





# PILLOW TALKS WITH MY SOUL

by

René Wilmoth

Dubai, United Arab Emirates

971 558-980-058

[renebeewil@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:renebeewil@yahoo.co.uk)

authorHOUSE®

AuthorHouse™  
1663 Liberty Drive  
Bloomington, IN 47403  
www.authorhouse.com  
Phone: 1 (800) 839-8640

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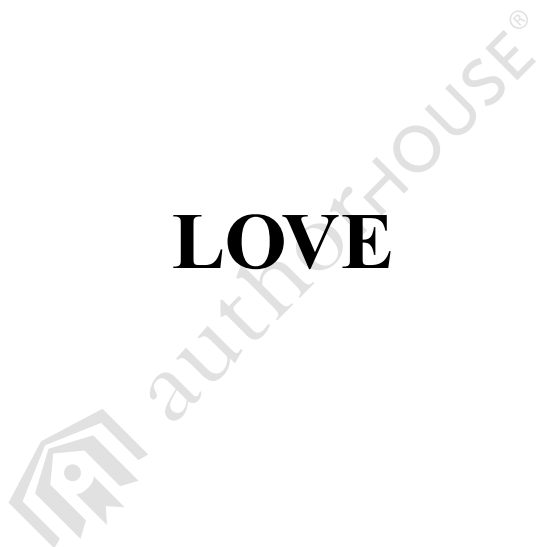
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# LOVE







## **GOD HATES PEDOPHILES**

When I was a child, homosexuality was the greatest sin behind not paying tithes and offering, of course

But today, homosexuality has been promoted to various ranks of prestige (all even in churches)

And you know, they even have gay parades nowadays!

But you know who I hate? Pedophiles.

Yes, Pedophiles and I often wonder if God hates them too

And if I had a gun then I would have shot six shots into the perimeter of his left chest

And a seventh one for good measure

Garnish

And I did

So why is it that it is my heart that is bleeding and why am I the one drowning in this sea of unforgiven blood?

Cold sweat blistering like cold sores in my soul

Does God hate Pedophiles?

The only sinners incapable of repentance and the only sinners incapable of forgiveness!

And a voice whispers to me, “Let him without sin cast the first stone.”

“Hush no tell nobody or else mi kill yuh!”

“Gas dem and light dem!”

He was 9 when it first started and she was 13 when it first happened

And that beast was 5 when they first did it to him

That is when they first touched him and he vowed to become the monster he now is but nobody would ever listen to him now

Not. Even. God.

And none will get close enough to hear his side of the story

But this is an open and shut case, no pun intended

So in an open letter to God he writes:

“I am sorry but I can’t promise that I won’t do it again because of this thing.

That thing that keeps pulling me like an electromagnetic force of eternal damnation!”

“Can you help me?”

But I know that God did not answer back because He hates  
Pedophiles!

Like seriously, they hurt children

There is no way that God can love pedophiles?

And I write a letter to God and in it I write:

“Why am I still holding my stone?”



## LOVE LETTER

You are the most awesome lover that I have ever known

How can your love be so pure and flawless even in the sight of jealousy?

How can your love penetrate the darkest depths of my heart?

How can you continue to love me when I fail to love your children?

You continue to be faithful to our relationship and continually shower me with your love even when my heart is with another!

You do not consume me with your jealousy

You continue to bring me chocolate and roses even when I am reluctant to return your love, your calls!

