Take me back to poetry

One less than you and me

Back to young and free,

Take me were my own happiness mattered to me.

Far from whom I am now

Constantly contemplate my right and wrongs,

And fathom heres and gones,

Gone but never been

Gone to a place where sins are permitted I try to be committed but I broke, cracked, and shattered,

Automatically feeling battered,

I can’t be the type to talk if you don’t want to talk,

I’m the type to walk and never love you again,

And keep walking without looking back until my gut takes me back to poetry.

To every slick word and flow

This place is known for me,

The only place that truly accept me,

Never lets me down, but lets me settle down.

When I can’t take it, it keeps me calm

Or gives me the adrenaline of two beating drums after weeks in the slums, or a week feeling like a bum,

Poetry helped me bleed out bad energy,

Gave me the energy to be who I want to be,

Not who I ought to be,

This is nature not nurture, this stuff wasn’t taught to me.

As of now pain is brought to me,

But pain gave me words,

Which gave me the formula to create explosive devices.

To explode these streets, demons, and devils

 Paradise with an aftermath as perfect,

Never viewed anything like it.

And it was just so close to me when it brought me back to Poetry… Back to happy

Back to that alive feeling inside,

Tears of joy, not the sadness killing when I cried.

So take me back to my former self

Back to poetry

Poetry always helped me.