that is not forgiven by the higher being.

Stealing the shaded hearts of the weak and innocent.

Tackle yourself into a crowded darkness,

Filled with lovely whispers of dead silence.

Bleeding into a pale white room,

Seeking distance between the outcasts and the known kinds.

Washing out all the dusty sights shattering through your mind.

Shannon Nicole

# Reality

Isn't it funny when you could look around and think that you have it all,  
But in reality,  
You really have nothing at all.  
Your friends aren't really your friends,  
Your life is crumbling down bit by bit.  
You're looking around and wondering what really happened to the good ol' days,  
But then you notice that something is missing.  
That one little spark of happiness,  
It's missing.  
Where has it gone?  
You're worrying about the little things in life and not really worrying about the  
most important.  
Once you've realized that you're all that you need,  
Tell me when I am allowed back into your life.

Shannon Nicole

# Sadness.

These tears are burning my throat,  
But I dare not to let them fall.  
I thought we were past this crying this,  
It was just going to be a memory from then on.  
My mind simply lied to me,  
It wants me to cry but I cannot.  
There's a smile somewhere deep inside,  
But it can't seem to find it's way to the surface.  
Trying everything possible to hold back these pointless sobs,  
But nothing seems to work.  
There's no one here to talk to,  
To help get over this feeling.  
I hate this one emotion of many,  
I hate this feeling called sadness.

Shannon Nicole

# Santa, Dear.

Lovely winter snow,  
Melting on the hot sidewalks.  
Children's sad faces shine with delight,  
Catching invisible snowflakes on their little pink tongues.

Families turning on their Christmas lights,  
Singing their favorite songs over a glass of eggnog.  
Setting up their huge Christmas trees,  
Every ornament shinning in the bright lights.

Building snowman out of the nice, pure snow,  
Making the perfect face with their parents winter clothes.  
Watching the little kids sledding down the huge hills,  
Their laughing and their eyes are shining.

What a joy this could all be,  
Then you see the lonely kids.  
The ones that cannot not afford a Christmas every year,  
They watch as everyone gets what they want.  
But they see nothing for themselves.

Santa, dear, please bring those special kids with nothing to own,  
Something for Christmas this year.  
Give them something small or big,  
It doesn't matter, as long as they know they fit in.

Watching all the children's faces,  
Watching them shine.  
They've gotten all that they wanted,  
They're going to celebrate tonight.

Thank you Santa, dear,  
You've made us proud that you can help those with no money this year.  
You've made them all smile,  
So I thank you Santa, dear.

Shannon Nicole

## Sarah-My Baby Sister.

She's not even like herself anymore.  
No smiley faces in the morning.  
No talking to you in her baby talk.  
Her eyes look like they're filled with hate,  
Less emotion than normal.  
She's looking into your eyes screaming for help,  
But no one knows how to save her.  
No one knows what's wrong.

Shannon Nicole

## Security..

I pull people close only to be pushed away in the end.  
I use your arms as my jail,  
You're the one with the keys, with the power to let me go.  
With your hands wrapped around me,  
I feel safe, I feel secure.  
I know I said that I couldn't explain this,  
But I'm doing the best I can.  
I like it when you hold me because then I feel like I belong,  
When I'm being held,  
It feels like there's going to be a time that you take an emergency exit.  
Sometimes I would love it if you locked your arms around me,  
And I wish I knew that you weren't going to let go,  
But there's always a time, every day, that one of us have to let go.

I like the feeling of being safe..  
It feels nice, even great,  
I love it now that I can feel secure rather than later.  
I explained something here that I couldn't in actual words that erase before  
they're even pronounced..

Shannon Nicole

# She Was Mine..

She's perfect.  
Icy, blue eyes. Gorgeous.  
Cute, pale face. Rosy cheeks.  
Such a little nose. Pale, pink lips.  
To think she was kissable.  
Lovable. Who am I to kid?  
She was a stripper.  
Met her one night at a club.  
She was a sweet, sweet girl.  
Her spell. She placed a curse.  
Her perfect smell. Sweet pea, perfect.  
She always smiled. Such a pretty smile.  
She had a flawless laugh.  
She was so perfect. She was too perfect.  
She cursed me to love her.  
Too suductive for my liking.  
She was too perfect. She was mine.

