

The background of the cover is a teal color with several overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes in shades of blue and green. In the center, there is a torn, white piece of paper. On this piece of paper, there is a red, bloody handprint. The text is overlaid on the image in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a black drop shadow.

# **NO MORE BULLYING & SUICIDE ANTHOLOGY**

**POETRY, PROSE, & STORIES**

*A Hand To Heal Never To Hurt:  
No More Bullying and Suicide  
Anthology*

## ***A Letter To Readers***

*Dear Reader,*

*This body of literal work that is before you is intended to encourage, inspire, and motivate those going through the trials and tribulations of bullying and suicide.*

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# **Childhood**

*She was born to children, yet she never had a childhood  
Escaping into other worlds inside a book, hiding away where no one else would  
look  
Her classmates called her by name, it was defeat  
She painted pictures in her head, holding her teddy tight to keep away the fright  
from the night  
From a little girl to a woman, teddy never left her bed, as she continued to paint  
pictures in her Head  
Then one day she took a stand and picked up a paintbrush in her hand  
Now no longer called defeat, critics are throwing accolades at her feet  
No longer curled up in tears on the floor, she watches as the auction prices  
continue to soar  
She wields the brush like a sword, and now her inner child lives in harmonious  
accord  
She still paints pictures in her head, except now they hang over someone else's bed.*

*By Neville Hiatt*

# *Helping Hand*

*Down*

*I won't let you keep*

*Me down*

*I was meant to pursue*

*The greatness the Most High*

*Has blessed me with.*

*My heart bleeds whenever I see*

*A young man and a young lady*

*Walking around looking down,*

*With a frown,*

*Thinking negative about themselves*

*Feeling death is the only way out*

*No, its the cowardly way out.*

*Young man, young lady*

*I've been where you are,*

*Thought exactly what you are*

*Thinking.*

*I fought my way up out of that*

*Dark hole called depression*

*With God being that powerful force*

*Continuing to pull up.*

*This is no way to live.*

*You have special gifts thrust upon you*

*That you are meant to share with the*

*World.*

*Ignore what negative things others  
Say and do to you  
You are meant to live this way  
Strong,  
Positive,  
Full of love and joy.  
I'm here to with a helping hand,  
Take it.  
Leave the darkness that's continually  
Bringing you down  
Allow no more disrespect and abuse.  
Ignored blessings is an everyday  
Tragedy.  
My helping hand will always be here  
When you need it, but remember this  
You are great and meant to live great.*

*Down  
I won't let you keep  
Me down  
I was meant to pursue  
The greatness the Most High  
Has blessed me with.*

*By Toyhoney*

# ***1 Cried***

*In the morning I grab a coffee,  
Take a peak at the morning news,  
Only to wake and see  
It is not only the life you choose.  
I do not even know if I want to get up,  
even to get my second cup.*

*Maybe it is my little quirk  
But every day I take the same way to work.  
A car accident is what I got to witness.  
A little girl looks in sadness.  
The father she holds on a pedestal  
May not make it to the hospital.*

*I work beside a fellow by the name of Bob.  
This is his twenty fifth year on the job,  
Never will he be a supervisor,  
Let alone get his division transfer.  
You see he is an independent soul  
And that is how he has dug his hole.*

*I get home to eat my supper  
With a drink and the daily paper,  
Reading the news of the day  
About others and their hard way,  
Across the world in another place.  
Thankfully I do not have to see their face.*

*At night I climb into bed,  
Thinking about things left unsaid.  
Trying to deal with everyday tragedy.  
You can only be as strong as you can be  
And like every night I held my head as I cried.  
Today, like everyday, another piece of me died.*

*By Andrew Scott*



# ***One Teardrop***

*One teardrop*

*Hits my shirt*

*Stain of hurt*

*Please, Jesus...*

*Dry my eyes*

*Clean my shirt*

*Soiled in dismay*

*Lord, I have to say*

*Send me guidance*

*Situations so strong*

*I don't want to drown*

*In my wrong*

*Allow your*

*Heavenly servants*

*Sing me songs*

*Showing my worth*

*While your angel serenade*

*My depress hurt*

*My tears dry...*

*Wiped from your holy hands*

*My heart that was left open*

*Mended by care*

*As your angel's share...*

*Protecting me from this turmoil*

*Of doubt that was there...*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***The Ol' Man In The Mountain***

