

1-9-13

Running

By Debra Evans © 2013

As long as I keep breathing, I'll write my feelings down,
they may help someone, turn their life around.
I don't write these words, to get a fabulous story,
nor did I write them, to try to win people's glory.
I never thought that I would have so much poetry,
and like long walks to be taken, by people who be annoying me.
People told me that my poetry, is raw, deep, and intense,
a very creative mind, once I got locked behind this fence.
Positive feedback but still, I am not known,
ponder where there, as my son is getting grown.
I look over my life, and I shake my head in disgust,
feel the world is against me, so really who can I trust?
Try to stay positive, thinking about my life,
I am a better man now, despite me having 2 strikes,
I'm very blessed tattoos remind me of where I've been,
reminds me where I found my talent, writing ink in my pen.
If it wasn't for the arrest, and cuffs going click clack,
I'll still be lazy with no poems, if hands ain't behind my back.
Everything has a purpose, everything has its reasons.
to my mom & dad, I love you for all seasons.
my girl is still down I think, I think she's on my team,
so I think I'm devoted to making her the woman of my dreams.
I thank God for my mind, my talent, it's a long time coming,
for this race is far from over, so I'll just keep on running.