

3.2.17

Poem: Stuck With Out Control

As i Walk the lonely roads that lead to
no where with no end. I find myself stuck
with out Control...

As i Swim the lake with promising strokes
hit by vigilance Waves targeting to revise my
Character. I find myself stuck without Control...

As i sit and visialize the world threw
my Potentially restrain eyes, My sight lands
quandary to a Nation with no resurgent. I
find myself stuck with out Control...

long nights on the grind, blister's that
bleed from the miles i've walk, on my
deliaquent feet. lubricated by lucrative thoughts
of my mind. I find myself stuck without
Control...

The struggle was delt to many
soldiers, Out of those, only the Warriors
Came out on top. Only those who saw a
greater vision survived that steady flow
of urban life. They found themselves back
in Control...

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