*Jack was an ol' man that lived in a mountain  
Life came from him, like water from a fountain  
He gave life to a family of four  
A wife he always felt was the perfect score  
Together in a cabin most felt was poor  
But he had his family and that is what his life was for*

*Jack was a jolly man, who was nothing but heart  
He would go poor to give you a start  
He was always a sight to see  
Orange hair, grey beard that almost reached his knee  
You never heard him holler  
Small body full of laughter*

*Pride and honour walked with him everyday  
If you had honesty, he gave you any time of the day  
He would be the one to speak the truth when you did not want to hear it  
But he picked the times when it would fit  
When he considered you a friend  
He would be beside you until the end*

*No one knew when the disease came  
He wore it without shame  
Jack's tanned skin went white  
He would tell you he was alright  
Even when jack was at his weakest  
He was full of tenderness*

*Friends and family paid respects when he was taken away  
Remembering the joy Jack brought everyday  
We celebrated his memory  
While his frail soul was being set free  
How we can see him in his own heaven  
Laying peacefully, as the Ol' Man in the Mountain*

*By Andrew Scott*

# ***Overcoming The Storm***

*She was a delicate flower  
Those who taunted her on a daily  
At school  
Convinced her that she was an ugly  
Duckling  
As they called her filthy names,  
Shoved her,  
Pulled her hair,  
Told her she was dumb and stupid  
And nobody loved her  
Brought up with no spiritual background  
She didn't know how to pray except for  
Saying the blessing for her food  
And her prayers at night  
All her bruised emotions she kept  
Bottled up  
With the little strength she had  
She would fight back  
As time went on she grew tired of  
Being mistreated and continued to defend  
Herself against those who constantly  
Bullied her  
Music was her escape  
One day the lyrics in one of her favorite  
Songs awakened her thoughts  
Why did she allow herself to be belittled?*

*Why did she not speak up for herself?  
Those lyrics gave her courage to be strong,  
Speak up and don't hold in those  
Toxic emotions  
Time went by  
And with her new found confidence  
She continues to fly*

*By Toyhoney*



# ***Shake It Off***

*Shake it off*

*While the holy spirit*

*Stirs it's gift*

*Inside your soul*

*It also*

*Provides your needed lift*

*From this disparaging pit*

*Where so many once put your name*

*Your good was spoken to be evil*

*The bruises over your eyes*

*Hurts*

*But still praise*

*The Most High*

*You could still see*

*So your visions*

*Remains in this clear*

*Wide open*

*Not just your shoulder*

*But your whole body*

*Should be shaken*

*From all the dirt that*

*Weighs on your mind  
Showing that a dark hole  
Never will ever deter  
You from your goals  
Every shovel that dug  
Those ditches for your demise  
Would be the same  
Tools used to break  
Your new spiritual ground  
For a territory  
Ordained for you to build  
For only his holy will  
So shake off every worry  
Because our master  
Becomes the author and  
Finisher in all our stories  
So move closer  
And become encouraged  
Moving toward his grace and glory*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***So This Is Christmas***

*sitting here with bracelets on my wrists*

*Thinking of all the birthdays I would have missed*

*The sound of the water keeps me awake*

*As I unscrew the cap and say goodbye to Jake*

*He was true blue, fair dinkum and all that*

*Now the the early morning sun warms the earth where he last sat*

*A tiny piece of metal the difference between life and death*

*A tiny piece of metal before his last breath*

*Now the wind carries him away*

*On this river bank is how I spend my Christmas day*

*By Neville Hiatt*

# ***1 Have To Let It Go***

*I have to let it go*

*Too much stress*

*From the family*

*I stand tall even*

*They can't stand me*

*He made me*

*In his purpose and will*

*Throwing hands*

*Asking for my peace*

*To be still*

*Those burdens*

*I lay on the altar*

*To sacrifice my pain*

*He will give me rest*

*Try not to complain*

*As a souldier*

*I must do my best*

*Finish my assignments*

*In this depressing climate*

*Where the weapons*

*Been formed*

*Praying my faith to be reborn  
At this time  
I have to let it go  
Allow his spirit to flow  
I can hold on to problems  
While grabbing his hands  
I must rejoice in my strange land  
Because if I do not understand  
It's all in his divine plan  
I must let it go  
Why am I so mindful  
Over it?  
I have to let it go*

