

My Sin

By K. Brendi Poppel

I meditate most mornings and pray every night,
I try to be mindful to do what is right,
But this world doesn't care about
How good I've been,
All they want to hear about is my sin,

I eat broccoli and carrots tofu and beans,
I work out at the gym,
so I can squeeze into my jeans.
I try to be balanced, healthy and wise,
But all they want to know about are all my lies.

They've been missing any dirt,
The clean stuff is dull and drab.
They would rather invent the truth,
and blab and blab and blab,

I help out worthy causes whenever I can,
I tried to live an honest life, following God's plan,
But this Monday life is boring, predictable routine,
They prefer alluring and a little obscene,
What's revealing is appealing,
I better show some skin,
Because all this world cares about my sin.

I like peace and quiet, tranquility,
But the rapper on the radio is full of animosity,
Getting rich rapping about the hoes in the hood,
While I'm itching to be heard,
Just wishing that I could use my voice
To do some good in this world of sin.
But all they want to hear about is how bad I've been.

I tried to be tolerant of others' beliefs.
I have my own but I not to try preach.
People don't care about my spiritual bliss.

They prefer to get the scoop on where I've gone a miss.

They pervert the words I say,
They like to hear them their own way.
And what is echoed back to me is nothing like reality.
No this world doesn't care about how good I've been,
All they want to know about is my sin.

They want to get the scoop on all that juicy nasty stuff,
shocking and proactive.
They can never get enough,
And if I have to bend the truth,
Who cares if it's a bunch of lies.
Do you think you maybe this world might get wise?
And look within instead of judging others?

Nobody's perfect.
And truly we are brothers and sisters too,
And one spiritual family.
Winning over sitting on the road to eternity.

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