

Some of the Pieces
Are Missing



Poetry by Mariak
Age 15

Mariah,

You will find the missing pieces of your Self. God will lead you to them, and they will sometimes be in the places you least expect them to be.

You might find your childhood laughter someplace like a little path alongside the river, or in the bubbles of a fish tank . Maybe you'll find your childhood securities as you lean against a very old oak tree, or in the touch of a friend. Your six-year-old smile could be waiting for you in a snowy winter day that has not yet come, or someday in the face of your own child.

And all the tears you were afraid to cry . . . they, too will come. They will come like a cleansing shower in spring. Have faith, with God's help, the tears will help you grow.. .

Carol Priour

Expressive Arts Director

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Five Senses

I smelled his breath.

I felt the beatings on my body.

I tasted the saltiness of my own tears.

I heard my plea, so quiet and weak.

I touched my head and felt the blood.

And I thought,

Is this the way I have to live

Nobody believing me

Nobody listening

Nobody caring?

I smell fresh air.

I feel safe.

I have taste for what's right.

I hear pleasant things.

I touch the hearts of people

Who have helped me get here.

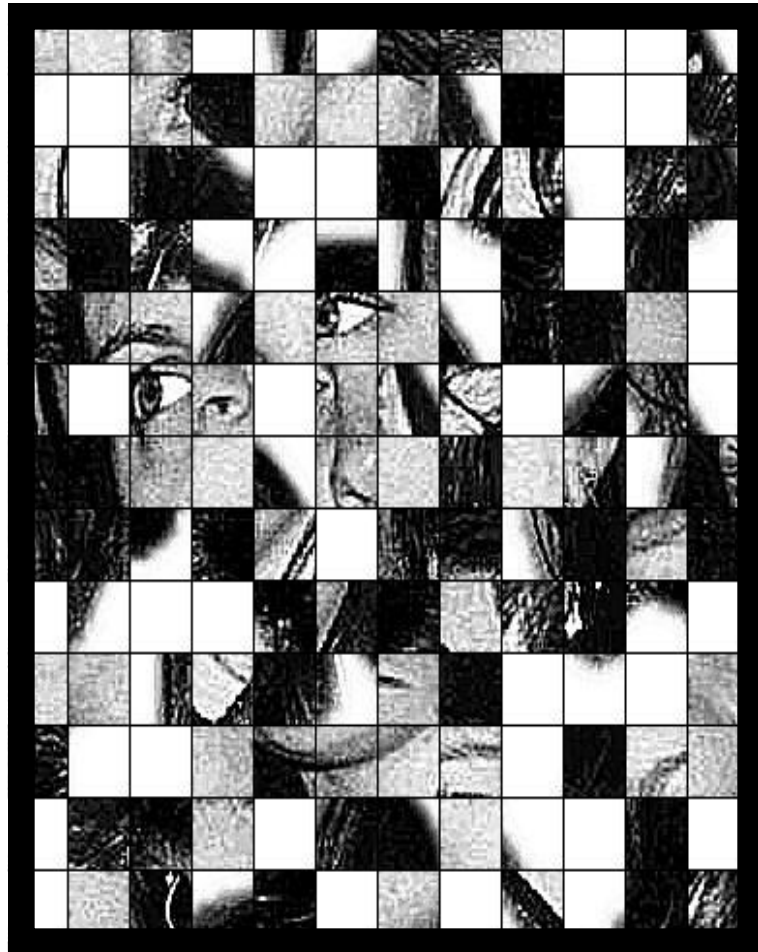
MY GOD GAVE ME WINGS,

AND I'M USING THEM TO FLY!



*Some of the
Pieces
Are Missing*

Poems by Mariab, age 15



Afraid

*There's a little girl
Afraid of change
Afraid of mistakes
Afraid of reality
And afraid of dreams.*

*She wants the world to stay the same
And she never wants to make mistakes.
She's afraid of what's real . . .
So she wishes for a fairytale.*

*How do I know her so well?
The girl . . . Is me.*



Missing Pieces

*I can't speak . . .
I choke on my words
I never say the right things.*

*My heart's been broken
And I can never put it back together.
Some of the pieces are missing.*

If We Could Fly

*If only we could fly,
My little brother and me
We would fly away
From our father and all his lies.*

*We would fly away
My little brother and me
Where we would be King and Queen
And we'd have all that really matters*