*By Deon Ballard*



# *Wind of Wisdom*

*The wind of wisdom  
Comes without scenery  
The fruits of its vineyard  
Beholds ultimate greenery  
For wealth of the mind  
Progressions...  
Ensures no drought  
For abundant blessings  
Testing the waters  
The airwaves become  
Cooling agents to grief  
When your enemy behind the lines  
Try to remove your feet  
To be in its path  
As it would teach  
To keep your  
Smile while enjoying laughter  
Confidence in its weather  
Interpreted information  
Are wings of faith  
You are becoming its kite*

*Gaining much-needed altitude  
Hovering over dark clouds  
This breeze comforting  
Your overall reach  
A moment under the stars  
In this heavenly echelon  
While accomplishing your feat...*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***Don't Give Up***

*Depression gives us the  
Impression that self-execution  
Is the best way out  
I've survived depression  
More than a few times  
In my life  
Fought and won every  
Battle  
Satan uses troubled souls  
As cattle  
The cure for this isn't in  
A liquor store  
No drug can treat it properly  
The answer is within  
Not dealing with it is a  
Deadly sin  
The only true cure is  
Faith and prayer*

*By Toyhoney*

# *Emotional Weight*

*My heaviness  
Comes from  
Not letting go  
This has allowed  
A constant flow  
Of material that  
Really means nothing  
That I gave to be something  
That someone who said  
They Gifted me  
Could care less  
They somehow seem  
Blessed  
While I have all this weight  
Being stressed  
My waist change in diameter  
All from my handlers  
That I allowed them  
Abusively to handle  
I hold my change  
Now...  
To rearrange  
The outcome of this game  
He made me a winner  
Not chattel cattle  
To be consumed  
Like everyone's dinner  
They ate by spreading hate  
Why I gained their weight  
Fuel with anxiety and pain  
Their leash becomes  
Lies and deceit*

*Spreading rumors  
While I pound these streets  
I gained so much weight  
Emotionally  
While they prey on the weak  
Every week  
I lay down flat on  
This earth daily  
That was inherited for the meek*

*By Deon Ballard*



# ***Cherish and Don't Perish***

*Cherish and don't perish*

*World is your inheritance*

*Leaving it blank ,now wouldn't do*

*There isn't anyone could do it for you*

*Don't let life complexities fold ya! bra!*

*I'm a part of my freedom fight a Nlistic Souldier*

*By Deon Ballard*

# *Dealing With Life*

*DEALING WITH LIFE  
WE OFTEN HAVE PAIN  
DEALING WITH PAIN  
WE OFTEN FEELS ITS STRAIN  
ALL THIS THAT WE OBTAIN  
SHOULD BE MORE  
MOTIVATION FOR OUR BRAINS  
HE HOLDS OUR VESSELS  
SO DEAR  
SO THAT IT WON'T EVER POP  
GIVES US OUR PASSION  
IN EACH PASSING  
THIS DEVOTION  
BECOMES CONTINUAL  
FOR THIS CARE  
I WILL NEVER STOP*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***1 Can See Your***

*I can see your  
Wrinkles  
But never once saw  
Your flaws  
Seas of  
Waves that crowns  
Your face  
Showing us  
That numerous storms  
Had passed  
You helped us to be  
Ready  
To step off our ark  
I saw you walking  
With a limp  
But I heard of days  
You had walked  
So many miles  
For freedom  
Even if your steps  
Are slow now  
Speed was never  
Our determining factor  
Anyways  
Because your movement  
Always was on time  
I wasn't there to witness  
Or help you  
Battle your social injustice  
But I'm here now to tell you  
That you are much appreciated*

*Your not just a body  
That looks as if its worn  
From rights of humanity  
That the powers that be  
Had more than often torn  
Through your life we triumph  
So the Red Sea  
That appears on  
Your face so long ago  
Departed  
It now becomes  
Our trophy of faith  
A sure sign of our creator  
Abundance and grace ...  
Giving us serenity  
In what's to come*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***1 Heard***

