If Tears were the blood of my heart
By Andrea Simon

If tears were my blood
I’d never bleed out
If tears were the grasses in the fields
We’d never have winter
If tears were the leaves on the tree’s
It’d be the middle of spring
If tears were the number of snowflakes in a storm
I’d pray for a blizzard
If tears were the number of cars on the road
We’d always be in a traffic jam
If tears were the number of letters in the alphabet
I’d rewrite the alphabet just for you
If tears were the number of miles on your car
You’d never be able to sell it
If tears were the number of fish in the sea
We’d need a bigger sea
If tears were the number of times I swing a tennis racquet
There wouldn’t be enough tennis balls in the world for me to swing at
If tears were the number of times I didn’t do my homework
I’d never do my homework
If tears were the number of times I made a mistake
I’d be a complete failure
If tears were the number of times I asked myself why?
I’d fill up a novel
If tears were the measure of my love for you, mom
There wouldn’t be enough tears to measure it with
If tears were the number of times I wish I’d told you how much I love you
There wouldn’t be enough stars for me to wish on
If tears were the number of times I think about you each day
There’d be no more room for any other thoughts
If tears were all the things I wish I’d said
I’d never stop talking
If tears were the number of times I close my eyes and see you each day
I’d never open my eyes again
If tears were the number of smiles you smiled at me
You’d never have frowned
If tears were the number of people that cared about you
There’d be no place to fit them all
If tears were the number of things I regret
I’d never move on
If tears were the number of times you cheered me up
I’d be so happy I’d fly away like a balloon
If tears were the number of times I said “what if…”
I’d be the world’s best philosopher
If tears were the number of times my heart thumped
I’d live forever
If tears were all the things I’d do to get you back
I’d spend a lifetime doing them
If tears were the blood of my heart
It’d never ever stop bleeding for you, mom

Oh, and one more thing

If tears were tears

I’d shed them just for you

I love you so so so much, mom, and I’m saying it now because I didn’t before, I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU. Don’t ever think that you failed us, you are the world’s best mom, and always will be. And even though now it seems like it will be forever before I see you again, forever is worth the wait. And forever waiting to see you again will the be the best spent time I will ever spend. I love you mom, more than you could EVER know, and I’m sorry it had to end like this.
My favorite place

I had a favorite place
A place where I always felt safe
It was always warm
And there were always arms to embrace me
It wasn’t too dark
It wasn’t too bright
It wasn’t too loud
It wasn’t too quiet
I had a favorite place
A place where I always found comfort
There were always people in and out
She always found time for me
Just for me
But She never strayed
Until one day she did
I had a favorite place
Where I always felt safe
Warm
Happy
Comforted
I don’t go back there anymore
It just isn’t the same without Her there
It feels cold
Exposed
Loud
Busy
Bright
Nothing like a favorite place should feel
I had a favorite place
But it is no more
I wonder if it will ever feel as safe
As it was....before
Andrea Simon
Dr. Davies
Humanities 9
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“I’m sick of...”

I’m sick of hugging people that I don’t know
I’m sick of people saying sorry
I’m sick of giving away my email to people just so they can email me about how sorry they are
I’m sick of asking myself why
I’m sick of wondering what if
I’m sick of being asked if I’m okay
I’m sick of constantly being reminded of you
I’m sick of thinking of you
I’m sick of being looked at pathetically
I’m sick of people I don’t know talking to me
I’m sick of people worrying about me
I’m sick of seeing people wearing black
I’m sick of blowing my nose
I’m sick of people crying
I’m sick of people trying to reassure me
I’m sick of having to tell everyone I’m alright, even when I’m not
I’m sick of blaming you, mom, for dumping this mess on us
I’m sick of thinking that you did this to us when I know that that isn’t true
I’m sick of not saying more when I could
I’m sick of being afraid to be alone
I’m sick of not wanting to think of you
I’m sick of people whispering behind my back
I'm sick of avoiding the world because I don't want to be confronted
I'm sick of living out of suitcase because I don't want to have to go home
I'm sick of playing guitar hero and watching movies because I am too depressed to do anything else
I'm sick of eating just because there is nothing else I want to do
I'm sick of people not knowing what to say
I'm sick of people telling me what a great person you were when I already knew that
I'm sick of realizing that I won't be able to ask you questions again
I'm sick of people saying that I shouldn't have to go through this
I'm sick of doubting if I will ever see you again
I'm sick of second-guessing whether or not I believe in heaven and angels
I'm sick of realizing that I wrote a poem for you, only it was for your funeral
I'm sick of wondering when I will go back to school
I'm sick of being asked when I will go back to school
I'm sick of writing about things that I'm sick of so I will only write one more
I'm so so so sick of missing you mom
Of missing your laugh
Your smiles
Your voice
Your eyes
Your face
But most of all, of missing all the things that I used to hate about you, but now I would do anything to have back