

Bleak Existence

Bleak existence growing up.
Happiness an empty cup.
All I have, all I had;
lost into my pit of sad.
Waste away i am nothing now.
Peacefulness cannot show me how.
Lost into a world of black,
pitiful the things i lack.
Walking past such ugliness.
Forget the clothes, my hair is a mess.
I am getting up to face the day.
Angry, bitter hates decay.
Waking up aware of it all.
Caught my feet, not quite a fall.
No more sleeping away my life.
No more days of grief or strife.
Finally broke through the night.
Loneliness takes no delight.
My hero saves my open heart,
which never more shall fall apart.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Donna Marie Thornhill, my mother and my friend.