

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sheena-Soraya Diomandé: "Too Much of Myself"

Sheena-Soraya Diomandé · Wednesday, September 12th, 2018

### Too Much of Myself

*response to Whitman's "Song of Myself"*

I exist as I am, that is enough  
You will no longer reduce me to tears  
Because your weak ego  
Cannot handle my greatness.

I shall cry waterfalls today  
And then laugh powerful soundwaves tomorrow  
Because I value my happiness more than my pain  
While you never valued my being at all.

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul  
I branded myself into your skin like all your tattoos  
And I became the anima to your psyche  
But I guess I was the ink stain on which you did laser surgery.

I am the girl you complain you need  
Supportive, loving, and thoughtful  
And while I gave you the best of me

I sustained myself on even the worst of you.  
I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise  
Only 19 but I feel like 19 to the power of two  
Old enough to know better but too young to realize  
That I was just too convenient for you.

So now I reminisce back to when I was 8  
When heartbreaks were myths and romance non-existent  
And the most horrible pain I knew  
Were the wounds on my knees from falling.

But now the wounds on my knees are different  
And while they remain from falling, it was a dissimilar drop  
The one that made me want to please you because I liked you

While you took advantage of my naivety.

9 months wasted on a dead-end “relationship”  
Impregnated me with the idea that you wanted more  
And when I delivered it  
That’s when you decided to leave.

I stuck by you through it all  
In health and in sickness  
In poorer and richer  
In high and sober.

And now it is 12:20am  
On a Monday night/Tuesday morning  
And I am crying and writing  
Because I now know that it truly is over.

Most people did not understand  
How I lasted so long  
But the truth is I loved you  
So, it never felt that wrong.

You were the biggest smile on my face  
And the wettest tears in my eyes  
Which is why in this homework assignment  
I shall say all my goodbyes.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man  
Because despite my sadness, I understand  
That you too must live and be happy  
Even if it’s not with me.

Thank you for the memories  
Thank you for the lessons  
I will now take a different path  
And leave you in the past.

This entry was posted on Wednesday, September 12th, 2018 at 5:13 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the  
end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.