Shannon Nicole

## She Was...

She was an image,  
A fragile photo.  
She was a glass frame,  
Daring to be broken.  
She was a beautiful rose,  
With petals, a dark crimson.  
Her tears were like blood from a wound.  
Her eyes shouting out for help.  
She whispers a sweet song to herself.  
She was an innocent,  
Waiting to be saved.  
She was a light,  
Wanting to be known.  
She was only invisible.  
Trust her,  
No one would notice.

Shannon Nicole

## She's Scared To Be Heard...

She takes a deep breath,  
Inhale then exhale.  
She's going to tell a story,  
Sit in that chair please,  
Just sit back and relax.

She's going to open up now,  
Something has been eating at her heart.  
She's tired of hiding,  
She's ready to be heard.

She's twiddling her thumbs,  
And biting her lip,  
And twirling her hair,  
She's nervous.

She stutters and stammers,  
She's lost within a thought.  
She's obsessing over the ripple on her pants,  
She's counting her breaths to calm.

She's smiling to herself,  
Because she sees his face in the crowd.  
She sighs, then looks at us,  
She's ready to speak.

She tells of a little girl,  
Alone and waiting for someone to hold onto.  
She tells of a family's life going down hill,  
A woman and a man fight from dawn til dusk.  
She tells of four children being born,  
All taking part in the arguments.  
She tells of a girl,  
A girl that is hurt,  
A girl that is trapped in the middle.

She tells of a group of friends,  
A group of friends so large too be many,  
But in reality,

Most fade as the years pass by.

She tells of a past,  
A past that she hopes to forget and erase.  
She tells of a day that she's glad to remember,  
A day that she's proud to circle and keep,  
A day he made that smile reach her eyes.

She finishes her story,  
She's smiling brightly.  
She's with her hands in her lap,  
And her eyes closed,  
A blush across her cheeks.  
She's finally been heard,  
And she's waiting for her words to be remembered.

Shannon Nicole

# Simply Dying.

Sitting. Waiting.  
Watching her closely.  
Thinking. Speaking.  
What is she saying?  
Lovely. Open.  
Her words are beautiful.  
Crying. Weeping. Sobbing.  
What is she doing?  
Sharpened. Cutting. Bleeding.  
Too deep. Stop.  
She's numbing so quickly.  
Piercing. Writing.  
Carving it in.  
Why is she smiling?  
Dying. Lost. Broken.  
She's hurting.  
Lying. Stealing.  
Why isn't she screaming?  
Taking. Stealing.  
She's losing her breath.  
Stopping. Fainting.  
Why isn't she breathing?  
Bruised.  
Look wait.  
She's falling. Help her.  
Save her.  
Now wait.  
We lost her.

Shannon Nicole

## Something Fake..

I can only think of so many ways to say this,  
Only so many languages I am bound to learn.  
I can only wish you a special evening,  
Once or twice a year.  
I can only say so much,  
Within one hour at a time,  
Without screwing up and ending the smiles.  
I can only hope you look around and live in the moment,  
Rather than be caught up on one thing I have said.  
I can only see so much and I'm sorry I don't see through your smile,  
I see through it,  
I just am too afraid to question,  
Because I am too afraid you'll flip out on me,  
That you won't want to hear me anymore.  
I hope I haven't ruined everything in your world,  
Hopefully you can still live without me as a burden hanging on your shoulder.  
I say things to make you happy,  
But honestly,  
I rather I didn't even get involved.  
I look at you with a smile,  
That is hanging by a thread and I'm just waiting for it to fall.  
If you look through my eyes,  
You'd see my real expression,  
The frown I hide deep inside to keep you from questioning why I hide.  
There's one day that I wish I could keep and name it mine,  
I wish that I could plan it and keep it that way,  
Just one day of the year is all I wish for,  
Just one day to keep and name it mine

Shannon Nicole

# Something Unknown

Hearing all their screams  
Their moans  
Their complaints  
Wondering if it would ever end  
Maybe if I wish  
Maybe if I hope  
Then just maybe everything will die down  
Everything would just stop after one final breath  
Maybe people would just leave me be..

