

Through My Eyes

Through my eyes I saw their petty motives
Trying to snatch my dope, my man, and my money.
Every emotion or fear channeled into hate
I kept my fists fast and my knife ready,
To those who were different,
Well, why not make fun?
After all, stereotypes are real.
From what I hear, not what I see.
They must have had it coming.
And those who were just like me,
Well, that makes them even worse.
I'd hate them for trying to be me.
Oh yeah, I knew much better than you,
All you authority figures.
Do you really think your experiences,
PhD's, or the fact that you're my mom
Make you know what's best for me?
But the fact is that when I told you
To shove it you know where,
I really was just hiding the shame
Of making the choices that shaped my angry self.
Who was I the very most violent towards?
The answer is sad but true.
My outbursts were but small in comparison
To the war I waged against Me.

Through my eyes I perceive my world anew
With a heart that harbors no hate,
To those who are different,
I want to get to know who they are.
Another path of life is no longer threatening,
And I'm curious to learn about others.
To those who are like who I used to be,
I feel the deepest of sympathy.
I am one of the few who knows their hearts
And can extend to them my experience, strength and hope.
I am deeply sorry for the way I behaved,
I should have listened to authority figures.
In the midst of my defiant rebelling,
And telling you where to stick it,
Never once did you leave my side.
I have no need for shame and anger now
Because I listen with the utmost humility.
I am so grateful for your love.
And who am I behaving the most differently towards?
It's the one to whom I owe the most amends.
So I have come to forgive myself;
For my violence came from a place of pain.

Through my eyes I see a youth in crisis.
Thousands of teenage babies are crying out for help
In voices of anger, hate and indignity.
They will continue to kill each other
And even themselves,
Unless we learn to see through their masks
To the lost and wounded souls beneath.
Who are we to prejudicially ignore our youth
Simply because they are vulgar and violent?
If we simply listen with ears of compassion
They can tell us of the horrors they are hiding.
How can they possibly accept one another,
When from babyhood on they have been fed
The prejudice, mistrust and innate hate
Of all previous generations.
Is it really so hard for us to socially promote:
Images of love instead of murder?
Faith instead of despair?
Loyalty instead of defiance?
We must teach the unfaithful to believe in each other
The ungraceful to forgive one another
And the unloving to love.
Only then can we save those who,
Like me,
Were deemed unloveable, unsaveable, and wretched.
Every act of violence wells up from the unshaken spring
In the human mind.