

My Poem

You put us on this earth
For us to make mistakes and to learn from them.
You put the sun in the sky to represent day,
And the moon for night.
You put the ocean to fill with the biggest
Of life.
You made nature to be so beautiful and bright.
Most of all you made us humans
To love one another because we
Were all made equal.

Struggle

I notice struggle and i pray momma
Family don't get along, filled with drama
Hoping things gets easier
You can't slip up now we're needing ya

Eighteen but my mind is forty
Try to stay away from drugs and the little shorties
Life will suck you up, consume you to the evil works
Insecurities about appearance and my own quirks

Teachers don't understand what we're going through
Stressing up late, skipping class is what it's coming to
And you wonder why we act, attitudes flying
We got so much bottled up, tryna stop the crying

So many relatives telling us "count your blessings"
But how do i understand when i have all these questions
And no one has the answer, or either they don't care
Growing up is super stressful, and honestly i'm scared

TEACH

If we teach our **sons** to change the heat in their hands
To the heat in their hearts
The **dead** will stay
The **mom** already prayed
But the future will be less **lonely**

Deep in the fields of gold
The wheat it flows row by row
The sun golden hangs low

The moon rises into the sky
As darkness begins to rise
The sheep in the meadow begin to sleep

The night is silent
As all is asleep.

Different

Math for me is easy

To most a complete one-eighty

I know a lot about a computer

I am not afraid of blood

I am not a skilled writer

I would help if I could

But you can not bring me down

With any harmful critique

I avoid to frown

Because I know I am unique

Imagine this, it's late at night
There's a home with a family inside
A mother, a father, and a small child sleep the night away
But, in the darkness creeps a creature of the night
A creature that wants to harm and torment this family
He creeps into the family's home, hoping to find something good
But even with his light steps the old wood floors still creek
The father sits straight up in his bed at the sound
He whispers to his wife to get their kid and stay down
He goes over to his closet and grabs his rifle
Out into the house he goes looking for whoever is in his home
He creeps more silently than the creature and soon the hunter becomes the hunted
The around the corner in the family room, the creature looks around for what to take
Then in the blink of an eye loud cracks break out like a raging storm in the house
The creature falls, slain because of his own desire, his desire to cause pain
Next imagine this, the same situation just with one changed detail
The family's country decides guns are evil and are not allowed
The politicians believe it will cause less murder
So, the same night with the same creature and the same family
The creature comes into the home knowing that he's got the advantage
He still tries to be quiet but does care if he makes a sound
He knows there is nothing this family can do to stop him
The father hears the same noise and sits up in bed
But instead of grabbing his rifle, he cowers down and prays they are not found
In comes the creature creeping around their room
Out of the corner of his eye he sees the family cowering in fear
An evil grin comes across his face as he raises his arm
This is where I will stop but I'm sure you can guess how it ends
See there's one thing the politicians didn't realize
Creatures that want to cause harm will always find some way to cause it
The underground black market will still sell guns because they do not care about laws
These politicians did the complete opposite of what they hoped when banning guns
By banning the father's rifle, him and his family will never be the same
Guns are not the problem, people are the problem

PAIN

Do you understand what I go through each day?
Then you're always wondering why I walk away.
Nobody can see under my skin, cause "GOSH" you wouldn't know
because I always blend in.
People may throw a show for you.
But I just wanna know
are you just feeling like me too?
You may laugh, cry and never understand
until you're sitting into a pool of blood asking, "WHY DID I KEEP IT IN?"
Maybe just maybe you believe I'm dead in the water
just by understanding this is a hard pill to swallow.
But "No" you say I'm not right in the head.
Would you like it if I was standing in front of you dead?
I have issues but you have them too.
At least I talk about my pain.
WILL YOU?