The Pearl To Which I Bowed

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And will never bow to again.

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Into a foreign land I fell,

Where eyes were cold and few could tell,

That I was scared and lonely there,

That I knew not what land thought fair.

I was ready I was brave,

So I thought til I was made,

To understand my place in hell,

Though it be one I learned too well.

My fellows there they did demise,

A plan of hate and great despise,

To fall on me so very hard,

My heart was broke to one small shard.

(Now I know this horrid plan,

Was brought upon by my own hand,

Yet fellows' hands did naught to halt,

What was to be not conscious fault.)

Yet in that suffocated air,

A pearl in dirt uncovered, bare,

Released its sweet and happy glare,

Upon my world so very fair.

You picked me up and threw me up,

You led me up as I grew up.

A step ahead, an eye behind,

To every word you did me bind.

You were my guide in every way,

In love in hate, in naughty ways,

You taught me to let go of fear,

And always fear the thoughts so near.

You taught me words of disrespect,

Hurt more than words of hate, except,

A word of love from hating lips,

My flimsy heart in half it rips.

You love me not I cry in vain,

You love me too, I smile again,

It’s farewell to me now you say,

Be brave just for this scary day,

When dreams come true and I am free,

Of you and hate and me to be,

We never will look back on time,

And think our love was worth a dime.

I loved you then, I love you now,

I hope never ever again,

And even will perhaps flee when,

I meet such pearl to which I bow.