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Another Statistic

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I have so much talent to write, that it's almost a damn shame, my name is LeVar, but they don't call me by my name. I speak on my case, and many call me a pyromaniac, call me an arsonist, and I really don't like that. When I was younger I admit, that's what I used to be, changed my way of thinking, that's what they still label me. Despite me being mature and growing up, I still ask why? I get the answer "criminal records is what they judge me by." So instead of giving me a chance, they always stereotype, never want to see if I changed, and rehabilitated my life. To my reputation and character, they will always attack, fill out job applications, but they never call me back. What's there left to do? on the application, should I be lying? or do I still keep searching, and I die trying? My life is messed up, all because of a bad decision, now I suffer the consequences, while I'm stuck in this prison. Even when I get out, I know I will still suffer, get back on my feet, constantly depending on mother. Don't like being a freeloader, but I'm my mom's only son, everyday I look in the mirror, I don't like what I've become. I'm a survivor I will fight for what I believe in, somebody will give me a chance, and in the end I'll win. My talent is known, but where it started I won't miss it, because I'm tired of being labeled, as another statistic!