

Poetry Series

**Shannon Monroe**  
**- poems -**

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## Shannon Monroe(5/23/92)

Right now I am nineteen and married to a wonderful man. He has been the main source of inspiration and is the main subject of most of my poems. I met him in high school when he was sixteen and i was fifteen. I broke up with him to go out with someone who ended up hurting me, and who I thank for helping me realize where I was supposed to go in life. Where I was supposed to be. I believe that anyone having hard and painful times all over the world to just keep your heads up and believe that things will get better eventually.

# A Girl...

A girl.

I met this girl with a beautiful personality, but had a lot to hide.

A girl with compassion.

A girl with sorrow hidden deep into her heart, that only a key can open it.

A girl that hasn't found her full potential, but yet knows where she wants to be and what to do with her heart.

A girl who wants to explore the world.

A girl who loves and hates.

A girl who is awake, yet she sleeps.

She's just an ordinary girl who does ordinary things.

A girl who gets mistreated because she's in a residential facility.

A girl who has no one to love her and care for her.

A girl who has to deal with teasing and bullying everyday of her life, as long as she can remember.

She's just a girl...

And that girl is me!

Shannon Monroe

# A Mother And A Death

As I step out of the shower,  
I hear peoples voices saying, 'What a beautiful girl.'  
And as I look into the mirror,  
I don't see what other people see.....  
What I see is totally different,  
I see a young woman in a white, flowing dress looking back at me.  
And as I stare into this woman's eyes,  
I see trouble.  
I see trouble within her eyes.....  
I try to ask her what is wrong but I get no reply.

Later that evening as I look into the mirror,  
I don't see the woman that was staring at me earlier.  
So I try to ignore it. But later that night I hear the voices again, only this time its clearer.  
I heard people scorning and turning up their noses at a woman.  
I try to wake up, but it doesn't work. So, I try to scream and call out my mother's name, but that doesn't work either. It was only then I realized that I was dying, slowly at first, then faster and faster.  
I see the world around me spinning, tossing and turning too,  
I try to say goodbye, but only a groan comes out of me.  
The next thing I knew, I saw total darkness.

Shannon Monroe

# Dying

Once I was a little girl wondering about the world, about life and what was in store for me when I was to go to my friend's house.

But not long after I turned five, all that changed. I had to leave my childhood behind and grow up. Dying, dying, dying.

I had to become stronger more reliable on myself and nobody to put me down. Dying, dying, dying.

Now that I am a teenager, I look back on my childhood, and see a parentless child, hurting and calling for help. But no one can help her and this little girl didn't know why nobody would help her; Siblings all in different homes, all alone in the world.

Thrown out into the wilderness, where the lions, tigers and bears and coyotes could gang up onto her and beat her up and then eat her. Dying, slowly as their venomous teeth dig into her fragile flesh. Dying, dying, dying.

Shannon Monroe

# I Should've Turned Back

I heard your teardrops hit the floor as you watched me walk away.  
It killed me to know that I was the cause.  
I should've turned back.

I cried that night and every night for a month, ever so lonely.  
When I saw his face, I saw you.  
I should've turned back.

He started to kill me, my heart and my soul, where as you wouldn't have.  
I wish I was in your arms again.  
I should've turned back.

When I went to jail and i was all alone, I thought of you my dear.  
I cried all night and slept all day.  
I should've turned back.

Then I saw you on the bus that fate changing day.  
I knew that I still loved you and that you still loved me.

We married March Fourth and I stayed!

Shannon Monroe

# I Wonder...

I wonder what life would be like if I were something else.

I wonder what I would be and what I would do.

Would I be a dog and be faithful to my owners or would I be neglected and abused such as when I was a child?

Would I be an owl that only comes out at night and be very isolative and alone?

Would I be a wolf or a coyote that stays with the pack or would I be a lone wolf who goes and does everything independently?

Would I be a rat that steals food and eat human remains?

Would I be a cat who hates everything and everybody who touches me?

Would I be a vampire with everlasting life and who never ages or dies?

Or would I be a normal girl inside of a crazed-out world and very sad and depressed because of flashbacks and who has been in and out of group homes, residential facilities, and foster homes?

Who has absolutely no friends or family members surrounding me?

Yes, I shall be that yes I shall be myself and be positive.

Yes I shall be cool, calm, and collected.

Yes, I shall be isolative and depressed.

Yes, I shall be a lone wolf who does everything independently.

Yes, I shall be the one who takes care of herself, who will always believe in herself, even if nobody believes in her.

Yes, I shall be a young woman of faith and love.

