

HOPE THIS HELPS



By: Sandra Watson

Table Of Contents

Introduction

Adoption story

Drunken Father

Love Be Told

Forgotten Roots.

Feel the Name

Don't Listen

Let The Time Tick

Learn your ABC

Kill Love

The Woman's Temple

Let me die (Trigger Warning)

I'm not a Label

Can you find alone

Don't insult the woman

Introduction

Hope this Helps is a poetic book that is dedicated to everyone who wants to feel something other than their own feelings. Hope this helps was created for a wide range audience in hopes that it will help someone else better understand themselves. This book has a lot of symbolism and phrases that will have a different meaning to everyone. This book was created not just for the intention of art but of the intention that someone might themselves in it. A lot of the work displayed is about my personal life while others are just a slight image of other people's life but you won't know which one is which. I guess that is for you to figure out. Poetry is not just a bunch of words put together for entertainment, it is a puzzle piece story where you have to find its meaning. I didn't create this book to just tell my story but I created this book to share a story where others might find their own story hidden beneath the words. I hope you enjoy reading this poetic book as much as I enjoyed putting it together.

Adoption Story

Sometimes I wish people would ask me the question what does adoption feel like instead of treating me like im an experiment gone wrong.

All it takes is that question, what does Adoption feel like? And I would answer, Adoption feels like that one letter your waiting for that will never be sent, that letter that will never even be written. So if it's not written or sent you know it will never come but for some reason you wait for it anyways. Hoping if even if the letter isn't written, someone is thinking about writing it.

Adoption feels like a tree not knowing what its roots look like.

Adoption feels like no matter how full your cup, somehow you still want more.

Adoption sometimes feels like the one thing that you couldn't even choose to have.

You are constantly searching for something that just isn't there.

My parents cure my hunger with love

But it's the appetite I just can't shake.

It feels heavy in your heart like pocket change,

It's just something you choose not face.

But it's something that is hard to leave behind.

Adoption feels like Thanksgiving pictures but your family is the original and your the filter.

It feels like your channel surfing to find your station

When you know you'll never be able to catch that wave.

It feels like your family has pressed the mute button on you

When your volume is somehow all the way up.

It feels like you don't have a definition of family
But the people you love have meaning to you.
You don't believe in blood is thicker than water
Water you can't live without
Blood you can't see
Unless it's willing to spill out
Adoption feels like rough hands
But nothing can smooth out the parts of yourself
You must iron your rough patches
There is no amber alert for a missing face in your memories.
You must forget the person you don't remember.
I don't feel like I lost someone.
I felt like they lost me.
I count myself as an only child
Because you they never counted me in ,in the first place
They wear words as costumes.
They entertain when people are around
But when alone the truth comes out.
If you ask me what Adoption feel like It feels a letter that will never sent. It feels like siblings
reminding me that there is no mail for me. But everyone is wrong because if no oever sends me
mail. The people who chose me will.

Drunken Father

Tonight I saw a beast.

A beast clothes in black and pulled teeth.

Tonight I didn't see a man.

I saw alcohol and rage mixed into a blender that splattered blood on my mother.

I didn't see my father. I didn't see someone I wanted to love.

I saw a belt of lashes whipping my mother confidence. I

didn't see superman. I didn't see the man who always tells me I'm your shiny armor.

Because tonight the shiny armor had been cast away and revealed the truth from all the shattered glass.

I saw the face of the two tongued beast I guess the rumors about you are true.

Tonight I felt I wanted my own death than my own father.

Wishing myself away was easier than teaching a dog new tricks.

I saw my mother be broken as if the man she loves was the one cloaked in her stolen skin.

I've never had so much anger in my heart as if I could break mountains with my fist.

I know you don't think anyone sees you but I see you with the four eyes I have.

I saw you walk away from you family without even leaving.

You hold that beer bottle closer to your chest than you hold your wife

. You flash the mirror at others and tell them their flaws but have you forgotten to turn it upon yourself because everyone can see it but you.

Have you forgotten your own reflection.

It has become foreign like the countries you have been to.

Stop creating wars in your own home and making me and your wife act like soldiers.

You know how that feels. I know my tears better than I know you.

I guess you really are a gemini. The ultimate shape shifter. A coin flipper.

One part sealed with sweet kisses and the other one a black antartic.

A cold heart that melts away into your demons.

Have you ever heard yourself speak when you let yourself me rocked by midnight whispers and
song a lullaby by vodka and ciroc. I

want my father not a man that will shatter my mother's intelligence . I don't want a painted man
with my tears.