You stand by daily and watch me cheat with another yet you will always be there when I finally come home

My awesome lover

My immaculate friend

My precious one

Gold and diamonds are not even a fraction of your splendor and beauty

Your love is a like a flawless creature

The truth of your affection is like a summer sunset

Your aroma is like that of freshly cut flowers

Your smile is that of a whisk of cool winter breeze in midsummer

Your touch like that of a clean bird's feather

Your love is so boundless that it saturates every atom in my anatomy

You love me for who I am

My selfish and multi-flawed self

You love me when I do something nice to impress you

You love me when I am stumbling and embarrassed

You love me when I am clean and cuddly and just as much when I am dirty too

Your personality is that of a protective father

Your presence that of the Supreme Being

You, I will trust to love me forever, my perfect and compassionate Lover

I will always love you

## TEN REASONS TO LOVE ME

I love your beautiful smile and the way your whole face glows  
when you do

I love the gentle arches of your waist and how they reach for your  
hips

I adore the way you make beautiful sandwiches and align them on  
my plate

I am fascinated by the way you pause when you speak as though to  
allow the words to caress my mind as they flow to my soul

I love the way the mole on your lip reminds me of the place you  
hold in my heart; a small permanent space

I love the way you evoke words and coerce them to dance to your  
tune

I love the way you laugh and the way you make me laugh

I love your energy, your charisma and charm

I love your white eyes, your smooth skin and beautiful fingernails

I love your body, soul and spirit because of the way they warm  
mine

## **LOVE ME**

Love me like I deserve it

Love me like you care

Love me like you never did yesterday

Love me like there is no tomorrow

Love me like super models love diamonds

Love me like politicians love lies

Love me like prisoners love freedom

Love me like little girls love dolls

Love me like little boys love mischief

Love me like flies love light

Love me

Love me like you mean it

Love me when I am listening

Love me when I am paying attention

Love me til the galaxy applauds the sacred bond we share

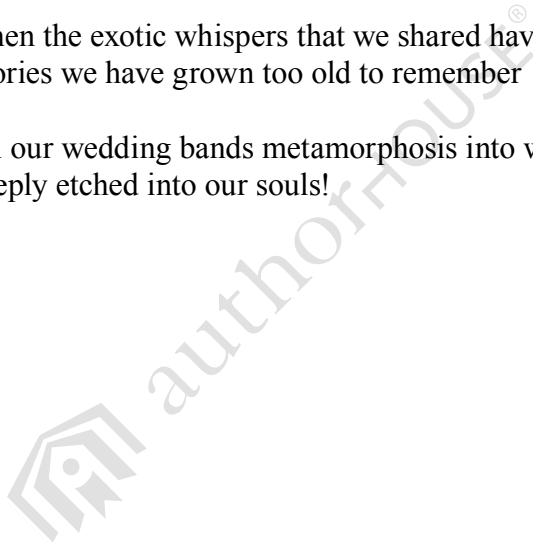
Love me when ointments have taken the place of my perfume

Love me when loose dentures slide from my lips when I sleep

Love me when the exotic whispers that we shared have become  
sweet memories we have grown too old to remember

Love me till our wedding bands metamorphosis into white gold  
particles deeply etched into our souls!

Love me!





# **TOMORROW**

Tomorrow is a big day.

A day that will signal the beginning of your life and mine

The beginning of a new life for us.

Of the freeing of our souls from sure doom

Not a magical but a miraculous day

When I will start to forgive you as you forgive me

A day to start anew

Tomorrow is symbolic of the most glorious day in human history

Tomorrow is the beginning of the day that I will start to love you again

Tomorrow is why I have the strength to get through today

Tomorrow is why I came to visit

Tomorrow is why I bought you presents

Tomorrow is the reason you deserve it

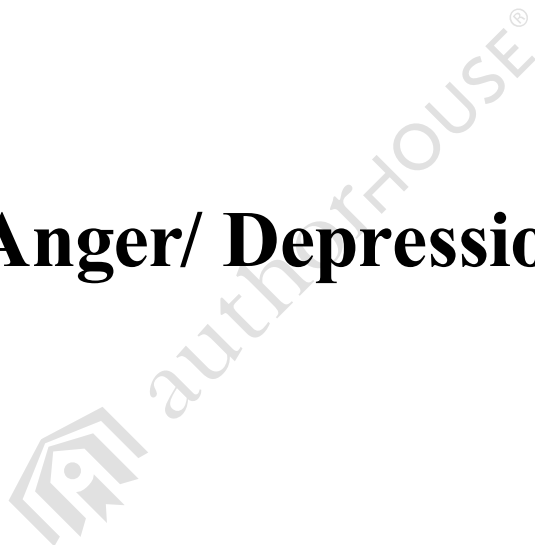
Tomorrow is why we are all here

Tomorrow is not yet here but in advance I say

“Merry Christmas, my darling.”



