

## Children of a King

I looked out the window and what did I see?  
My cousin and grandpa laughing and having fun.  
I wondered if it'd still be like that without me.

What would it be like without you?  
What if you weren't here this day?  
Would it make the world better or worse?  
Would people hip hip and hooray?

This is a question I believe we've all asked.  
In times of pity, sadness, or grief  
we wonder if without us the world would gain some relief.

I've asked that before too;  
I just asked that today.  
But with tears coming on I can assure you  
that you matter in a big way.

You can not comprehend how much you matter  
You're a daughter or son of God.  
You should be flattered  
always standing strong and broad.

It's easy to forget that sometimes  
in this earthly life.  
But it's our flaws that make us beautiful;  
It's our acts that make us nice.

I've felt distanced and alone like a wandering soul  
I've cried and cried and lost control,  
but one thing that is assured  
is that from Heaven I was conferred.

So wipe those tears from your eyes  
and just try this once to recognize  
that you are a child of God...  
anything but a fraud.

## Family, To Me

As I look at myself,  
There's something I see:  
Thousands of generations to come,  
And thousands before me.

I'm seldom perplexed  
by my family tree-  
Its roots and branches  
stretch to eternity.

On this axis of time,  
I sense a mission-  
To find my people  
And together stitch them.

Family, in essence,  
Is divinely divine;  
It's what makes the world go round  
And what makes the sun shine!

As I visit their graves,  
I hear screams from the past,  
"Don't you give up son!"  
"Everything shall pass."

My people, their hopes,  
Their wishes, and dreams  
Never stopped at death  
For they live on with me.

Wandering Love

Love, love the magnificent one-

The beat of the heart

The beat of the drum,

I have followed thee to distant lands

Only to lose sight of you.

Why doth thou hide from me?

Is it because I sought for you,

Or because I sought not for you?

## Born To Be A Champion

Do you know what separates the good from the best?

It's that drive;

That little bit more put into something.

People can ridicule you,

They can tease you,

And they can make you feel bad,

But you only fail when you give up.

And let me tell you something:

Quitting isn't always a physical action,

No it's a mental state.

For if you give up in your mind, then nothing you do will be successful.

But if you take those opportunities,

And you follow what that drive tells you,

Thinking you are the best,

Then you truly are the best.

It doesn't matter if everyone thinks you're no good

Or if they say you're a failure

Or if they tell you everyday that you will never be something;

Because what matters is what you tell yourself.

You can rise from the dust this instance,

You don't have to feel weighted down any longer.

Sure, you're going to get knocked around from time to time;

You just have to learn to take the hits.

Because people, they don't aim for the body,  
They aim for the soul.  
They see your potential and it's scary to them,  
So they try to drag you down to where they're at.

You were not created to feel worthless,  
It's not in your blood.  
You were born to be a champion,  
You were born to rise above.

Now let me ask, what's stopping you?

## The Endless Trail

A leather brown canoe is occupied  
By two strong native men;  
They have with them oars  
Which are thick yet rather thin.

The canoe rests upon some water  
That's a deep, dark, murky green;  
It floats upon the everglades  
Which can be dangerous it seems.

An acute stillness fills the air;  
Quietness is everywhere.  
However, these natives are not fooled  
Of this illusion that appears.

The oars dip ever so softly,  
The water is still and calm  
The noise of birds is everywhere  
And the humidity is rather strong.

To the left and right are giant trees  
That tower with pride and fame,  
Yet every so often patchy grass appears  
Due to the frequent rain.

The trail goes on forever

Or that is how it seems.

Flowing like a bird in the breeze:

Calm, peaceful, and serene.