*I heard of your past  
But you overcame  
There was many to blame  
That attacked your  
Awareness  
For change  
Many who witness  
The solemn sounds of  
Your confessions  
Were heightened  
They did not win  
Those lyrics deeply  
Explain your pain within  
It gave your poems depth  
And sincerity  
With each line emerged  
Complete clarity  
Of where you been  
It even told us of your  
Promising future  
In a sense  
That you would write  
To enlighten  
For whom would read  
To give them courage  
For them to never  
Become frighten again  
You told of stories of fear  
Likewise words of happiness  
And of love  
But you survived*

*By your vigilance and strength  
Before  
You would be immortalized  
By your immaculate words  
You left us  
I remembered your past  
But also for your tenacity  
For the arts that would always  
Mimic life*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***In Harm's Way***

*In harm's way  
Becomes a way of coping  
A dramatic lifestyle  
That forms post traumatic syndrome  
P.T.S.D.  
A sin against mental stability  
Blockage from our dreams  
Feelings not so agile  
A heart that is fragile  
Becomes a rock  
That obstruct blood flow  
Stubborn never letting go  
Always in reliving your past  
Funny valentine  
This defense mechanism  
Allowed you to last  
So long  
But never living  
Or truly giving your gift  
Of life  
A fist is powerful  
But a open hand could grab  
A knife is a tool  
Without a powerful hand  
Could it stab .....  
In harm's way  
Your under many scrutiny  
They don't ever see  
Your beautiful insight  
But trade it off  
As mere foolery*

*Harming your intellect  
In every way  
Critical conditions daily  
You don't have the currency  
To pay  
Ill faded emotionalize promises  
For your refuge  
Upon others strict delay*

*By Deon Ballard*



# ***We Are In This Together***

*We are in this together  
If you feel closed in..  
Grab your elbow grease  
Negative vibes... please don't release  
Praying for peace..  
Us men need to show more love  
Dedication to our families  
Devotion forms a circle...  
Lets become rounded never square  
We in this together  
So simultaneously lets share  
Remind you we are souls collected.....  
Human life is so precious.....*

*By Deon Ballard*

# ***This For The One***

*This for the one....who never heard  
I love you sincerely....  
I pinpoint this frequency  
On your soul....  
We all need to be loved ..  
Yearning to feel its warmth  
Love complications..  
Never is going to keep me away  
The leaves and branches my stray  
In a hurricane  
I'm the base of this oak tree  
My devotions will sustain  
This is for the ones...  
Who never been told they were loved  
I scribe this for your inner man  
That has been..so cold  
For so many years of disbelief  
Praying for your incarnations ..  
Are released .....my love is action  
My love becomes your attraction  
Just asking....have you ever been  
Loved like this before ....  
A spiritual design for our comfort*

*By Deon Ballard*

## *Blessed Forward*

*She told me thoughts in his head become louder every day. He said he keeps quiet about it because he never wants to seem weak. He has an image to uphold. He is considered by others a handsome, strong, and bright student. He dates the prom queen and is captain of his high school football team. He was envied by many of his peers. He also carried a 4.0 GPA. He comes from a Polish background. Craig's parents graduated from Ivy League schools, his mother works as a bank manager and his dad is a certified public accountant. With his parents being overachievers they're not home as much and they push Craig to be more responsible.*

*Why am I writing about this young man? I'm his coach. I had the chance to witness him win three state championships. Little about me, I battled with depression all my life. I came from a humble background. I'm from down south and my family didn't have much. I was always bullied. I was told by my peers who were black that I was disgraceful to my race because of my family's financial situation. I wasn't accepted by the other races because of the negative stigmatism of how the media portrays Afro-Americans. I had it coming both ways. Here is a little bit about my back story. I struggled as a child until I went to church one day and gave my life to Christ*

*My pastor took time to look after me. His name was Pastor Landers. Through Pastor Lander's ministry, I obtained a scholarship to college. I want to give back to the youth like my pastor did. I decided to major in education So that led to landing a job at this Christian high school. I love my job. So it weighed on me when this happened in my life. His name is Craig, and he had an arm like no other. I mean this guy was majorly talented. Quietly suffering from a past trauma, abuse from a relative. A trigger could come from being chastised or something of that nature. This would sometimes put a strain on his relationship with Sabrina, the prom queen, who had some issues of her own she was dealing with.*