Cracked walls and tainted blisters.I don't want a father with black shadows out for revenge.

Where is my shiny knight that you promised me?

The superman without African embedded cape?

Have you seen him lately?

Or has he turned himself into batman and hung himself in black drapes.

Love Be Told

I keep telling myself ?

i don't love him.

I keep telling myself?

that I'm playing games

I keep telling myself.

he is the pawn

I'm the player.

But in reality it seems

Like i am the player and the pawn

And i'm just playing myself because even

Though I can't touch him and we can't see each other

Our hearts substitute for our hands and that's when i feel wrapped up in it

When i'm laying down I feel his kindness buried in my sheets and my pillows

Stained with his love.

I hear his voice echoing in the room of silence.

I feel

His care that is drenching my clothes and every time I breath

I breath him

I complain about him and everything that he does but honestly without him my heart complains

to me.

It complains about it's aches and there is no advil,tylenol, or ibuprofen that can cure it.

My head, heart,and my body are playing rock paper scissors over what to believe.

And my head is playing strong, ,while my heart is being torn

and my body feels like it's being cut through and I can't deal so have to draw my cards.

Because I was his queen and he was my king but he took out a one and I took out a jack

because I was fool to make him my number 1.

Feel like I'm playing candyland, I choose all the sweet cards and all I have now are the sour ones.

I guess I'm a real life sour patch.

Without him clearing it up, I let my imagination run wild and create monsters in the closet and

the only thing that's keeping me afloat with him is the

little night light on the table

lets me see that there's nothing there.

And it's right it's nothing there and no longer here so i guess our love is playing magician and

has vanished.

And it's sad but I guess the netflix show we never wanted to end is ending

and the reality of it all is that we wanted it to be real but

nothing is real about a fairytale

and it's nothing real about our love.

\

Forgotten Roots

Quiet.

All nature has a feeling: woods, fields, brooks

Are life eternal: and in silence they Speak

Look at the blue river as if it's your blood.

Look at the birds and hear them sing the melodies that you desire to sing every day.

Look at the sun. Feel the warmth that you wanted people to give you.

Feel the pulse of the ground. The heartbeat lays underneath it.

Look at the trees and try to find the roots that you have forgotten.

Look at the flowers. The flowers that bloom life to remind you of what died inside of yourself.

Look at the train that moves swiftly for you because you can no longer move that way.

Look at the building behind the river how they stand tall because you naturally slouch.

Look at the bugs on the ground how their so much smaller but can survive better than you.

Look and feel the dirt, understand how soft it is when you have become so cruel.

Look at the pavement, how it hides the secrets of the Earth.

Look into yourself and find the life the earth naturally gave you as a gift.

Because human nature is not the the nature that will make u live again.

Human nature has killed you let real nature re-build you.

Feel the Name

I been asking all around . I've lost something that is very close to me,you see. I think I lost my name, silly me and I can't remember where I left it last. let me describe itIts a suitcase wrapped up in my dignity. IT has a handle of my intelligence and I think it might be some memories inside. I wonder have you seen it. I think I last seen it a couple years ago. It use have some flashing lights . I think it was my talent. Wondering if you seen it? I don't think I can buy it from any where else . I think I can only get it once in a lifetime. You know what I think... someone must of taken it on accident. i let a lot of people play with it , so it might be at the bottom of the pool of failures or maybe somebody mistaken it for something precious and taken it as their own.....Oh no ! I think I'm getting a clear picture nowI think I let life borrow it so she could decorate it with accomplishments but I know how reckless life gets so she probably ruined it by now . Life probably passed it on to determination who tried to make it better by covering its scars with more insecurities but i guess it didn't work. So he begged forgiveness to help him but fogginess had other things to do. She pointed to weakness and weakness was more kind . So weakness probably covered it in pity . Not making it any better and determination dragged it threw the mud.Determination gave it sorrow because he didn't know what else to do. Sorrow was too depressed to make it any better so he left it on his shelf. . It got dusty and then gave to someone else. I think...NO..Oh no ..Now I remember . He gave it to love I believe and he was always jealous of her. But she took it as a gesture and polished it with patience. And painted

it with integrity. MAde it beautiful with decorating it with friendship. She gave it to to Lie which made it give it to truth. Btu truth didn't want it So he gave back to Love who gave it back to me. OH...geez ..here it is....its looks beautiful...I think I liked it when it was dirty because then I would know it was truly mine..

