

Caveat: In an attempt to cover more contemporary works, these samples have been taken from the Internet in the poets' original words, as much as possible. That means some have usage errors, spelling errors, and possibly others. Since most of the errors do not impede understanding, we will use them as opportunities to learn.

Read these poems and let them inspire you.

Abandonment Poem

This poem is to give every hurting little girl, confirmation that no matter what you've been told or have been through your heavenly FATHER will always love you.

A Grieving Daughter

© Ebony Angel B.

She told her daughter she hated her and wished she was never born.
She didn't even seem to care that the child's heart was torn.
She blamed child for all of her heartache and pain.
Did she realize emotional abuse, can drive a child insane.
She said her child was the reason she never achieved her dreams.
Those words hurt her child more, than to her they may have seemed.
All her daughter wanted was her love and her affection.
But all she ever got was her mothers constant rejection.
Feeling like a lost child with no one to love.
She prayed to be taken away to the heavens above.
Not knowing why she just wasn't good enough.
Why when she needed gentleness she was treated so rough.
Wondering why her existence caused her mother so much pain.
Longing for her mother's love, she probably would never gain.
Wanting her mother to tell her she was a blessing.
That she was not the reason for her mother's stressing.
If there is a little girl out there that feels this way.
Just know you are one of GOD's Angels, and he loves you more each day.

Here is an example of orienting the audience to the work.

Source: [A Grieving Daughter, Abandonment Poem http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/a-grieving-daughter#ixzz2rMioaAO4](http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/a-grieving-daughter#ixzz2rMioaAO4)

Family Friend Poems

Abandonment Poem

Just because I am growing up, doesn't mean I don't want to be your daughter. I have done many things I am not proud of, but I am still your blood.

When You Treated Me Like Your Daughter

© Sabrina

The younger years were so much better,
when You treated me like your daughter.
You would throw me in the air,
and catch me before I hit the ground.
We would play games like tag, and hide and seek.
You were there for me when I was strong or weak.

You would tell me you loved me,
And I actually did believe.
I never wanted those days to end.
I thought we'd forever be friends.
But the future wasn't in our hands
To this day I still don't understand.

What happened to the little girl and her dad?

She comes home late at night and rests on the couch.
He wakes up a grouch.
He walks in the room, stares at the girl
He didn't even recognize his daughter.
When he went back to sleep,
she lit a smoke and started to weep.

Our relationship is now so strained
All of our love is drained
I wish I could go back,
and pick up the things we now lack.
I can no longer look you in the eyes.
I can no longer say "I love you" without a lie.
It's like I live with a stranger.
No words are exchanged,
All looks are deranged.

I'm still your little girl,
just a bit more mature.
I may be older,
But I still need my father.
Please let me be your daughter.
I can do so much better.

The younger years were so much better,
When you treated me like your daughter.

Divorce Poem

Timeless Question: "My parents got divorced, but why'd I lose my dad?"

Through the Eyes Of A Child

© Brianna K. Slone

When I was only two years old,
My daddy went away.
He swore he'd always love me,
But he said he couldn't stay.
Days turned into weeks
And weeks turned into years.
I never saw my father,
He never saw my tears.
He never read me bedtime stories
Or tucked me in at night.
He never showed up for my birthdays,
But I always hoped he might.
He missed my first day of kindergarten
And all of my school plays.
He doesn't know how smart I am,
My report cards full of A's.
Sometimes I want to call him
To say Hey Dad I'm still alive!
I'll be 16 years old soon,
Will you teach me how to drive?
It's almost time for college,
The years go by so fast.
I'm looking forward to my future,
But I'm still trapped within my past.
I guess I'll never understand,
Did I do something bad?
My parents got divorced,
But why did I lose my dad?

Source: [Poem About Divorce Through The Eyes Of A Child](http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/poem-about-divorce-through-the-eyes-of-a-child#ixzz2rMjuG2tQ)

<http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/poem-about-divorce-through-the-eyes-of-a-child#ixzz2rMjuG2tQ>

Family Friend Poems

Hard Times Poem

A daughter pleas to her father to get his life together before it's too late!

Tearless Cries

© Ana-Alicia S. Farrar

Why are you doing this, ruining your life?
The only thing you've accomplished is causing stress & strife
We're all trying to help you with this hard & trying time
But you think we're crazy, it's all in your mind
I miss the way it used to be, just a few months ago
For some reason you've changed for the worse & the reason I do not know
I worry about you each day and every night
But I can't protect you; I can't fight your fights
I'm your daughter, flesh & blood, and I really do care
But I'm only 14, all these burdens I cannot bear
I want you to grow up, grow up & be a man
You're 40 but want us to hold your hand
Daddy it's not too late to put your life on track
Do it for us, we need you, and that's a fact
At night when I lay down, for you I silently pray
That God would keep you on earth & not take your life away
It's hard for me because I have to stay so strong
I'm more worried about Kris; she doesn't care what you did wrong
I'll do you a favor but only for her sake
I'll keep her happy so her joy you will not take
So don't worry about her, focus more on your son
I know deep down inside his heart weighs a ton
I love you, I do, but I can't go on believing lies
I'll help you best I can & at night cry tearless cries.

Source: [Dad Get Your Life Together, Tearless Cries, Hard Times Poem](http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/dad-get-your-life-together-tearless-cries#ixzz2rMka4Fx0)
<http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/dad-get-your-life-together-tearless-cries#ixzz2rMka4Fx0>
Family Friend Poems

Hard Times Poem

Raising children is no easy feat especially when there's no money or help from a father.

