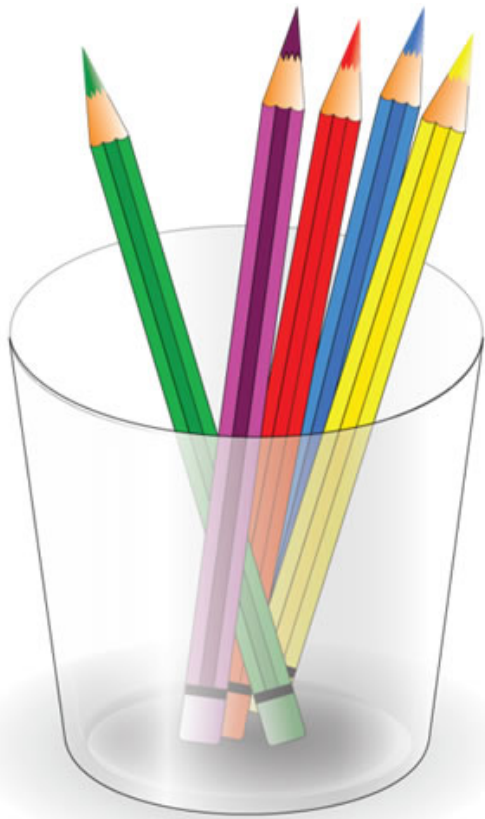


# Anthology of Keyshariaa



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## About the author

Hey, I?m Keysharia a 19 year old girl with deep scars that will never heal. I want to let you guys in on some of my stories and others

## summary

Females Are Golden

ENOUGH

Drugs

"Dayumm"

Hey, I have a question

Home Alone

## Females Are Golden

*Females are golden*

*Females are strong*

*Yes, it's harder for a male than a female because females are stones*

*Some females have fought to stay strong*

*At the age 8, and 9, and 10, and 17 (Not being specific)*

*Some females have fought to keep their virginity*

*Something so worthy and something so gifted*

*Let every man know that being with women is privileged*

*So, when a female says no, please stop it and go.*

*Don't continue and try, make her fight for her life*

*Knowing she loves him and still tells him no because the pain comes from that night.*

*It's hard to move on from a tragic like that, having to fight on her spine and her back*

*Using all force to stop him from taking her virginity.*

*Understand that being a virgin is a blessing, don't let a man stress you,*

*Learn that life is a lesson.*

*Going through phases and trying to be strong, from the pain and trauma that one man left you to deal with alone*

*Be patience and cautious, always think with your mind, pain is temporary,*

*But the healing takes time.*

*Please don't force it, let it go slow,*

*And also remember never being scared to say no.*

*No is a powerful word and a more powerful meaning.*

*So, again females are golden*

*Not just because their strong,*

*Because after the tragic that can still go on.*

## ENOUGH

Guys he called me pretty  
No he called me beautiful  
I wonder if he knows those words mean the world to me,  
Maybe because it means more to me,  
See as a child i was never pretty or beautiful  
I was too dark and pitiful  
I was too ugly and miserable  
Truth be told i just wasn't good enough  
Not enough for my father he left when i was young  
Not enough for that boy that told me " I was the one"  
But guys the new boy called me pretty  
Doesn't that mean i'm good enough  
Or good enough for my body  
Good enough for some bump and grind  
good enough for a hobby  
But No he called me beautiful  
Doesn't that mean i'm good enough  
Good enough to be loved, cherish and wanted  
Maybe he do thinks i'm good enough  
Maybe it's just me  
the trauma from a child, damn i can't believe  
believe that i'm good enough  
believe that i'm pretty and beautiful  
Their goes those two words again, not used to them being thrown at me  
DAMN, he thinks i'm beautiful, but i can't really see,  
Or maybe i just need glasses

## Drugs

*Having money was something that I needed,  
Popping these pills,  
taking these drugs,  
Yea I need it.  
As long as I had money I had the drugs,  
That needed.  
Help me fight the demons inside,  
Yea I mean that.  
Using the drugs helps me fight a lot of the pain away.  
So many memories I try to hide,  
I try to fade away.  
Taking the drugs passing out,  
Couldn't feel no more.  
Inhaling these blunts,  
Til I go numb inside,  
Couldn't care no more*

## "Dayumm"

*Mama think imma fall back,  
Take those pills and relapse,  
God give me the strength to fight back,  
Thoughts running through my mind say damn,  
Pop that,  
Pop those,  
Take that,  
Sip on this and relapse.  
Drink in my hand,  
Pills on my lap,  
DAMN depression on my back,  
Going through the day,  
With death on my mind,  
But I can't do that yet.  
Imma win this fight,  
Not gonna break a sweat.*

## Hey, I have a question

*Hey you, yes you, yes the girl that's afraid to be heard  
the girl that's scared of her reflection*

*Let me ask you a question?*

*Who hurt you, did you always have these flaws?*

*I want to understand why your so closed off, hell even shadowed away.*

*Is that why your favorite color is grey?*

*I know you've been hurt in the past,*

*I see the way you look like your afraid to tell it all.*

*But it's okay, I know your hurting, you're wiping your own eyes,  
like damn what's my purpose.*

*Yes, battles are getting in your way and life isn't giving you hope to live another day.*

*Buts it's going to be okay.*

*I understand starring in the mirror not wanting to live another day, wanting to take your last  
breath away.*

*But, wait don't let them win, don't give them the advantage to see you hurt again.*

*Fight for your life and find your purpose again because lord knows you deserve to win.*

*I am always watching you.*



## Home Alone

Ten years old,  
alone in this world,  
no place to call home.  
Inside of a house you thought was your own, with people who were supposed to love you,  
But instead broke you.  
Your big sister, not by blood but by the love that she shared.  
Who would have thought that she's the reason you hate everyone,  
She's the reason you'll never trust anyone  
She's the reason your scared of everyone,  
Was supposed to love you and keep you safe  
but yet she let someone almost take your virginity away.  
Came in the room, said your gorgeous,  
Said you're about to become a big girl,  
A strange young man walks into your home.  
Now you're scared in your own home.  
One quick move you're on your back again.  
While someone is trying take advantage again,  
You look over hoping your sister is there but ofc she's gone.  
Grabbing the sharpest thing you seen and stabbing him in his neck.  
Not deep enough to kill him but deep enough to run away.  
Now once again your home alone.