

Dear friends,
Hello fellow poets. I hope you're doing well. I hope also that your many works gets recognize. Because I believe words, specially when used in a well meaning, or a valuable lesson that makes a person feel a certain emotion, carries a provacational power all on it's own. As the saying goes, The Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword. I hope you enjoy my poem.

Leave the Troubled Water Behind

by
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Cast within the shadow's of our past; heartaches, sorrows and shame, we try our best to forget. The burden we carry, are so heavy, filled by all our regrets. I believe we need to build a solid foundation. Become better men. For ourselves, our families and our friends. I know as well as you do, that the world can be a very cruel place. And without looking, we at times end up face to face, with trouble or temptation. A few of us are fortunate enough to be surrounded by great reasons. To walk away and pray that trouble wont come running towards our direction.

It may not be easy, but believe me, I been through some things. When life comes reeling, and when you become overwhelmed by the chaos and havoc it brings. Try to breathe. There's our family and God. Two things that gives us strength. By the length of time we finished to breathe. Sooner later you'll some relief. We must make a goal. Learn to assess a bad situation and learn how to take control. It's best to remember the difference from being a captive and being free. Very limited neccessaries and an abundant of redundancy in captivity. Which the latter that matter's greatly, gives you what you need, with freedom's unlimited capacity.

So you see? Each breath we take should be exhaled without fail to a Symphony of a better and higher purpose. Without us, our family are sadly left with a missing piece that make's them incomplete. Why deplete their happiness and joy, by making a wrong choice that only makes us weak? I myself am tired of this prison life and all of it's redundancy. I made a promise that I honestly plan to keep. So much thought's are in my mind of how I been a disa-

pointment, that it's hard for me to fall asleep. I would find myself in deep consternation. Of what I can do to help my families under these conditions.

I know I'm in a limited position to help create a solution with my art and query. Believe me, I've had a few ideas, and yet I'm still waiting for answers, and the stretch of time only makes me worry. What if my words are not good enough, and let alone have it heard. What then? Because sadly, all I have as tools are these paper's and pen.