# **Anger/ Depression**





## **NOT NOW! I'M ANGRY!**

It has gotten to the point where it is not about controlling my anger anymore but about completely getting rid of the monster inside of me that causes my blood to boil

It's about not silencing but terminating the vibrations in my nervous system and that slight increase in my blood temperature

I will tell you what happens to control it

When I get so angry that I want to shout and scream and break a hundred glass

But I can't because I am at work

So instead

I stiffen my neck, speed down the corridor and feel my blood warm up in my veins

And for the next few hours I won't be able to concentrate and won't care either

No one that I know will be able to console me, I don't regard them enough

I always feel justified when I'm angry

I am always right

Always have a right to lose control, behave boisterously- Ghetto even

Or keep talking loudly and speedily to keep up with the rate of my heart beat

Just to ensure that everyone in the vicinity gets my point and hears my voice, “dem niggers done barked up the wrong tree”

I would just shout long enough to let them know that they dare not talk to me like that

Then I realize that learning to control my anger was not going to be enough

This is because sometimes I do

Even so I would still need time to blow off some steam

There are other times when I can't

The times when anger has its own agenda and will not listen to me at all

It always has just one more point to prove, always justified

Then I learnt not to just control anger but get rid of anger and started seeing some changes

I will only own the things that God has given me through education, training, family and friends

I will work to eradicate the pest of the good social fabric of my life - this thing called anger

I want to get to the point where someone can say something totally wrong and my blood not only warm up and cool down in my vein

But that I will be able to smile, sincerely

It is ok to be angry if we do not sin

I, being human will make mistakes

I just don't want to be a time bomb waiting to go off

I don't want any readymade 'up' inside me just waiting to be 'set'

I want a peace from the inside

There is no justification for losing control and continuing to lose control

I must rid myself of this 'crosses'

I must move beyond allowing some petty distorted emotion to control my life

I will not let anger destroy the profound and good things that awaits in the horizon

Neither will I let it rob me of wonderful opportunities

I will not let anything control me!

## DEPRESSED BEYOND RECOGNITION

I feel like a scandal bag being blown aimlessly down a deserted street

I feel an intense combination of depression, anger, hate and defeat

I have never felt so used, abandoned and unloved

I would never have envisioned that the very sight of people from my past could bring me to tears

I thought I knew better than to feel like useless “unrecyclable trash”

I thought I knew better than to feel broken, splintered and lost

I thought I knew better than to give up

I thought I knew better than to cry night after night over the same thing

I thought I knew better than to depend so much on external love,  
the love that I have for myself should have kept me

I thought I knew better than to feel that if even  
one person loved me for me;

Not the epitome of the success that I was,  
or the prospect of the greatness that I can achieve



Love me for me

the me whose living expenses exceed my earnings,

the me who is emotionally a junk yard,

the me who does not have much to offer emotionally or otherwise

the me who is broken and weary

Will you love me please?

Anyone





# **Frustration**





## **TIRED**

My knees have grown tired from descending my ego like a lonely staircase to get to you

So, if tomorrow I lose the will to be devoted to you

Remember that today I cared for you more than I ever did anyone else

Remember that today I built monuments to the fact that I exhaled the essence of your charm

Remember that I redecorated my bedroom with tears because of you

Remember that I broke all my rules for you every single time

Remember that I use to love kissing you under the mango tree

Remember that I will never regret taking comfort in your presence

Remember that I took the chance give a stranger the key to my heart

Remember me, the girl you flirted with but chose not to love!

