

## Becoming a Man

Might I give my thoughts about,  
the first times- I went without.  
The growing up of a young man,  
Learning my lessons the best I can.

The first one came in 82'  
When I was 10 and you'd lost that dude.

Fending off the kin and such  
Left the South, in a blaze of dust.

A small child in a stranger place  
Kids were cruel to my hillbilly face.  
Not at all what I'd hoped for  
Fought and feuded, kept coming back for more.

The Next one was in 86'  
Older now- away from the sticks.  
My first love came into sight  
Shy as can be-oh, what a fright.

Asked my grand pop how it should be  
He told me often- to just let it be.  
Never understood what that quite meant  
Cos he passed- and became heaven sent.

The time came in 92'  
Ten years past and out of the gloom.  
Thoughts which are buried close to the heart  
That dude came calling- wanting a new start.

Listening was not a choice I'd thought about  
I had shed my past- with and without.  
First time to stand as a man

Shut the door- those things I can't stand.

As this year draws to a close

I've spent 25 in the search for my rose.

I've been pricked and bruised and so I hurt

We've all been there- take care for what it's worth.