

## The Crying Fag

Here I go again in my feelings over things I can't change but I've got to spill my guts

So I've been so upset with my life, my family, my friends, and my lover the one holding the keys to my soul's chamber of secrets, the tomb of my fortune

My enemies seen and unseen and my destiny that lies before me on the shores of golden sands in God's land sending me on the path that I must go

My family has taught me how to be strong even when I wanted to give to the wind like leaves from the tallest tree, they love me like raisins from the same purple seeded grapes

We've been through our share of struggles as a unit fighting to survive, I've tamed myself to lead this company where many have failed

I'll change the tide in time of despair. I continue to lend my voice to the heavenly skies letting it fly clear as bells ringing on Sunday morning

My friends the ones I know, love and lost on this journey on this pilgrimage on their own ride home. I learned from them to be more as they were themselves honest, loyal brave and true they taught me I am my greatest reflection.

They showed me their love the way they knew how, I'm forever in debt and grateful for their display of affection and admiration

My lover, we met one cold night in a dream. You were hiding in the dark, until we found one another and you came into the warm light. You wrapped me around your finger, your lips and your heart.

You warmed me with your words, filled me with fresh feelings sprung straight stinging me in a way no one could.

Your yarning yards yield you from my lingering lonely longing love lending my loins to your limbs locked tightly touching together until teardrops trace our faces, hearts and our souls.

Leaving long lived lingering love, lusting laughter underneath the 1st bed we shared as lovers under a casted spell from our dreams, wishes and thoughts for someone special

I weep now because you're not so far away, but far enough that I can't be where you are, I weep for the weight on my shoulders, I've learned I've had to bear my cross like my tattoo

I weep for my sorrows that have borrowed my soul's spaces and laced it up in my shoes.

I weep for the moments that are cherished beyond my tempted whispers, cold stairs lying on my sofa pillows and cushions until I make a new bed to share until then I'm nothing more than the crying fag