Shannon Nicole

# Something You Wouldn'T Really Expect..

You said I looked like I wanted to say something,  
But at the same time.. I was holding back.  
I would bite my lip when you'd look at me,  
Because there's something I didn't want to say.

There's three words,  
That I don't think either of us want to hear at the moment.  
There's something that I'd like to stay away from,  
At least for a while.

You're always asking me what's on my mind,  
And it's killing me not to tell you,  
But at the same time,  
I'm afraid that you'll laugh at me.

There's one thing I want to tell you,  
But I'm not really sure I want to really tell you.  
I'm staring off in space,  
Because I keep replaying how your reaction would be.

I don't want you to ditch me this quick,  
Just because I have these stupid emotions that won't numb.  
I really, really like you,  
But really.. my mind tells me something more.

Finally my smile has reached my eyes,  
Because for once in a long while,  
I'm happy and I like it this way.  
I don't need to hide my smile,  
But I do it to be shy.

You say I'm cute,  
I hide because it's my childish side kicking in.  
I wish she'd go away,  
So you could actually see my blush and smile.

I wonder how many ways I could..  
I just don't want to say it.  
You probably know what I wanted so bad to say,

But really don't want to know your reaction.

Shannon Nicole

## Sometimes I Feel Like This..

Now that you've got her,  
You're going to ignore her.  
Now that you've got her by the hand,  
You're gonna take advantage of her.  
Now that you've controlled her mind,  
She's going to be defenseless against your demands.  
Now that you're here,  
She doesn't know how to stop.  
Now that you're everywhere,  
She has no place to hide.  
Now that you're with her,  
She belongs to you.  
Now that you speak,  
She crumbles under your every word.  
Now that your quiet,  
Is she allowed to breathe again?

Shannon Nicole

## Sound Familiar?

Don't get caught up in any little, pointless games..  
You'll get screwed with and messed up in the end.  
Don't trust those you just met,  
Even though you feel like they've been there a lifetime.  
Don't wish you they'd tell you everything,  
Maybe some of it is better off not being said.

You can't always have what you want in life,  
Nothing is ever truly given.  
You can't say you love someone,  
And expect them to be completely honest back.  
You can't pinky promise with someone that lies,  
You'll get your heart broken,  
And you will be in pain.

From now til the end of time,  
Just do me a favor.  
It's not something big or what not..  
I just want you to be real..  
Tell me something..  
Are you comparing this to your life,  
Right now?

Shannon Nicole

# Summer

- (A) lovely day is passing by
- (B) beautiful weather
- (C) catches my eye
- (D) dogs are running, oh so fast
- (E) every child is out until night
- (F) fulfilling their widest dreams
- (G) grabbing the last cookie
- (H) hearing the soft sounds of the wind
- (I) in the night, the fun stops
- (J) jumping up right at sunrise
- (K) kids are outside playing with beach balls
- (L) living the life of the wanted ones
- (M) making time last as long as possible
- (N) not wasting any minute
- (O) out in the day, having a ball
- (P) pieces of cake flying through the air
- (Q) queens that are from play-pretend
- (R) reading the expressions on the children's faces
- (S) seeing their happiness burst into fun and games
- (T) tea parties and teddy bears laying on a clean floor
- (U) using all the sugar for mom's coffee and adding it to the tea
- (V) mischievous little kids and their cookies in the red jar
- (W) wearing tank-tops, shorts, or skirts
- (X) extra news about the playings of the families
- (Y) young minds exploring a new world
- (Z) zooming through the air to the next stop to the guide of fun

Shannon Nicole

# Summer Days

Summer days  
With blades shining so bright  
All those times  
With blood shattered on the walls  
Wondering if I should have told you at the beginning..  
Thinking, maybe you wouldn't notice for awhile..  
Unloved & broken  
Living off Life's lies  
Dead & forgotten  
Buried under everything  
Even Earth's feet..  
Telling Love, itself, it has no right in my heart  
For it rips it apart  
Then it leaves it in pieces..  
For now I tell all those that can hear  
But mainly its just me..  
I tell them...  
Yes, this is me.  
& my heart is the one that cannot mend itself  
Me..  
I am only a human being..  
If you can save me from this dark room..  
I seem to be falling so deep  
Into the hole in the floor  
But do not worry  
I know I will not get out..  
Unless you are willing to fall head first..

