

# *Fall*

Rock bottom  
scars life are no longer covered  
last wound exposed  
the pain I never fathomed  
look, look, look  
look at the long fall down this rabbit hole  
on my way down  
my struggles left marks  
on family and friends I know  
hurt so many  
my friends all turn to foe  
planted a seed  
in fertile crescent soil  
my fall  
makes my flow, fall short  
of my son's thirst  
its been so long  
his roots are sticking  
out of the dirt  
reflections  
gaining one's definition is what's got to happen  
lost part of me  
like results of gun clapping  
Mother may I  
Mother would you  
like to see a lost seed bounce back  
like round ball  
the coldness down here  
can't be my downfall  
got to fill the holes  
for his path  
Man, I can't see my son fall  
God help me build him a solid path . . .

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