

poem

Posted by daledadar.3 - 01 Feb 2017 21:45

A Peacock an eye on that lousy TV!/Hangin' up shirts in the dirty breeze/Hold them in their arms
you can feel their disease /.The seeds were planted for being an addict

I became lonely weak and needed to feel/Strong women -sometimes imagination -sometimes
real /

I night I would ride a "misery bound ferris wheel" /This aint no fun being an addict/

I was miserable (still am)afraid to fly free /They say it is about life so religiously /Sad thing... that
I who truly was and will always be /Yet I somehow still live the life of an addict

But I hear there is love and there is lust/A loving G-d in whom to trust / Haven't found Him,
though I know I must /Can someone help me from being an addict?

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