

Reflections

I gaze back on the youth's trials,
my brain, still in denial,
of how a mother can get so vile,
or how a father can neglect his child.
And we look upon the impact as mild
so teenagers then run wild
and seek that feeling in other things.
Whether it's drugs, work, or another fling,
all leave you with a burning sting, or wings.

Looking back we can see what the
future brings,
bodies of youth, when the church bell rings.
On the news – violence and bloodshed,
school shooting leaves 18 dead.
The beast's desire is fed
once again, the floors painted red.

Another unhappy couple getting wed,
or teenager pregnant.
All due to lack of a proper regiment,
or nobody around so that they can vent.
This is the message being sent,
Now their heart is up for rent.

A poem by Lakewood High School student, Ashton Addison