

Pathways

They call me a failure, a fraud, a clutz.

They say that I'm nothing
But their words, they do something.
It makes the pain, too much to bear.

I look to escape
To make a new fate,
Yet they seem to always be there.

There seems to be something
That emerges from the nothing
But my conscience tells me it is wrong.

But it's all I have left
So I took the step
Even though I knew I'd be gone.

I had been warned
And for my family I mourned
But I was through with all this hopelessness.

So I took the hand,
The hand of the man,
Who offered a way out of sorrow.

An escape from reality
From the mortality
An escape from the prison I'm held.

It was like a medicine
But just like all medicines
The effects eventually wore off.

But I wanted more
I don't know what for,
But I thought that it would help.

I thought I could stop
I believed I was at the top
But I was never in control.

It had control of my life
But I thought it was right
Even though I knew I was wrong.

I wanted to sop
I wanted the situation to drop
But it was too late.

I had taken the drugs
From a gang of rough thugs,

And there was no turning back.

So I accepted my fate
But it was too late,
I was already addicted.

But then there was light
And it shined oh so bright
At that point I thought I was dead.

My mind was so broken
The light words were unspoken
My Savior emerged from the burst.

They told me that no fate
Was ever too late,
To make a jaw-dropping change.

All the light faded
My emotions cascaded
Over me like a waterfall.

I had been in the darkness
Broken and heartless,
For about three years too long.

But it was time for a change
To turn a new page,
To find what I had lost.

To help others in need,
To help set them free,
From the web of sorrow they wove.

To fix my mistakes,
To make my own fate,
And help others make theirs new

So I took back the wheel
To evade this ordeal
And destroy it once and for all

To let others know
That they've not alone,
And that they'll always have a home,
Here, in my heart

----*Bailey Haslem*