

Poem: Past And Present

7-19-17

Red flashes threw my eyes, lack of Courage
bonded by old ties. Those who say they love me,
not long before i realize those are lies.

Wise to Want those who hurt me to demise.
So i no longer dream of my Past nights of Cry's,
And failed try's to release my youth flesh from
his eyes.

Cowards who prey on the weak, lacks the Courage
to set themselves free from the slave sickening brain
and nasty reality.

I'm no longer afraid of a man i Can't See, only
Scared of the person i turnt out to be.

So many ask why i turnt out to be a street kid
that fail to see. I say the question should be. why
did he choose me. Choose to abuse me. Now it
should be where did my Courage come from to be
set free. (Mentally) (Real Talk Always)