



"A TWISTED LOVE POEM"

By Judy Terando

He didn't like the way I walked.
He didn't like the way I talked.

He said I was dumb and embarrassed him.
Who am I? Why am I grim?

No more friends. No calls from them.
Who am I? Why am I grim?

I didn't flirt with that dude.
Am I vulgar and crude?

What's wrong with the way I dress?
My hair, make-up? Do I really look like a mess?

If I need to change all that's wrong with me,
Who am I? What will I be?

The silent treatment -- he's in control.
I'm so sad. Why don't I feel whole?

I must've done something wrong to him.
Who am I? Why so grim?

I can't remember happy days...
Only his possessive, jealous ways.

First a push, a little shove...
Is this it? Is this love?

I thought it was true...
People who love you don't hit you.

Love shouldn't mean I need to be hit.
Not once or twice, not one little bit.

If I should change all that wrong, you see,
There'd be nothing left of me.

I'm better now. I dumped the jerk.
And starting to regain some of my former perk.

I can laugh again and enjoy my life.
It's much easier without all that strife.

If he doesn't make you feel good about who you are.
Run. Run. Run so very far.