

DON'T JUDGE A COVER

Dawson Alternative

Spring 2018

May 2018

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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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A Girl as Brilliant as FREEDOM – by Lakisha

There once was a girl as brilliant as the sunshine. She lived in a broken home but her story is not one of scars.

Her family was filled with emptiness and she was always trying her best to ensure her life would be a success.

But the cruelty of monsters told her different and she had a change of heart.

Love and joy suddenly was something complex.

It was a secret the world confused.

The abuse was controlling.

She thought her strength was a weakness.

The warmth of her laughter died. The sweetness of her happiness disappeared.

The girl was a vessel of lost dreams but beauty looked different to everyone and it came as pain to her.

The pain was beautiful like a cold angel.

And then she was a storm of wonder. She thought if she could escape the bully that was revenge she'd be ok.

That the wrong shine she'd been carrying will turn right.

That the numbing silence wouldn't feel this way. If she could fight and survive this breakdown...

If only someone had spoken out about forgiveness earlier this girl as brilliant as sunshine wouldn't have seen a future of sirens but one of...

FREEDOM

MOM!

I lie awake at night
thinking of all the words
(the words you say)
you talk to me
as if I was 2
do you see me?
I cried for help
at the age of 5
and you let everything go by
as if how I felt was a lie
but now you sit here
and you cry and ask me why
why do you cut
why do you get high
why do you hate coming home
I cut to know I am alive
I get high to escape my reality
I hate coming home
because of the word
(the words we say)
but I still love you with all my heart
-F.W



A Poem About a Bird

Life is weird, you know. It's like a story filled with too many overwhelming plot twists. And tragedy seems to be the most overused twist of them all.

I mean, one second you're crossing the street with your mom, hand in hand and then you're staring up at the blue sky. You don't remember the sky being so blue or the clouds looking so fluffy. And all you can hear are shouts and screams for help. For someone to call an ambulance. You wanna reach out and say: "Mom! It's okay, stop yelling, I've never felt this happy, this calm before." But you can't.

You see, one second you're sleeping, dreaming about some unicorn farm and the next second you can't breathe or see because someone's on top of you and you can't breathe and your lungs burn. Red and yellow spots appear behind your closed eyes and you're getting weaker and weaker with every kick. Until your lungs can't bear it.

And then one second you're flying, the blue sky stretching and surrounding you. And then you see food. And you're flying and then suddenly you feel pain. Because between you and the food is a window pane. And you think you've broken a wing or you're dying, you can't tell the difference. But that's life.

A whole bunch of plot twists. One day you're free and then the next second you're not. But a life without tragedies is a lie. It hurts to know that one second you know someone and then the next second they're gone.

Life is weird. But I'm pretty sure you already know it. You see, one day you're you, you're here, and then you're not. It hurts but it's the truth.

- **Lakisha**

Broken Beauty

By

-Shaylee-

Home is where the **heart** lies,
Where **love** and **laughter** gleam.
Broken family, fight, forgive,
But more than that, **dream.**
There is **beauty** in **strength**
And there is strength in **pain,**
My **life story**, bitter **sweetness**
In the **numb warmth**, I **change**
My **future**, the life I lead, with **success**
On my shoulders like a cape,
Hiding my real feelings,
Home is my **secret escape.**

BROKEN by Lauren...

Broken hearted, bitches barking a bunch of bullshit, beautiful beaches blazing before beating up vases worth nothing, but blind bats flying become blunt balloons basically barbaric barbed wire... at a banquet people babble and bleed not knowing that there is beer in their cups, drink too much to drink you blow out blunts but never satisfied with yourself so you belch big balls. LISTEN to your daughter bleeding buckets of hot blood from her wrists but mom doesn't care while her daughter drinks bleach from the bath, her mom screams in disbelief looking at her now dead beautiful daughter floating in a bath full of bleach....
Coward was so oblivious and naïve

Am I: what do you see?

Am I bright?

As bright as the dog star Sirius?

Am I loud?

As loud as an angry person protesting police brutality?

Am I beautiful?

