

Fighter

It Prevails

It happened so long ago I can barely remember who I was. When I look in pictures it's hard for me to recall who I'm standing next to. Did I leave them feeling used? Like so many others. Mistakes one after another. I knew that I had to change.

I felt the sunrise against my skin. It felt so perfect. I knew I had to become a better person. I saw my son's eyes shine into mine. I knew I had to make amends with my enemies.

I am so sorry for everything I did. To everyone, that I've ever done wrong to, I have to live with what I did.

Some of those long nights we had they never seemed to end. Nothing really to be proud of but at least I had my friends. Those times were perfect. I wouldn't trade them for anything. I could keep on wishing that they were different, or realize that this is who I am.

The person I wanted to be. I will always be a fighter. When the world throws its punches at me, I'll be standing.