One Man’s Trash is Another Man’s Treasure!

In the quiet I stare into the darkness

Life has once again delivered its harshness.

Whether you call her a prostitute or a ho,

She has a baby she doesn’t want to know.

The thrill of getting high is appealing,

She doesn’t care it’s her child’s life she is stealing.

Too young, too stupid, too selfish,

All are excuses and all are hellish.

Alone with my thoughts is grim,

How many times have I prayed and asked Him?

Without saying anything, NO is so evident.

Yet, I continue to pray and hope that His answer isn’t permanent.

I struggle for understanding and peace,

But these feelings of resentment and jealousy do not cease.

Giving up makes much more sense,

That makes my heart heavy and even more dense.