## **I WILL SURVIVE**

I am so weak Lord

I have so little energy

But today I will write

Today I will record my troubles

Today will fight through the invisible odds against me

Today I will ignore my growling stomach

Today I will let my clothes stretch as they will

Today I will ignore my broken slipper strap

Today I will not drown in self pity

Today I will remain proud

Today I will not hang my head in shame

Today I am still waiting for deliverance

Lord I am here waiting on you, today.

## **CONTENTMENT**

Did I ever ask you to let the poverty go away?

Did I ever desire to have my problems elope with the wind?

Did I ever complain about the potholes in my road?

Did I ever complain of not having enough to wear?

Did I ever complain of not being able to spend weekends in fancy hotels?

Did I ever complain about the friends that you gave me?

Did I ever say that they are not worthwhile?

Did I ever complain about my Jordan that when I cross it I will have to wash the mud off

Well, I just want to say sorry

Sorry that I ever complained because without problems I could not survive

There was a time when I barely had enough

A time when I went to bed with hardly enough in my stomach and no idea of what I would have to eat the following day

I can remember scraping through the rubble, as it were, just to find enough

Yet you were there Lord and I was happy

Happy when I had to watch the fruit trees outside my windows and just hoping that the fruits will be ready in time for the next meal or laughing at the fact that I have acquired the taste for food I would have otherwise deemed 'despicable'

Would spend more time in prayer talking to you, asking questions and hoping that you would tell me what I want to hear and even when I did not hear you answer, I would still speak to you

On the contrary Lord, now that I have a little more I am utterly miserable and can't stop thinking about the things that I want so badly and still can't seem to have

I went shopping today and yet there is so much that I still don't have

I came home miserable because of all the bills and perils ahead

I feel so miserable

The cupboard is full but I still can't find what I want to eat

Lord, I just feel so miserable

Please help me



## **DREADFUL CERAMIC**

I have seen floors before, but this here ceramic is the most dreadful of them all

This here floor seemed to have been tie and dyed with black, gray and silver with orange nail polish splashed over it

This here floor produces baby centipedes, millipedes and bugs!

This here floor is not overtly cold like the others before but it is the coldest that I have been in such intimate contact with

This here floor is so smooth that the smoothness is evident through the thin veneers of fabric that separates us

This here floor,

Hopefully my temporary dwelling place

I thought we would have been travelling separate roads by now but our parting has been postponed until

So if this is the way it is going to be then let's take care of each other until fate bids us farewell

This here ceramic

My temporary dwelling place



# Desire





## **OUT OF REACH**

I cannot deny the power of love because it existed long before I

And will remain long after my last chapter ends

But I must admit that I love love

The idea of love and everything in between

But shall I spend my short life searching after it

Shall I yearn for its light to find my path

Shall I chase this thing 'clearly' too good for me

Shall I chase it till I die

Shall I waste my life yearning or shall I continue to pretend that I  
do not want to be loved

Or shall I chase like fools do or be chased

Or stay single until I'm dead

Why do I care to be loved?

Is love the source of life?

I have nourishment and oxygen and a few other things

Shall I care that men are the most interesting of things God created

Must I admit that a good man is rare commodity?

A commodity, I guess, I cannot afford

Must I say that I fear I will never find a man

Must I say that I love their eyes

Must I say that I sometime stare

Must I admit that I am like other fools

Must I say that I know it is a beautiful thing

Must I say that I will die without if I must

I cannot condemn love but I will deny it if I must

This may be a passing thought or a reckless emotion

But the power of real love cannot be defined by passing thoughts or  
confined to reckless emotions

## **KRYPTONITE**

I do not trust this flesh of mine  
This flesh of mine is causing me  
To stumble  
And fumble  
And grumble

I am at the entrance of sexual sin's door  
for my flesh it magnifies my loneliness much more than before  
He wants sex  
I want love and comfort,  
A fair exchange to me  
I know you'll disagree  
If only I had not loved you Jesus  
If only I had not promised to be faithful to you  
then I swear I would have fallen  
I would have given him anything

