

A Struggle In This Blackness

by: Alphonso



I was born in the concrete jungle, the wild-wild west,
a young black boy, one of my mother's best.

The oldest of many siblings, a soul devoid of light,
a struggle in this blackness, abandoned was my sight.

My mother taught me a better way to see,
sat me down and explained things to me.

"She gave me a little kiss, I was nervous in a way,
drew me a little closer and began to say;

"Look son, this madness must desist, . . . if
believe in yourself, if not, God exist.

Life can sometime seem hard, but you have the power to take control,
Just like the sun shines so bright, God will polish your soul.

When things seem to go wrong, we don't always have to understand,
There's a struggle in this blackness, do the best you can.

Life is never a smooth sail, the storms will come and go,
It's all a part of life's Journey, but God will help you row."

FOR the first time in life, the love in her voice,
was felt deep in my heart, I wanted to rejoice.

Through a struggle in this blackness, we'll always have our dose,
I'll try to keep my focus, but God will remain close

cause there's a struggle in this blackness,