

CHOICES

Alone I walk, through times of trials,
Always watching, always looking.
I see a group of people coming,
But guarding myself, I keep on walking.

I sit in wait for death to find me,
But like my friends, it lets me down.
I wait and wait, but nothing happens,
My life, my soul is in my hands.

I cry for help, but no one hears me.
I plead, I beg, "Please save my soul",
But those around me, keep walking by,
Never easing the pain I feel.

Outwardly, I view the campus,
The pain, the hate that was found out there.
I remember how I used to be,
But times of old are gone forever.

My sorrow is lifted to the skies.
"Won't someone listen, won't someone care."
My cries are weak, they go unheeded.
and those who see me, keep walking on.

I think of those who tried to help me,
Their love was shown, but for a time.
Like all things, their love soon left me.
I am by myself, I am all alone.

But there is One who never leaves me,
My Father, my Maker, my Lord, my God.
His love remains, while others' falter.
Oh to be near him, my heart's desire.

I finally lift my eyes to heaven.
"Take me now!!" I yell to Him.
But like my friends, he doesn't heed me.
He says, "Remain and stay a while longer."

I wonder how to get my way,
A gun, a knife, a rope perhaps?
But no... the love is God is in me.
I'll leave the task to those on campus.

I talk to them, they laugh at me.
"You have so much to live for," their common reply.
As I look, I see no love or kindness,
I say, "I know. I know only too well."

What is life, but one big game.
A place to start, to live, to die.
Oh! How I wish for a different game.
An eternal game, with my Father above.

"Be patient," He says, "There is more for you to do."
"Like what?" I say, "It's just no use."
"You are special, you do have use."
And for once in my life, I doubt my Father's words.

Alone I walk, through times of trials.
Always watching, always looking.
I see a chance to end this game.
But should I really? I just can't say.