

Jrayis Deyond

Jerrickthomas27@yahoo.com

The Road Home

On the road home, I'm finding my way, back to me, and back to the skin that I am in.

I've watched my life crumble up from within, living my life, and all with a grin. I know things now that then would have made my world spin and yet I'm on the road again.

Forward I move not looking, no map, no compass, just running without a conscious thought of knowing what was lying ahead.

Until one day I crashed into a ditch into someone who had always been around the corner, with the same tricks, lies, shames, and dishonor, still, I got about my business and rose back to my feet, not knowing of the deceit down the next street, still, on the road I ran passing the man with a sign for change, playing the same old games.

Then one day I woke up feeling the coast was clear, for me to cross the road from here to there when my road crumbled underneath me.

Stumbling and falling I was still looking for something, someone to catch me and there was nothing a net, fire truck, lifeguard, or speedboat to help me the more I choked.

As I struggled, screaming, desperate for air, I felt something save me from my despair, someone sent an angel ringing alarms telling me to come in from the storm and harm.

I'm traveling on a new road, now under construction, from a life that was destructive, with new brakes, caution signs, and some new wheels, to something that's truly real, with patience, strength, love, and joy to guide me, what can I say this was a trip I had to take.

I know now that I'm someone great but this life gave me baggage that I know doesn't belong while I'm traveling down the road on my way home with my song in my heart playing on the stereo, I know there's a place I can go, now gassed up with the things that I know.

I have to ride slow, steady and right ahead on the road I choose with my GPS, I'll continue on the road on my way home.