

# Teen Life Connections



*“Youth Creatively Raising Community Awareness on Child Abuse”  
for  
Child Abuse Prevention Month*

*The book is a collection of poetry written by Middle and High School  
students from Dutchess County, New York*

*“Youth asset opportunities build healthy, caring, responsible young adults”*

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## RUNAWAY LOVE

When a child is hurt and afraid  
They think about running away  
In their mind things are no longer simple  
Negative thoughts run through their temple  
They are pushed to the edge  
And close to losing their head  
They want to leave, they want to go  
Because their time of happiness has past long ago  
Nothing is to blame but the family foundation  
That is what's to blame (the location)  
That's what caused the broken heart  
That's the place where the family fell apart  
That's why the child weeps every night  
All that child wanted was a little bit of light  
But emotional abuse kept coming  
This young child kept on slumming  
Tear by tear dropped from the child's eyes  
That child decided to say good-bye  
One by one, the first ran away  
Where did the child go, no one can say  
The next child killed himself  
With all his memories left on a shelf  
How will the next one go?  
You don't care and you don't know  
At least, that's what the child thinks.

## WHY ME?

**C**rying myself to sleep every night not knowing what I did so wrong to deserve this, is becoming an every day thing now.

**H**aving to deal with the pain that's been inflicted upon me is so crucial, I want to find help, but I don't know how.

**I** can't even help the fact that you're my own flesh and blood, and if you're doing this, you obviously don't care, so why would anyone else care?

**L**ying to the staff members in school is the only thing I am able to do, because I hold secrets inside that I would never be able to share.

**D**enying the fact that it's true, and I want to prevent it, but my chances of escaping are very thin.

**A**ccepting the fact that it has been this way as far as I can remember, and these thoughts would always be held within.

**B**ut now that I'm older and wiser, I suddenly feel that I don't deserve this, especially not as a child, and especially not by you.

**U**nderstanding the fact that it's either now or never, even though I love you, I know deep down inside that it's the right thing to do.

**S**eeing very clearly that it'll never stop unless I get help, it just gets worse and worse, the abuse I suffer must stop immediately!

**E**scaping would never be the answer, but working things out could be, I just don't understand, Father....Why me?

## COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH ME

Come and take a walk with me  
So we can change the world; create peace and harmony.  
To let the children know we are here  
It's not their fault and we should not live in fear.

Don't be shy; don't be afraid  
We can make a difference; let's do it in God's name.  
It won't be easy and help is never too much  
It's worth our while, every child deserves a gentle touch.

Come and take a walk with me  
So we can change the world; transform humanity.  
See through their frightened eyes  
Explore their damaged minds

Don't give up, just have faith  
We can accomplish this together, do it for the child's sake.  
We will see that they suffered, that they endured pain.  
We will see all the bloodshed and the scars that remain.

Come and take a walk with me so we can change the world  
Infuse joy and tranquility to helpless boys and girls.  
Lend a hand and please don't refuse  
Because everyday, thousands of kids are abused.  
Report what you see whether strong or mild  
By dialing 1-800-4-A-CHILD.  
Use educators and educational arenas as tools  
We can host awareness workshops within our schools.  
As teens we can host a "Parent Do Your Thing Day"  
And watch kids in the community so parents can play.

Come and take a walk with me- in fact let's run  
Into the hills of love, freedom, peace and fun.  
Let's run into a world where no child is hit.  
Let's run into the valleys where no child feels like a misfit.  
Let's fly into a place where no child is violated.  
Let's soar where innocence of youth is high rated.  
Come and take a walk with me so we can change the world  
Our children, our future; more precious than pearls.

YOU

I dare YOU to try it again  
I was much too young to defend myself then but I stand here now and am  
Ready

What YOU have done was premeditated  
YOU have victimized me  
Impacted my life and tainted the way I view it  
Since I was ten years old YOU have stole my innocence from me.  
Forced me to live under lock and key scared me in my own home  
What YOU have done is not only killed me and my livelihood  
But what YOU have done is robbed me of my family and their support  
YOU need the maximum for a crime such as this because I know that when  
Your sentence is served I will live in fear once more.

This is all because YOU couldn't control your perverted urges.  
YOU have a wife, why pick on her ten-year-old daughter who was not even  
Physically developed to please your sexually deviated urges.  
YOU have ruined me and the person who I could have been had you not  
Violated me and for that I hate YOU and the very thought of seeing  
YOU walk free.

I pray that YOU rot in hell for what YOU have taken from me  
But the only good thing that has come out of this horrible nightmare is that  
I have a huge support system, people who love me and are there for me  
Whenever I need them.