Shannon Nicole

## Summer Of '09

I guess I can sit here and act like there's nothing wrong,  
But really I can't stop thinking way back when.  
I'm afraid from now until forever,  
About one sweet summer night ending in madness.

I can't really see through this pitch blackness,  
I'm hoping that no one sees me walking alone.  
I look behind me a few times,  
And make sure that I don't look as scared as I really am.

I would tell myself that nothing was going to happen,  
That I was almost home but really I was too far.  
I stopped to cross that busy street near my bus stop,  
Just to see a man staring me down from across the street.

I didn't really know what to do,  
So I made a right turn towards Pulaski.  
I couldn't see where I was going,  
Because my eyes were clouded by tears.

I couldn't understand why the footsteps were following me,  
They just seemed to be almost five steps behind me.  
I dared to look back and when I did,  
That man from across the street was smiling at me.

I hurried my way towards the lighted street,  
And all I remember hearing was his voice haunting the night.  
I looked behind me when I was somewhat across the big street,  
I didn't see that man from across the street.

And from now until forever,  
I am more paranoid than ever,  
Because I'm afraid that the man from across the street,  
Will be following me again..

Shannon Nicole

## Sundays.

'I don't remember my day, so it probably wasn't important.'  
I didn't do anything that great.  
Left the house maybe twice.  
Wreaked of my mother's Misty Menthol 120's.  
Looked up responsibilities of a maid of honor,  
Searched for dresses for the bride's maids,  
Made fun of the thought of my brothers in kilts.  
That's what my day consisted of.  
Multiple hours of watching the same movie over and over,  
Because my baby sister wanted to watch the monsters again.  
Finally able to watch a movie that interests me,  
And mid movie, maybe the conflict,  
And my mother asks me to go with her to run into the stores for her,  
Because she's too pregnant to do so.  
I was told in the morning,  
That once her fiance got home,  
We'd leave him with the kids,  
And we'd leave and go shopping so I could buy some clothes.  
We ended not going,  
Because she was getting tired,  
'It's getting late, ' so she says,  
Though it's only six o'clock.  
This happens every weekend,  
Whether I'm with my father or my mother,  
So, I give up.  
I'm done asking for something,  
I'm okay with everything,  
Which is why I said,  
'I don't remember my day, so it probably wasn't important.'  
Really.  
It wasn't.

Shannon Nicole

## Tbc.. =/ All About Me And My Wishes..

There's one thing I'd like to change about myself,  
There's one thing I want to be free of,  
I want my low self esteem to leave me.  
I want to be able to wear something and think the best.  
I don't want to worry about my weight and my appearance any longer.  
I'd rather be able to wear just a t-shirt without a big, baggy hoodie hanging over  
my shoulders.  
I would like to live my life with self confidence.  
I wish I could speak in front of lots of people or just a little,  
Without turning redder than ever and studdering.  
I wish I could sing at least one solo by the end of my senior year,  
Without choking and my nerves kicking in..  
I want to be able to speak up for myself,  
Without forgetting my words.  
If only I could wish away my fears,  
And live life to the fullest.  
I wish I could breathe regularly,  
Instead of fearing for an asthma attack to come around the corner.  
I wish I could have graduated on time,  
Instead of graduating next year..when I'm twenty.

