

**From the Cradle to the Grave**

Entered world, wide eyed, innocently  
Chasing creepies and crawlies and doggies  
Cute as a button, freckled face always  
Laughing, joking, and playing leap froggies.

Dad was killed, tornado struck me homeless  
Shelter shattered, eddies of emotion  
Allay fears with violence and anger  
Management of good deeds lost devotion.

Prison bound I began a new journey  
Under the sea of regret, remorse and  
There rested my inner child waiting  
Patiently offering his tiny hand.

Once murderer of man, choices and self.  
Aware now that love isn't tied to wealth.

Clifton Lee Gibson