

GLASS

Clear, yet unable to be breached
Someone is on the other side
She looks at me, I look back at she
With wondering eyes, we gaze into the abyss
The abyss of uncertainty.
The clear wall, cold, tangible yet unable to be seen
A blockade is created however there isn't much to be hidden
Protect me from the other side
The other side trying to break through, in order to be free.
Someone trapped behind the structure...
Someone clear to see...
Someone I need...
In need of me...
The wall is my protector, Protect me from thee...
The Glass that is See-Through
Sees through Me

Poetry Cries

I remember all the long nights
Ending with the petty fights
Sleeping with different women
Later proclaiming you my wife.
You were a classy chick,
Loved all the finest things
My ride or die, stood by my side,
Even if I didn't win.
Still I cheated, yet you still let me in,
So I had to make this poetry sing.
You took me back after all the things I did,
So I had to make this poetry sing.

Now we are on year two but things done change,
Got me thinking of back in the days,
Questioning if we will ever get back to being the same,
Got me thinking of back in the days.
My words turned repetitive,
Now all she hears is lies.
Even if I were to tell the genuine truth,
Tears would drip from her eyes.

We would make music of it,
Laugh at Relationships, people doing it wrong,
Now we are the ones reaping the song.
We were so happy together,
Thinking back at the chances you'd give
Begged for a million chances,
After receiving my first million chances
Showed I didn't appreciate all that you did.

Looking back at old photos but I still couldn't cry.
The tears tucked away behind the walls of my eyes,
So I had to make this poetry cry.
The tears couldn't fall from pits of my eyes,
So I had to make this poetry cry.
You were special in every moment of my life,
So I had to make this poetry cry.
Life isn't the same without you in my life,
Feeling as though I'm living in exile,
So I had to make this poetry cry.

Damn I Hate The Real Me

We all have our troubles.
Our lives come with worries.
Some are known as our "Loved Ones"
Yet are quick to vanish in a hurry.
A broken heart trying to self repair,
Wounded by the actions of others.
Hard raising a son that's broken since he never had a father.

I AM BROKEN.

However, I guess you wouldn't be able to tell,
Since you were never there.

I AM BROKEN.

However, I guess you couldn't have taken notice,
Since you never took the time to care.

I AM BROKEN.

However, it doesn't phase you.
Sleeping around with multiple women,
Clear to see that it was the only thing that pleased you.
At birth You were suppose to be my protector,
Until the time came for me to leave the pact,
Fend for my own.
You were never with the pact since the beginning regardless,
It was me and momma holding each other down,
ALONE.
Fending for our own.

What's a protector with no one to protect?
All you left were broken hearts
For others to come along and try to meld.
I loved you, more than you could ever love me Pop.
It's sad you've never once taken the time out to get to know me Pop.
Did you know I write?
What's my favorite color?
Where were you every time I was in the hospital getting surgery?
"I'm coming son, I'll be there in a jiffy"

I guess you're still on your way.

I'll wait a little longer.

I guess I'll also be waiting for you to actually be a real father.

I AM BROKEN.

Broke as could be.

I'm sorry for everything.

I'm sorry for ever asking you to love me.