

# Help

My minds confused and coming loose.

I have my friends, my ego boost.

Popularity sucks me in.

I buy the clothes, loose my old friends.

A rush of people, I need to fit.

No time for me, no time to sit.

This materialistic world consumes.

Alcohol dreams, deadly fumes.

Inhale these things, a daily chore.

Not enough, my body is bored.

My friends start pleading,

my body is bleeding.

When will I learn this is cruel?

Devil plays, I am his tool, teaching children what is cool.

A little light from a little friend,

will I listen in the end?

She has the truth, she will tell me more.

That religion makes her so secure.

Can I change, will God except?

I will try for now, more than I expect.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Dustin Hepler and Brian Chainey.