As beautiful as a shimmering dragonfly?

Am I wrong?

As wrong as an answer on a test you tried to erase?

Am I overwhelming?

As overwhelming as boiling water in a kettle on the stove?

Am I?

What am I really to you?

Am I annoying?

As annoying as a horsefly buzzing around your head?

Am I honest?

As honest as life and reality can be sometimes?

Am I sweet?

As sweet as a strawberry lollipop?

Am I sparkling?

As sparkling as glass shattered on the floor?

Am I suffocating?

Yes or no?

Am I?

What am I to you?

- Lakisha

Why now do you have to become an
your only in my dreams why did everything have to
angel now

Change so fast I miss all the warmth and strength

you bring to the family when I go outside and
the sunshine's on me I feel that your watching me I
hope you still watch me in the future when i have

alot of success and joy .

I.M.

I.M.

The story of my fight to survive the pain of
the scars from the love that became to
be the abuse that kept me silent and broken but
now I could control my life and have the freedom
I've always wanted now I could have forgiveness to the
monster that left me confused But now I get to have
my happiness

Unwritten

I never really wrote on how life went. It was always unwritten and floating around in my head. I would never really say that my past is the best or even something a kid should go through. I can tell u I was beaten, I was hurt, abused at the most. I was taunted. I was small and scared. I was abandoned with no one there. But that's the past and I'm

Only going to start there.

I would go to school with bumps and bruises. I would get smacked across the face for my innocence. Scared, calling for help but no one ever there to answer. Beaten, quietly praying for an answer, starved. Anxiety got the most of me. Cuts on my arms and legs, wanting to die. Tried to run away from reality, doing drugs, popping pills, just asking for a death wish. Crying myself to bed every night because I'm surrounded by death, wishing that I would be next.

Anonymous

Dear Mom,

I'm sorry...

For not coming home on time

For making a big mess

So much stress I can't take back

I never meant to make you worry.

-Lauren

"We don't know yet."

...e spun back around
...curving street toward
...concentrated on not crashing
...ere a moving, jostling flood
...ce's as they ran, her new sy
...leg as she went, as if to
...to be used.

...she was wearing boots

...was a massive, swirling square of whirling air and emptiness
...A Portal. Within it, Clary thought she could glimpse hints
...of black and green and burning white, even a patch of sky dotted
...ted with stars—

Robert Lightwood loomed up in front of them, blocking
...their way; Jace nearly crashed into him, and let go of Clary's
...hand, righting himself. The wind from the Portal was cold and
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...lifting her hair. "What's going on?" Jace demanded tersely.
...this about the London attack? I thought that was rebuffed."

Robert shook his head, his expression grim. "It seems that
...Sebastian, having been foiled in London, has turned his attention
...tion elsewhere."

I.M.

To the boy I loved

All the girls say you're beautiful. Like a real-life Greek god.

But they only see the outside of you. The lie of you.

You're Lucifer, a fallen angel with luminous eyes who takes pleasure in other people's pain.

But just like the others I was blind.

I was just a mess.

Vulnerable and filled to the rim with loneliness.

And your lop-sided smile and honey warm laugh made it so much easier falling for you.

At first I wasn't so sure but you buttered me up and made me feel loved.

Little by little I found myself thinking of you.

Of all the boys I thought were lords, you were flawless.

My mind was lingering longer on the nights you sung lullabies against my skin.

On your lavender smell even more addictive than liquor.

But your light started to change. Your legend persona was peeling away.

It took me so long to weave my way through your labyrinth of mind games and I realize now you've always been a leech.

It took so long and now that you're gone, I find myself trapped in limbo with all the other lost girls like me.

- **Lakisha**

uphill backward. "We don't know yet. The attack's ongoing

He spun back around and redoubled his speed, dashing the curving street toward the bottom of the Gard path. Clary concentrated on not crashing into anyone in the crowd. They were a moving, jostling flood of people. She kept her hands on Jace's as they ran, her new sword tapping against the outside of her leg as she went, as if to remind her it was there—there ready to be used.

