

AN EMPTY HAND

I can't be broke, I can never be broke, a thought to myself.

But, I am already broke, what am I fighting about.

A broke me, looking at my empty pocket, my stomach crying for food.

It calls help help help, but I knew deep down that I was broke.

I can't be broke, I can never be broke, I said to myself.

Maybe my faith was strong or it was just me trying to give myself a piece of hope or I was just deceiving myself.

I kept telling myself that, but I was left with an empty hand.