Shannon Nicole

# The Mystery?

She sways her hips to the beat  
She closes her eyes  
She lets the music soak in  
She listens to every word  
And sings them softly

He sits at a table  
Sipping his coke  
He watches her dance  
He's like a stalker  
But he wants her

She never notices his strong stare  
She never notices he's there  
She knows that people are here to look  
But she doesn't know he's still there

He stays until everyone leaves  
He stays until the music stops  
He stays until she's tired as ever  
He wishes he could hold her up

She was the most beautiful creature,  
He thought.  
But she wasn't his  
She would never be his

He walked right up to her  
After another song switched on  
He leaned in,  
By her ear,  
And whispered,  
'You're beautiful,  
Dance with me? '

She nods.  
But she doesn't know who that voice was  
That voice that sent shivers up and down her spine  
She wanted to know

They danced together,  
Until the music slowed to a stop  
He walked right out of her life,  
Not even saying,  
'Good-bye'  
He left her  
And she cried

Shannon Nicole

# The One Place That I Wish I Could Be.

There's this place that I would like to go,  
It is a warm place and quite comfy.  
I could lay there for hours,  
Though I'd have to leave sometime.  
I could close my eyes and curl up,  
Though he wouldn't mind.  
I could lay against him with his arms wrapped around me,  
Still he wouldn't mind.  
I wish I could just close my eyes right now,  
Maybe I could but really I can't.  
My eyelids are becoming pretty lazy,  
And I can't because I have to wait til they leave.  
Rest is what I would like to do,  
But I'd rather wait til I am with him.  
There's a borderline that I cannot pass by,  
And he's never encouraging the worst.  
So I can sleep within his arms,  
And not have to worry that he will hurt me.

Shannon Nicole

# The Truth

Living a life of lies  
Floating through the world  
Not knowing what is right  
What the hell do I do now?  
I've forgotten how to love...  
How to care for those that need to be  
Lying awake in a wonderful dream  
Knowing that nothing could ever hurt me  
Only myself  
So I take that blade  
I thrust it into my chest  
Hoping no one would notice my disappearance  
That is exactly what happened  
No one noticed  
So I smiled in my blood  
I smiled at the floor  
My first real smile was shown...

Shannon Nicole

# The White Room

Stuck inside one of my nightmares  
Acid is oozing out of the walls  
Of the white room  
Seems as though the room is soundproof  
That no one will hear when I scream for help  
The man that I am so scared of  
He's lurking around outside the room  
These pictures plastered on the walls inside  
Are pictures of the man himself  
The writings on the wall were in blood  
They said that the man would torture his victims  
And skin them alive  
He would just sit there  
And watch their pain take them alive  
When he was done torturing them so  
He would chop their body up  
And bury them somewhere in the sky  
You could still hear the people's screams  
They didn't want the man to come back  
After I looked the man in the face..  
I fell off my bed, wide awake

Shannon Nicole

## There's This..

There's this dream,  
That I have every night,  
That succeeds to bring me to tears.

There's this dream,  
That wakes me up at 3am every morning,  
That makes me over think.

There's this dream,  
That makes me restless,  
Even though I slept the whole night.

There's this dream,  
That makes me wonder,  
But he's already proven that answer.

There's this dream,  
That I hope will leave me alone,  
Because he's confirmed that he won't let it come true.

There's this guy,  
That has my heart.  
He can keep it forever,  
If he wishes,  
I don't mind.

Shannon Nicole

# Those That Come Out At Night.

She is not one to look at in a mirror  
Her face fades into a pale mist  
She bares her sharp, decent fangs at the sight  
Her eyes glow a deep red shade  
Her whispers disappearing into a faint scream

She walks along the side of the dark alley way  
A few rats coming to feed on the decayed  
Her pace becoming slower  
She stops by a fellow station

A baby's cries are silenced by an inhuman scream  
Blood rushing down her throat  
A sweet caress on the back of her neck  
She turns,  
Another licks away the blood from her lips.

They, together, search for more to feed upon.  
She sleeps against his chest  
He stays on the lookout for strangers  
For hunters.

Shannon Nicole

## Three Thoughts? [[unfinished]]

An exaggerated cough,  
Leading to a dramatic cry.  
She's speaking in writing,  
But crying out for help.  
She's leaning on his shoulder,  
Learning new things each day.  
Can't think too much anymore,  
It's only just the beginning.  
Each morning,  
She lets out a long yawn.  
It's a another start of the next day,  
What's to come of it?