The path that led up to the Gard was steep, packed with people. Clary tried to run carefully—she was wearing boots and jeans, and her gear jacket zipped over the top, but it wasn't quite as good as being all in gear. A pebble had worked its way into her left boot somehow and was stabbing into the pad of her foot by the time they reached the front gate of the Gard and slowed, staring.

The gates were thrown open. Within them was a wide courtyard, grassy in the summers, though it was bare now, surrounded by the interior walls of the Gard. Against one wall was a massive, swirling square of whirling air and emptiness.

A Portal. Within it, Clary thought she could glimpse hints of black and green and burning white, even a patch of sky dotted with stars—

Robert Lightwood loomed up in front of them, blocking their way; Jace nearly crashed into him, and let go of Clary's hand, righting himself. The wind from the Portal was cold and powerful, blowing through the fabric of Clary's gear jacket, lifting her hair. "What's going on?" Jace demanded tersely. "Is this about the London attack? I thought that was rebuffed."

Robert shook his head, his expression grim. "It seems to me Sebastian, having been foiled in London, has turned his attention elsewhere."

Lakisha

Life by Anonymous

The clouds are as white as the crack you used to smoke. Your house is as closed as the jail cell you used to live in. Lungs are as black as the fresh dirt outside. You're as skinny as the baby trees starting to grow.

But life must suck...

Leaving us like the seasons do. Losing money like it grows on trees. But it must hurt, right? Feeling angry as a bull about to charge because we grew up and saw reality. But I'm talking about you as calm as the tides are in the river. It's easy to admit I'm tired of your bullshit. I have to admit though you tried really hard to make us feel sad as if every day was a rainy day.

TANKA POEM

I am love confused

I get used, looking for love

They don't care one bit

These boys need to grow up fast

Before the hearts get broken

- Lauren

beautiful things happen
in the dark

when the sun goes
to sleep
when the stars give
light kisses
when the moon
is a spotlight

life stays beautiful
even when you
are covered
in darkness
-kpk

by Lakisha

by word or deed will tell him that you came here."

Jace stepped away from the Queen, lowering his blade to his side. "I know you think you are sending us to our deaths," he said. "But we will not die so easily. We will not lose this war. And when we are victorious, we shall make you and your people bleed for what you have done."

The Queen's smile left her face. They turned away from her and started down the path to Edom, silently; Clary looked over her shoulder once as they went, and saw only the outline of the Queen, motionless, watching them go, her eyes burning.

The corridor curved far away into the distance, seeming as if it had been hollowed out of the rock around it by fire. As the five of them went forward, moving in total silence, the pale stone walls around them darkened, stained here and there by streaks of charcoaled blackness, as if the rock itself had burned. The smooth floor began to give way to a rockier one, grit crunching under their boot heels. The phosphorescence in the walls started to dim, and Alec drew his witchlight from his pocket and raised it overhead.

As the light rayed out from between his fingers, Clary felt Simon, beside her, stiffen.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Something moving." He jabbed a finger in the direction of the shadows ahead. "Up there."

Clary squinted but saw nothing; Simon's vampire eyesight was better even than a Shadowhunter's. As quietly as she could she drew Heosphoros from her belt and paced a few steps ahead, keeping to the shadows at the sides of the tunnel. Jace and Alec were deep in conversation. Clary tapped Izzy on

on, her fingers vibrating as she drew. Black lines fissured out across the stone, cracking into the shape of a door; the edges of the lines began to shimmer. Behind her Clary could hear the demons: the bellow of their voices, the flap of taloned wings, their hissing calls rising to shrieks as the door blazed up with light.

It was a silvery rectangle, as depthless as water but not water, framed with fiery runes. A Portal. Clary reached out with one hand, touched the surface. Every part of her mind concentrated on visualizing a single place. "Come on!" she screamed, her eyes fixed on it, not moving as Alec, carrying his sister, darted past her and disappeared into it, vanishing utterly. Simon followed him, and then Jace, catching at her free hand as he went. Clary only had a moment to turn and look behind her—a great black wing swept across her vision, a terrifying glimpse of teeth dripping poison—before the storm of the Portal took her and whirled her away into chaos.

