

Only the Strong Can Survive

by Carla Page

When I was a kid
There was no remorse for the things I did
My mom was always on the go
Me, forced to be alone
Getting into trouble was one thing that was known
I'll be very honest
Me growing up in the ghetto wasn't nothing like Pocahontas*
Mom was never there
So I developed a certain notion "she didn't care"
Now I am out here trying to repair
The bruises and scars she left here
My heart's full of wear and tear
At one point in my life I felt bare
I'm so glad I'm getting my life back on track
I'll never leave my children and that's a fact
Now I'm pushing myself extra hard to correct the things I lack
I call it cleaning up my act
I am full of love
Because of the Man above
I've been through many trials and tribulations
Never once did I try to take a vacation
I knew that I couldn't stop going
Life has taught me a lot, now I go knowing
My goals are my destiny
That's why I can't let anyone or anything get the best of me
Life is what you make it
So if you see a great opportunity then TAKE IT!

**The author is referring to Pocahontas as portrayed in the Disney movie. Even though Pocahontas did not have her mother's guidance as a child, she did have some family support that the author did not.*

Carla Page is a student in Lorain City Schools ABLE/GED Program and resides in Elyria, Ohio. This poem is dedicated to her six children.