

**WRITING**

# Generations

by Jizelle Villegas,  
Grade 12, 826 Dallas  
Project

**TYPE****POETRY****GENRE****GRADES 10-12**

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