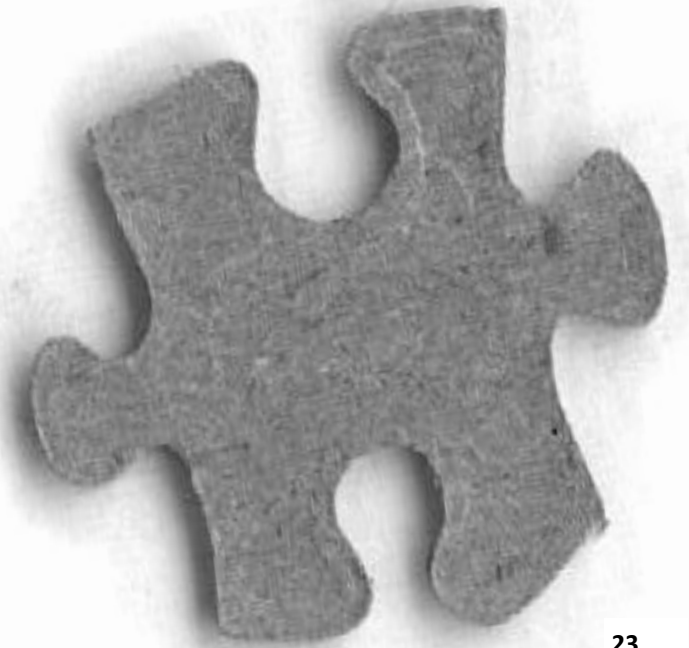
*We'd have each other
And we'd never have to watch
Each other suffer.
Ever again.*



Life Goes On

*I once prayed to God to please give me wings;
I wanted to fly,
But since I never got them
I thought the only way out was to die.*

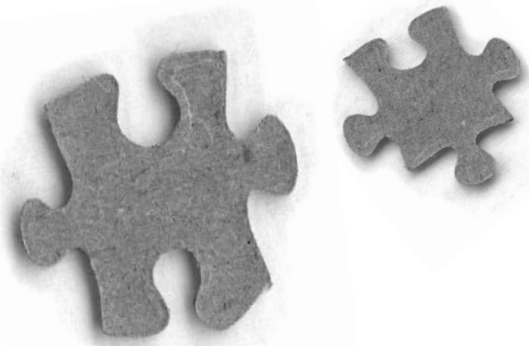
*But I'm still here...
Most of the hurt is gone.
I'm feeling better,
life goes on.*



Wayne and I

*Wayne and I, we'd ride our bikes down the hills
Screaming all the way
Laughing
Having fun
Feeling free
Forgetting all the horrors
That the night and our dad
Would bring.*

*I hardly see Wayne now.
I hope he knows I love him and I miss him.
We live different lives in different places
But in my prayers
I hope he's laughing
Having fun
Feeling free
Forgetting .*



Paper Dolls

*I was a little girl
Playing with paper dolls
Pretending each doll
Was somebody in my family.*

*The paper dolls would go
To a picnic on the beach
And have fun together as a family .*

*The paper dolls would go for a drive . . .
We'd go to the lake
Or someplace special . . .*

*Then the paper dolls would go back in the box
And I had to go back to my life
Where there was fighting and yelling and hurting
and hitting . . .*

I played with paper dolls whenever I could.



Go Away

***Mommies are supposed to be with their
children***

"Always and forever"

Isn't that what they say?

Mommies are not supposed to go away.

You left and forgot me.

The pain won't go away.

Tears stream down my face.

I feel like such a disgrace.

I am dying inside.

I have nowhere to hide.

I don't want to be in this world.

I want to go away.

Pieces of Me

I'm wondering if I can find

The pieces of me I left behind . . .

Most of my pieces

Bring me back

To the place

Where my heart broke.

Most of my pieces

Take me to a place full of hurt

Where I couldn't be a child . . .

A place I once called home.

My father coming to his senses,

That piece was lost long ago . . .

I wish I could help him, but he's on his own.

He's the only one that can find that peace.

If any of us ever find ourselves

We have to do it by ourselves.





Mom

*Sometimes we would sit on the couch and watch t.v.
I'd put my head on a pillow on her lap
And she'd run her fingers through my hair
Until I fell asleep.
I didn't wonder
If she loved me.
I knew she did.*

I miss her so much it hurts.



Stop and Think

*Before you say anything unkind
To your mother.
Just stop and think . . .
Is that really what you would say
If you knew
You would never see her again?*

Thinking About You

*I don't know how long I've been sitting here . . .
I don't know how long I've been missing you . . .
I just know I've been thinking about you.*

*I'm thinking about the day you taught me how to ride a bike.
I'm thinking about the way you used to play with my hair.
Then I think about the day you went away.*

*I'm sitting here alone,
God only knows how long.
I'm sitting here,
Thinking about you.*



WHY DID THEY WAIT SO LONG?

