

Just a number

I have no name just a number!! oh well Right stand up or sit down and be counted, in my life we are the Rosa Parks movement always to the back of the bus. Just a number, in times I repeat my number so much it becomes a constant reminder I'm somebody properly. Just a number!! But what they didn't tell you no matter how you look at it we are all just numbers but like the lotto winning my numbers are bad and yours win a little bit. In my eyes we all lose when society solution become to gain more numbers

I question my life if I chose this or some rest of the dice picked this number for me.??!! Trust me I

wouldnt have picked it on my own. I dont like a life of crime. But I find myself becoming another number again and I think why god? why me? This is one of those moments where you have a right to be selfish. why me? why not you ???

if you ask my mom did she know she was having another number she probly say no its her innocent baby boy so why me? I have to look deeper into life and wonder what god or our creator had in mind when he created me.

That makes me wonder about things I can control and wouldnt want to if I could but hey in my eyes Im just a number right?