



## WRITING

# Generations

by Jizelle Villegas, Grade 12, 826 Dallas Project

## TYPE

### Poetry

The rope has tied our hands  
Together bonded by the same  
Realization that we have no father  
I am my mother's daughter

Growing up without a dad  
She basically went through the same  
We had to hold onto each other  
I am her strong daughter

She had two roles to fulfill  
Still her love remained the same  
She was like no other  
I am her very loved daughter

Therapy at a young age  
The way I process my feelings isn't the same  
Why couldn't he have just been a father?  
I am his unwanted daughter

This is all too much to go through  
If I had had a say, it wouldn't be the same  
Ripped from me were happiness and laughter  
I am their broken daughter

Eighteen and still feel strange  
Why couldn't he have loved me the same?  
Will I feel like this forever?  
I am his very confused daughter

Whenever I see a girl and her dad

I know I'll never have the same  
But I can change the future for the better  
I will have a daughter

From all that I have experienced  
I wouldn't want to put her through the same  
Not a reflection of her mother  
She will be my unique daughter

She will grow up  
What she'll have, won't be the same  
Not just with a mother, but as well as a father  
She will be our daughter

The rope has been cut from around my hands  
She will not be bonded by the same  
The future will be of us all together  
She will be a very loved daughter