



Leave or Stay?

Shall I leave, or shall I stay?  
He hits me 20 times a day.  
I know because I count the marks.  
I am becoming apprehensive of his repetitive sparks.

I thought you loved me,  
I thought you cared.  
All along I was really scared.  
Around you I couldn't be myself.  
You put my feeling too high up on the shelf.

I tried to get them; I tried to reach in,  
although, the shelf was too thin.  
The shelf broke down, the feelings fell,  
right on you, covered in your smell.

All covered in your smell,  
Your remorse felt worse than hell.  
You surrounded by all the feelings,  
Couldn't bear the facings.

Now, we've switched the roles,  
your soul was mine and mine was yours.  
Finally, you relate,  
now, when it's way too late.



Student Poem  
Alsop High School  
Technology &  
Applied Learning  
Specialist College