Don't Listen

Do Look at the person ,Have your eyes open with your mind closed

Do Say mhm after every two sentences

Do Build invisible walls over your eyes

They should know that you see them even when you are not looking

Don't say actual words, the less you say the more meaning it will have

Don't numb your ears, you still want to feel the vibrations of their speech on your eardrums

They should know your here even when you are gone

Do breath at a steady beat anything else will have them worried

Do control your thoughts, people shouldn't see the lies behind your eyes while your mouth is moving

They should know they are important to you even if that's not the truth

Don't look away, your mind should not be able to travel outside of the person's frame.

Don't be honest if they ask your listening.

They should always know you your listening.

Do tell them that you want them to continue to talk even if you don't continue the conversation.

Do make a friendly face any other face will have them worried

They should feel like their in control even when you have forcible taking the gears

Don't get caught

Don't make yourself unavailable

They should not feel as if you have taken the backseat to the conversation

Do understand you are the only one there

Do pay attention.

Let The Time Tick

Time is ticking .

Time is ticking . Time is ticking

Tik tok . Tik Tok . Tik Tok .

Time is ticking .

1 o'clock . 2 o'clock . 3 o'clock .

4 . Tik tok . Tik tok . Tik tok .

Time is ticking .

Time is ticking .

Time will never stop ticking .

1 . First birthday , mom and pop are their nothing but you and them making life seem so fair.

Love had crashed over you like an ocean . Time is ticking

2. Finally started to find my way around f. Finding that i can form beautiful sentences from them like a blues melody as i tap my foot steadily. Time is ticking

3. Getting to everything , top drawer bottom and sides. . Mom tightening things shut like as if I were to close my eyes. Time is ticking .

4. Preschool awaits . off i got into the preschool gaits. Laughter and smiles nothing so beautiful as the roar of the lion . Time is ticking .

5 Here goes kindergarten , my first elementary school . Checks by my name as if you were checking over my school paper or test. Time is ticking

6. 1st grade is not so hard . Actual grades that go in a book or a file that is going to record my life. Realizing the difference between black and white . time is ticking 7

. Second grade made so many friends learning how the rules bend like if mom was using curlers or my brown hair. Time is ticking

8 . Third grade learned about God how he is suppose to my whole life. Learning that my right is wrong and wrong is right . learning to sharpen the knife of my brain . Time is ticking

9. Learning that not everyone is your friend that people use words that hurt . Had to learn to assemble my words like a army and get their rifles to be ready aim when i say fire. Time is ticking .

10 Two digits a time that doesn't come twice. Learning that being tough isn't a muscle of the arm but of the brain . making sure that i see life as more of a competition and less of backwards game . Time is ticking .

12. Pre teen years so excited for the future. Wiping my eyes to see clearer because the closer i step back the closer I seem with the fear being lost . Not lost in the wilderness because the wilderness would be earier to survive than a teenage years. TIME IS TICKING 13. Teen years have finally are here. Look did you even notice I skipped 11 . Time is moving fast i don't even remember crossing that age . maybe it didn't even exist.

13 Planning my sweet 16 before i even know where to start . Can't just stay where you are. This is how I got lost in the shoprite store when I was 4 in the first place. Trying to race a head. This is not a race I can win . Time is ticking . Slow down . Bumpy road ahead

. 15. High school already freshman year has gone by so fast. I don't understand why I can't make it last . What is going on here. What happened to all the years that past im confused/ Feel like my mind has been robbed of the ages. Like if i was flipping through a good book's pages. I can read it over but never go back . Did you notice I Skipped over 14 too . why can't I change the rhythm of my song . I don't like this beat it's way to quick. Slow it down and add a bass It me enjoy it . Time is ticking . I just want to be a kid forever like the female peter pan take

me away to neverland . Time is ticking . what happens next> Time is ticking . I can't repeat an
age like a replay of a song . Time is ticking . Stop ticking . Stop please. i need the time to enjoy
Time is ticking .

16 is coming to quick can't leave my home . Time is ticking . Have a short time to decide what i
want to do with my life . Time is ticking . Time is ticking . Time is ticking . Time is ticking Time is
ticking . Time will never stop ticking . Tik Tok . Tik tok Tik tok tik time is up.

Learn Your ABC's

A time to hold on

Because darkness is coming

Cater to yourself

Die within yourself

Expand your mind

Forget the past, live in your present

Go away to you eternity

Help yourself

Introduce yourself to a whole new life

Just be okay with who you are

Kiss the broken parts of yourself

Lick the wounds that won't heal

Mend your spirit with your soul

Never leave who you were because it will create who you are

Oppose to the mirror. It can only show you 10%

Pray to God , it will give you a reason to live

Quit crying. Sadness is a broke foundation

Restart yourself because yesterday is not the same as today

Save yourself from the super heros

Take time to love yourself

Utilize every talent you have

Victory shall be yours once you follow these rules

Winners don't quit, they don't play fair

X-ray your life. See through the external

Yell at those who have done you wrong

Zero out the negative because you only welcome positive things in your life.

