

*“OUR LOVE”*

*Symia Ceresia Johnson, 16.*

*4<sup>th</sup> Place Winner – YWAT Poetry Contest, May 2004*

*Our love is strong but yet so weak-  
All I can do when I think about you is weep-  
The thought of us apart is much to sad-  
While us being together is not helping at all-  
It feels like I'm being rolled into a ball-  
When you hit me you say it's out of love-  
There's a thin line between love and hate-  
The line is breaking and hate is coming into place-  
Love is out the door I think I don't want you anymore-  
Our unborn child is experiencing the so-called love and real  
fucking hate-  
I weep and cry every night asking my self why oh why-  
I can't take this shit this is to far to much pain-  
My name is S\*\*\*\* not Ike nor Tina-  
You not gonna beat on me and expect me to be afraid-  
I'm a strong black woman ready to take action-  
I don't want to go to sleep, scarred to wake up-  
Having the fear that you're going to kick my butt-  
I can't believe the man I "love" is threatening me because our  
love is gone-  
Well guess what player HA HA jokes on you  
You got played to-  
Now all you got to think about is them niggas not beating on  
you-*

*Hope you don't drop the soap while you're visiting Lil Bo,  
Tom and Bill-*

*Your unborn child is crying and weeping wanting you to  
come home-*

*I tell him daddies far far away learning lessons about how to  
treat women-*

*A real good woman I am-*

*Our little son asks, "Mommy do you still love daddy?"*

*I say no baby "our love" is gone, and so is he-*

*Now we can live happy and so is he-*

*Now we can live happy and free.*