

If I Could Just See What I Am Saying
By Mark Edgemon

If I could only perceive
The image of my being,
As I'm living and dying
In three quarter time.

If I could refrain from
Trying to move people
With my words,
But more my life.

If I could walk as if
I'm not alone
And count on Someone,
Who does not appear to be there.

Then I can win where it counts,
Before the audience before me,
In this live play called life.
They would applaud for how I handled my pain!

The End