

My Look at My Life

Sadness plagues the depths of my soul,
reflecting in my eyes that which will never be whole,
Selfishly describing my mood as cold,
remnants of a turbulent childhood in which only I
know!

Now behold..... for I am the truth of an undeniable
and even more unbelievable past,
an offspring of the environment in which I was cast,
reminding me that forever.... is nothing but a word that
"forever lasts",
and a term frequently used to mask - and conceal what is
only glass!

Because it's breakable,
which is why my anger is unmistakable,
but I would not offer pity even if I were capable,
because what's instilled only allows what is favorable.

"nuh" now my heart

it ~~do~~ doesn't know what it wants, only what it needs,
and is shamefully fragile beyond belief,
lacks drive and ambition and also the will to succeed,

So it doesn't believe,

"L·O·V·E,"

Because time and time again it was forced to bleed,
and nothing of worth to achieve;

Besides more pain,

why would I contribute to my own heartache,
it would only be in vain,

Because only a momentary high would be gained!

A stream of memories and blank emotions cause I don't
think I know how I feel,
I only know how to accept what is real,
and look forward to what time is to reveal.

As I continue to live and make mistakes battling my soul,
my heart, and conscience in situations in which I earn my
wisdom stripes,

I will continuously administer life's brutal message
of spite,

all on the strength that I don't have the courage to take a
look at my life.