

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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Myranda Sta()

# Copacetic

Everyday

One step at A time  
Don't jump out of line and take  
one task at a time,  
every step curves fate to a unique rhythm of life the balance between love and  
hate,  
the days fade to years,  
when we sit down and realize that most of our childhood  
Was spent drowning in tears,  
The things that most kids would fear has become bits and pieces of our most  
memorable years, as we grow we laugh and we play and we learn to live with  
these thoughts everyday,  
The challenge of knowing that life is filled with sadness at a very young age; so  
to deal with some of the pain we sit here and re write it in pen to find the  
copacetic vain.

We take this with one step at a time; pacing ourselves in this rhythm of life; Its  
not the bullet that causes the pain, its the piercing of emotion that's pours down  
like acid rain,

The mourning of love that was always lost,  
the barriers that have been broken my journey is the cost,

We don't jump out of line and we take one task at a time, Eventually fate will  
fall into line without a doubt or a second thought in my mind,

Twenty years have gone by within a blink of an eye, the excitement we  
endured over the smallest rewards were so innocent and pure, those are some  
memories I will always hold dear, for the sake of writing the chapters each year,  
we find escapes in our parents deadly mistakes and with each day we face; we  
tend to look upon it with hate. The fear of loosing everything we gained in a split  
second of making one stupid mistake.

The jealousy we have encountered from growing up, we were looking through  
a foggy window pane and sitting at a dinner table with an empty plate and a  
stomache full of pain.. The anger and fear begins to grow into hate,

we had confidence that this is a normal life,  
but under our noses we were robbed of the will to thrive,  
the childhood freedoms, the teenage drive,

our vision had been drowned in the evilness and turmoil, we faced it everyday  
as though it was normal,

What does it take to resurrect the beauty in this world, a beauty that has  
been hidden from a lost little girl,

lets come together and make a change for our kids, lets learn from the hatred

and grow from the pain, we gather around and praise god for this beautiful day,  
and cherish every moment with no resentment from all of the pain,

After all the evil things that I have endured I have  
made a promise that my life will be restored.

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