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Wonder...

Today is the day.  
Anxious.  
A little scared.

I want it so bad...  
Looks so good...

Should I touch it?

Temptation gives in—  
Feels so great...  
So smooth...  
So Hard.

Afraid to take the Next Step  
But I must, if not just for me.

*Yum...*

Tastes so good.  
Lick it!  
Bite it!

Stuck in the Moment.  
Sweet and Salty all at once.  
So warm in my mouth.

Not paying attention to anything else,  
This moment it Ours.

What will happen Next?

## **Little girl**

The most important thing to a little girl is her dad.

He is her guardian,

Smiling down at her when she gets her pretty dress dirty when she chases the bubbles around.

He is her teacher,

Teaching her it is wrong to put her shoe on her head.

He is her protector,

There to keep the monsters away.

He is her flatterer,

Telling her how beautiful and lovely she looks.

He is her role model,

Showing her the way a person should be treated.

He is her comforter,

The shoulder she cries on when she hurts.

Most of all, he is her father.

The man that will love her no matter what.

The man that will support her if she succeeds or fails.

The man that will help her learn from mistakes.

The man that will dry her tears.

The man that loves her for her.

Always.

## Untitled

When we are born,  
    We are given many gifts.  
Sometimes we are given clothes or toys  
    Which we will eventually out grow,  
Sometimes we get money or bonds,  
    To use for the future.  
Sometimes we are given keepsakes,  
    To help us remember the key points in our lives.  
These are the gifts given by those who love us the most,  
But the most important gifts given to us when we are born are the intangible ones,  
    The gift of imagination.  
    The gift of free will.  
    The gift of hope.  
    The gift of Life.

We are given life when we are born.

    Be thankful and grateful for it,  
    And do not waste it.

## Reflection

I need to prove myself to the world.  
    I am important.  
I need to prove to myself that I am a real live person—  
    I am not a fly, mouse or doormat.  
I need to show my family and friends that I am special—  
    I can write, sing, play the flute...  
    I have feelings and ideas just like everyone else.  
I am not a bad person,  
    Just confused and scared.  
I need to stand up for myself.  
I need to be the adult that I am.  
I am shy and afraid  
and I am content with that.

I want...nah—I *need* to be happy,

Please allow me to be.

**May 15, 2002**

Argument

Disturbed shouts from the stereo as we holler back and forth.  
I throw your text book across the room.  
You throw my lamp on the floor.  
    It breaks.

I slip on the spilled wine,  
cut my foot on the broken glass from the lamp,  
stand up and limp to the kitchen.  
I can feel you staring at me—  
I wonder what you think.

I leave footprints of blood and white wine,  
hop up on the counter,  
grab a towel,  
and try to bind my wound(s).

You come in to see if I am okay,  
You grab the mop and take it into the other room,  
    half-heartedly cleaning the mess.

You come back in and play nurse to me.  
You heal my wounds.

We make up.

All is good.

For now.

**July 22, 1999**

Sunrise

Sunrise, how beautiful it is—

The colors:

Reds,

Oranges,

Yellows,

Even some purples and blues.

How beautiful it is.

How comforting to watch it with you.

To lay here with the man I love,

and watch that huge ball of fire rise up and make light for the world.

**February 28, 2000**

Step back a Moment

Walking down the street,

Take a step back and look.

Look at the poverty.

The sickness.

The beggars.

The homeless.

Look at the heartless running loose in the world.

Look at the loveless and worthless,

The abusers and users.

Look at the worthless time spent on ruining this world.

This planet is dying,

And it's all because of us.

Take a moment one day and just look.