

## Get To It

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A teacher one time told me poems must rhyme  
So I knew that I'd never be a poet  
Another implied you must have wings to fly  
I could fly but back then I didn't know it  
A friend of mine vowed that I'd never be loved  
So I learned how to hate to get through it  
Down my throat others shoved "There is no God above"  
So I did as I pleased and said screw it  
Still others would say, "You must do things my way"  
So to make peace I'd shut up and do it  
Then a thought came to mind, am I living half blind  
Did the years slip away and I blew it  
Don't believe all you read and the stories they feed  
When your life falls apart you can't glue it  
You must work on your past and get up off your ass  
Build some backbone it's time to get to it  
Make a difference right now; let your heart show you how  
Be yourself then get out and debut it  
When life has a plan and the shit hits the fan  
You can sit back objectively to view it  
Let's go back way before to the teacher who swore  
That rhyming was the only way to do it  
The conforming I've done doesn't mean that she's won  
Sometimes I just like my poems to rhyme... so there you go!