

H A R L A N R I C H A R D S

November 7, 2011 Poems! Poems! Poems!

Come read my poems. I'm sure you'll enjoy them.

Test My Mettle

Go ahead, test my mettle.
Make it as bad as you want,
Lock me in prison for a quarter century,
Don't let me see my daughter for a decade,
Make me scrape dirty dishes, eat crappy food,
Tease me, let me taste freedom,
Then take it away again.
Show me a light at the end of the tunnel,
Then reveal it's an oncoming train.
Doesn't matter, can't touch me.
Nothing you can do can take my joy,
Mar my mirth,
Extinguish my exhuberance.
God gave me His Grace
When I gave Him my life,
And you can never take my joy again.

Harlan Richards