

If I Were A Book: By: JEFFERY A. SHOCKLEY-ES4796

If I were a book, What kind of book would I be?
One of mystery and intrigue people suspensefully read?
Filled with exploits and heroism some ponder to see,
About ones strength and confidence I wish I could be,
A book some day the world could see...
Finally then I'd be set free.

Or I could be a book with pictures, safe for children to see...
Learning life lessons for a strong society.
Their parents could teach, help guide them to read,
Dreaming precious dreams of who they'd be.
Not hinderd by the prejudice history did see...
The heart of the world, a chance to be free.

What if I were a book that could touch one's soul,
A balm for life and help some feel whole.
Mending broken pieces left among the cold,
Like these tattered and torn pages still unsold.
Here they could find love and joy of old...
Courage to be strong, knowledge to be bold.

I should be a book sharing stories of me,
My deeper ups and downs, hidden secrecies.
Admitting times I cried uncontrollably,
Accepting myself now for the whole of me,
Motivating others, daylight they may never see...
A journey of time, what made me free.

Trials and errors that some may relate,
Living life beforehand, not so great.
Here inside for death do I wait,
So many things determine your eternal fate.
I wish for the chance, may it not be too late...
The body they have, the mind they can't take.

If I were a book, what kind could I be?
A book yet unwritten just like me,
Time can be eternity...
Change comes inevitably,
People seek prosperity...
Life is reality,
I'm not a book, I'm just finding me...