Clary slammed into the ground hard, bruising her knees. The Portal had torn her away from Jace; she rolled to her feet quickly and looked around, breathing hard—what if the Portal hadn't worked? What if it had taken them to the wrong place?

But the cave roof rose above, familiar and towering, marked with runes. There was the fire pit, the scuff marks on the floor where they had all slept the night before. Jace, rising to his feet. Alec's bow falling from his hand, Simon—

And Alec, on his knees beside Isabelle. Any satisfaction Clary felt at her success with the Portal popped like a balloon. Isabelle lay still and drained-looking, gasping shallow breaths. Jace dropped down beside Alec and touched Isabelle's hair gently.

I Scream to make
make my feeling go
away when they're up
in flames, breathing
hard while am causing
my ans., and on
my knees begging for
mercy and wanting
to be free, next
thing you know cutting
Deep till I bleed.
Success is Prode
What I need,

Ashley

Memories

When I was 6 years old, I watched a man get shot just outside my window.

I remember thinking that maybe they were filming a new TV show in our neighborhood.

And I wished I knew the name.

And I wonder if maybe my innocence was taken away then or after I started to feel like dying wasn't so scary.

You see, when I was just a baby, still learning, I watched my mom cry.

I remember all the arguments, all the fights, all the violence.

And I had wished upon the brightest star every night that he'd stop tearing my small family apart like it was a useless piece of paper he didn't care for anymore.

And I wondered for many nights if God really exists and why wasn't he saving mom?

When I was alone I found ways to cope when mom wasn't around.

I remember wrapping a belt around my neck and pulling as tight as I could when spots would invade my vision.

And I wish someone would've told me then that she'd come back for me.

I wondered for years if she really loved me and I doubted that love for so long.

When I was 16 years old in my dreams, I saw a family of 4. My mom, my sister, my dog and me.

I remember daydreams and hopes of something so unrealistic.

And I really did wish then that I didn't see a man die at 6 years old.

Because I wonder if maybe you'd see me as a good kid rather than all my mistakes and maybe then I'd stop trying to pretend I'm okay.

Lakisha

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-F.W

She was

When she was a mother,
I remember being her daughter.
And I wondered what went wrong.
And I wished we had an amazing bond.
When she was my mother wondering why I did it,
I remember feeling sorry I didn't mean it.
And I wondered why she didn't prevent it.
And I wished she would have understood it.
When she was my mommy,
I remember only being four.
And I wondered what her side of the story was.
And I wished everything could disappear.
When she was my mom and I grew older,
I remember wanting to disappear, to make her life better.
And I wondered if she would be happier if I were gone.
And I wished that I could disappear.
When she was able to control her feelings,
I remembered it clearer.
And I wondered why everything has changed.
And I wished Allah could save her.
When she was a mother of eight,
I remember not being ok.
And I wondered if I could save her.
And I wished that all of this was a dream, but it wasn't.

By: **Rose**

up half backward. "We don't know yet. The attack's ongoing

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Robert shook his head, his expression grim. "It seems that Sebastian, having been foiled in London, has turned his attention elsewhere."

-F.U

I want to go home and feel the warmth of sunshine on my face. Listen to the laughter escape the mouths of my beautiful family. I want to walk in a forest to feel freedom so my heart can relax and just take in the beauty of nature. I want my future to be filled with love and happiness.

S

O T enough to scr3am GeT AwAy fRoM Me!!!!

M N

T E

I L

M O

E I

S quiet is V

- Lauren

Long journey

My **life** is like a **long** journey.

It's as **black** as my past that **haunts** me.

And **noisy** like my mouth that wants to be **heard**.

I'm as **sad** as a girl **separated** from her sister.

And I'm the one with the **loud** actions that try and keep me **safe**.

And the **frustration** of the **fight** like a basketball player trying to get the last shot in.

I'm **tired** of the waiting like kids waiting to be called into the **courtroom**.