Anything to make him love me,

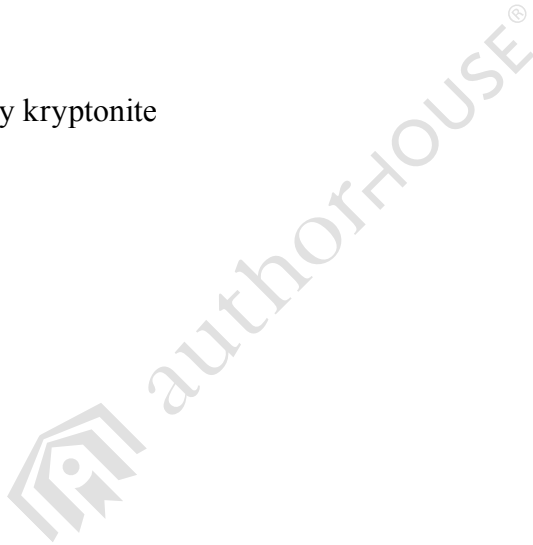
Anything to make him care,

I wanted nothing more than to make him my closest friend

But thanks to you, I am no fool

My flesh has caused my heart to be saturated with pain

My flesh, my kryptonite





## **I THINK**

I think your younger son is cute

I think I am in love with your older son

He's in love with someone else!

But if I ever have a mother- in -law

I'd want her to have your eyes

I'd want her to smile at me the way you do

I'd want her to kiss me like you do

If I ever have a mother-in-law, I would want her to love like you  
do- with your everything

If I ever have a mother- in-law

I'd want her to be you!

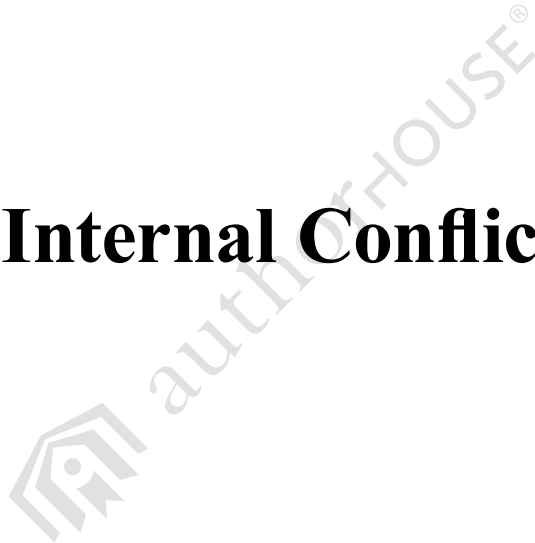
But that can't ever be true

So, when I pray the next time that I do

I will ask God to send me one just like you!



# Internal Conflict





## **WHITE JESUS**

If there is any power left in You

If there is a God – then reach down your hand and touch my pain  
in that place that cannot be reached by any other

In that empty nest called my heart

In that place that cannot be reached by my tears

That cannot be comforted or saturated with kind words

That can no longer see you

That no longer notices when the stars stand in ovation and  
acknowledge you as the great I am

That no longer wakes to the kiss of your Holy Spirit

That no longer esteems you above all other gods

That no longer talks to you

That no longer trusts you

White Jesus or whatever colour you are!

Can you hear me?

Can you feel my pain?

Can you love a nobody who nuh come from no weh?

Can you love a person so lost I cannot even find myself?

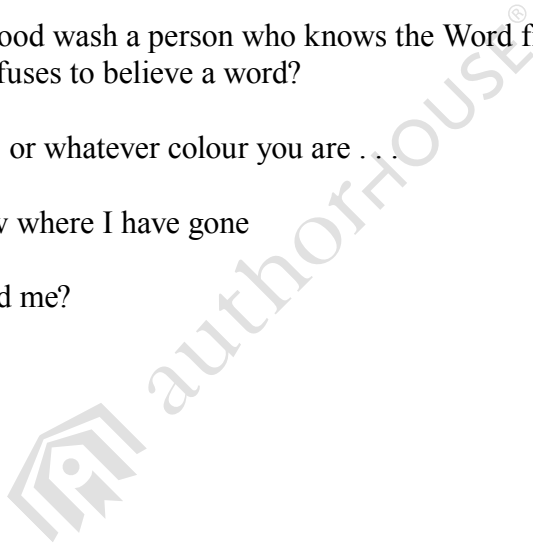
Can you love a person who ingests insanity and excretes profanity?

