

106-13

Said and Done

By Stella E. Jones

Daddy giving up! he never taught me, how to be a man,
had to learn on my own, thinking of negative plans,
member of the armed forces, served time in Vietnam,
daddy losing the battle, now he wants to abandon my mom.
Nothing left to do he wants to awol his platoon,
trying to apologize, 'cause he may be dying soon.
The hill for me, just got too hard to climb,
all I think of is my parents, bad intent clouds my mind.
It's a sandy hill, plus it is way too steep,
there's the internal demons, who haunt me in my sleep.
So I have insomnia, every night I stay awake
can never get no sleep, 'cause my heart stays broke.
People think I'm crazy, thinking I'll kill myself,
if my parents throw in the towel, that's why I need help.
I try to learn how, but nobody's here to listen,
they say go to school, get a education while in prison.
That won't work my mind still has a condition,
but if I have a suicidal plan, my family lives with my decision.
My poetry is my feelings, poems are my life,
nobody here in prison to help try to change wrong to right,
do I'm left by myself will the demons continue to win?
that's why I express myself, by spilling ink in my pen,
so if I give in I'm defeated, another battle not won,
or do I get help before it's all said and done?