

## MY CHANGING TIMES...

I sit back and watch,  
all these changing times,  
can't express through words,  
so I write these rhymes.  
So many things changing,  
a book coming to an end,  
time to start a new,  
but so hard to begin.  
And oh the tears fall down,  
both sides of my face,  
as I sit and wonder,  
how I got to this place.  
What turn did I miss?  
I never could read a map,  
now I write these words,  
with this tablet in my lap.  
I can't go back,  
are you sure this is real?  
So confused in my thinking,  
and don't know how to feel.  
It's time to move on,  
get used to lookin' through bars,  
to dealin' with bitches,  
and not seein' the stars.  
10 to Life in,  
could it be a blessing from above?  
Someone tryin to keep me alive,  
and give me a chance to learn to love?  
Can I make the best of it?  
Do I have the strength?  
I dig way deep down,  
almost to an endless length.  
Can I do the task?  
Can I handle this new twist?  
Somewhere in my heart,  
I believe I can do this.  
Continue to jump life's hurtles,  
like so many times before,  
and even though I'm so tired,  
I say, "Just one more".  
I thought I was sitting back,  
to watch these changing times,  
but I'm up and I'll change with them,  
as a consequence of my crimes.

