

Time to be myself 8 25 08

Walking along a body of water...thinking to myself does anyone know the real me...

I wanted to be real...and tell others how I feel...

But until tonight I had chose to keep it all concealed...

It was building up inside...about ready to explode...

I had to do something...before I imploded from the tension...

There was a point in time...when I realized that I needed to be myself...

Its one thing to share in writing...but its another to peel away the mask...

That has kept you hidden...from all the hurt and pain nestled deep inside...

When I looked behind the mask...I didn't recognize the man I saw...

but I couldn't be more relieved that...I had figured out who God saw me as...

There are times...when I want to cry myself to sleep...

Blend into the woodwork...and escape from reality...

But there is healing when you open up...the closet that you have created...

Wanting to be real...and not wanting to show others how I really feel...

Realizing that you can't do both...and I realized tonight that I'm gonna have to fight...