Do the Write Thing

Teanna White

Waiting, debating, contemplating
On whether or not I should be saying this
He took one thing I can never get back
It just goes to show the real man he lacks
I’m hurt and bleeding; He’s laughing and ignoring my pleading.

Does he care?

Does it bother him?

Ten months have passed, and I am still hurting, all things in my world seem disturbing.

Just thinking he’s out there, possibly hurting some other girl,

She’s probably scared and don’t know where to turn

I have no bruises, I have no physical scars, but taking my innocence was taking my heart.

Its people like you that cause youth violence; molesters, pedophiles and rapist.

Why would he do this?

What did I do?

I can’t take my mind off of him, I don’t know how to.

Picture perfect memories are not the images I see when I look back and think of a younger me

I see his face flash in my mind, smiling his ugly hateful smile.

I WISH I WERE BLIND!

Trying to keep something like this bottled up inside is like trying to hide in an empty room

Alone with my thoughts in need of someone to turn to

I had to tell my mom and the police; they were the obvious choice

I’m no hero please; don’t think of me as that

When I told I wasn’t thinking of me,

I was thinking of all the young girls who would be afraid to speak