

Wendella

# Poetry by Wendella

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## January

I was only eighteen when you met me.

I was so innocent and naive.

You became my first real love.

But for you I wasn't enough.

There was sex and there were fights.

There was lonely days and passionate nights.

There was broken promises and hearts to mend.

I wish I could go back to January again.

## February

The month of love brought me to you.  
You knew what you were doing.  
Planning to have me for sometime now.  
I gave you four gifts of life.  
You gave me a decade of depression.  
I never asked for the abuse.  
Constant mental and verbal beatings.  
Leaving me to do it all alone.  
Congratulations you were working.  
The entrapment was subtle from the outside.  
Looking like a happy family from the window.  
Reality is I was screaming to go anywhere.  
Even if it was no longer on this Earth.  
I don't know why we started in February.  
When I never once felt loved.