*Sabrina was a lovely, intelligent young lady who also carried a 4.0 GPA. Both of her parents are educated, her father is a politician and her mother is an heiress. Her parents have taught her the importance of education and family legacy. They believe her relationship with Craig is a phase, they've arranged her future with someone else. She deals with keeping up appearances with the popular crowd with her passion for singing and her love for Craig. Sabrina had a lot going for herself. She was smart and beautiful. She suffered bad self-esteem problems. Craig was the polar opposite. I've seen Craig coach her on many opportunities in our school. One day he heard Sabrina sing. She thought she was alone. Sabrina was tending to her mother outside the garden. While she didn't even know Craig was behind her Craig knew she was at a certain time, so he wanted to surprise her. To his surprise, he heard her and was blown away. Even though Sabrina was very shy, he convinced her to be in our school choir. Our school has won so many state competitions because of her voice.*

*A knock was on my door. It was Craig I told him to come in. His face was a bit red and anxiety covered his face. I asked him what's on his mind. He spoke of the pressure of his future after graduating from high school, the pressure of Sabrina's parents, and his peers; he was feeling like he wasn't good enough. I ministered to him for an hour and a half. I told him about a man named Job in the scripture. I told him about how heavily Job's faith was tested and how he lost almost everything but he never gave up on his faith in Our Almighty Father even though he had people around him who discouraged him Job still held on to his faith. I prayed with him and told him to read the Book of Job for himself, stay encouraged, and talk to me anytime. When he turned to walk out of my office I felt his burden was light and I hoped and prayed that he would be strong through his trials.*

*Craig is an easygoing guy at times. He loves to encourage people. I wish he would believe in himself more than he did others. This was a special quality that he had around the people he truly loved. I heard about Craig and Sabrina giving a helping hand to others at the local food pantry. They were inseparable it seemed. I overheard a young lady talking to another young lady. She said they should break up because she is tired of seeing them together. I always thought it was great because truly they complimented each other*

*I told Craig that he should start studying the Book of Job. Without Christ, there's no way you could do it alone. Job himself had lost everything and had so-called friends not giving him the right advice but he still never went against Our Heavenly Father. When you're encouraged and learn a truth you've never learned before your spirit is enlightened and strengthened. There were things Craig had been putting off about his future and he felt ready to take the proper actions. He got into the process of making his studio with Sabrina in mind along with other artists who would need help. With this move he was making he was hoping to make his parents proud. Craig's parents helped him with the purchase of the office space but the rent was his responsibility. The first person he could think about telling was Sabrina. He went to her house smiling and excited about telling her the news, he heard loud talking outside of the house. Craig knocked on the door with a concerned look on his face, the voices got louder and louder approached the door. The door opened and it was Sabrina's mother.*

*"What do you want," she said in a cruel tone.*

*"Hi, may I see Sabrina?" He asked politely.*

*"No you may not," she answered in a cruel tone.*

*"You are the one that has been filling my daughter's head up with this foolishness of being a singer. My daughter is going to be the first female president and you want her to slum it with you? That's not going to happen. We have a young man picked out for her that can give her more than you can. You're dead weight and will never amount to anything."*

*"Mom, what are you doing? I love him." Sabrina screamed as she was approaching the door with tears in her eyes.*

*"You're wrong, you're wrong about me. I have worked hours with your daughter to perfect her gift and I just purchased a studio for her and other artists who are put down by people like you. She will make money with me doing what she loves and not what's expected of her to do."*

*Craig responded.*

*He turned around and walked away. Sabrina was trying to go after him but her mother was holding her back. Craig was moving so fast without knowing it he ended up at his high school building. He ran through the halls where students and teachers looked. One of his teammates called out for him, but Craig ignored him and kept going. His teammate ran to me and told him Craig was headed for the roof. I ran straight to where he was. Craig was standing at the edge. Sabrina was able to break the grasp of her mother and follow Craig, but was it too late?*

*“Craig, hold on son. You don’t want to do this, remember what I told you. Where do you think you will go if you succeed in doing this? It’s not Heaven. One of the Ten Commandments states “Thou shalt not murder.” If you do this the enemy wins. It’s enough to deal with what we deal with on earth. The goal is to live for Him. Remember, remember the story of Job. Did he give up, did he give up Craig?” I asked.*

*“No”. Craig cried.*

*“That’s right and remember what he lost he gained so much more,” I said.*

*Craig came back off the ledge. Sabrina ran toward him and hugged him expressing her love. I stood far off trying to catch my breath, thanking The Almighty Father for using me as a vessel to help save this young man’s life.*

