

Pacing

People pass by,
I envy them
From behind my caged bars.
I pace
To keep my sanity
Or to lost it.
Back and forth,
Back and forth.
It seems as if the walls are slowly caving in
As I pace.
I hear myself scoff at the world
Outside my caged prison.
The wall of bars comes up
And I can even taste the freedom,
But fear grips my heart so tight
It seems as if I can't breathe.
I stay where I am
Quivering with fear
Of what this world of freedom has to offer me

I hear many voices everyday
Inside my brain
Telling me to pick up that habit
To cheat my next trick,
But it seems I never get ahead.
When I taste that world
I shiver with fear,
But once again I stay in my corner
And once again my chance to get out has ended.

When will it end?
Must I die first before it'll end?
Slowly killing myself I struggle to reach the other side
It seems to take forever to get there.
Why?
When only yesterday it seemed so short.
Tiredness overwhelms me
The bars come up and for just a second
I reach my booted foot out
Such overwhelming peace comes over me,
But then the voices start their chant
Start their taunting.
I pull my booted foot back in the cage
Where I begin pacing once again!

Written by: God's Loving Kindness