Can your blood wash a person who knows the Word from cover to cover yet refuses to believe a word?

White Jesus or whatever colour you are . . .

I don't know where I have gone

Can you find me?



## **FOR DADDY'S GIRLS**

He doesn't care about me, does he?

I promise I won't let him use me!

Dad, I know that he may end up walking on my heart like a carpet  
on his way to another woman's heart

But right now it's going to hurt so much to let him go

Even though I know this my heart bleeds from the inside

Can I desire him for just five more minutes?

If I have to choose between the two of you, You know that I will  
choose You

But why do I have to choose anyway?

Can't you talk to him?

You are an established man

You have all the links

You can change him!

If you don't want to answer me now I will get upset and go lock myself in my room

Dad, before I do, can I curl up in your arms and weep for a while?

Since I am not allowed to cry myself to sleep in his arms

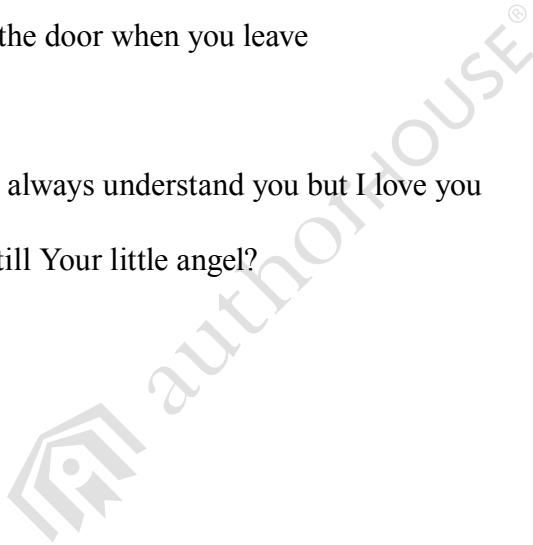
May I cry myself to sleep in Yours?

And Dad when I fall asleep could you tuck me in bed and cover me with my yellow blanket

Please lock the door when you leave

Dad, I don't always understand you but I love you

Dad, am I still Your little angel?





## **PATIENT NO. 1 MILLION 32**

This baby has been driving on empty for a year now

This baby feels like checking into a hospital that deals with people with my kind of pain

The three fold kind of pain that's generously garnished with confusion and despair

I hope this one is benign

I hope there are antibiotics for it

I hope the symptoms won't last

We put our trust in people and things that inevitably fail us

We laugh and cry bitter sweet tears and cuddle and make fake memories

We dance vainly to music we don't appreciate and smile all the way through our open heart surgeries

We let our engines run too long and often on empty and suffer too long in strange places

We laugh and dance with our bodies while our souls are being dragged away in shackles kicking and screaming by the enemy

Our bodies eventually begin to collapse under the pressure, the nutrition is weak, the heart begins to palpitate and the knees buckle

Somebody call a taxi. I need to go to the hospital, somebody please

I need to lie flat on my back

I am going to check myself into a hospital

I need to lie flat on my back

My knees have refused to support me

I can't take this life anymore

My heart can't take this anymore

Somebody call this number

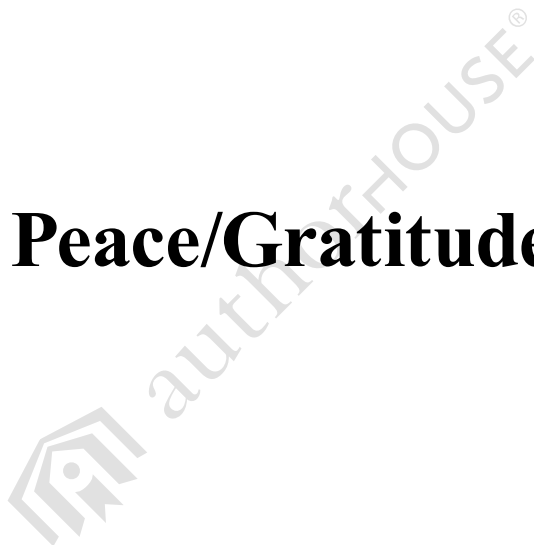
Nurse, call this number

A short brown lady with a sweet voice is going to be on the other end of the line

