

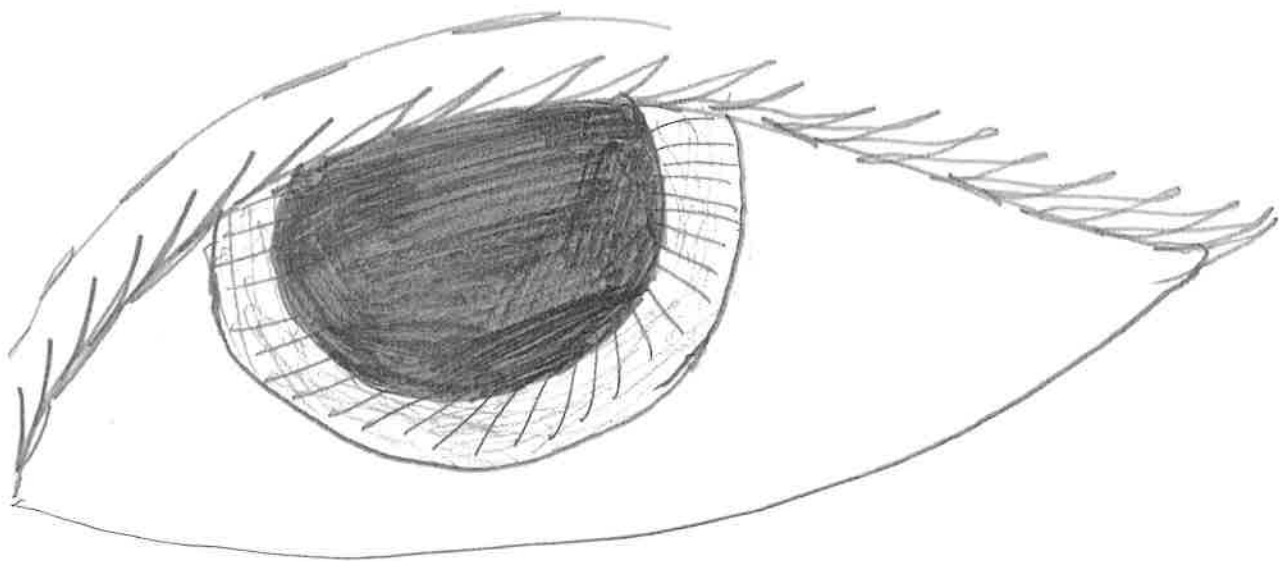
We  
all  
have  
our  
Battles.



## *Something Locked Inside*

In my eyes,  
I see bright skies.  
But there is a battle inside.  
Something that no one should have to fight.  
I've endured pain,  
But I've never been ashamed.  
It's who I am.  
Its branded into my soul.  
I don't know when I can,  
Finally let go.  
A medical issue,  
Isn't something I chose.  
But between me and you,  
I wouldn't have it any other way.  
And that's just how it goes.



