

THE NEED FOR LOVE

My dad is a crackhead, my mom is a junkie,

They are always in search of the monkey,

To satisfy the unheard scream in their head,

Until they can quit or end up dead.

But what about me?

Moving from apartment to apartment, on the street or in a car,

When the addiction takes your money, you can't move far,

To sleep in a bed instead of on the floor,

To have your own room with a door,

Is only a dream, when you are dirt-poor.

But what about me?

Living with broken bones and bruises,

From parents who are abusers,

Can't fall asleep at night,

Listening to the terrible fights,

Between parents whose only love they can give

Is to the white powder for which they live.

But what about me?

When I am able to go to school,

Kids treat me like I am a fool,

Because the clothes I wear are tattered and torn,

Only one set of clothes that are worn.

But what about me?

At least at school, I get to eat,

Real food, even some meat.

Most nights I go to bed without dinner,

Because we have no regular bread winner.

The money we have is used to score drugs,
From dealers, killers, gangbangers and thugs.
But what about me?
I wish that someone would take me away,
To a place that I could play,
Without being in fear for my life,
Away from all the hate and the strife.
Where I could eat three meals a day,
And have someone love me in a warm loving way.
To have clean clothes to wear,
And place to shower and have clean hair.
I know this could happen, if someone would care.

Will you help me to be the best I can be?
That is the answer to "What about me?"

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