

6-6-14

Nowhere Near Prepared

By Allen G. J. Jr.

my father! a decorated soldier in Vietnam,
now he can't walk, get treated bad by my mom.
It hurts my heart to know the type of drama he's facing,
with mom's nagging inadvertently, losing his diabetic medication.
I'm not really close to my dad, but I need to get closer.
Don't want to look at his obituary, like it's a wanted poster.
The conversations we have are brief, but I do say I love him,
but there's something missing, my light is somewhat dim.
Going through a lot, mom on dialysis, and still smokes,
really? Keep doing that, it'll be hard to find any hope.
I tell her to stop smoking, and she says she can't,
which will make her ineligible for a kidney transplant.
A lot of married people have been together for years,
if one passes before the other, there's sure to be a lot of tears.
History always repeats itself, one passes away and went home,
days or even weeks later the other dies, tired of being alone.
May God bless them, they been together 40 years plus,
if they pass while I'm in prison, boy, my life will get rough.
I pray to God, that He keeps both of them safe,
together as old people, so they can once again see my face.
The inevitable will happen, which keeps me alert and scared.
Lord, please don't take 'em now, cause I'm nowhere near prepared.