

BEGINNING TO END

Everything that has a beginning has an end.
Mortal souls born into this world Called Earth.
One must always understand that we all came as a child
and will end as that, that is the truth!

We all live a joyful lives, and we all are sad by the hardship
we encounter, so much sorrows that makes us cry day and night.
We all feel the hideous malice when it is put upon us and all
the wights in our shoulders makes us a little bit colder.

There is no rest when our time on Earth is so short, and and
you break down and bow under the pressure of that immense test.

The beginning was a virtue of enchanting life as the baby took steps
to walk upright. Now old and feeble full of age one seeks solitude
and getting ready for the cross road of life that ends.

Humbled as a human being that endured the clock of time clinging
to this life as a slave of all that was upon a time.
Everything that has a beginning must always have an end. And that is
the sad truth about us Human Beings, from life beginning to the end.

HOPE IS NOT MY INDULGENCE

Wild ride day and night
venturing low and high.
Luxury came once with the wind and left
as soon as it came in.
I was left confused and alarmed, struggling in the dark.
Hope have always been distant from my heart, it really never
have come inside.
My loving heart seems to be struck with such bad luck
I find myself fighting in the dark.
The absence of the light have turned me blind
By feel and touch in such darkness I have survived and still
looking for hope to come to me.

DIGEST THE TALK

Do it again my conscious mind tell me so. Digest the talk.
I would never fall for those things, and I have been very careful
in my restraint. In the darkness of a prison cell in the evening in
the day time I have to be careful not to go mad. I approach those around
me apologetically aware that I may be taken for granted and the others
wnat to risk my time and chances. I obsorb the pain from the madness
the talk I hear. I try to get away but where? They are withing each
steps I take. All the hatred I hear makes me sad and trys to thwart my will.
I have to digest it all and be stronger and hold my cool, they are
younger and acting like a fcol! Steps by steps I walk carefully looking
at the gate of freedom before me.

WRITTEN BY MY CUBAN HERMANO...

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