

The following book that you have downloaded for FREE isn't your typical E-Book from Shane Diamond nor is it a typical E-Book that you would normally find being released by 4E Inc, the following E-Book is a mix of poetry that both rhymes and doesn't rhyme.

When Shane first stepped into poetry a while back he wrote to have a Emotional Outlet, however as of March 1<sup>st</sup> 2007 he's actually been debating about putting the pen down and never writing again because at times he feels that he has nothing more to say although with this one last attempt at seeing if he has anything left inside him you will see through the following pages of this E-Book.

I guess you can call this E-Book classic's reborn even though each and every bit of poetry that you read in this E-Book is not old, but it certainly is new.

I hope you enjoy it, be sure to give it a rating and leave your comments about it as Shane Diamond as well as everyone else at 4E Inc are interested in what you have to say in regards to this.

When it comes down to everything the emotions expressed by Shane Diamond can be a mix anger emotions and confused emotions and any other emotions that gets conjured up inside of him.

Hope you enjoy

- Shane Diamond -  
<http://4einc.info>

## **Just Don't Listen**

Why is it that some people just don't listen.  
No matter how hard you try they just won't.  
You try to help them out and help them cheap.  
But yet they won't listen.

So I'm tired of trying to help people like that.  
I'm tired of tossing in my own hat.  
Trying to help out, trying to show that I care.  
I can't help but just ignore them when they ask.

I just want to scream at them when they do.  
I just want to show them that they need to just shut up and listen.  
When they claim that I'm too fucking pig headed an always want my way.  
Stand back an take alook at the one who is saying it.  
I just don't understand anymore.  
So if you choose not to listen then I choose not to suggest.  
Since no matter what I won't get the anger off my chest.

- Shane Diamond -

## Scream

It seems like I'm trapped.  
Having to struggle for people to listen to this kid.  
But for some reason they don't.  
They think I don't know anything.  
But in fact I know more than they want to believe.  
Just cause I'm the one you want nothing to do with.  
Doesn't mean I can't help.  
It just means that they don't want me to help.

I just want to scream at them.  
Perhaps then they'll listen to me.  
Perhaps then they'll see what I'm saying.  
Perhaps...  
But only if they want to listen.  
But I guess they don't want to listen to me.  
Why would they want to listen to me.  
If they did then things would be different.

- Shane Diamond -

## **Just Dont Know**

At times I just don't know what to think.

Just don't know what to do with myself.

I feel as if everything that I have done with myself is wrong.

Always playing the same record, listening to the same song.

I just don't know anymore because it seems that everything that I do makes people upset.

I'm never really happy an what does make me happy, I just don't know.

I'm unsure of myself in everything that I do.

I've always lacked in confidence with everything.

I don't know where to turn, I don't know where to go.

I'm just confused, I just get yelled at day in a day out.

Do I want to release my anger, I just don't know if it'd be a good thing.

I've always kept things on the inside, which I never know what to do.

I just never really do know what I want in life, I just never really know.

Why is it that I'm just confused all the time, not bein able to answer the simplest of questions.

I just am unsure of everything, I'm just unsure of it all...

I don't know where to go I don't know who I am.

I just don't know anymore.

- Shane Diamond -

## Why ?

Why is it that I'm always stressing out as of late.

Why is it that stupid people make me so irrate.

I just don't understand why these things happen.

I just don't know.

At times I think I have things figured out only to turn another corner and have another problem.

I can't solve anything that comes my way.

I just sit and wait for things to happen.

As if I'm unaware of the fact that I dislike what's about to.

I just am so unsure of what I maybe doing.

I sit and stare and not move, I barely breathe.

I hardly make a noise, I never really do understand.

I sit and wonder where is my life taking me.

Should I really follow my dreams, or should I let them die.

Does it really matter if I talk.

Why is it so important for people just to yell at me.

Perhaps I just become a mute.

Do you really think anyone would care about that.

Or am I just walking around with a bullseye on my chest.

Unaware of what choice may lead me to death.

Death or uncertainty, does it really matter.

- Shane Diamond -

## Alone

Sometimes I feel so alone in my mind.  
Like I'm a star that never got my chance to shine.  
Never knew the feeling of love.

Just feeling alone as I sit alone.  
In a house so quiet.  
My emotions always having a riot.  
Never know what I should feel.  
I feel like nothing ever does work for me.  
Many things go through my mind.  
At times everything does seem fine.

No matter if I'm around people or not I always feel alone.  
Will I ever feel the total opposite.  
Is there a void in my life that I need to fill.  
Perhaps there is something I really want to do with my life an I'm lacking in that skill.

