

From the Cradle to the Grave

Entered world, wide eyed, innocently
Chasing creepies and crawlies and doggies
Cute as a button, freckled face always
Laughing, joking, and playing leap frogs.

Dad was killed, tornado struck me homeless
Shelter shattered, eddies of emotion
Allay fears with violence and anger
Management of good deeds lost devotion.

Prison bound I began a new journey
Under the sea of regret, remorse and
There rested my inner child waiting
Patiently offering his tiny hand.

Once murderer of man, choices and self.
Aware now that love isn’t tied to wealth.

Clifton Lee Gibson