KILL LOVE

sitting in the dark room with my brother wondering why his blue eyes are looking beyond my soul.

Hearing his breath .

Bombarding the blisters that blister on my face.

I feel his anger and rage towards who i am .

His hands are grasping a gun.

His face turning red but the room is cold as the blue moon.

Watching me like a baby being baptized under the blue water .

His bites his lip bringing me discomfort to me head to my toes.

Letting me know what about to be done.

He says nothing. nothing at all my ears are pounding like a beat of a silent drum and my
pounding like a bass

. His anger mad me feel sorry for what I had done.

My memory was coming back to me.

Drunk feeling down in the dumps because my fiance was done with my cheating.

My brother took me in with a grin and had open hands to all.

he stood tall not regretting his decision.

But his wife was so beautiful I could not refuse the temptation s

he was giving me in the teal dress she doing the tango in the living room.

I didn't know how to dance.

So i thought she could teach me. So I reached for her hand and pulled her close to me.

She swiftly move to the beat like a grandpa tapping his foot in church .

Her eyes good grey . Greying like the moon and soon i could no longer resist s

o i went in for a kiss when my brother walked in threw his tin cup at me.

Held me to the floor choking me with no air for me to breath.

But he doesn't understand he never lends a helping hand.

HE gives her everything she wants but not what she needs

she pleases my eye by no surprise

I love her . Loved her since we all met in a bar .

And I told him i loved her and that when he went in and pretended like it never happened but

I still love her but she will never love me..

She has me by the chain like a dog but i don't want to let it go.

I love her but I know she will never love me .

But my brother pointed the gun , shot , she screamed than i screamed.

Clenching my heart in my fist because the blood that was scattered on the walls wasn't mine .

It was hers.

My brother sat on the floor next to her wrapping her in his hands.His eyes told me he was no

longer my brother. That we weren't born from the same mother.

He was my enemy that killed my only chance of love

THE WOMAN'S TEMPLE

I am a temple. A temple made out of sticks and stones but the words of a man shall never break my bones because I build my own self up. Women are turning to men for comfort because the skin that they been slipped in they think won't be ever beautiful enough without him to say it is. Im not going to lie to you when I see couples holding hands and kissing each others lips . I wish for it. But then I spin these wheels in my mind that every flaw I have would just swallow him whole like a treacherous snake. He would never be able to me like a glove because I would always be the wrong size for him. I would never be able to the role of a wife if i didn't understand his meaning of it. I am a temple. I can crumble and fall but only because i made myself weak not because you try to smash my windows with other bricks. If I want to write and design my temple I will make it so I wont try to please your eye because I am not worrying about pleasing you . I more concerned about pleasing myself. When I look in the mirror , I will be the one staring back at me not you. You can try to boost me up all you want but if my temple has already been torn down then I have to fix it on my own. A man can't fix your problems. He can only mask them. When you stink you wash up to clean you from outside in but if you put perfume on your problems are not automatically gone. A man can't hold me the way I can hold myself. He can't tell me who i am or define me because I Can't even define myself. A man is only

a cover up for a woman. and I dont say all. The love can make you as one. Like a river in a stream it goes on coarse. Flowing with the rhythm of the wind but the wrong love can be reckless like an ocean. No direction of its flow. So dangerous an vile it will leave you in the eye of the sea. A man should not be the reason why you love. You should be the reason why love exist. A man should should be an an accessory on your whole entire outfit.leading your hand with one so why not make it two but be whole before you make your are journey . A man should not make you whole because you were already whole in the first place.

LET ME DIE

(Trigger Warning)

I can hear the horns now.

Trumpets to be precise .

I can see the light,

so bright it's almost perfect.

I can hear the voices of my children crying in my sorrow.

Don't be sad. I won't die just yet

even though that's all i can think about is death.

Its seems to be the only way I can get life back.

The sweet smell of death is playing with my nose.

But my ears are betrayed by the cries of my children.

I want to yell and say I'm here but I rather not get their hopes up.

I'm sick of feeling sad.

Being consumed in an ocean of sadness.

Being blown away by the words of my children.

But the smell of death is seeming so sweet right now

.Just think about it .

