

Alone
Ant Black

Have you ever one of those days when all you wanted to do was be alone?
No phones, no televisions, just alone.
Any other time you would be sad, or depressed, but this time just lonely,
Thoughts of what your life would be, or could be, consume you completely.
Somehow I don't believe I'm a good person who's made some bad choices,
I'm really a bad person who can't hear the right voices.
The noiseless echoes of regret reverberates off empty walls
So I walk. Not fast, not slow, just walk.
If I was in NY I would probably take the train.
Something about being surrounded by all of those people might take away this pain.
Maybe one person might feel my soul crying and tell me everything will be fine,
Or OK. Like that Tuesday, or Thursday, I can't remember what day,
But I remember her face when the doctor said she'll be great.
I wondered how would she be fine when we chose to terminate a life?
The doctor said the worst part of all of this is the vomiting at night.
Night after night we'd lie and say we're alright,
It's definitely for the best, we're too young to raise a baby right.
I'd probably put the diaper on backwards and always call him Kris Kross
He's be a boy named Jordan, or Nelson, or Skyy,
Because he would be his own limit on how far he could fly.
Never grew up with a radio, just raised on poetry CD's,
Momma taught him to through up a fist when he mumbled Fight the Powers that Be
A B-Boy, or B-Girl, she'd be the apple of Daddy's eye.
When people asked me how I was doing I would tell them about my daughters life.
By now, she'd be 3. A country name like Minnie May.
You can tell by how well she colors in the lines that she'll get straight A's.
One of those really shy, but confident girls.
Like jeans and sweaters instead of skirts. She likes to punch little boys not flirt
And wakes Daddy up in the middle of the night
With a Precious Moments Bible asking if we can pray and play church,
Because she would bring me closer to God.
I can't help but think I killed that chance.
I'll be stuck in mental purgatory,
Because you don't get to make up for gifts like that.
All of those financial and maturity reasons
Have become excuses.
I'd give up this hustle
Work 12 hours everyday
To put \$1.00 when she lost her first toofus.
I know I blew it.
Me and her Mom may have had a reason to stay together and work through it
I'm clueless.
Like a Crenshaw kid on a Brooklyn train.
I keep a tight face
So no one can see the tears from all this pain,
Or guilt.
There's people all around me
But I'm by myself still.
I don't even feel as if the angels, the Messiah,
Or God Himself would care enough about me to talk.
It's just one of those days
When I just want to walk,
Alone.
Not fast,
Not slow,
Alone.