

(1). 5/15/18

"My Best Friend"

A lifetime of disappointment,
From one tragedy to another.
It kills me to know,
That I've become a heartache to my mother.
Dear Mom,
Can't you see it's not the life I wish to lead?
It's just my way of reaching out,
To fill one aching need.
A need that goes on,
And never reached and continues till the end.
When I come to terms with the loss of my father,
My Best Friend.
A friend who tried to understand,
No matter what I've done.
Who never, never failed to say,
"I'll always love you, son".
We did everything together.
We did what buddies do.
He would say to me, "I won't always be here to do these things with you."
He must have known what lay ahead,
Yet he suffered silently in his bed.
He groaned and bared the pain he felt,
And hide it all from me.
But the days of hiding were over,
All the good times in the past,
Nothing on earth I could do
As my best friend breathed his last.
So yes mom,
My life is crazy and Lord knows I've made you sad.
My foolish deeds,
My rebellious ways to you they seemed insane.
But mom this is just my way of dealing with the pain.

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(2) My pain will fade as time goes on and to you this poem I send.
You've always been there just like Dad.
My Mother, My Best Friend.

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