

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

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# Different

Two different people from two worlds

trying to make one perfect world. tried to  
make it happen. I thought if I tried hard enough  
it would work out and fall in place. Now I know  
that Love happens by it's self you shouldn't  
have to work for it or make it work. Love comes  
on it own its our job to make each other happy  
why love and be sad and mad half the time.  
Love has its ups and downs but who's life don't  
Love hurts but it makes your love stronger it  
shouldn't be painful and make you cry to the  
point yo just want to not love thats  
selfish.It takes two to love and one to hate its  
not to late, love will wait its fate and meant to  
not for you and me.

stephanie vallejo

# Found Me

## FOUND ME

I found me, lost myself my pride and felt like I died. You killed me slowly in side my soul turned black and cold, thats some I relay want back myself confidence crushed and brushed aside. Your selfishness is the power of one, yourself. Putting me away back on the last shelf trying not to kill my self. Hoping I'll disappear; fade way in the dark with a broken heart Your hope showed me the way and today I found the way. I found the person you pushed away now I'm ready to play your game you thought I quite. I'll spit and hit, you where it really counts. you will feel all the pain threw all those pounds. Face in the dirt now its your turn to be burnt. You'll burn deep to the feet. Feel the pain that I have gained you will feel burning to the end. So then I can put the ashes on the shelf next to your camera that you gave too yourself. The person I was came apart. Thanks for finding me a new watch as your life you once knew will slowly fall apart from end too start.

stephanie vallejo

# Hate

Hate

I hate the way you make me cry.  
I hate that you keep hurting me.  
I hate the way you make me feel.  
I hate that you make me feel like  
I should be someone else, but most  
of all I hate you.

Can't you see the way you make me  
feel? I look at myself, and all I  
see is you putting me on a shelf.  
I hate I'm in a box with locks.

I hate the way you look at me.  
I hate the way you make me sick.  
I really hate the way you make me  
hate you.

I hate the way things ended up.  
Maybe I hate myself, more than  
anyone else...  
Stephanie Elia Vallejo

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