

“Was Hustling Worth Losing Everything?”

By. Antonio Bonds

I should have listened when you told me to stop running the streets.

The only thing I had on my mind was making money.

I tried to give you the world, but failed to give you my heart.

I replaced quality time with diamonds and cars.

Mink coats, Channel perfume and a diamond on every finger.

When we look into each other eyes all we see is strangers.

I know telling you I love you is not enough.

I wonder how am going to keep you now that I am wearing hand cuffs.

We are separated by cities and iron fences.

It's not only me but also you serving a prison sentence.

I know you have needs baby girl and you are also young.

As time pass the only thing we're going to have in common is our son.

All I ask from you is to use protection.

Don't mix sex with your emotions.

If you do from me you'll slip away.

You will stop writing, refusing my calls, and I won't see my son on my visiting days.

Holidays and birthdays will be our worst days.

All we can do is comfort one another believing I will be free one day.

It is kind of strange how it took prison.

To get my attention.

To find out what life means.

Now am no longer free.

I received your letter today it seem at the right time.

The court just denied my appeal for the sixth time.

It is only because of you I am holding own.

You don't know, but I shed tears when I am all alone.

While my cellmate is a sleep I stare out of the window.

Reminiscing about the moments I held you close.

I wish I could turn back the hands of time.

With you spend a lot more time.

If I was in my right frame of mind.

There is no way in the world I would have left you and my son behind.

Knowing I did and can't change the past it hurt like hell.

Our son have to grow up without guidance because his father is in jail.