

3-5-14

A Job 2 Do

BydeVar Eja

The issues I have, the talent I now possess, the anxiety I feel, bearing it is part of the test. I'm left defeated to know I have to contemplate thinking what's next, when I get from behind the said I'll never be nothing, I'm nothing but a criminal now the message I'll give, will just be subliminal. They're entitled to their opinion, I'm not gonna fail, I'll be something despite finding my talent in a cell surrounded by 4 concrete walls, that'll only make me re-taken to a destination unknown, it only makes me worried about my past which only gives me severe anxiety & my mind is poisoned, and I'm hated cause I'm black. They like my style, but they really hate my features, they treat me like I got cooties, like I'm some type of creature. What's on my mind? What in the world do I go through? I became a lawbreaker in a cell at age 18 and with the issues I have, and the talent for me. I want to know about my life, things that didn't go right, or my 2nd chance. I'll be way better than what I was before, put life into perspective, and get out that revolving door. Be a better father, a better person, that'll always be. Now when I get out these dumps, I gotta job 2 do.