*Craig went on to pursue his goal. Side by side he and Sabrina worked to build the success of the studio; they helped a lot of artists of all ages and nations. He encouraged young men and he would call me for assistance. He continues to plant those seeds of faith and encouragement.*

## *Addicted To Love*

*A mutual vice connected us. When we were together, we were in a world of our own no one else existed in it; it was just the two of us. Some call it falling in love, I call it emotionally connected. I deeply loved this woman and desired to be her main man. From the first day we spent together, I had it bad for her and I would do anything for her, that's how this story begins.*

*Seven years of indulging in our mutual vice, sharing secrets, and connecting on a level we never connected with anyone. For the past month, I haven't seen her much and when I do see her she needs something or is in trouble. Then one day, the answer behind the distance between us was shown, another man. I saw them embracing like I've always dreamed we would. She even looked at him how I felt she should look at me. I thought to myself "Maybe I should be more patient" Then I thought "No I waited for seven years." Whenever she needed money or whatever she needed, I was there. She needed someone to talk to someone who wouldn't judge her, I was there. I was there to offer the love and care that she needed. So many ways I've shown how much I loved and cared about her.*

*I used the distance to do some soul searching, I ignored her calls and made sure I wasn't anywhere that she would be able to find me. A neighbor of ours, who's like a father figure to us, told me about a serious issue she was going through. She had lost her job and was in danger of losing everything. My heart felt for her, so I decided to wait around for her to talk to her about her situation.*

*The next time I saw her, she was with him. I took her to the side and asked if I could speak to her alone, and she gave me a time and place to meet her. As I anticipated when our meeting would take place, I decided I would give her the offer of a lifetime. Despite my addiction, I was working a good-paying job with a place of my own and a car. Seven years of my life my heart and my mind have been with one woman and I was determined to make her mine.*

*As I waited at the spot she picked to meet, my heart was beating hard and fast, it felt like it would have beat through my chest. Fifteen minutes went by then twenty-five minutes, then thirty-five minutes there was no sign of her. My emotions went from excited to angry. How could she stand me up like this? This was the last straw.*

*I drove 65 miles per hour to my place and as soon as I got there I heard noises of laughing and then moaning. I followed the noises to where they were coming from. Then I saw something that broke my heart, her with him. Tears welled up in my eyes, my breathing became short, and my level of anger rose. Seven years, Seven years I spent my time with this woman loving, caring for her being there for her when nobody was, where was he? Now he pops up out of nowhere.*

*Something in me snapped, since the night of what I witnessed I watched her like an owl. I was waiting for the right time to confront her. I invested years of my life with her. I needed an answer to why..she....did...not..pick...me? I saw her by herself, I asked the questions that were on my heart, and I spoke what was on my heart. The way she answered was like we were strangers, like we never had meaningful conversations and everything I did to prove my love meant nothing. I listened to her say negative things about me like I was nothing, I flashed back to the night I saw what she had done with him.*

*Then I told her out of the pain that I was done wasting my time. Next time she needed a shoulder to cry on or someone to pay her way to find someone else. She stomped away from me still spewing negative things.*

*I went back to my place and paced back and forth. Then I sat down and wrote a Dear Jane letter writing everything I felt about this woman for the past seven years. I got in my car and sped off. I figured I would drive until I couldn't anymore. The next thing I heard was a loud car horn and everything faded to black. Maybe she'll get the letter I wrote for her; how she feels about it after reading will be up to her.*

*I woke up in a hospital with the beeping sounds of machines. My thought was to end it all when I got behind the wheel of my car, but I was given a second chance. My body may not operate like it used to but my mind is better and stronger. I'm a paraplegic who has been free of my addiction for two years. It took losing my ability to walk to find The Most High and to live in the purpose I should have years ago. I currently work at a shelter and as a counselor in the hospital where I was a patient helping people to not destroy their lives as I almost did.*

*What happened to the young lady I thought I loved? Well last I heard she lost everything and that she was in a rehabilitation center getting help, then I heard again that she left that center. Sometimes I look for her. I can see her in the young ladies who come by the shelter. I learned my lesson you can't make anyone*



*love you and when the signs are there to show how they truly feel for you don't ignore them. The Almighty Father blessed me with something I never thought I'd have, a woman who truly loves me.*