

ALL OF ME

Often times I ask myself, just who the Hell am I,
And deep within a voice calls out, “why Marcus, you’re the guy!”
How quickly then my pride steps forth to tell his boastful tale,
And cover up all tangible signs that I could actually fail.
Then the thought occurs to me that in the end it’s all my choice
And I start to recognize the strength I have in releasing my own voice
Nobody says what I can say; they simply come from another place.
Nobody gives what I can give; they haven’t faced just what I face.
Nobody loves the way that I love; Nobody fucks the way I fuck.
Nobody shares my laughable clumsiness or my awkward strut.
No one has done the things that I have done,
Nor wronged the way I’ve wronged.
No one has lived the life that I am living,
No one has gone the way I’ve gone.
I tell myself all these things. I sleep with them at night.
But can I come to terms with them? Can I fight my fight?
Can I share with you the warts inside? Can I share with you the lies?
Can I share with you the fear that hides deep within my eyes?
Can I share with you the happiness of each new coming year?
Can I share with you the laughter that dries every silly tear?
Can I peel the layers back long enough to reveal myself to you?
Can I dig through all my prior tricks and pull out something new?
Can I face the choices that I’ve made and know I’ve done my best?
Can I smile at all the wins I’ve had and forget about the rest?
I ask myself these questions knowing full well I can
Because in re-asking all these questions I find more of whom I am.
And when I ask myself just who this man really wants to be
Full voice my spirit rises up and shouts, “he’s all of me!”
When what you’ve got, is all you’ve got, there’s little left to say.
Than to be the man I know I can, and give it all away!