Iesha

on, her fingers vibrating as she drew. Black lines fissured out across the stone, cracking into the shape of a door; the edges of the lines began to shimmer. Behind her Clary could hear the demons: the bellow of their voices, the flap of taloned wings, their hissing calls rising to shrieks as the door blazed up with light.

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-F.V.

HOSTAGE

His SOUL

As **BLACK** as an **empty street** in the absence of light

As **DEFEATED** as a single mother incapable of **paying the bills and struggling** to feed her family

As **EMPTY** as a kid waking up an **orphan**

His CURIOSITY

As **THIRSTY** as an **empty page** anticipating to be filled by an author's words

As **UNSATISFIED** as a kid who thought was free of **being struck** by a leather belt that's wrapped around his father's knuckles

As **POWERLESS** as a kid being thrown in the system with **no voice**

His CORE

As **NOISY** as a thousand feet of a **stampeding crowd** after witnessing a bomb going off

As **ROUGH** as **bare feet** that had never encountered the soles of shoes

His VISION

As **BLIND** as a psycho who left with no **remorse** of the damage they left behind

As **SICK** as a **homeless man unacknowledged** by the U.S government

As **RED** as **a pool of blood** which just encountered oxygen

His ESSENCE

As **EXHAUSTED** as **a restless child**, petrified of the abuse he might face if he closes his eyes

As **DESTROYED** as an innocent father who was **convicted** to life

His LIFE

As **DRY** as a **lifeless leaf crumbling** through a hand forming a fist

As **LOUD** as the screams of an **abusive household** that the walls can't muffle

As **ANGRY** as a person who's finding out the **truth** of their own identity which has been hidden from them their whole life

-Ashton

I am
Among the ocean
I am the Dead Sea
Among the beautiful rose
I am ugly thorns
between noisy and silent
I am the whisper
between insane and humane
I am the deranged
among the teenage girls
I am the stinging heartbroken feeling felt after the one who
promised to stay suddenly leaves
between too much and too little
I am not enough
among your worst nightmares
I am the forgotten memories.

- F.W



When I was 8

When I was 8,
I remembered how life was so carefree
And I wish life was like that again
And I wonder if life would be like that again

When I was 9,
I loved my family with all my heart
And I still wish I did
And I wonder if they still love

When I was 10,
I remember I had my first birthday in Montreal
And I wished for the whole world to come
But then I wondered why no one did

When I was 12, everything got bad
I remember how sad I was
And I wished for everything to end
And I wondered if anyone would miss me

Now I am 14,
Awaiting 18,
When life will be happier
Wishing for everything to be better
I wonder how far I'll go

- **Sy'riah**

I am a kind soul
Drowning in this hole
I hope to succeed
And stop smoking weed
Life is too short
I don't wanna spend it in court.

-Lauren

Dad!

I'm slowly dying inside from all the tears I've cried
(I've cried for you)
you look at me
with your stupid brown eyes
you look right through eyes
you look right through me
like I'm not even alive
am I invisible?
I guess I am to you
for some reason I knew
I would always be like
this to you
I wish you were missing me
like I'm missing you
but no matter what I do
I will always be dead to you
sorry dad I'm not the daughter for you
but I still love you with all my heart
-F.W



I A M . . .

By
-Shaylee-

Shaylee
Dedicated
My love, N.V.
Pizza, Netflix and cuddles
Spiders, clowns and heights
Love, success and recognition
Pincourt

MEMORIES

**When I woke up, In my first foster home
I remember, When I had to go to court for the abuse I went through
And I wish, The memories would go away
And I wonder, The feeling of an older man beating me would go away**

**When I woke up, In my first group home
I remember, When he made me touch him
And I wish, The memories would go away
And I wonder, If I'm going to heal from the pain**

**When I woke up, In my first unit
I remember, All the useless crisis girls would have
And I wish, The girls would choose a different way to deal with their
anger
And I wonder, If all the memories are going to go away when I leave**

BY. I.M.

“Missing you”

5- I hate the present

7- Why did you have to fuck up?

