People like me

People like me, we always speak the bright side

Spreading kindness is never wasted time…that's what I say

Yet I live in a constant battle with the tide

I wish I could be free…to live, to breathe…to rise above the sea

We would all be happier, if we could just sail

Mute the voices in our heads…no judgments, no noise

Don't think too hard, don't hear too loud, that's what I say

I wish I could be free…to live, to breathe…to rise above the sea

Live in the present, lean into the future

The past is bygones, be here for today

Whatever happened was meant to happen, that's what I say

I wish I could be free…to live, to breathe…to rise above the sea

In control, wound up tight…feels safe, like perfection

Take a pause, then release to the highest degree

Make some peace, then clean the slate…that's what I say

I wish I could be free…to live, to breathe…for all the world to see

Forever a little girl, swinging toward the sun…

Ride the waves, come out high

I got something good going…that's what I say

Imperfectly perfect…a gentle twist of dark and light…

I can be free, just me

By: Real_Life_Stuff

Tale of a Long-lost Teen

My father, my star.

So close, yet so far.

Always on my mind…never forget…

My beacon shines bright, my steady target.

Resentment, pain, faint memories, too…

Hang on to the glories, like precious glue.

My mind can be fragile…sometimes I can't see…

Sweet days of the past, they sit behind me.

Art master, writer, chef connoisseur…

Treasured paintings, antiques, vinyl albums galore.

Forever my hero...quick witted and loved…

My guide inspires me, from heaven above.

The eldest, the chosen, made keenly aware…

To lead, to listen, to always be there.

"Get to bed," he would say…late night chats gone away…

These hazy moments, within me today.

Journeys to New York, always our home…

Filled with songs and stories, Dad and daughter, we roam.

Fleeting moments gone by…never starting anew…

They live on forever, eternally true.

By: Real_Life_Stuff