- Shane Diamond -

## **Frustrated With Life**

Why does my life have to be this way.  
Why is it that everything bad always comes this way.  
I never could understand why I always got dumped on.  
Parents of my, Parents of friends...  
It seems like I'll be dumped on till life has signalled the end.  
If I was layin upon my death bed would it really stop.  
Would they really apollogize for putting me there before my heart stops.  
Or would I go into the after life thinking that nobody really gave a fuck.  
Thinking to myself that I really didn't know what to do with my own life.

As I look at myself I can only wonder what was the cause of her choosing to be my wife.  
Is she really going through the same shit that I am.  
Or is it what really is ment to be.  
Sometimes I wish I could forsee.  
Forsee the future an find out what's really going to be.  
How will I end up, how will I spend up my life.  
When my last coin of life gets used up.  
Will I be the same man I am now or will I be bruised up.  
I won't know till my time has came an gone.  
Are things going to be over drawn.  
I won't know anything till it's too late.  
Even though the smallest things seem to make me irrate.

- Shane Diamond -

## The Internet

What the fuck is wrong now.  
If it's not one thing it's another, so how  
Do I fix this problem or isn't it on my end.  
It has to be, it's never on there side don't you understand my friend.

No matter how many calls I make.  
It don't ever amount to the stress I have for fuck sakes.  
When do I ever get the chance for things to work.

I just never know when I'll have a connection and when I won't.  
I just never know what I'll need anymore.  
If it's not one thing it'll be another.  
But it's always a consistant bother.  
When will this trouble actually stop.  
Will I have to format for things to work again.  
Or will things continue to get shitty.  
As time grows do I get all spitty.  
Wanting to spit at everything that doesn't go my way.  
Not knowing if something may go my way or if something should flop.

- Shane Diamond -

## Gettin My Write On..

Walking up all laughin an happy when the pen hits the paper my mood changes.  
You don't want to get on my bad side as you'll quickly see that my anger has various ranges.  
I may look friendly up front but when you have my pen to the pad.  
You won't want to fuck with me, from nice shy to don't make me mad.

When I'm gettin my write on don't be saying anything wrong.  
What comes from me next will never be "the same song"  
Reconize that I have no equal.  
But all my writings are linked by my life,it's my life sequal.

Invisionin big things for myself anytime I release.  
Millions upon millions need to read these words.  
Since it's true it's my pen that is mightier than the sword.

Each word laced with just that much more frustration with one thing or another.  
Why would I even get violent that won't even bother.  
Anything that I have to say if it wasn't for the words in my mind.  
I would have grown up normal an kind.  
Even though silent I'm deadly.  
The doctors will tell you that I'm not all there mentally.

- Shane Diamond -

## One Year Ago

One year ago you killed my father by thinking you could jump a yellow.

You walked off with a broken leg and continue to be mellow.

Did my Father have a chance to walk out, no not a single chance.

90-5 the speeds between the two, no chance for any resistance.

Now it's been a year and now I'm forced to live without a Dad.

You never had the balls to send a fucking card to show your sympathy.

You must have been drunk as fuck.

Either that or you're so fucking pathetic that you just plain fucking suck.

Having to live the rest of my life with only one parent.

When speeding up on that yellow you weren't sure of it.

If I had the chance I would beat your fucking ass.

To teach your fucking bitch ass a lesson for pressing down on the gas.

Never once had the chance to survive.

Never had a chance to be revived.

Now I look down at the spot in which we buried him.

Knowing what I have to live with for the rest of my life.

Knowing that I'm forced to tell my kids they'll never meet their grandfather at any time in life.

Having it slapped in my face anytime I go anywhere seeing families so happy.

Hugging and loving each other at one time I thought so sappy.

Now I can't do anything more than sit and glare.

Saying "fuck off" when Christmas time comes around, just wanting to be alone.

Now the realization of losing him is always swimming around my dome.

Having to work just a stone throw away from the scene.

Damn near in tears every time I look at it, but having to deal with it to make the green.

The only thing that was pushing me was wanting to do it for him.

Then wanting to be just as good as him, but knowing that those thoughts will be slim.

Having to deal with a ton in a half of shit no matter where I go.

Writing off 2006 because of you fucking up the end of my 2005, now look how slow.

Things went for me, not working for damn near a year.

Taking care of my wife with the broken leg, just like what you had but yours you deserved.

I wish I could just grab life's remote and reverse.

Go back to the time so it wouldn't have happened.

Know that right now I would still have a father and my wife could have gotten to know him.

More so than just a few times that she did meet him.

I now know that I just don't want anything to do with Christmas.

I don't want to open gifts I don't want to put up a tree or do damn thing.

Just leave it alone, it means nothing but bad memories.

Burn the tree, never send out the cards, never do anything.

It may mean things to others and religions may have different meanings for it.

To me CHRISTMAS = SHIT.

Nothing more nothing less.

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