God has seen fit to send these wonderful angels to me  
I will never be alone again.

Signed,

Survivor

## WHERE IS THE LOVE?

Where is the LOVE  
Where is it if people are treating each wrong  
Where is from if we can't get along  
Where does it grow if we all use the word hate  
When we should LOVE and not discriminate  
Where is it when we say leave you alone  
When all we wanna do is ask if we can get along  
Where is the LOVE

Where is the LOVE  
Where is it when all we do is kill people  
of our own race  
And the world becomes more of a lesser place  
And how many people do you see die  
And see their family lay down and cry  
Then who can you turn to  
When you sit their and look like a fool then I ask you

WHERE  
IS  
THE  
LOVE?

## A Poem to my Mom

Let me tell you a poem about my mom  
She has diabetes  
When she was pregnant with my little brother  
she always thought about if my little brother  
would also have diabetes.  
But I think he is not going to have diabetes  
He is very hyper and loving  
And that's the end of the poem

## COMPLICATED

The cuts, the bruises, the scars; Nothing compares  
To the aches and pains of a child in need.

Pains of the heart wishing the parent would love him,  
But all he gets is neglect, nothing in return.

He thinks about suicide but he remembers about  
His younger siblings  
He remembers the words of his friend.  
“it’s okay to feel depressed, it’s the fact of acting out  
of depression that will end the mishap.”

He tries to talk to his parents once more.  
This time he’s just thrown on the street, the boy  
Goes to the lord for forgiveness.

Later on he seeks help from his friend, feeling better  
about himself.

He lives with his older cousin.  
Live to let live

Lead your discretions and soon the best will come out of the situation.

## A MESSAGE

Can you say mistreating me is the  
Right answer  
Everything I do right for me is wrong  
For you  
I ask for no conversation with no base  
In your voice  
Or maybe a talk without a belt on my  
Butt  
You insult me when I'm in front  
Of my friends  
I ask you for money and you say No more  
Than five I can spend  
When you are mad at something else  
You tell me to get out of your house  
Sometimes I wish I never knew you  
I have nobody to run to not even  
A brother or sister  
I always take the long way home like  
It's my last fresh air  
Cause I know when I get home the  
Belt is my biggest fear  
I can never tell you hoe I really  
Feel  
I always ask myself what is this  
Pain I can't heal.....

I finally figured it out it's not the belt  
It's child abuse  
That's my biggest fear.

## Expressive Hands

Is it all right?  
Is it okay?  
For anyone of any generation  
To be treated that way?  
What I mean  
The abuse and defenselessness  
Is it unseen?

They tell'm they beat'm to show'm  
Right from wrong  
Because they care  
To lie to me that way  
Don't you even dare

I won't cry  
Did it ever occur to you  
That I just wanted to die?  
You hit me in the same spot  
Over and over again  
A strike, a blow, a homerun  
Do you think it's a sin?

'Cause you have the power  
You take Celie's advice to Harpo  
And beat her  
You hit her so hard  
You turned her skin a different color  
When her friends see her  
They don't even know it's her  
Can you tell me?  
What ran through your mind?  
That you would want  
These situations to occur

These lines that are spoken  
Are not just spoken word  
Exposing the truth  
Of the ridiculous and the absurd  
Not knowing how to cope  
With all of this  
When your self defense  
Is what you really miss

cont.

These married couples be fighting  
In front of the children  
Do they know how they feel  
They think, "when will mommy and daddy  
Stop these shenanigans  
Just stop  
Turn over a new leaf  
And repeat those sins  
It happens to kids  
Of all sizes and ages  
They get beat and hurt  
Because of their parents' rages

They fight back  
And yell as loud as they can  
No one helps  
They just sit back and watch  
As if they were a fan  
C'mon people  
You can stop these kids  
From bein' hurt and abused  
You can do your part  
All you have to do is choose  
Between what is right and wrong  
What is foul and cruel  
All you got to do  
Is speak up

Can anybody hear me  
Is anybody listenin'  
All the kids are sufferin' and payin'  
They got nowhere to run  
Stop the violence  
'Cause it can be done  
That is expressive hands.

## Abuse

Mental, physical, emotional abuse

Some people can't choose, because someone  
Hurt them they hurt you. What are you to do?

No! Stop! Don't!

Are the words you shout while you think to yourself  
.....why me?

You fight back and you say

"I'll never let you break me....

Never....never... never...

Because I'm a fighter.

You might have been hurt but,

I'm here.

I'll be the one to dry your tears

I'll show you someone cares.....

{Lower the percentage of child abuse so we can see less children Hurt}