5- And get sent up north

7- Now we got farther apart

7- I miss being together

BY. I.M

“B”POEM

You are a beautiful young lady

Under that bad ass look you

Want everyone to see you as.

You always have this bitchie

Behaviour that you always think

It's the way you always have to be.

You may be broken inside and

Think everything is bullshit but

If you let people help you be the

Brook-Lynn everyone knows and

Wants to be.

I want you to have all the

Help so you could have

The best future with you being

This big basketball player.

BY. I.M

It

it's a nightmare I can't escape
only to come out at night
waiting for me to fall asleep
it's a terrifying thought
years of constant fear
no one to help me

why does It want me?
am I different from the others?
I try to hide from It
I'm caught in the monster's trap
how could I have not realized
It's all calculated in games it plays
all I feel is fear
I'm going insane as it watches

-F.W



Monster

Sunshine changes to cold
All she could hear was the cruel laughter
Lost freedom
She's a broken down beauty
An abused angel
She has scars at home
The wrong life
The monster controls her future
The monster's siren screams in her head
Her secrets are speaking out
The confused success, brilliant weakness
Happiness changes to pain
She has a strong wonder of her surviving fight
Even with all her pain from the monster's game
She has a forgiving heart for him
Her love escaped the emptiness of the monster's trap
But she loves him so she will keep going back.



-F.W

Shh...

When I was 6 I realized life was shit and so was I.
I remember the first time I cut my wrist my blood so warm and
thick, so much, too much,
and I wish I was like the other girls, pretty, short, and cool but I'm
a freak and that's all I'll ever be,
and I wonder if I will ever change.

When I was 12 I started to smoke weed and drink until I didn't
feel,
I remember the first hit of that joint
and my first drink, I never felt more alive,
and I wish I could stop my demons but they won't let me,
and I wonder when will all my blood drip out.

When I was coming back to this this little jail,
I remember the water bottle but in the bottle was bleach,
and I wish I never let the bottle of bleach go,
and I wonder if I will ever just let life go.

-F.W



This Little Girl

I was babysitting a little girl, she was about 5 years old,
I remember going to her room and she was crying about reality and how fat
girls need diet pills, no girls can be loved without makeup, if you're too tall
or too short you're a freak and wear those clothes
You're a slut,
and I wish I could block out the shitty-ness of reality
and now I wonder what to say to this 5-year-old girl,

I was now holding her in my arms trying to make the pain go away,
I remember her asking me "why does daddy hit me to the point I start to
bleed? And why does mommy go out all night and leave me with
grandma?" She has so many questions and I don't have the answers,
I wish I could take her to a place where she can be happy and feel loved,
I wonder if she will ever escape the horror of this life.

I was starting to cry with her, I was hurting as much as she was
I remember waking up from that dreadful dream because that little 5-year-
old girl was me,
and I wish I had a different life, a new body and a new family but I can't and
I have to live with that but don't get me wrong I do love my family,
and I wonder will I always be alone or will I find loving, caring people for
me.

-F.W



I am part, 2
Among the sadness,
I am the pain.
Among the rain,
I am the one to ruin your day.
Among the joy,
I am quite the opposite.
Among the children,
I am the least favorite.
Among the branches,
I am the first to be stepped on.
Among the leaves,
I am the first to hit the lonely cold ground.



-F.W.

you and I

I think about the life we could've had
you and I

I think we could have done all right
but I was scared to have you in my life

What would people think?

What would people say?

I was scared to be judged by everyone

I didn't want you at first

I was only 14 and you would be a lot of work for me

I couldn't do it then

but it's too late now

So now I'll never hear you call me Mommy.

I'm sorry



I Quit
no need to ask me why, I just quit
no more tears or sighs
I can't be the person everyone wants me to be
SO I QUIT
I'm sorry I just can't keep on doing this game
I don't have the brain power
I can go all the way up but then fall right back down
so no need to get mad or sad and I don't care if you're glad
I quit
and it's not because I'm weak I just I can't take it anymore
I need to be free not held down with the changes of my reality
I don't want to be the freak of the show so I quit
I'm sorry but now I have to go

-F.W



