Title: A Poem to a Friend

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For you I write this simple poem, exposing parts of me. Why?
You've seen me as a victim of the things that I don't see. Believe me,
There's nowhere in your mind that you can go I haven't been. It's Just,
the game that's going on rite now, not everyone can win.

Not too many realize what freedom has become.
We're free to choose between the game, the prison or the slum.
Some have other options and can play on their own terms.
Still others prey on smaller fish, like in employment firms.

Attitude is crucial but it's not all up to you.
You think that you controll the day? That's only partly true.
With both eyes fixed ahead ambitions sometimes loose the way.
If it takes too great a toll on one, perhaps one shouldn't play.

No Bible code will break the force of what is yet to come.
Another thousand years may pass before the deed is done.
You live to work, I work to live, there is no one to blame. And,
though our aim is different our desires are the same.

Peace of mind and dignity, the unity of man.
To know that everywhere you go extends a friendly hand.
An end to the injustice, a part from selfishness,
the launch of an assault against our races ignorance.

Until that time, just hold on tight, it should be quite a ride.
Until that time, my comfort zone is where I shall reside.
This game is almost over, and a new game will begin.
It's the one I've come to play, the one where everyone can win.

On with the charade...