

Dennis Williams

The odds

What the chance, read a book little boys with a football booth going against the odds. A better alternative is a good education to flatten the curve giving expectant families more hope. Computer games all day camouflaging as study flatten hopes, desperate family sinks deeper into despair. Scant regards for education, neglecting of the books little brain develop but developing the wrong way. The odds of advancing are zero to one, the odds of advancing in life are way wider than you think and clearly more promising.

Idle hands, idle ways, idle life, idle days, and regrets will come in old age. Hard labor until the last gasp. Ill-equipped to tackle the intricacies of life, the labor of love and abuse fume at will. Little boys with football booths hanging from their wrists are battling against the forgiven odds, the hope of being taken is too competitive, read on, and studying is a better preparation for life ahead.

Grasping in the wind

Abandon in the streets,
left to rust by those close enough,
Kin.

Finding solace in the wild,
with blind strangers,
Challenged.

Great dream lost along the way,
disappearing like a gust,
discarded.

Left to a world gone mad,
no one to care,
Overlook.

Grasping at the wind for any image of hope,
floating in the sky,
beckoning.

Dreaming, hoping time wasting,
gathering straw in the rain,
Unprepared.

Accused of something moot,
being charged for an offence not yet drafted,
Innocent.

Crying but only hearing an echo in the distance,
bouncing, spinning in the dark
Illusion.

My Limitation

When I came out of the forest
I was dumbfounded.
I had always thought my world was
surrounded,
by things I couldn't reach,
touch,
grasped.
I thought my dreams was,
only dream and illusions.

But with my new liberation,
my new found reality,
I now can dream again.

I'm now able to explore
expand,
advance in my new world.
Clean of the clutter
free of the trees,
it's now a new beginning
for even me.

I can now reach out to the sky
the whole wide world is within my grasped,
I'm now only limited by my limitations.