Shannon Nicole

# Three-Hundred-Sixty-Five Days In A Year[[unfinished]]

There's sixty seconds in a minute,  
There's sixty minutes in a hour,  
There's twenty-four hours in a day,  
There's seven days in a week,  
There's four weeks in a month,  
There's twelve months in a year.

Each second someone registers a thought,  
Each minute someone begins to hurt,  
Each hour someone starts to cry,  
Each day someone's heart is broken,  
Each week someone is going to worry,  
Each month someone is waiting for a phone call,  
Each year someone will receive at least one letter.

With three-hundred-sixty-five days in a year,  
One couple will fall in love,  
Two hearts will begin to mend,  
Three words will mean the world,  
Four eyes, two pairs, will see the boundary,  
Five fingers to count the thoughts,  
Six different expressions to explain,  
Seven total mood swings,  
Eight days to cry,  
Nine days to hurt,  
Ten days to repeat.

With every unexplained thought,  
There's always someone worrying in the crowd.  
With every misunderstood expression,  
There's always someone that gets hurt.  
With every single phrase,  
There's always someone that doesn't hear it right.  
With every pair of eyes,  
There's always a heart to match.



# Tonight.

You took my full innocence tonight,  
I don't regret a thing.  
I know sweet pain now,  
But I also know worry and hurt.  
Thoughts racing,  
I love you's being whispered.  
Tissue breaking and blood dripping,  
Sharp pleasure as you hold me there.  
Losing feeling in my legs,  
And I blame you.  
I love you with all my heart,  
I just don't want a kid at nineteen,  
Thanks.

Shannon Nicole

## Two Thoughts In One.

You asked me why I liked sleeping with you,  
I told you it was because I felt secure.  
That's not really the reason..

I like sleeping with you,  
Because when someone yells at me,  
I know you'll somehow calm me down.  
Your 'aura' tells me to stay calm,  
Or I'd be hurting you,  
And I don't want to hurt you.

I like sleeping with you,  
Because I do feel safe and secure.  
Not only that,  
I feel completely protected.  
When you're locked around me and your head is lying on my chest,  
I feel like I should be here, ya know?

I like sleeping with you,  
Because every time,  
There is a feeling in the pit of my stomach,  
That is telling me that I'm supposed to be here.

-----

I know you're trying to help me and all,  
But somethings.. I just gotta deal with on my own.  
I'm so fucking glad that you wanna help me out,  
But I'm used to different ways of calming down.  
If you see that I bite my lip,  
Or picking at my lip,  
Or digging my nails into my skin,  
I'm trying to calm myself down.

Honestly,  
I've always wanted you to be more demanding,  
And make me tell you what was bothering me,  
But you don't and I don't then I shut down,  
Then you make me smile,

And everything is then alright,  
But deep inside..  
I know you really want to know,  
So..  
How come you're not demanding?

Shannon Nicole

# Until Yesterday Came Along

She started cutting again.  
Starting hurting since yesterday.  
She's hiding her words since the day before.  
A whole chain of events happening over again.  
Her mother got sick.  
Her father left.  
Her brother died.  
She had a whole new family until yesterday came along.  
Her mother is lying in a casket, ready to be buried.  
Her father's been on the news,  
The body that was found under the bridge.  
Her new baby brother is long gone,  
His breathing was cut short when he was conceived.  
Her mother lost her newest child,  
But that also cost her her life.  
She died a few years later.  
It was confirmed as a suicide,  
Although there were no notes.  
Everyone knew,  
She couldn't live as the orphan anymore.

Shannon Nicole

# Untitled

I'll try to be happy  
I'll try to smile  
But if this promise is broken  
I am sorry!  
I cannot help that I'm numb  
Full of broken hearts and tears  
I'm trying to show that my emotions are frozen  
And see who can heal me  
Let me be able to see the happiness, Love contains  
Please teach me how to express my ways  
I'm sorry that I fell to the floor crying  
I'm sorry that I disappoint you  
I'm sorry I don't show any expressions  
I'm sorry that I love you  
Do you love me back?  
Do you even care?  
Care that I'm dying on the inside?  
That my heart has never been healed by anyone like you?  
I want to trust you  
I really do  
I need your love  
I want you to heal my pain  
I love you  
Please let me be able to love again!