Yes, I shall be a positive outgoing young lady who always holds herself in a high manner.

Yes, I shall be successful and happy with my place.

But who will ever believe in a child who only wonders and daydream about how her life should be?

I wonder.....

Shannon Monroe

## In This....

How sweet it is to be called a Human Being.

How nice it is to live and love a planet called Earth.

But do people really love it?

In this world, there are so many do's and don'ts.

In this generation, kids and teenagers have to grow up and learn the ways gang banging and the street life.

But this kind of life describes this generation and will describe future generations.

Can't we change and if we could, Why don't we change?

Why?

Shannon Monroe



# My Farewell

My farewell is a long one, I just have a lot to say.  
Farewell to all of my teachers, you have taught me well.  
You have taught me to grow with the world and with society.  
You have taught me everything I know, and I say 'Thank you! '

My farewell goes to all of my friends,  
You have been great throughout the years.  
You have taught me a lot about life.  
You have been there through the hatred and the love,  
Through the ups and the downs,  
Through thick and thin,  
You have proved yourselves worthy of being true friends.  
And I just want to say, 'I love you all! '

My Farewell goes to my parents.  
You have also taught me well.  
You are the ones who taught me how to credit others that I love and care about. You sat with me in the doctors office through those painful shots.  
You have been through hell and back with me, literally.  
You have seen me grow from a little girl to the woman that I am today.

Father, you are the one who is going to give me away at the alter someday.

And Mother, you are the one who is going to help me find the perfect dress for my wedding and you are the one who is going to help me prepare for it.

You are the ones who I can trust with my life and I just want you to know that I am grateful and that I will love you with all my heart.  
I will never forget you!

My farewell goes to Auburn High School.  
I don't care how much I have said that I hated this old Brick building, I have come to be comfortable with it.  
And I just want to say,

'CONGRATS CLASS OF 2010! WE MADE IT THROUGH! ! !

Shannon Monroe

# Nameless

I have had too many fights in my lifetime.

Too many arguments and too many ups and downs.

I have had countless dreams and parent after parent who didn't care about me and let me down.

I have had so many friends and best friends that there is too many to count.

I have had countless brothers and sisters, but only four are really true to me.

I am a girl without a name, a girl without a face, a girl without a family, a girl without anybody to love her and take care of her, a girl without friends, a friend without a soul.

I am nameless.

I can tell somebody a fake name and they wouldn't care.

I can tell somebody that I love them when I really don't and they wouldn't care.

I am a nameless girl without a face, without feelings and without rythm.

I am nameless.

Shannon Monroe

# On September 11,2001

On September 11,2001

Smothering black and gray smoke ascended to

The luminous blue sky

Engulfing it until it turned as black as night.

Young children are confused while thier parents cry noiselessly for loved ones.

Calling every person they know to make sure that they are alive and well.

On September 11,2001.

On September 11,2001,

Brave young men and women struggled to save our citizens.

The young. The old.

Those planes.

Those innocent men, women and children who died.

Whose lives were lost on that timid day because of terriosts.

WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER AND WE WILL NEVER FORGET! !

On September 11,2001.

Shannon Monroe

# Pretty Or Beautiful?

As I step onto the scale I wait for it to read my weight.115.  
'What am I going to do I am still fat.  
My family says that I am pretty but my boyfriend says that I am beautiful.  
Which one am me? Pretty or beautiful?  
I hear my mother saying 'come down for breakfast.'  
I call to my mother 'one minute.'  
I stare into the mirror and I don't see what my family sees.  
I see my boyfriends point of view; beautiful.  
The prettiest long brown hair and dark, hazel - green eyes  
and perfect white teeth.  
I see a young woman who's ready to live her life to the fullest.  
I see a woman who loves to help children in their day - to - day lives.  
I see a woman who's going to succeed in whatever she believes  
it is right or wrong.  
I see a woman who will help adoption agencies, shelters  
and the homeless.  
I see a woman who will believe in everyone around her and who  
will motivate those who need motivating and help them succeed.  
I see a woman who can do anything that is put in her way and who  
will get it done right the first time.  
I am that woman, of success.  
I am that woman of motivating people and challenging them to  
do the right thing.  
I am a woman of faith of love and of beauty.  
I am a woman who is ready to live her life to the fullest.  
I am me!

