

Vonunette Allen is currently incarcerated. She heard about our magazine through the International Women's Writers Guild. She has been writing poetry for years but has never had them published. We are proud to give Vonunette her first publishing credit! When asked what inspired her poems, Vonunette states: "I wrote the poems... from going through a painful divorce and losing my brother, mother and grandmother. All the emotions that I had bottled up inside I realized that I needed to express them instead of holding them in. Once I began to express myself, I felt a huge weight being lifted up off my shoulders. I began to see that it was a way of releasing me from all the heartache and pain that I endured."

Disappointment

By Vonunette Allen

I have been disappointed with you for so long I don't know where to begin.
You've let me down for the very last time.

I realize that I can't hold on to someone or something that doesn't
want or need to be held.

I am releasing you to do just what you do.

I refuse to allow myself to be disappointed by you ever again.

I don't need your lies or even anything else from you.

You've made a fool of me for the very last time.

From this day forth, I am setting you free.

Free to do what's best for you.

You will no longer be a hindrance for me.

You've disappointed me for the last time.

So there is no turning back.

I don't want or need you in my life anymore.

Our season has come to an end.

You've been a blessing and a curse to me.

I realize what we had was wrong; therefore I have to do the right
thing by freeing myself from you.

Some Things

By Vonunette Allen

Some things just don't make any sense
I sense that some things never will.
Yet I sit with the unanswered.

Looking into the mirrored wall of memories,
I see the reflections of yesterdays.
Will the pain of love lost fade away with the rain?
Or am I on a crash course with a runaway train?

I hear your thoughts without you being close.
You finish my sentences even though I haven't spoken a sound.
I know if I was by your side, everything would be okay.
Some things just weren't meant to happen today.
In this still silence, my heart touches the ground.

Some things just don't make sense.
I sense that some things never will.
So still, I sit with the unanswered.

The music of our love still keeps me in tune
To all that we had and the sweet melody embraces me and lulls me.
We are prisoners to the lyrics of the heart.
The strings of my heart harp are out of tune and the melody
Knows no boundaries or what to say
To keep me from hitting the endless bottom of my soul.

I replay the days of laughter
Laughter's echo hides behind my pain-filled tears.
I hear your voice; my mouth moves and no voice is heard.
Your laughter fades into tantrums and taunts.
I will not bend or break - at least not yet.
Still, I know if I were by your side, everything would be okay.
Some things just weren't meant to happen today.
Tears mix with the pain to paint the picture of my fears.

Some things just don't make sense.
I sense that some things never will.
Still, I sit with the unanswered.