

Poetry (My Out look of My IN look) 11.6.18

Sick ill Stated, force throw up as i think  
of my Past trash...

Out goes the garbage into the truck it  
Crushed, and my Past thoughts are mashed...

My Cry's flow like Ocean Waves, lost deep  
in my Past of painful days...

Wishing that life wasn't the same, a scared  
little boy hoping life would change...

Nestled in a spider web stuck in hell,  
Sharp pain in my heart now i'm ready to bail...

Not good with all that emotional stuff,  
so i change my thoughts, and put a mask on  
this is how i bluff...

Huffs AND Puffs he's the big bad wolf, so  
he must be tuff...

I'm Judge by the color of my face, the look  
in my eyes. This monologue of me I've had  
enough...

Sick of being lost, and stuck in this  
beef in these streets, with forced bad blood  
threw my Unharm Virgin Veins.

Born into a City with heartship, drugs,  
Imprisoned parents, and street gangs.

I Just seek to hope for better days, and  
for my City to change, and those push away  
thoughts to be rearrange into positive life

Exchange!

By: Anthony HEARD JR