I STOLE

Charles Howze

I stole from my folks; I stole from my friends,
I stole from myself again and again
I stole from my kids; I stole from my wife,
I stole from Jesus Christ, like it was all right
I stole off my jobs; I stole out of stores,
I even stole my brother-in-law's watch, my sister's rings and my nephew's clothes,
I stole from my brother, the best one I ever had
I pray that one day he forgives me, but for now he really mad
I stole from my sister, I mean I really let her down
I can't explain why I did what I did, and I was too ashamed to stick around,
When I stole from my sister, I knew I had to go,
But that's why I'm back to let her know
That her little brother don't steal no more

Charles Howze is a community contributor to HEAL.

MA

Ryan M. Fitzgerald,
Class of 2016

Live for me
Nurture me
Not demands; observations
Nothing asked for in return
And yet, yearning
Desire to reciprocate
Her love

Growing up in the Navy, Ryan Fitzgerald was brought up in an ever-changing environment. The one aspect of childhood that was steadfast and constant—his rock—was his family.

JAIME'S HUG

Kenneth Kriendler

If I could hug you one more time, I'd still tell you that I love you.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hold you tighter.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hesitate to let go.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd thank Jesus for the blessing that is my child.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd assure you that you're special.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd promise to spend more time with you.
If I could hug you one more time, I'd offer more spiritual praise.
If I could only hug you one more time, I'd tell you that I love you.
If I could only . . . hug you . . . one more time.

Kenneth Kriendler resides in Columbia, South Carolina.