Please tell her that her granddaughter needs her to come get her

Somebody please call my grandma!

# **Peace/Gratitude**





## **HIDEAWAY**

I have gone to a place where you cannot find me

No one shouts at me here

No one screams my name

Here all my bills are paid

Here, I only wear what makes me feel comfortable

Here, I walk and play in tall grass that do not itch

Sometimes I stop to have a drink - of water

But if you ever find me here

I hope you are good company

And I hope you say my name out loud

And I hope you enjoy the simple pleasures of life that I do

I really hope that you find me



# Failure







## **FAILURE'S SHADOW**

Sometimes failure seems inevitable

Sometimes we simply fail to try

Sometimes we try hard at a particular task yet our efforts prove futile

We are often able to overcome tangible obstacles in life such as tying our laces and making the bed

Yet we often stumble upon the laces of intangible obstacles such as lack of persistence and endurance

I guess if we do not experience the bitter taste of defeat, we cannot lavish in the glory of being successful

Life is a giant maze in which we often feel trapped, subordinate to the superior gait of its 'unpredictabilities'

In my eyes, success is always out there though often hidden in the dark shadow of failure

Just look beyond failure, regret and remorse: true success is always out there if you persevere

## **TRY HARDER - NEVER STOP**

I once allowed failure to motivate me to fail

When I failed at any task I would feel a sense of hopelessness

The more I failed, the more failure followed

I got to the point where I started to fail at the things that I was good at!

I felt lost and simply stopped trying which made things worse

I knew that something was seriously wrong with me so I told my fear to a man called Mr. J

Mr. J gave me a bottle labelled patience

He sent me to a magic well named perseverance

I was instructed to tie the bottle to a string of faith and use it to draw a liquid called Try Harder-Never Stop from the well and use it at every single task

So I tried Try Harder-Never Stop

I used it especially at the tasks that I think were most difficult

From then on, whenever I feel like allowing myself to fail simply because I stopped trying,

I would open the red closet called my heart, take out my little bottle of Try Harder- Never Stop and experience miracles.





# Other Poems





## **NEGROS LIKE YOU**

If they asked somebody they would say that negros like you  
deserve to die the way you did

Shot down in the street

Your dying body dragged away by unknown assailants

I picture them muffling your final gasps for breadth while you  
bleed to death

Gun shots ringing in my ears like a phone call years earlier:

Hello?!

Five year prison sentence, for what?

Gun charges

Phone call:

Hello?!

He's out of prison but can't get a job

They told the boss he has been to prison

Phone call:

Hello?!

He threatened to kill your mother

Phone call:

Hello?!

Hello. It's me. Don't believe anything they tell you

I never threatened to kill your mother

There was so much urgency in his voice

And somehow I knew they would kill him but still not prepared for this phone call:

They killed him

But gunmen

Not the police

It was only a matter of who would get him first

But my mind takes me to his last phone call to me

How I heard him pleading with me between the lines to forgive him

How he waited on the lines in silence to feel if I still loved him

I said something like, okay

And he may have heard the love in my voice

He hung up the phone quickly

He was never into the habit of staying long on the line



It is now too late for me to tell him that it is God who he needs to seek forgiveness from

Haunted by our last conversation I wonder if he figured that out even seconds before he joined the statistics of

Negro: Shot and killed by another negro!



