

Maturation

My parents are too old,
 to understand my life.
 My parents are too old,
 to understand my strife.
 I am old enough,
 to show them how it is done.
 I am old enough,
 to go out and to have fun.
 Time has passed,
 and I have grown.
 Time has passed,
 their minds have flown.
 They do not remember,
 that kissing your parent causes a scene.
 They do not remember,
 what it is like to be fourteen.
 Now I am eighteen,
 where did they go?
 Now I am eighteen,
 what happened to the parents I know?
 My parents have changed,
 they must have gone to school.
 My Parents have changed,
 now I am playing the fool.
 I have lost so much time,
 not listening to their words.
 I have lost so much time,

not listening to what I have heard.
 Now I am twenty,
 about to marry.
 Now I am twenty,
 two loads I will carry.
 My parents are old enough,
 to have helped guide me along.
 My parents are old enough,
 to have shown me right and wrong.
 Time has changed,
 your appearance in my mind.
 Time has changed,
 your knowledge is now a great find.
 I now see,
 what you have done for me.
 I now see,
 what you have sacrificed for the family.
 When I pray at night,
 I do not pray for treasures.
 When I pray at night,
 I do not pray for pleasures.
 I pray for wisdom,
 Lord grant my prayer and I will never again thee bother.
 I pray for wisdom,
 the wisdom of my mother and my father.

Jarrold L. Williams, 1996