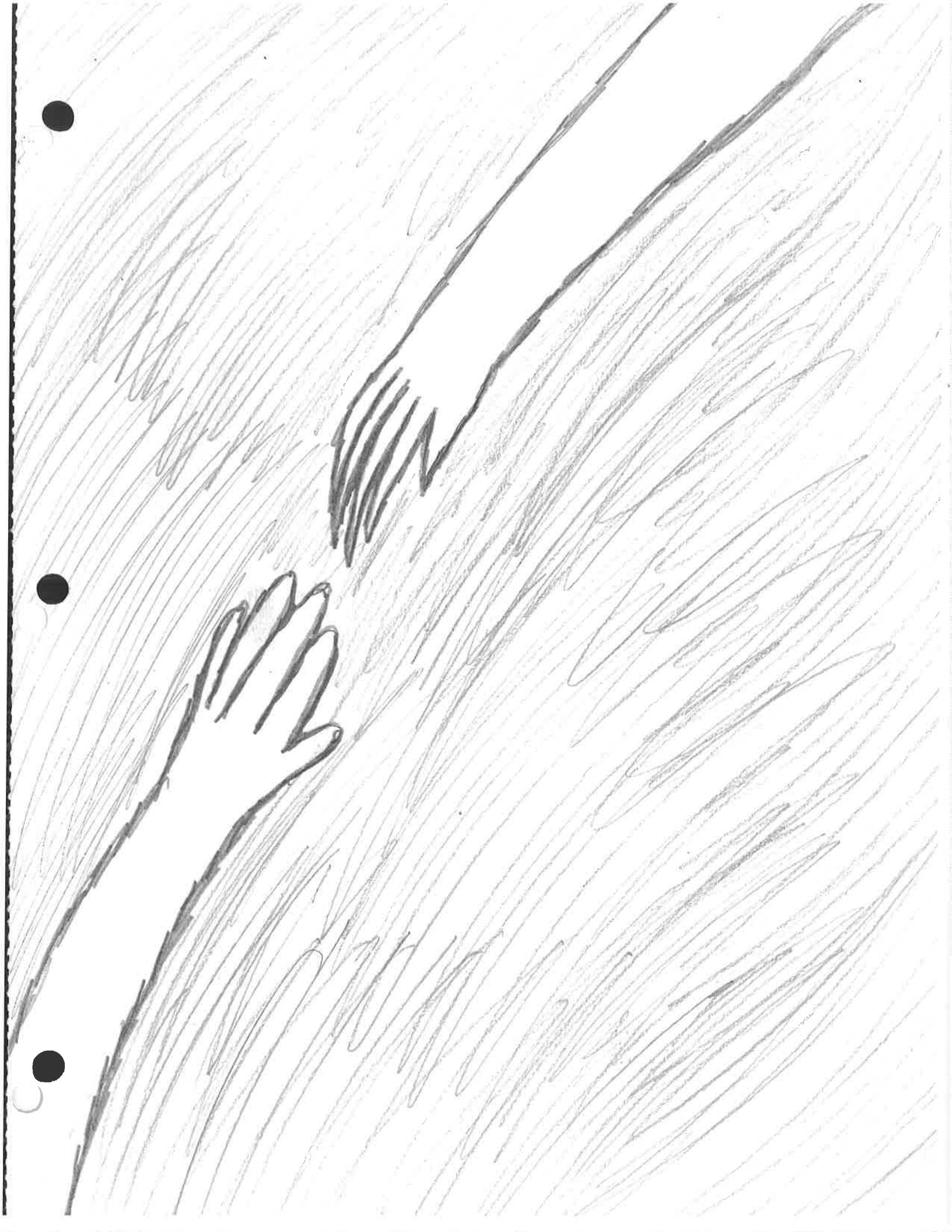


# **How I live**

## **When nobody's watching**

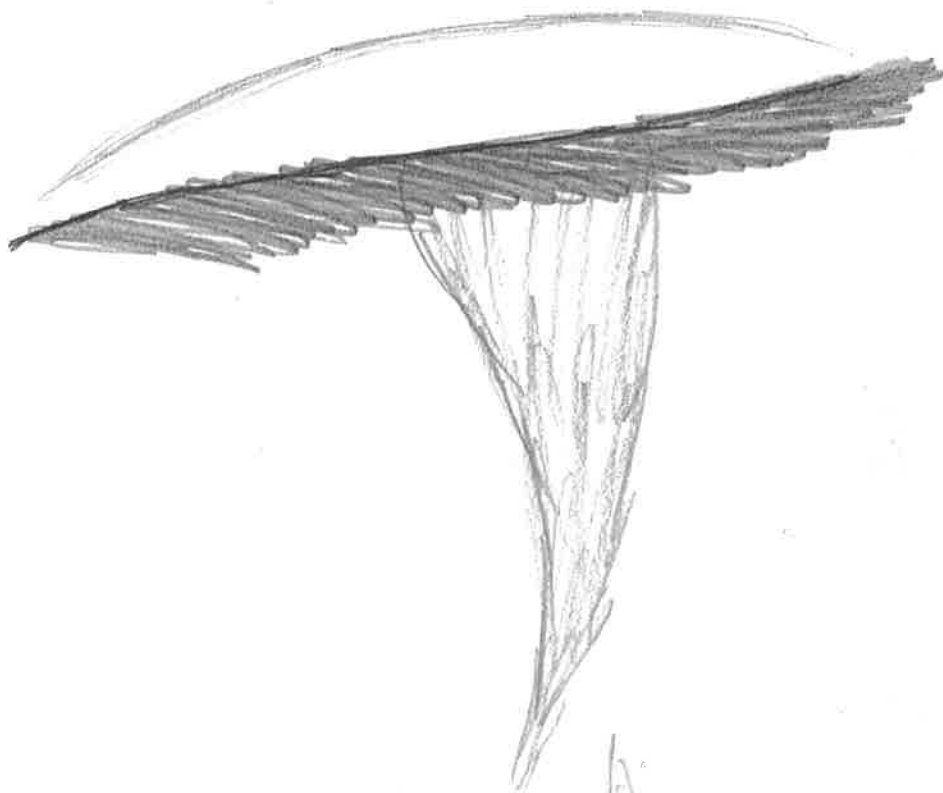
How I live,  
When nobody's watching,  
Is reading books,  
And drinking coffee.  
Doing treatments,  
When I can't stop coughing.  
And thinking about friends,  
When my heart is throbbing.

How I live,  
When I'm in public,  
Is standing by,  
And watching the clock tick.  
Faking a smile,  
When I feel my heart sink,  
And taking it all,  
Even when I've had enough of it.  
So now you know me,  
Inside and outside.  
So now that I'm here,  
I've got nothing left to hide.



