

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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A Life Worth Saving

A life worth saving □

□ wonder is it worth saving a life that does not want to be saved. A boy that thinks he is a man that cannot stand. Whom legs buckle when he's under pressure. And he cannot handle the things that would make him a man. So should I be his legs so he can stand. Stand up, step up, and show up, and when he gets the chance to blow up and show that he is a man but as I try he's fighting to stay a child but his rebelliousness will not stay. So I fight and struggle to make that man show. So mixed emotion begin to flow. Want to be a man but still be child. But that's something that is not allowed. So as he grows tired of being a child the man in me begin to speak out. And he is speaking loud. "Im somebody im something joy is only what god bring." So not a child but now a man. Once was a child but now im grown now Im focused on my own.

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Her Cry

Once a year my smile fades away.

On that horrible reminding day. April 9th the day
she cried the fear and tiers like fire in her eyes. The pain of
a child flowing threw her body like a caterpillar in a ca coon.....

As she open space so she can leave
soon. So she push and forces her way threw then
shes finely out and not even a move the scream of a mom
that just lost her first child echoes threw the room the sound of the
scream spreads like an atomic boom right threw the room. so she scream and
cry baby why why why did u have to die.

So on that day i get on my knees and prey lord have mercy on a sole today.

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What Is This Part 2

what is this

what is this that took her smile and made it beautiful/
what is this that that hold us close and never lets us go/
what is this that what is this that makes her smell irresistable/
what is this that that makes me smile when she tuch me/
is it love i think its love unconditional/

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What Is This?

What is this?

What is this? This feeling that I feel. It feels like when she's next to me my fantasy's become reel. Seems like my soft feeling turns into steel but still what is this that I feel? Its like snow fall coming down in June impossible but it could be true. So why do I feel this way around you. So I call on to God to ask him why oh why do I tend to cry but still when I blink I see her eyes.

But this feeling I begin to disguise because this is a feeling my brothers despise so I try and I try to hide it but this feeling does not belong in a closet so I see her again and it slips out and I show it. I love you that's what I said and the words still rewind in my head.

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