

Butterfly
Kisses

Poetry by Bre'Ann
age 13

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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 Brung 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?

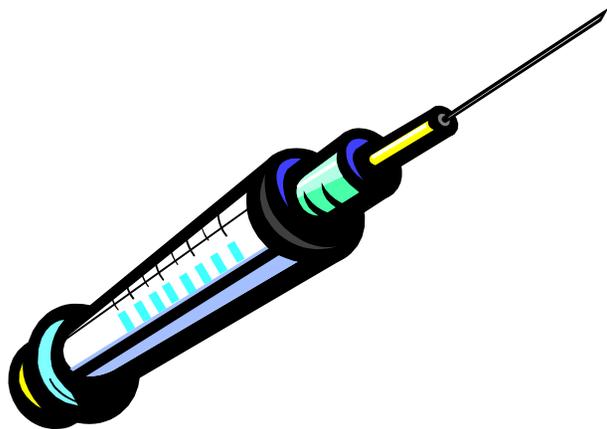
When...

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?*

