

~~SPEAKING ME: A YOUTH ANTHOLOGY~~

Speaking Me

A Youth Anthology

**Osbey Books, Inc.
Chicago, IL**

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A YOUTH ANTHOLOGY

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BRUISED HEART

BY TAMASIA JOHNSON

Scratches on my body
Pain in my face
Muscles aching in my body
My ribs are hurting, what a disgrace.

Just awoken
from a night filled with horror
He said he'll never hit me
Now my heart is forever scarred up.

A person like me
doesn't deserve treatment like this
He looked me in my eye
And balled up his fists.

Knocked me against the wall.
My pictures, fell to the floor.
Threw me into the hallway mirror
Him, is who I see, a person I am now afraid of

He grabs the hairspray bottle
and sprays it into my eyes
He asked me a question
I told him the honest answer, I didn't want to lie.

I told him if he loved me
he would let me go
Instead of that, he took away my beauty
My self respect, my self esteem, low

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Being with him
took away everything I had
My judgment, my freedom, me
my ability to have fun and laugh.

He told me,
If it wasn't him I was with, then I was with no one
He forced me to love him so much that I thought I did
But we both know the truth, and I jus cant go on.

Who would've ever thought
telling the truth could cause so much pain
Traumatized by this forever
The only thing I feel is hate and disdain

To this day,
I'm still with the man I most despise
One day, soon, I'll try it again
This time I'll be ready, no tears out these eyes

BECAUSE OF YOU

BY TAMASIA JOHNSON

Looking into the eyes of a man,
Deep into his soul
Finding exactly what you thought you would;
The real him, deceiving, manipulating, and fake.
Throwing dollars in your face
Like I'm a prostitute or some stripper
Only looking to make a buck
But what I really want is a hug
But not a hug from him.
I want him to leave, be gone, just to disappear
To much hate, animosity, despair
For one girl to have to bare
Just wanting to run
But at the same time wanting to stand still
Just wanting to scream
But staying shut because no one can hear
Hear me?
No one can hear what I have to say
When.. I. speak..
Wanting to leave without getting left behind
Wanting to laugh, to smile, to dream
But for what?
There's no reason at all
You can take it.. or leave it alone.
Thinking of him now
How much different my life can be
More smiles and less tears
More happiness, a decrease of fear
More faith and less hope
More fun,
Less stress,

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Wasted time
And no more apprehension
The feeling of being ghost