Shannon Nicole

## Up Until Now..

As I sit along side of a few people,  
My eyes begin to shake.  
They ask me what I think about something,  
In reality, they could care so much less.  
I'm the quiet one of our 'group, '  
I only answer when directly spoken to.  
I don't give out ideas,  
Because someone always thinks of one to beat mine.

As I look into their eyes,  
My head begins to spin.  
Thoughts racing,  
One after the other,  
In a swift motion, none of them fail to break me down.

As I stand alone, but still within a large group,  
I feel as though I'm the only one there,  
The only one that cares.  
I could say something and they wouldn't like it,  
I'd be ignored until they need something.  
I'm not much of a push-over,  
But I can't stand to see someone sad.

As I smile to myself,  
It seems to scare everyone around me.  
I could look around and no one notices me,  
Not until I jump up and down,  
And say 'I'm here, I'm here.'  
Still not a soul cares enough to tell me hello in the mornings,  
Ask me how my day has been going or went.

Such a simple face pulled from a crowd,  
And he chose me.  
He chose the most caught up in weaknesses kind of girl to be with,  
And I am glad.  
I honestly feel like the luckiest girl in the world,  
Because I can say that he's not looking to hurt me,  
He's looking to care.

[Thanks, Matt.]

Shannon Nicole

## Valentine's Day.

It used to be a day that I hated.  
It used to be a day that I'd wish away.  
It used to be a day that I'd end up hurt,  
Or still feel pain passed that day.  
But this year,  
Things are different.  
I have a boyfriend that is so lovely.  
He is a world that I have always wished to have.  
He has mended my heart from its burns and tears.  
A guy whom I love with all my heart,  
And I know this,  
Because I'm believing my gut feeling.  
This would be the first year in ten years,  
That I could actually say,  
'Happy Valentine's Day.'

Shannon Nicole

# What Hurts The Most.. [[rip]]

Long ago and still to this day,  
I fear death and what can come of it.  
One summer day,  
It was a long, long summer day.  
I looked into the eyes of a relative that has already passed.  
(I'm sorry, I have to say. RIP.)  
A few months before then,  
I would space out and see the worst,  
I would see his death.  
I cried and cried,  
Until I could cry no more.  
The next weekend I saw him,  
All clean and alive.  
I wish I hadn't seen that terrible way,  
Because that thought broke my heart.  
A few weeks before he died,  
I saw his face in my dream.  
His eyes all glossy and glazed over,  
His lips unmoving.  
I could hear his voice until the next time I saw him,  
He told me not forget about him.  
There's a song that was my favorite that I can no longer hear,  
Because that song was played in my thought and my dream.  
That song was the one that he died to,  
One that I cry to when I hear it.  
The day before my dear uncle's death,  
He told me to take care of myself and not to worry about him.  
It scared me,  
The thought of him and suicide.  
Although this death was not on purpose,  
It was a complete accident.  
The day after his death,  
My grandmother gave me a necklace that I keep real close to me.  
She told me that he would have wanted me to have it,  
Because I was somehow the savior of his mistakes.  
Guess not this time, huh?  
Seems this time,  
I was the one that was too late.



# What's Going On..? [[about Three People.. =/ Can You Guess? ]]

He's not eating and she's not speaking.  
He's breaking down and she's faking happy.  
Both lost in a fantasy,  
Waiting for the other to make a move.  
Wondering what bothering her,  
But she's not telling me.  
Wondering why he's this way,  
But he's just making things up.  
They've never met once,  
But they would love to see each other's face.  
She's hiding from everything including herself.  
He's fading because he can't get himself to love her.  
Their moods are changing,  
Their heads are spinning.  
She's changing her appearance to seem 'pretty.'  
He's distancing himself to harden his shell.  
She's pacing back and forth trying to figure something out.  
He's waiting in the dark for something to change.

