

Butterfly  
Kisses

Poetry by Bre'Ann  
age 13

# Butterfly Kisses

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*Thank you, everyone, for making me  
feel welcome here. Thank you, Libby,  
for being my friend and helping me out.  
Thank you Carol, Miss Olivia, Miss  
Melinda, Doug, Tony, Gary, Mike, and  
everyone else who helped me and  
made me feel a part of Hill County  
Youth Ranch.*

*Bre'Ann (age 13)*



For every tear you cry  
there's a reason why  
that tear falls from your eyes.  
You may not know right then and there,  
but one day it will all be clear.

Poems by Bre'ann  
Age 18

## You'll Never Know

You'll never know  
how happy I was when you stepped into the room.  
You'll never know  
how much I wanted you to approve.  
You'll never know  
how much like a father you were.  
You'll never know  
how much I wanted to be just like you.  
You'll never know  
how many people look up to you.

But what you do know is how much I love you.

for Mike Wood  
BSRC Campus Director  
Ed Brunz Charter School Superintendent

*Editor's note: Bre'Ann has lived at Hill Country Youth Ranch, then Big Springs Ranch for Children, for a total of six years. She is a shining star who is loved by many. This book of poems, written shortly after she came to the Ranch, is about her struggle with her mother's substance abuse, and abandonment of her.*

*There are two poems at the end of the book written by Bre'Ann at a later date, when she was 18. They illustrate her amazing ability to move on and make the most of the life she was given with a positive attitude, and with gratitude to those who have helped her grow.*

*As Bre'Ann is approaching high school graduation, and making plans for a promising future, we are so proud of the progress she has made! We are also very grateful to God for the amazing young woman Bre'Ann has become, and for the time we have had with her!*

*Carol Priour*

*HCYR fine arts director*

## Wishes

wishing you would be there for me  
wishing you would love me  
wishing to please you  
in every way I can  
wishing to grow wings  
to fly away from all the beatings.

## Dead Butterfly

Dead Butterfly falling down from the sky  
Broken wings can't fly  
falling so far down can't pick your  
self back up again.

"My wings are torn into pieces and broken in two  
and as black as the night sky  
alone inside cut up wings  
about to die not time to cry."

Dead butterfly, what do you see  
when you're about to die — your cut up wings  
from all the people who have hurt you?  
or is it your black wings from all the bad  
things you've done wrong?

Now you have hit the ground  
and you know that you are dead, will you go  
to hell for all the bad things you've said?

Every tear you cry there's a reason why  
those tears fall from your eyes.  
you may not know right then and there, but one  
day it will all be clear. When it is all  
clear and your tears are gone, that is the dead  
butterfly's song.

## Wind

When I hear the wind  
blow through the trees  
with every little bit of air  
that I breathe  
I know God is alive and well.

Seeing the stars hang up there  
in the sky . . .

Watching the butterflies fly by . . .

I know God is alive and well.

## Why?

*Why don't you love me?*

*Why do you do drugs?  
. . . to hurt me?*

*Why did you give me up?  
Am I stupid, ugly,  
or not smart?*

*Why did you do this to me?*

## WHY?

## Painful Tears

My brothers and I  
would sit at home  
waiting for you.

Sometimes you were mad  
and sometimes happy,  
but most of the time  
you were drunk and doing drugs.

Sometime you would ignore us.  
We would act up  
just to get your attention.

You left these painful tears for us.

## Pieces of My Heart

Pieces of my heart  
say you love me.  
others say you don't.

Some say  
"give her another chance",  
some say "no!"

Putting all the pieces  
of my heart  
together, they say,  
"love will find a way."

## I'm Following My Heart

I'm following my heart  
wherever it may guide me.

To my past . . . back with my mom . . .  
wherever.

I will follow my heart  
wherever it may guide me.  
For whatever reason . . .  
for whatever problems . . .  
I'll follow my heart.

## Trying

Trying to forget  
all the pain my mom gave me . . .  
all the things she said were my fault.  
Lying and saying she loved me  
and that she would get me back.

My brothers and I acting bad  
to get her attention.

How else would we get it?

With all the men in her life,  
who is my Daddy?

My mom doesn't care about me  
and my brothers.

I lost a tooth.

She said she would treasure it  
but she just threw it away.

Is it my fault?

Did I do something wrong?

If I did, tell me.

I will listen.