## **WHO IS HE?**

To them he may have been another mentally ill patient, the  
madman or just another vagrant

But to me he was a poor sad child, another broken spirit. Yet  
another soul that I failed to rescue

I should have spoken to him; I wish I could have held him in my  
arms for but a while

I wish I were able to make him smile

I wish my voice were able to soothe his pain

There was nothing between us but cheerful air particles, yet it  
appeared as though there was an invisible invincible glass that  
separated our bodies and souls

My soul sank in guilt as he chuckled and fidgeted like an innocent  
child

He threw the bag on the table like a child would, not enough to  
destroy it to but enough to express his anger

I watched him as though I knew him forever

I cared but did not show it

I wish I had another chance

Seeing him leave gave me a nostalgic feeling as I reflected on the times that I had allowed vagrants, family and friends to leave without saying I care, I love you or goodbye



## WISE OLD WOMAN

A wise old woman once told me that I should never get so caught up in myself or achievements that I forget the people around me

So caught up with my new status, Mrs. Somebody that I forget to take time to pray

So caught up with trying to acquire wealth that I don't take time to give of the things that I already have

So caught up with the big things in my life that I forget to appreciate the little things and the little people

So busy using the power within that I forget the Person with all the power

Spend all my love on myself and therefore have none to give to others

Spend so much time trying to make myself happy that I worked myself into misery

Spend so much time talking about the things that I need to accomplish that I never find time to actually do them

Spend so much time worrying about the things that I didn't do to realize that I still have time to do the few that can still be done

# GROWTH

It is always good to grow

Growth is special

Growth is symbolic of an unconscious achievement

This happens whether or not we deserve that achievement

Although chronological growth occurs spontaneously, it is not always preceded by mental maturity

I hope that in all your achievement and growth that you will not only grow older

In age I mean

But that you will grow to love and appreciate even more the small details and beauty that so magnificently encompass our fragile minds

The annoying cats

*René Wilmoth*

The soft lizards

The wind's soft kiss and mine

And the innocent souls that you meet in life, 'While you are on the road'



## **GRANDMA'S DREAM**

How can you not love a woman who has dedicated her entire life to loving you?

A woman whose only dream was to make yours a reality,

A woman who never once complained about her dreams being unfulfilled as a result of her efforts to make you comfortable,

She scrubbed, ironed, baked, cooked, attended school functions, and endured lack just to ensure our happiness.

I wonder if her dream as a little child was to become the perfect mother to children she never gave birth to,

Her hobby; taking care of people's kids while they remain busy wasting their lives and never returning to pick them up as promised.

Did she not have any party to attend or men to flirt with?

For the only party that I knew her to attend were the ones held at church

Parties to which she brought us to, "dressed like puss foot"

Clothes for which she raised chicken, pigs and goats to afford

Indeed, she is a virtuous woman who laboured hard for her children, their children and other people's children too.

My grandma, a woman that I will always love

And who has always loved me

Grandma, I will always love you





## PLAYER

Truth is, there was I time that I thought about you more than I did the average person

Truth is, there is something about being in your company that made me feel like hundreds of fireflies were dancing on my heart

Truth is, there was a part of me that has always told me that the sting of your rejection would temporarily cripple me

Mr. Hot Shot, you wore your good looks like a crown as though you had anything to do with the fact that God chose to make you beautiful

You in fact did nothing to deserve the good looks given to you.

So you thought I was one of those girls who you could wrap around your little finger, Mr. Hot shot

You in fact chose to 'bark up the wrong tree.'

You think that you are a player?

Consider yourself played by one who you thought knew nothing about the game

Just because I don't turn up for the match does not mean that you score points by default

The same smirk that you have on your face when you walk out of the room is the same one I have on mine as I lean in relief against the door

This girl is no player . . . I don't believe in such foolishness and immorality

But this girl, I can assure you, is a player detector

No player hater or dater!

Don't think for a second that you are going to get me to open up to you

There was a time when you would leave and then I would come after you, but now when you leave, I smile out loud cause I know you will not return, until the next time you want something from me

And I smile even more when I realize I have found the strength to not come after you!



