



DON'T CRY FOR ME

Today is a day of joy, for me at least, though my mother is in great pain. It saddens me somewhat, for I can feel her pain, and anger toward God, though I can't understand why. You'd think she'd be happy for me when I saw a light for a second time today, once during birth, then again when I died.

I could have been revived, but with so much sin, chaos, and bias laws, I knew I wouldn't fit in. God gave me a choice between heaven or earth, there was nothing to think about, I decided to stay. Mother, please listen, don't hurt for me, the light in the gateway is serene, and heaven so beautiful, it can't be described.

Mother, you're right, my death was no accident. But don't get mad, and blame the doctors or God, it was I who took my umbilical cord, and wrap it around my neck. There was nothing but oppression and misery in stored in my future.

Common young males in the U.S. have become an endangered species, even boys in grade school get imprison instead of needed counseling. Mother, I like it here, "God has many mansions", and there all made of gold. I picked out two rooms for you and I, for one day we will meet again, without any corrupt institution standing in our way. So mother smile, don't cry for me.

BY: GEORGE BORGES
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