**Child of the Streets**

*August 23, 2013*

Life is a drum and a xylophone.

Endless Notes and Many Beats.

When You call for Help is No one Home.

Sleep under the Bridge poor hungry cold and alone.

A Life of Dumpsters and Drugs on the Streets.

How many Piercings Tattos and Rings are Enough.

To let Your Parents know.

Your Youth was Confused Unloved and Rough.

Say when will You let it go.

Is the Face in the Mirror.

One Who cares.

For the One Who peers within.

Who will heed Thy Woes Wraiths and Fears.

Unless Thy dare to let the Healing begin.

Say Child of Thyself of Thyself take Note.

Proud. sure. Embrace Thee for All Thy will Be.

In Thy Heart and Soul Lye so Pure. Secure.

All Manner of Wealth of Thee.