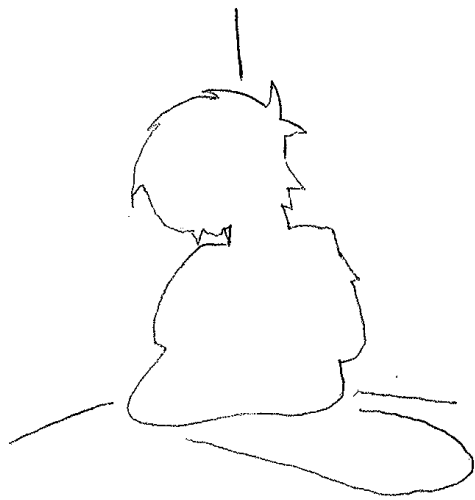




Little Altered Boy

Fret you not

on the preminitions of your ~~and~~ gifts.

The world you live in is full of people who
don't understand, ~~and~~ will lie telling you they

They will judge you for your differences^{do}

whilst they say you can do anything
but don't worry boy. You will find the key to

There will be an ^{your future} day

When you break free of the shackles of

cookie cutter dreams and goals

and may you try and fold and mold

your dough ~~to~~ into a treat, that treat
tastes like the sorrows of your veiwings

and they will spit out your crumb because
you are too bitter

Into a bin you go ; like trash but

get up you can't fail to believe in your
dreams. Don't you let them beat your soul,

forget what others think of you

and I know my words hold no meaning to
you now, but they will because I too know

how you feel

This hole feels ^{more} like a tunnel of doubt ^{and adversity} and

sadness, and coming towards you is

a train of sadness or bright light which
paralyzes you with fear, but you mustn't

run. Don't you corner yourself

Let it strike you. HARD. Because from the

warm crystal flows of settled fears will come the

truth and you will bend the metal to do

what you will. And that will lead you out

from the gallows of sorrow into true happiness

Jimmy B.