

Homeless

There are layers to me that you cannot see.

Covering up my identity

And trapped me inside this misery

the things that tried to destroy me.

And I can not break free

Childhood Trauma

Sexual and mentally abuse for the age of 5.

Poverty that starved my peace and my dreams

Depression took over my soul.

And feasted off my insecurities.

And drained me of trust and the ability to love.

I got degree's, I had jobs, I worked,

I turned to drugs and alcohol.

To norm the pain

That was driving me insane.

My own thought I could not maintain.

I wanted to die.

Sometimes I did try

But my hands would not let me comply.

Don't cry for me

Or judge me

Or talk about me  
Or feel sorry for me  
I do that enough for me  
you really don't know me  
You just know of me  
But don't care enough to get to know me  
Pass right by me  
And probably wish there was no me  
And my condition, you wish you didn't see  
Cause it make you think , that it could be me  
But you don't know my story  
And what you don't face you don't worry  
Sleeping out in the cold  
It's not my choice, as I was told  
To you I was somebody  
To me I still am  
Damn  
I'm lost inside my world  
Inside this world  
And would give the world  
To be apart of your world  
But your world forgot about me  
Even though your world broke me  
So I'll take my chances out side  
At least then I can keep my pride  
And I want ask you for nothing not even a ride  
I just pray  
That one day  
You will see  
That I could be you  
And you could be me.

By: Laterina Taylor