Shannon Monroe

# This Season Weakens Me

This season weakens me.  
It scorns and laughs at me.  
It tears my heart into thousands and millions of pieces.  
I can't stand it anymore,  
I want to die.  
But wait, Do I really?  
I get pulled and pushed.  
Shoved away and held.  
I am loved, but also hated.  
While I reminiscence on the good times,  
and the bad.  
Snow is falling now.  
It's as beautiful as you.  
From when i first met you.  
And so, I have to ask one more question.  
Does this season really weaken me?  
Or is it just my imagination?  
THIS season weakens me.

Shannon Monroe

# To Whom It May Concern...

To Whom It May Concern,  
Love has destroyed a young girl's soul.  
Destroyed her life, her feelings  
Her very thoughts are negative, disconcerting and hateful.  
Her words, Her very words are silent, yet they are loud enough for the world to hear.  
Her heart is broken in two like a piece of wood getting split by an axe.  
She has been hurt.  
Hurt one too many times that didn't make her stronger.  
She has been weakend instead.  
Love doesn't exist in this lonely heart anymore.  
Only hate and darkness reside in the depths of her heart made of steel.  
Nothing.  
Nothing can penetrate this heart of steel that only a key can open it up and spill out the contents of it for everybody to see.  
To laugh at and scourn at it.  
Nobody. Nothing can help this lonely soul from going through hell and back,  
Nothing, Nobody. Not even a fraction of a hair of help was offered to help this poor and lonely soul.  
It shall be and will be her final journey from earth to heaven and this soul is me.  
To Whom It May Concern.

Shannon Monroe

# Two Hearts, One Soul

He says that he loves me. He says that he wants to be with me forever. But do I believe it? I don't know the answer to this question, but in time I will.

I say that I love him. I say that I want to be with him forever, but does he believe it? I guess that I will never know the answer to this question, but I may already know.

School, work and family are getting in the way of this love.

Our hearts are in two, but our soul is one.

We are forever bound by our never - ending love for one another.  
And when we die, our spirits shall roam the earth for eternity, searching for each other so that we could be re - united once again.

Shannon Monroe

# Untitled

I wanna cry, yet I wanna rejoice.

Everytime I see you, you're the burden that weighs upon my heart and soul.  
Yet, it's lifted everytime that I am with you.

I'm so confused.

I'm so frustrated.

I'm in love, yet I fell out of love a long time ago.

Your actions say that you hate me, yet your words say that you love me.

Your actions have cut me deeply and hurt me profoundly, yet I'm stronger, so much stronger.

Can you explain it to me Terry Jay?

What's there in our relationship that I'm not seeing? That I'm missing?

What's something without nothing, yet what's nothing without something?

We used to have love. Where did that all go?

We used to call ourselves soulmates, yet we weren't.

What happened Terry Jay?

Do you love me or do you hate me?

Shannon Monroe



# What's What?

People of all ages, listen to my plea and hear my screams.  
Hear my cries for help and reach out to help me.  
What else must I do to carry out my plea for help?  
What must I do to get your attention?  
What else can I do besides carry out my plans?  
What else should I do?  
Everything that I do seems to be wrong.  
People are seeing me through thier own judgements and seeing that  
I can't do any better.  
But I feel and see that they are wrong. It just seems like they are  
steadily putting me down,  
But I keep lifting myself up with nobody to help me out.  
I have only one true friend and one true love.  
Besides, there's nothing and nobody else who can help me.  
So why?  
Why let them continue thier bad judgements bring me down?  
When I know that I am so much better then those who feel bad about  
themselves. who continue to see only the negative things that I do and  
not the positive?  
What's what?

Shannon Monroe

# Where Do I Belong?

I never know where I belong,  
tThings are not how I've imagined them to be.  
I can't sleep and I can't breathe.  
Sometimes I just don't want to eat.  
Nothing can be kept, even as small as just one word.  
Living in everything broken.  
It just seems nobody cares.

I'm wondering constantly where everyone who I called family is  
because everytime I turn around they always seem to run out on me.  
When a phone call is not returned, you don't know these  
strangers looking in your face, and they always end up hurting you.  
But who is going to listen to a 'child' who has no idea  
Where she belongs?

Shannon Monroe

## Your...

Your always putting a smile on this lonely face, everytime I see you.  
Your presense is always something that I look forward to.  
Your always cheering up this sad and empty heart.  
Your the reason why I live; eat, breathe and wake up in the morning.  
Your the heart inside my chest. Your the spirit inside my soul.  
Your the thought inside my head. Your the meaning behind the words I say.  
Your my life, my home, my everything.  
Your in my thoughts constantly because you and I...  
You and I are a match made in heaven.  
We are everything that anybody can only hope for.  
You are MY LOVE....

Shannon Monroe