

A Critical Life

She inhales a life
that doesn't belong to her
and in her mind
everything is wrong to her
knowing that they won't understand
how it feels to lose
Someone they love, at their own hands
She cries trying to figure out
How and why it happened
Hearing the laughter come
From the mouths of those who judge
from those who's main priority
is to make her business, theirs
The pastor was right
life really ain't fair
Pain sears her like
the wound on the lifeless
She never thought life was like this
And at night she cries
trying to hide the pain
trying to figure out how
to make it through the next day
Wishing she could breathe life
to the ones without it
And the one she - accidentally took
this, whole experience
has her mind, shook.
Wishing it was her
God decided to take
Instead, it was someone else
And she felt like her life
was a mistake
The doctors should have been right
When they were shoving tubes
and IVs in that baby on
the table, trying to help her breathe
Right then God could have quickly
put her to ease.
But now, she breathes
And as she looks at the lives
around her, she wonders why
God couldn't have made, them
suffer, the way she is, now
Who were they to try to bring her down.
Thoughts run through her head
playing over and over again
The pain and hurt
from the words
That the devil let slide
out of those people's mouths
It felt like God turned His back

and she needed Him now
Trying to stay strong
as the world hits her
harder every day
trying its best to erase her from the life
She, thinks she doesn't deserve
And who were those people
to call her names
trying to put her to shame
When they didn't even know
the full story -
Wishing she could let it out
and let them know
but trapped in the mind
those emotions don't show
She doesn't let them see
that she's a wilted flower.
She doesn't let them know
that every night before she
Goes to sleep, she Prays
to God to let her trade
Places with the deceased,
She doesn't let them know
that she sits in her room
and cries at night because
She can't find the reason
as to why things went wrong
And to her the sweetest song
Was seeing his smile
and hearing his voice call out her name
She gets angry at herself
because it was a mistake,
wishing the world would take
a chance to hear her out instead
of treating her like she doesn't
deserve anything above.
Because they don't know
that when she lays her head down at night, she
has to fight to keep it together.
But for now she just thinks
of how much better life on Earth
would be if she could hold
him, and kiss his little brown cheeks
like she used to do when she
was the only one
who cared enough to take care
of a child that wasn't even hers
And she writes to form the words
her heart won't let her speak
She writes about not even half
of the drama that goes on in her life. Now
A mistake, Placed on the most unusual face
That girl, is me.

- SE