You run for 95 years ,don't tell me you would not be tired.

you already crossed the finish line but you keep on running because

death doesn't smell too sweet to them.

I get tired of running and I'm sick of thinking of others before myself.

I'm sick of tubes in my arms and the air that's traveling to lungs.

The plugs connected to my brain.

LET ME DIE! but then i think twice and i regret my thoughts.

I love my children

I love myself.

why is death the only way to get away from life?

why must i die to live? why must others live so they can die?

how can i feel free but be so bonded.?

how can others find sorrow in my happiness?

How can people be so selfish.

Let me die so i can live.

Good people people won't let you die but bad people rather see you suffer.

They claim that their different but they all seem the same to me

selfish beings that won't let the light consume me and won't let my body waste away

so my soul can live once again .

people are poison they claim everything and too emotionally attached just like my 4rth husband

..Don't make a story for me

I'm not a label

Looking through a glass mirror of tears and shattered dreams.

A nightmare of realities in a series.

Painting ghost to fit the image of clowns.

Names hurt more when they come from someone you love .

Going through anxiety to pick up the pieces and find the image of beauty in a tornado that was created by you .

For some reason names are created based on your looks or what you do and how much you try to vanquish they never go away.

So you stop trying and let the name trip you like a rope .

you feel like you're in a straitjacket because you can't escape it.

Sometimes people don't even know they are shattering the goal of becoming some one you might want to be.

You set the goal of doing so much better

just so you be seen a person , not just another name. I

get called sloppy or lazy and ,

i use to try to escape it but no one hears my cry for help .

So they smother me in my own weakness

let my happiness drain away into a sea of forgetfulness. I

never forget this because its a bondage of chains swirling in my head and hear the shakes of the chains calling sloppy.

I can't get away from the sound.

Running through a meadow field trying to find the air and freedom that once belong to me but i
fall into a hole of desperation to get out .

A name is more than silly little letter put together to form a word.

A name from the person itself can create beauty or catastrophe

but when give some one gives a name can create a hurricane of feelings and disaster because
that name

does not belong to them it belongs to you and how much they try to fight to give it back

. you force down their throats for them to choke on it.

Its not fair.

Don't call me what I'm not .

Sloppy is not me .

It a thing not a person.Don't try to solve me like i'm an equation .

Because you'll never find the answer

because ill never give it to you themselves. Its not fair when your stuck with name that dosen't
belong to them. And since it doesn't belong to me im giving back to you.

Can you find Alone

Loneliness is something we have all felt.

It is something that we will do anything to get rid of.

We will build fairy tales to escape the reality of a tilted portrait we call ourselves.

The day I felt lonely was the day I was sitting in the middle of a big group of kids who were talking about playing squish the lemon but as they talked about playing squished the lemon

They smashed my ideas down ,letting me taste the sourness of my own speech.

My ideas of games disappeared one by one but there was no magic involved.

I walked away from them and made myself my own friend.

Me and myself could play any game I wanted and I wouldn't have anyone to tell me that my ideas needed to be febreezed.

As the kids played as a tribe. I played a lone wolf.

I turned the real world into something magical. I picked the largest tree and made it roar like a dragon It became louder than gunshot in my neighborhood. It became louder than the war tanks. My stick became my sword and I defeated the beast. I defeated as if it were those children that kept telling me no.

I fought as if fighting was an emotion.

I felt like I was defeating them but the truth was I end up defeating myself.

I ran backwards away from the grass I had turned into dragons fire.

I was running back so fast Usain Bolt had to laugh at his records.

Soon as my leg went under me and my fairy tail was broken like my ankle.

The background music of reality that I just broke my ankle became the heavy metal in my ears.

Don't Insult The Woman

If I was a woman on tv,
Or even if I was placed in a book and it said
I was smart and intelligent
Would you even finish the book?
If it said on the back cover woman makes her way up to the top.
Would you even bother opening the first page?
Or is my suffering just way more interesting?
I want to know .I don't understand
Why I can't be on top for a change?
I don't understand why red has to be my favorite color
I never asked to be another blood shed for your entertainment.
Or why black has to be my brother because darkness
Is not the the only thing I know.
Or blue, blue is not my master. Not
Every woman out here is getting beaten by her man
But that's not interesting is it? It is quite
Boring to you, to see me , a woman doing well.
It doesn't get the views and it doesn't give you a good
Twisting plot or a punch line to your joke.
Why am I more interesting if I'm laced in red?
Your face is glued to the television if I am

but If i'm laced in gold and silver. Then you
Want me gone off your tv set because nothing
Is more boring than a woman laced in success.