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What I've Become!

By Debra E. Jones © 2013

Time is running out, what am I gonna do next?

I'm gasping for breath, lying in a pool of sweat.

Vision is blurry as I dream, and it's the same dream since,
living the same dream since the first day I seen a barbed wire fence

locking past the clouds, prayers reaching the sky,

too much temptation around me, asking God why?

why am I here? why am I going through so much?

is this a test of faith? why is this road so rough?

why do I stress out so much? why do I lose self control?

fearing no one, except the one who can destroy my soul

Trying to relax and meditate, trying techniques to breathe,

nightmares every night with enemies with tricks up their sleeve.

Everytime I cry, it hurt to wipe tears from my eyes,

because everytime I open them up, it's another damn surprise.

I look back when I was younger, and to where I'm at now,

I was a bit too wild, all I can say to myself is wow,

I'm grateful I'm still here living, not in a cemetery dead,

being nothing but a home wrecker, jumping from bed to bed.

Id done had enough, it's time for me to start anew,

so to the old me, "Id done had enough of you!"

maybe one day soon, I'll enjoy my life, one day I'll smile,

instead of saying I been in prison away so many miles.

when I sit back and think, I regret all that I've done,

sometimes I hate I was born, because I hate what I've become!