

## From A Child's Point Of View

I am too young.....  
far too young,  
to wrestle with internal conflict.  
Deep within my being  
I am forced to grow up too quick;  
to endure pain ....  
subconsciously I grappled daily  
between sane and insanity  
sense and insensibility.....  
fighting hard not to lose control  
of my soul.

I am taken to the very edge  
bloodshed, murder and violence  
scream at me,  
child abuse....drug abuse ....nightmares  
of faceless people.  
For Godsake!  
How much more can I take?

I live what I learn  
you have taught me well.  
You have taught me how to  
be prejudiced and hateful.....  
you have taught me how to  
lie....rob and kill  
in a society with a system that is corrupt.

When I become an adult.....  
I will put into action  
the standards that you set for me.

Then, you would have made  
me into who I am  
a cold callous human being,  
that's who I will be.

Please! Help me ....for  
I am only a CHILD,  
I'm only a child,  
only a child.  
Don't let me grow up to be wild  
or become a hardened criminal. Mama You Are A Legend

Mama,  
Breadwinner  
Father  
You toil all day  
To support your fatherless children  
And to keep us from going astray.

You worked like a slave  
To save the family  
From going under  
You kept your dignity  
Through all the insanity  
Of this world.

Mama by the sweat of your brow  
We all eat bread  
Through price increase  
And scarcity of rice  
You kept the pace.

A poor income you once received  
Yet you knew how to bob and weave  
Every cent.  
You are a mother of all mothers  
You have so much to give  
Your loving hands care for so many  
Neighborhood kids.

There are so much  
That you would have wanted to do Mama  
No father! No father to turn to at the end  
Of the day.  
We gave you lots of talking,  
We make you want to cuss  
Yet you stood the course of time  
You bear it within you stride  
Like a man.

Stupidity was your education  
Hope your only salvation  
To keep us all in good health  
Yet not enough money in the bank  
To call wealth.

Now we your children have grown  
And pass the worst  
We say thank you Mama  
For the nine months you carried us.

Thank you for being there; though the journey  
was uncertain  
Rough and tough and the lies of the enemy threatens to rip our family apart  
But God held on and created His bond in our hearts.  
Mama your labour was not in vain  
Thank you Mama you are a legend  
In your own special way.  
Happy Mother's Day. BREAKTHROUGH

Feeling trapped in my cocoon  
Beckoning to the world  
But you wouldn't let me through.  
Burdened down next to despair  
For too long I've been isolated here.  
Knocking at closed doors  
Not getting anywhere.

A gifted one yes I am,  
Here is my chance to prove who I am.  
I'll grab it while I can hug it close to my breast  
And let the rest of the world  
Watch my progress.  
I'll shout to the mountains  
Run in the wind be happy  
Hush!  
Don't tell me what you think!

The moment of truth has arrived  
Step aside .let me ride  
Exhilarating invigorating  
Feel the vibes  
Let it flow&hellip;

Play it cool if you want to know,  
Like a gush of wind

I'm sailing through.

Aaah. Like a flower

In the cool of the Dawn

I'm blossoming

Breaking free at last!

This is my breakthrough. Poetry by Angela Williams From a child's point of view - WRITTEN: 16. 3. 03  
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