

Anthology of thoughtxo

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Stranger

Feelings

I wonder

Are you next ?

Do you hate him?

Stranger

I set eyes on my own blood but it's as though I'm looking at a stranger
Why is this Middle Aged man calling himself my father?
The only father I've ever known is my broken hearted mother
Picking up all the pieces when our family was shattered
Torn hearts, teary eyes is all she sees
Falling to her knees hoping God would hear her plea
She doesn't know how she became a part of this tragedy
Praying these obstacles wont turn her to insanity
Who do you call in times of need?
The father feels no love towards his seed
A single mother on her own, four mouths to feed
She's stuck in a world that only knows of greed

Feelings

At times I think you're too good to be true
Eight years, look at everything we've been through
Denying all the feelings I have for you
Gaze into my eyes, you'll see feelings that are true
My heart skips a beat when you are near
The only friend who was there to wipe my tears
Cherishing all the moments we spend side by side
Heads are turning at you and all I feel is pride
An intellectual, caring, most loving man
Baby I promise you, I'm your biggest fan ?

I wonder

I wonder if there are sunny days
Will there be smiles in this home
Hoping that one day I will make it
Then all my troubles will go away
But at times I break down and wonder
Will there be a sunny day ?
Will the cries I hear every night stop?
Will this grey cloud leave from above this broken home?
I just wonder if there are sunny days

Are you next ?

How do you fix a heart that is already broken?
Every day gets harder and it seems like you're choking
Don't pick up these pieces you'll cut yourself deep
I'll feel no remorse as you sit and weep
I'm just a child that has seen no love in life
My father felt nothing for his beloved wife
He only knew of torture and broken promises
And that is the reason for my unforgivable choices
Don't be fooled, I was not always like this
I always yearned for love, a hug and a kiss
But when you're neglected as a child
You have all these emotions in your heart that just get piled
Then one day you explode and you're left empty
Now I feed off the hearts that are full of purity
Don't tell me I'm wrong for being like this
Everyone turned me into this monster
Let's hope you are not next.

Do you hate him?

I get asked a lot by many people if I hate my father. Many people know the situation but few people know the details. This shit is on my mind right now and I have no other way to express my thoughts other than writing it somewhere. I've come to realisation that I speak about my father quite frequently, whether it is something negative or positive, he seems to come up in a lot of conversations.

I can never hate my father and trust me I've tried. I hate the things he put me and my family through but hate is a very strong word. My heart is too pure to hate anyone and to be honest it isn't that deep for me to hate anybody. I wouldn't say he is a great father figure, but he taught me a lot of things. My extended family speak about how I remind them of him so I guess they see a lot of him in me, I don't know how to feel about that.

Although me and my father do not speak as often as I would like, he's still got my love and loyalty, regardless of the fact that I don't have his. My love runs so deep for him that it hurts. Sometimes I feel like my head is going to explode because all I think about is the day he walked out on us. How can the man I used to run to for safety turn into the person that would most likely be the one to stab me in the heart for abit of money; weed or liquor, it's mad.

But it's okay. Growing up my father taught me about the streets. He taught me about so many things. Police brutality and racism was one of the topics he spoke of a lot, I guess he wanted to prepare me for the world. It's the shit that nobody tells you about. He told me that as a child he would go to school and the white kids were verbally and physically abusive. My father is a very sensitive person even though he does not express his feelings. I know his past experiences took effect on the person he is today, maybe that's why he doesn't give a fuck about nobody else, because he thinks nobody gave a fuck about him? You can't love someone that doesn't let you in and just pushes you away. But I guess he can't help it. Pain fucks a person up. (Hurt people, hurt people)

I remember as a child I used to see him as my role model because he made me feel safe. He used to say he would never let harm come my way and that he loved me. It's crazy that isn't it? I've experienced a lot of pain in life, but the pain was nothing compared to what he put me through. The man that once made me feel so safe. I don't even know why I'm still writing all this shit down.

His sense of humour was insane I never had anyone make me laugh in my whole 21 years of being alive ? I would try change the song in the car and he'd lightly smack my hand and say 'never touch a niggas radio, that shit would get you killed' and he'd laugh. He taught me about music. He only listened to music that sent a message. Tupac Shakur. He always told me to listen to the message the songs would tell. He showed me the song Dear Mama and said I love his music, look how much love he has for his mother. A mothers love is eternal. That's what he taught me. But now my mother is the same woman he calls a bitch. ?????

He also taught me about money. He always told me to get a good job but never let money get to my head. It comes and goes. But that's the reason why he walked out on us? My mother was the provider. She worked her ass off to the point where her body would ache and she still does. She paid for everything to ensure that her husband and children have the best life we could have. Even though she worked her ass off we still didn't have the expensive things or live a lavish lifestyle. But I'm eternally grateful. I'm glad we didn't have all these finer things that the rich white men have. I was raised on love, not money, we was broke. I was taught the meanings of loyalty. I think that's where I get my love from, my mother. I've been taught to stay humble in life no matter what. So I'm

glad I've been through the shit I've been through. These lessons in life have made me who I am. My mother taught me to be a hard worker and my father taught me to never be the person he is. I'm getting off topic but no I don't hate my father. I disagree with most of the decisions he has made in life and the way he has neglected this family, but I don't hate him.