

Why Mama Why

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This is just the English version of my poem, Cicatrices, not that you care. Anyways, it's just about a girl who is scarred and keeps asking her mom why she is how she is. I damit though, that this isn't one of my best...but never the less, enjoy...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/deathbycandycanes/44446/Why-Mama-Why>

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1 - Why Mama Why

Scars,
mama,
scars.
I have scars,
mama.
Why mama,
why?

I know now,
my little daughter,
I know not.
I see everyday.

Why can I
not be normal,
why mama,
why?

I know not,
my little girl,
I know not.
I cry and
I see everyday.

All the people
say that
I am ugly.
Why moma,
why?

I know not,
my little doll,
I know not.
You're not ugly.
I die and
I cry and
I see everyday.

So what am I,
mama?
Why do
you cry?

Why mama,
why?

I know,
my baby,
I know.
I cry because
you are
so beautiful.
I smile and
I die and
I cry and
I see everyday.

People don't
love me mama.
It's the truth.
Why mama,
why?

I know not,
my little woman,
I know not.
It is not
so true.
I love you
so much.
God loves you
more than all
of the people.
I love and
I smile and
I die and
I cry and
I see everyday.

Why do you
love me mama,
why?
Why am
I beautiful and
why am I
love by
God and you?
Why mama,
why?

I know,
my little child,
I know.
You are
my daughter
and you are
of God.
That's why,
my daughter,
that's why.