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Still Got Hope

By Debra Egan

Gasping for breath, trying not to hyperventilate,
no rescue inhaler for my lungs, protected by my chest.
No oxygen to carry, that'll help me to breathe,
dying way too soon, guess it's my time to leave.
But why me? why was my time too early?
I called on God, but I don't think He heard.
Nobody don't want me, so what am I to do?
stuck here on earth, where everybody's job is hate.
Fall to my knees, my head up to the sky,
tears hit my cheek, many thoughts of suicide.
won't follow through, denial of a plan,
live for my son, teach him how to be a man.
If I pass on, who's gonna be there to teach?
When he gets in trouble what lesson could I give?
Can't answer that, it's the future I can't see.
told my son not to, but he still wanna be like me.
Lived a rough life, but to my son I'm a role model.
lost years of my life, like sand in a hour glass bowl.
Not proud of what I did, not proud of what I
missing years of my life, no way to teach my son.
so I still gasp for breath, I still see my dream.
also still see nightmares, and the demons they.
son still wants to be like me, cause he's not ta
somehow I still see victory, in this war, where I t