

The Boy You Never Knew

I recall when I
was just a boy
lost and afraid,

-
-

running
away

-
-

from the
... 8th grade ...

-
-
-

~ running ~
away

-
-

from the
pain

-
o
f
-

yesterdays
that would
... never fade ...

-
-
-

~ I was just a boy ~
who grew
into a man enraged

-
b
y
-

... your scathing hate ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

... *Did you think I might forget* ...

-
-
-

~ *did you think I might* ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

... *Did you think I might forgive* ...

-
-
-

~ *did you think I might* ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

Now,
you

-
-
-
.
.
.

try

... and you try ...

... and you try ...

... and you try ...

... and you try ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
.
b

u
t
-
-
-
you'll N-E-V-E-R buy
. . . the peace you seek . . .

-
-
-
N-E-V-E-R buy your
. . . conscience clean by me . . .

-
-
-
Does my bold refusal
of the appeasing gifts
sent by you

-
b
u
t
-
returned by me,

-
-
lingerly
sink you

-
-
into the
melancholy sea

-
-
o
f
-
-

-- continued next page --

your own
... passing history ...

-
-
-

~ I hope it does ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

f
o
r

-
-
-

every time
you look at me,

-
-

I want you to hear
my innocence screaming

-
-

as you ruthlessly
kicked and beat
... my playful ...

--
--

... tender ...

--
--

... reflective ...

--
--

... youth ...

--
--

... away from me ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ I want you to relive ~
every painful memory,

-
-

knowing how
you contributed

-
t
o

-
each

-
a
n
d

-
every
scar

-
-

that lies upon
. . . my self esteem . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

No more
. . . mercy pleas . . .

-
-
-

~ no more ~

-
-
-

No more
. . . apologies . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

-
-
-

. . . no more . . .
. . . no more . . .
. . . no more . . .
. . . no more . . .
. . . no more . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

for this will
someday be

-
-

settled between
. . . you and me . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*I could have been
just a happy child,
. . . laughing . . .*

-
-

. . . running . . .

-
-

. . . free outside . . .

-
-
-

~ I could have been ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*I could have been
wild and dreamy eyed,
marveling at the daytime
. . . rise and setting skies . . .*

-
-
-

~ I could have been ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

if it wasn't
for you

-
a
n
d
-

the relentless
temper

-
-

. . . that abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .

-
-

the boy within me
. . . you never knew . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

leaving me
to always feel

-

-

... cold ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

... distant ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

... alone ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

even more-so
within the confines

of my warm

... sweet home ...

... sweet home ...

sweet home.