

AS TIME FLIES BY

Time goes by...
All I want to do is shine. But to shine,
I have to grind, to earn
each dime . . .

Money on my Mind -- that's how Ima Shine,
every minute of my Time . . .

I sit in here and just watch
the minutes
and hours
go past,
my Eyes too quick for sight.

I can't wait for my return:
All the leaves have Fallen. The sun has Come out.
And in all this time,
No sunshine! -- Only in my mind!

My Freedom is an essential . . .
My favorite musical instrument.

I feel like a dead Pedal that has fallen
Out the sky.
I was just On top,
now I'm below the low.

I feel as if I'm sitting in hell!
Should I sell my soul to make me
feel whole?

My heart feels tart.
My mind is feeling corrupt.
No one can tell
that I am in hell.

– Bridgett L.