

Deep Blue

You see them standing there

Looking at you, They don't care

They are better than you

At least that's what they say

They surround waiting for their daily allowance

You're scared, your eye begin to water

Dropping out onto the floor

Creating deep blue shallow pools on the tile

They all look at you with a smirk

Saying things like "You aren't worth the change in your pocket"

Even though they take the change without slowing

Not one day will you stop having the thought

No longer will you walk out the door without fear

Knowing the things that await you there

You're scared knowing what they will do if they don't get their allowance

They will show mercy

You hope for it, you hope that mercy is something they know

Even though you haven't seen it you still hope

You stand there at the door you peek inside to see them

But not alone this time

Yesterday you promised them their tythings

Today you have none

Nothing, the words they say still echo inside your head

"I'm not worth the change in my pocket"

You repeat it quietly

They have convinced you of that

But you know it can't be true

Because you're mother always told you

*"Don't believe the bad, leave that behind and **live on**"*

You would trust your mother to provide for you

You believe your mother over these people who

Everyday stop from reaching that goal

That goal to graduate with honors

That goal to become someone fresh

That goal to stop the world in it's tracks

That goal for people to surround you

But not for money but for laughter and life

That goal for a better world

That goal to live on.....

After all you're worth more than the change in your pocket