# Tears

You would tell us just to kill you with a knife  
because we were being bad  
just to get your attention.  
You would get so mad at us!  
I would hold my brothers close  
because you were drunk  
and doing drugs.  
You were the one  
who left us all these tears!

# Libby is Like My Sister, Now

We have a lot of the same problems,  
Libby and I  
We were always fighting  
and being loud,  
but we can listen to each other, now.  
She is like my sister, now,  
in so many ways.

## DEAD

Dead in my tracks,  
Nowhere to turn.  
There's nothing left for me.  
Here in my room, waiting for the day  
when you finally say  
"I LOVE YOU",  
and start acting like a mom.  
There in my room, you left me.  
You said "stay there until I'm through."  
*Don't act like I don't know  
what's going on!*  
It's kind of obvious!  
Sometimes  
you would keep me in the room for days  
without food or water.  
I guess you wanted me dead  
more than you wanted to be my mother.

## Butterfly Kisses

Sometimes she would lay me down for bed . . .  
gently stroke my hair  
and give me butterfly kisses.

I thought to myself,  
"Everything will be all right".

. . . Until the cops came . . .

They were going to take us away!  
I was running from them!

It was my mom who caught me.  
All I could say was "why?"

All I could think was WHY?

Who?



Who is my daddy?  
I'd like to know.

Did he ever love me?  
If so, tell me, I'd like to know.

Did he ever  
give me piggy back rides?  
Watch tv with me?  
Did he ever say he loved me?

Who is my daddy?  
Tell me, I'd really like to know.

LIAR

You said you loved me,  
but did you mean it?  
You also said  
you cared about me.  
You would do anything  
in the world for me.

LIAR!

You liar, you never meant it.  
You just don't have anywhere to turn  
but to us.  
You never meant  
any of those things.

## In a Tunnel

My life is like a tunnel.  
It seems like there's no beginning  
and no end.  
Nowhere to turn .  
Just dark and cold.  
A small light at the end . . .  
running to the light . . .  
It seems to go on and on.  
I'm in a tunnel.

# How...

How could you do this to me?

Don't you love me?  
How could you let go?

All I can say is

# HOW?

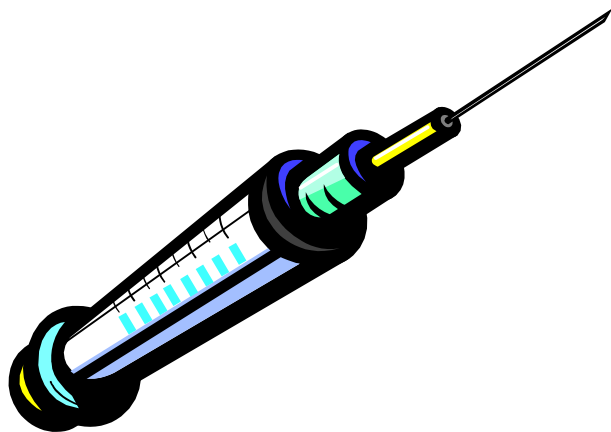
When...

When will you come home  
to stay or say "I love you"?

When will you give up  
drugs and alcohol?

When will you be a mom?

Tell me when!!!!



## Spider Webs

Your heart is full of spider webs.  
when you look at me,  
there is no love  
in your heart for me.

There are spider webs  
in your eyes  
when you look at me.

You are full of spider webs . . .  
spinning webs of lies.

## Secrets

Why did you keep  
all those secrets from me?

You didn't have to keep secrets  
about your past from me.

Like when Daddy hit you.

I would have understood.

You could have told me anything . . .  
even if you didn't think it was important.

*You could have talked to me.*

Don't keep secrets.

## Sorry

Sorry I wasn't there  
to protect you,  
or to say "I love you"  
or to give you butterfly kisses.

Mom, I'm sorry for *anything*  
I did do or didn't do.

"Sorry!"

## Can You

Can you hear my pain *screaming*?

Can you see my tears *falling*?

Can you see me *reaching* for you?

If so, why don't you  
reach out and *help* me?

I *need* you, can't you see?

I'm *crying* to see you notice me.

I am all *alone* in my room,  
*crying* myself to sleep,  
*wishing* I had a mom  
to sing me to sleep.

Can you *ever* be that mom?

## Holding On

Holding on to everything you gave me . . .  
teddy bears, pictures,  
and the love in my heart.

*Why should I be the one holding on  
when you let go?*

