

Blood stain glass piece of heart

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Giving your heart to someone you love

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A baby died

and never saw the light.

My grandfather

who was truly grand

passed away.

Life treated me

to what I believe I deserve.

There is so much pain,

in my heart.

There is only one piece

of it left.

It's a red stained

shattered piece of glass.

It is thin and the stain

is blood red.

every one who has used me

took a piece of my heart.

Those who are kind

and are like family,

brought this piece back.

The words

"I love you"

used to mean

"I care for you"

but as years passed

they became

" I will use you."

I rarely say those words,

but when I do,

i mean them with care.

I believe very few

when they say those words,

because I know

I am one piece away

from being empty again.

I know only true love

can give me a piece of heart.

I thought there was no chance

for me to find that love.

But now I believe

that I have found someone

who can give me a piece of heart.

he is true

and so pure.

i truly do not deserve him,

yet he says he belongs with me.

No one has ever said

that he wants to be with me.

No one has ever said

that they love my unborn child.

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*No one has ever asked about my past
and has cared about what happened.*

*No one has ever asked
about my Grandfather.*

Yet he has done it all.

*He cares for me
more than I care for myself.*

He calls me beautiful.

*I love him,
with all my heart.*

*I know there isn't much of it
but I hope he accepts.*

*I just have a feeling,
that he will never break my heart,*

nor turn my last piece

of heart

into two.

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