

# Broken Heart

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*What i see at my school all the time and this is how i feel...lets just say i'm pissed as i have ever been...*

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# 1 - Broken Heart

## Broken Heart

All I want is a red, red rose to put in my empty vase.  
To hold your hand forever and all eternity.  
Held by your words and kisses.  
Your arms holding me so.  
The strongest three words, "I love you."  
Cute little anonymous notes and cards in my locker, yet I know who they're from.  
A beautiful chain that would wrap around my neck and rest against my breast, where my beating heart always lay.  
Your caring words, your gentle touches.  
Warm breath against my cheek and neck,  
Your warm body against mine.  
Your beautiful features, your loving personality.  
Oh, how I love you.  
If you were ever there.  
I still long for a red, red rose, my vase empty and sorrowful.  
My hand grips only air, your hand nowhere in sight.  
Your words and kisses spoken to a different girl.  
Your arms holding her instead of me, speaking those three words for her ears only. Her response, "I love you too."  
Notes and cards, anonymous, appear in her locker and in her hands, for her eyes only. She knows who they're from, and so do I.  
My chain I so badly want, with its little heart draped over her breast against her loved heart.  
Your caring words and gentle touches only hers.  
Your warm breathes against her cheek when you talk to her, your breath against her neck when you dance together.  
Your warmth against hers when it's cold.  
Oh, how I would love you.  
But, you're not mine.  
Yet, I will always long for those things, along with my broken heart.