## *A Friend's Battles*

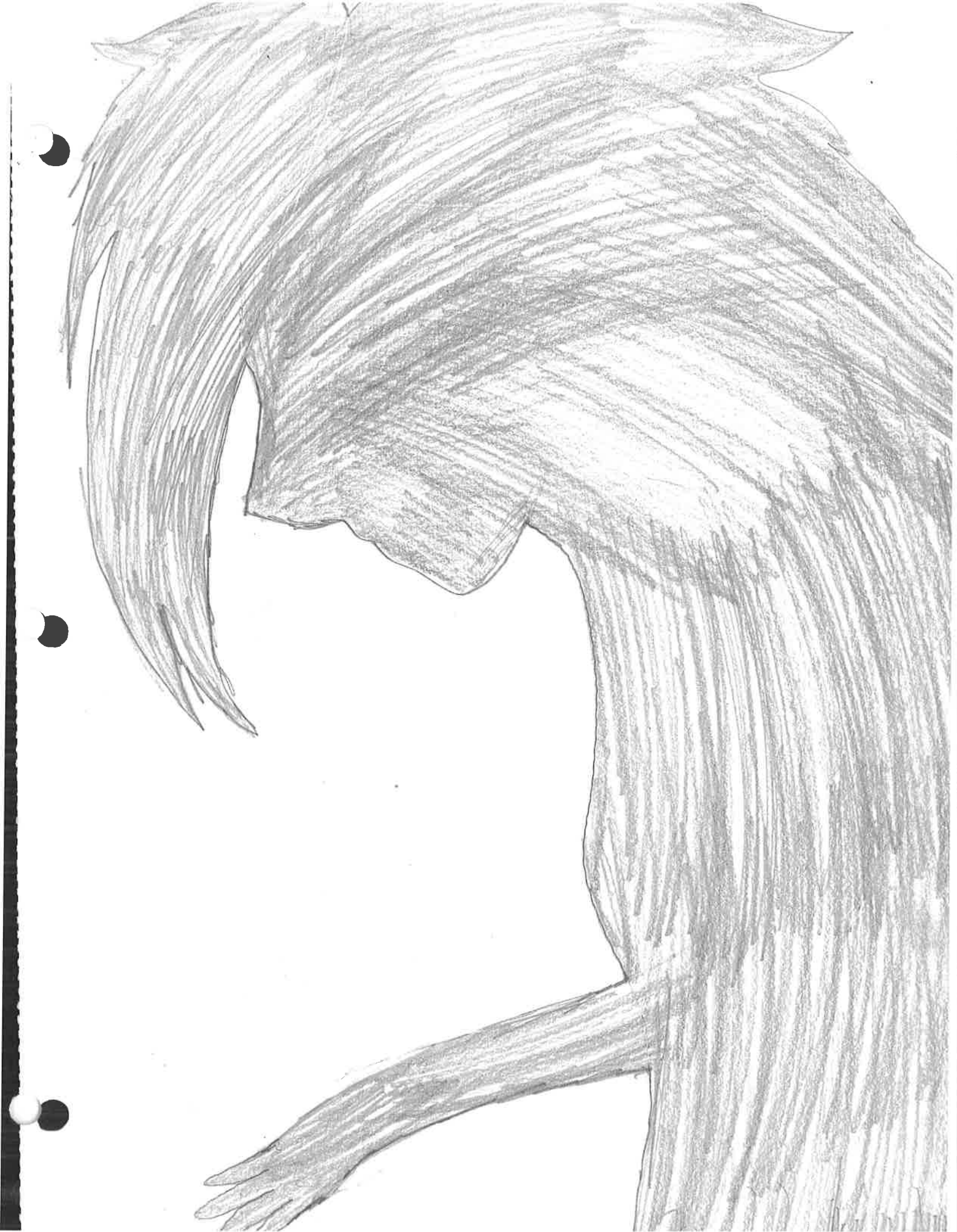
She comes,  
From a split home.  
Most of the time,  
She's left alone.  
She's not weak,  
But when her heart breaks and leaks,  
She can't fight,  
Something so unfair,  
So not right.  
He comes,  
From a poor home,  
But he doesn't let it show.  
He uses words,  
To cover up the hurt,  
That he's locked inside.  
He never learned,  
And those around him are concerned,  
When he fights.  
They've been through heck and back.  
Everyone around them can see that.  
They've suffered through so much hurt,  
And for that I have no words.



# Coma

I can't think.  
I can't speak.  
I don't know who I am.  
Why can't I feel my hands?  
I can't feel.  
Can I heal?  
Where am I now?  
Wrapped in a black shroud?  
What happened to me?  
Why can't I breathe?  
So many questions to ask.  
Why can't I get the facts?  
I think that I'm dead.  
But why do my limbs feel like lead?  
So this is what a coma feels like.  
Deep in the darkness, black as night.





# Home

Home is where you feel loved.  
Somewhere you don't always have to be tough.  
A place of peace, harmony.  
Somewhere I can be me.  
A place to spill hurt,  
And share happiness.  
A place to put feelings into words.  
And I wouldn't ask for anything less.

