



She Was

You are brave

By Faith

She Was

TheFangirlRightThere



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Intro

A follow up in the "She" series of poetry collections. This collection is more uplifting than the previous collection of "She Says" which discusses darker subject material.

This collection speaks of past traumas, inner strength, forgiveness, and being who you are. All poems are written by me and are ways to express my own experiences in life with these topics.

I hope you enjoy and hopefully find some strength within as well. And remember to always fight, even when the world is dark. There's always a small beam of light. And that's enough to keep going for.

And I

And I remember,How it felt and the smell. And I recall,Hiding in my shell.

And I saw,Who it happened to be. And I know,Only I could see.

And I despise,That it was all done. And I acknowledge,I may be shunned.

And I don't care,That people see shame. And I don't share,Because I crave fame.

And I know some,Who do just this. And I can't hide,Not over such a miss.

And I say,Don't be afraid. And I think,You are brave.

She Fights

She fights every day. Looking inside to find it. Outside to look happy and strong. Emotions trying to fit.

Even when it's hard. She goes on and on. And the heart it takes. Knowing she's no pawn.

Instead she's the queen. And her subjects her own mind. Controlling it to be in order. And the strength she can find.

A smile plastered clearly. But some meaning hidden under. As she knows that past is past. And the rainbow after thunder.

She can transform to any. And the very same thing, Can happen to some. And the events may swing.

But the lesson, To all this here? She can control hers. And so can your fear.

It's no special ability. Not a born in trait. But something you learn. Not only up to fate.

All That Can Be Asked

All you can ask Is for the best. To give it your all. On every little test.

And your best vary,Then from me. And hers might not beLike he.

But 100% is all,It's what you got. Even less then that,At least you fought.

And even if short run,You fall and you slip. Overall you're you,Don't ever
abandon ship.

You, yourself, yesAre great. And just ignoreAll of that hate.

Because as long As you do moral rightAnd you don't betray And go against
light.

Keep It In

I used to be yours And you used to be mine
And sometimes I feel Like I need to be fine.

Because if I'm not Then I will cry And then I'll hear
Everyone begin to sigh.

So I put on a smile I force out a laugh I don't bring attention
And act like another dot on a graph.

Cause I'm nothing more Then a number to the world
And I'll be remember not of How I would become unfurled.

So I keep silent. And I keep the act up. I act strong when I'm not.
And I know I'm no small pup.

I'm not a case to be rescued. I'm not a person in need of help.
And I don't want to be. So I keep in my yelp.

Because I Love Him.

"Why do you stay?" Because I love him, I speak. "Does he love you, Fai?" I hope he does, I mutter.

I hope he cares and wants me. Just as I want and care for him. My feeling I wish are mutual for he.

And so I keep my tears hidden. And I keep my mouth closed. My thoughts will be forbidden. So I don't upset him.

I want him to feel loved. I want to see him fight. And not down and shoved. But at his best and happiest.

And I hope I do that. But I sometimes feel...The feelings run flat. And that it's not mutual.

He'll tell me I make him happy. But do I, do I really? When I cry when he's snappy? I couldn't tell you.

But I do know I love him. With or without me there. And I do know I won't be grim. Because I'll have our memories.

Even if it were to end. Even if he were to leave. And no longer be a friend. Past happiness will pop up.

And knowing he would be at his best If I were gone and not dragging down. Would make me plenty blessed. Because I love him.

I want you to miss me.

I ask myself why do I put up? Why do I let words hurt? Why do I whine like a pup? I take myself off alert.

I want the ones I love to smile I want them to laugh and hug While my heart is utterly defiled And feel the need to unplug.

And even with harsh words I just look and nod Even inside is trapped birds You know my face is fraud.

But you ignore it either way When I want to matter to you You find other things to say And self esteem is askew.

One day is "I love you" The next is "I don't care" Or that's how it comes through. And to me it isn't really fair.

I want to smile and mean it I want you to cry if I disappear But I guess even if I slit You'll never hold me dear.

Hopless Romantic

What do you consider fast? When it comes to certain things? What about
when your friends at last? Or when you see them and your heart sings?

A month or two? Or should we go for six? What about for a baby's coo?
And to put them into your mix?

We put these numbers on feelings So that we can be more comfortable So
that we can sort our dealings. And pray it won't be insufferable.

But what if you knew as soon as you locked eyes or felt presence? It could
have been this afternoon. Just being in their essence.

And you see a pitch white dress with something blue, old, and new? What if
it's a simple "yes"? And you don't need a review?

Is this being naive and blind? Is it hopelessly romantic? Is this my love
defined? Or am I being frantic?

But I want it and I want this I want him and a kid. And those feelings I can't
dismiss. Even if others forbid.

So tell me this, As a dreamer, Can you fall in love with a kiss? Can I keep a
good demeanor?

