

The Things I Carry

My backpack is an appropriate representation of slums,
My worn tan binder holds once tried and twice failed problems.
My small, cracked green Ipod helps lift my spirit,
Sometimes I would rather tune out the world than hear it.
Most days I also carry my wallet in my right pocket, with bills and lists.
What I wouldn't give to be able to buy happiness.
My cell phone helps me stay never alone,
Most times it vibrates are lonely figments of my imagination for reasons well known.

Diagnosed with diabetes at five it wasn't certain today I'd be alive,
My friends and family helped me resolve to survive.
Relationships I carry started hopeful and ended quite the contrary,
I still enter them as my ambition I have yet to bury.
The weight shifted greatly with three suicides lately,
My legs nearly buckled but I managed to remain stately.
My parent's divorce was heavy of course,
But the added weight couldn't outmatch my upward force.

Life is after me sometimes, it seems.
Past pains have a similar feeling to surreal dreams,
But with an optimistic attitude and very little regret,
The things I carry don't seem all that heavy yet.