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Cherish The moment

By Debra E. Jones

I wonder if this pain, is the path for my destiny?
Still want my son, to be a better man than me.
Trying to do my duty, as I try to survive,
Coming out on top, being my best staying alive.
Still got my dignity, salvaged up my pride,
being like Kaiser keep my head up and thrive.
Dont know what the future holds, or what tomonow will bring?
but when I get out of prison, I'm going for my dreams,
Have more children, living my life as a felon,
thumb print on record, so label me as a legend!
Be way more smarter, be a poet at heart,
continue to write about my life, and this brand new start.
I'll still be cocky, and people may not like that,
or is it my confidence, that they definitely cant match?
Dont know what it may be, but I'm gonna move forward,
cause the rich gets richer, and the poor gets poorer.
A lot to be thankful for, blessed to be living,
I never had dreams of me being in prison.
How long will the pain last, the pain I've received?
will the pain ever disperse, after they let me leave?
will my legacy live on, what life story could I tell?
will they remember my poetry, or the prison number in jail?
Gotta be focused, and live my life like I own it,
cause life is short so I need to cherish the moment.