I'm holding back to rid myself of these thoughts.  
She's not talking to me,  
And he's ignoring me.  
What's there left to do, but keep trying?  
Nothing, keep trying.

She's lingering in the hallway,  
Peering passed all the losers,  
Right to a boy that's burning a hole in her thoughts.

He's looking into the mirror,  
Wondering why he isn't good enough,  
Thinking he should lose a few to be liked by her.

I'm sitting here wondering why I'm not being told,  
Why she's hurting and why he's suffering.  
Can't look back now,  
There's something about these people that draws me close.

I want to know their problems just so I can help out,  
But she backs away and says she's gotta go,  
And he falls instep with the imaginary friends he's picked up now-a-days.

All I can do now is sit here and wait,  
For one of them to crack,  
And just tell me what's bothering them.  
Since I've lost most contact I had with them,  
When they could be considered my best friends,  
We would talk about anything.  
God, I miss that.  
But so far,  
All I could manage to get out of them,  
Was a one or two syllable answer,  
With an optional shrug.

Shannon Nicole

# What's With This World?

There's someone with a hat, someone with a piercing, someone with a tattoo.  
There's someone with a pet, someone with a friend, someone with a family member.

There's someone with a love, someone with a name, someone with a purpose.

There's someone with a world, someone with a life, someone with a way.

There's someone with a word, someone with a song, someone with a speech.

There's someone with a place, someone with a photo, someone with a painting.

There's someone with a smile, someone with a frown, someone with a tear.

There's someone that is laughing, someone that is sobbing, someone that is dying.

There's someone that is bleeding, someone that is hurting, someone that is broken.

There's someone with a story, someone with a song, someone with a voice.

There's someone here to stay, someone here to leave, someone here to die.

There's someone living a lie, someone living in the past, someone living with a request.

There's someone with a purpose, someone that is killing, and someone that is being killed.

People wonder why there are people dying, what's going on in this world, and why everything is going wrong.

There's people everywhere that is wondering why we're all dying and why no one is fighting back.

People are watching the television for a sign, listening to the radio for a broadcasted report, staying at home because everyone's afraid of the world.

Shannon Nicole

# Why?

I always give people advice  
I give them relationship advice  
I give them help with emotions  
I tell them how they should deal with things

But I don't follow my own advice  
I get hurt all the time  
I get pushed away  
I get beat down  
I don't open up much

Why do I do this?

Shannon Nicole

# You Are My Romance Novel

I tried to count how many ways I could say I love you.  
I noticed how much you're always on my mind.  
I've been sort of imaging what it'd be like to wake up next to you every morning.  
I'm kind of waiting for the right moment, when everything is alright.  
I have been waiting to tell you these things.

I'm broken without you  
I crash down every day when I can't taste your kiss  
I space out only to imagine your voice, your words.  
I have talked about you so much that I can't get you out of my head.

I smile when I see others walking around, holding hands, periodically kissing.  
I become sad when I turn around and know that I won't see you for a while.  
I cry a little each day, wondering if the people I see, the ones kissing, are trying to hurt me.  
Hurt me with their wonderful romances.  
I've always wondered if they knew when you were gone.

I think of the days that I spend with you, they're the best days of my life  
I'm glad I met you, that I'm dating you.  
I'm just so happy that you're mine.

A kiss on a cheek could mean that you're waiting for the other to make a move.  
Just holding hands could make everything else die down.  
A peck on the lips could mean something so beautiful.  
A passionate kiss could mean the world.

Could you smile and know she's all your's?  
Do you need some kind of classified results, maybe a lie detector test?  
Would you believe her if she said she could only do so much until she broke down?  
Do you understand that she tries her best to smile and make everything seem okay, when you're not there?

She knows you can't be around much.  
Transportation is tight, she knows.  
And the weather is deadly, she doesn't want you to get hurt, or sick.  
Just promise her that you are her's and no one else's.  
Tell her how much she means to you

She'll tell you that you mean the world to her, but then she'll look away and blush...She's telling the truth.

Shannon Nicole