

The Fate of the Lost

B.Ray



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my Three Sons,

Blessed be onto you.

Acknowledgement

"The world is dark. See it, acknowledge it and maybe then we can finally change it.."

may the shadows that haunt those be brought to light and freed from their chains so that mankind can know it's sin and finally become clean.

About the author

Mystery ?

summary

Homeless

Was It Worth It?

For my Children

Homeless

Homeless in the streets.

Homeless in the cars, bars and motels too.

There are so many homeless, what could we possibly do?

We give them milk, water and bread but it feels as if the more we give; the more it spreads.

People say it's an eye sore, that their value goes down...

When all the homeless, show up in town.

But what they don't realize, who those homeless could be...

Your friends and neighbors maybe even family.

Because homelessness looks different.

It comes in strange shapes and forms.

Like a mother huddling with her baby during a long stormy night..

Lighting crashes and trees breaking as a infant cries out with fright.

Surely she could go elsewhere? Why does she stay here?

But did you know her loved ones are no where near.

Her husband died fighting in long drawn out war and her parents cut off communication when she moved off to a distant shore.

Had she known what was coming, maybe she could have thought....

"This might make me homeless, guess it's all for naught."

But

We can't change time and we have to face our fates.

Some are bound for greatness, but how long until that will change?

There's homeless all around us, something that we can't change.

Unless we vote out those who harm us!

With greed their only game.

Until then I'm still homeless, and homeless is my name..

Was It Worth It?

She lay there, breathing in the cold air.
How long had it been since she felt so warm?
A beautiful shade of red spreads across the snow, altering the soft white beneath it.
She lay there, heavy eyes beginning to close.
Where had she been to that brought her journey here?
Flashes of blue shine out in the night like quick strikes of lightening.
the once vibrant stars quickly disappear.
She lay there, feeling the world drift away.
When did she decide this was the only way?
Shadows dance all around beckoning spirits nearby,
"Oh, those poor souls who have been lost please hear us."
She lay there, surrounded by friends and family.
Why couldn't they see the pain?
Tears flow all around them, silent hearts start to break.
If only something could ease their ache.
She lay there, underneath the frozen ground.
What could have been different, for it not to end this way?
In the next world she may find out, if her sacrifice was worth all that pain.

For my Children

For my children what wouldn't I do,
to hear you laughing and playing
Acting like loons.

For my children what wouldn't I do,
To watch your smiling faces
underneath a glowing moon.

For my children what wouldn't I do,
To see you grow big and strong
Taking pride in your various sizes.

For my children what wouldn't I do,
To be the best mother
who provides for you.

For my children I will fight through the tears.
I will push back the trauma, the lies and the fears.

For my children I will shed my own blood,
For what is a sacrifice but the greatest form of love.

For my children I will worry everyday
Even long after you've grown and moved away.

For my children what wouldn't I do?
I will do my very best to be there for you.

So grow big and strong
Take in all the light,
My beautiful children
Grow up right.

For my children what wouldn't I do?
I will gladly be here for you.

Always.