How Am I

© Sherri Bauer

How am I going to explain this to you?
I have four children and don't know what to do.
I have had less than eight hours of sleep all week.
I am so tired of yelling, I can barely speak.
1, 2, 3, 4 they all start to bawl.
I'm by myself there is no one to call.

How am I going to feed them today?
Send me some help God, I am trying to pray!
I can't work anymore I'm on hour fourteen.
Nowhere to turn, I wish I could scream!

How am I to pay you, I'm all alone.
She's sick, I couldn't call they disconnected the phone.
Won't someone please give me a hand?
I can't afford it. Why don't they understand?

How am I going to explain sacrifice?
All they've had to eat is peanut butter and rice.
His birthday is special; I wish I could buy it.
I've explained this already! Please just be quiet.

How am I wrong when I try so much?
I don't want to go I can't afford lunch.
Everyone says I'm getting thinner.
I took money from their accounts just to buy dinner.

How am I going to ask my Dad?
After all the 'little talks' we've already had?
Children please stop fighting with one another,
I know it's a mess; I have no time to clean Mother!

How am I to ask them not to be bitter?
I need to work, but can't find a sitter!
I wish they didn't seem to be so sad.
I think all they need is just one good Dad!

How am I going to look them in the face?
We're getting divorced, he found a new place.
Trouble with her, just go away!

No, I don't mean it; it's OK if you stay!

How am I going to give you some money?
You're getting older, you'll have to work Honey.
They're all grown up, but still having trouble.
I want to protect them, keep them in a bubble.

How am I going to care for myself?
I can't even say, I've still got my health!
For too many years, I would sit alone and cry.
Please Lord I need to know just, how am I?

Source: [Poem On How Can A Single Mother Manage Alone? How Am I](http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/how-can-a-single-mother-manage-alone#ixzz2rMkvEUCv)
<http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/how-can-a-single-mother-manage-alone#ixzz2rMkvEUCv>

Current Events Poem

This poem reflects my environmental concerns. I love the earth. The oil spill in The Gulf of Mexico has an impact on all of us and I am very sad about this event.

Dead Zones

© Laverne Little

Here we go again with another severed vein
You keep cutting them again and again
Where in the world does this cut lead
Like any fluid that pours – it lets the earth bleed
Call the experts in and try to stop the flow
Just how to stop it, you don't know
This is what comes from your greed
Generations to suffer – yes indeed
Contamination – minus oxygenation
Equal dead zones with no explanation
To future generations –
Need to let the earth's veins alone today
Your greed isn't worth the price we all pay

Source: [Oil Spill in The Gulf of Mexico, Dead Zones, Current Events Poem http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/oil-spill-in-the-gulf-of-mexico#ixzz2rMlfpr3e](http://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/oil-spill-in-the-gulf-of-mexico#ixzz2rMlfpr3e)

Family Friend Poems

Human Family

I note the obvious differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,

but we are more alike, my
friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

Phenomenal Woman

by Maya Angelou

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
When I try to show them
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.
I'm a woman

Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
the palm of my hand,
The need of my care,
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

All is Vanity

~

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possessed me;
My goblets blushed from every vine,
And lovely forms caressed me;
I sunned my heart in beauty' eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there rolled no hour
Of pleasure unembittered;
And not a trapping decked my power
That galled not while it glittered.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which soils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

- [Lord Byron](#)

Prohibition

by: [John Donne](#)

Take heed of loving me;
At least remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears;
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate;
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too;
So, these extremes shall neither's office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love is too great for me;
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be;
Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,
To let me live, O love and hate me too.

~

To Hope

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
When no fair dreams before my 'mind's eye' flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart;
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair;
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade:
O let me see our land retain her soul,
Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed -
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!
With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
Bowing her head, and ready to expire:
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
That fill the skies with silver glitterings!

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy
cloud;
Brightening the half veil'd face of heaven
afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit
shroud,
Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me
shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

- By: [John Keats](#)

Homeless child- short story

It was cold, in the old beaten up car.
I would sleep in the driver's seat and my mom in the back.
Laying there, listening to my mom- telling me that everything will get better.
Layers of blankets, barely shielding us from the wind seeping through the cracks of the car.
Somedays, we would be lucky if water didn't leak through when it rained.
The only times we could use the bathroom is if we went to a fast food restaurant.
My mom had a job at KFC and I went to Daycare instead of third grade.
The car was not driveable, so we couldn't move.
Every time they arrived or left, not a single word was spoken to us, not a single look was given.
Not even an offer for food or a shower.
For a year and some months, we made the best of it, every night we would read each other to sleep. The only comfort we had was each other.

Invisibility

Hunger pains and teary eyes
hide behind well-crafted disguise;
rumpled clothes and scuffed-up shoes
hide scrawny arms and tell-tale clues.
Smiles and laughs push concerns away,
excuses and lies keep questions at bay.
Attention evades, grades start to slide;
worry invades, starts falling behind.
Nighttime comes, no comfort found,
couch to couch, just making the rounds.
Decisions and circumstances can't be undid,
doesn't know what to do cause he's just a kid.
Things shouldn't have to be this way,
life full of troubles, full of dismay.
Confusion and uncertainty beginning to swarm,
hope fading fast, no calm in the storm.
His open hands waiting for change and assurance,
open hearts see the problem but don't give him a chance.
Looking for opportunity, a chance to survive,
keeps getting pushed down, unable to thrive.
Society sees but turns a blind eye,
his chances fade, his life slowly dies.