

Food For Thought

(WHO AM I)

Who am I is the question I ask myself
Am I the free spirited, giving person I claim to be
Am I the person God intended me to be
Who is the man in the mirror I see
Am I the man that committed the crime and others
Swore, no it couldn't be
Am I the incorrigible man the courts call me
As I sit in this self-created hell they call a cell
I gaze out the three inch window where there is not much to see, yet I find myself in a daze
Trying to get another glimpse of the mountain that's so far away but feels so close.
The snow that covers its peak always seems to excite me
Just as I begin to smile and drift away,
There's a noise that brings back to reality
And again, I ask myself, who am I
How did I get here, is this a dream or did I
really create such a travesty,
if this is real, where do I go from here.
How do I change the image I see, who else can I be
Can I really rewrite my script, after all I am the star in this
the middle aged man in pursuit of a degree, a husband, a father,
a brother, a citizen soon to be, Yep, Absolutely that's who I am

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By:

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