*I spent most of my life in my room . . .
That's where my dad would make me go.
Boredom came first, then sleep. . .
HE BARGES IN . . .
JARRING ME FROM SLEEP . . .
I OPEN MY EYES . . .
A FIST IS COMING TOWARD MY FACE . . .*

WHEN WILL IT STOP?!

*I didn't have to do anything
For the yelling and hitting to start . . .
All his frustrations taken out on me.
HE'S DRUNK . . .
CALLING ME NAMES . . .
LYING . . . HURTING . . .
MAKING ME WANT TO DIE . . .
DOESN'T HELP TO CRY .*

IT GOES ON AND ON.

*Nobody believed me .
I was just another "problem child"
Getting what I deserved.
THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME . . .
THIS IS GOING TO GO ON FOREVER .
I TRIED TO TAKE MY LIFE . . .
WHAT'S A LIFE LIKE THIS WORTH, ANYHOW?*

They finally listened.

Why did they wait so long?



WHILE YOU WERE GONE

(a message to Mama)

*A year without you,
The abuse went on and on.
A year without you,
I was half gone.*

*Lost in his world
Of drugs and alcohol.
I should not have been there
Not at all. . .*

BLINDED BY ALCOHOL

*You missed my first words,
My first steps,
My first haircut...
What else did you miss?*

*You were drunk the day I got baptized.
You missed my whole childhood.
Some say I've grown into a fine young lady...
You're missing that, too.*

*Through my eyes
If only you could see
What a monster
The alcohol makes you.*

*The horrible things you used to say
Oh, how they're hurting me;
I began to believe them,
And now I can't see.*

*You were drunk all my life-
I never got to know the real you.
BUT IF YOU EVER MEET YOU,
TELL HIM I SAID, "I LOVE YOU, DADDY."*

You Watch Me

*You watch me now
From a distance,
This daughter you can no longer touch.*

I am in God's hands now.

*You watch me now,
I'm no longer under your roof.
I'm safe with a new family that loves me . . .*

Like you should have loved me.

*Maybe one day you will watch yourself.
Maybe someday you will see
What you've done to me.
Remember, God is watching you. Too.*

*And somehow I'll put my life back together . . .
YOU WATCH ME!*



1 Watch the Trees

*I watch the leaves on the trees,
They turn from their spring green
To autumn red.*

*I watch the leaves on the trees
They fall down from their branches
Leaving naked winter trees.*

*Minutes turn to hours
Hours turn to days,
Days turn to weeks,
And weeks turn to months.*

*I watch the leaves on the trees
They blow in the wind,
Calling my name.*

*I hear the leaves on the trees
They tell me to be patient.
To be calm . . .*



1 Watch You

*The leaves change
But you stay the same.
You are still the monster
That ruined my dreams.*

*I watch you
Drinking another beer . . .
This one's number eight.
Another wasted night.*

*Number eight.
But hey, who's counting,
Certainly not you.
There'll be more.*

*I watch you, your eyes full
of anger,
I hear you tell all those
lies.
You say you're depressed.
The beating comes next.*

*You're always keeping me awake at night
And if I ever do sleep
I have to watch you in my dreams.*



TOO DRUNK TO SEE

*You were always drunk
Too drunk to see,
That your children were getting older
And you were never there.*

*Where were you
When Wayne learned how to cook?
Where were you when I was in trouble?*

*I'll tell you where you were-
You were passed out on the couch!*

*I knew it wasn't you that hit me.
It was the alcohol.
I knew it wasn't you that hurt me,
I still love you after all.*

*What kind of a father were you?
Letting Wayne watch grownup things.
What kind of a father were you?
You let your daughter grow unloved.*

*What were you thinking
When you were a teenager...
Drinking your first drink of alcohol?*

YOU HURT ME

*You hurt me
Oh can't you see
How you hurt me
I can't believe
You hurt me.*

*Why in the world
Would you
Hurt me
Why do you always
Hurt me?*

*When you drink
It hurts me
When you get drunk
You hurt me
When you hit me
It hurts.*

*You shouldn't
Hurt me
I am a child
You shouldn't hurt me
I don't deserve it.*

*Please Daddy quit drinking
And it won't hurt anymore!*



Before You Buy Another Beer

*Before you buy another beer
Think of something else you could do
with that money . . .
Something that won't wreck your liver,
Wreck your relationships,
Wreck your family,
Wreck your dreams . . .*

Something that won't leave you a helpless wreck.