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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Do the write thing!

Hurt
Sorrow
Depression
it comes from *violence*
Why must you do this to me?
I will never know
It hurts worse than ever
With my parents never there
Their money does not heal me
The wound is too deep
The answer is waiting
Just beyond the door
Into the light it is waiting
Help, light, happiness
It is a life form I never met before
A friend who knows my name
Who does not call me:
Ugly
Stupid
Putrid
Smelly
Fat

It makes me feel forever heartache to be called those

horrible sounds
Your soul being cut into and damaging ever so much
Despair is what you feel
Misery, woe, gloom, and fear it is always there it is
your shadow
It is dark and scary it never goes away
It might lessen on sunny days
But it is ALWAYS there
Ever glooming behind you
It makes you think do you want to live?
Why go to school?
Will the world be better without you?
Only when the light comes you will feel merriment
Those who never find it fail to see life is valuable
Every thing and beauty and worth
What is said to be ugly another will say is beautiful
The luckless people will kill that beauty forever
themselves
But me I am lucky I found the light
The light is a friend
The ones who stand up for you
The ones who do not steal from you
The ones who do not embarrass you
Who do not beat you up?
Who do not call you names?
A friend gives you light and happiness
My light came when darkness was controlling me
When I was lost but the light found me
The lights lead me to my passion

My goal in life to achieve and conquer
DANCE

It helped me so
I know am not the person the darkness said I was
I am amazing the way I am
I am beautiful

The violence never conquered me though it does to
many others
I am a survivor

My scars on the outside have healed yet the deep scar
Will never heal completely

It will always be there never forgotten but I have
moved on

I do not dwell on it I just keep moving
I have suffered more than just mentally
I flunked the whole 7th grade due to sorrow
I was an A+ student

I had worked hard to get an A+ all 8th grade
I knew nothing that year but the light helped me
The light is what saved me

If the light never came neither would this poem
Thank you light!