

Before I Could Cry

By DEVEAUX

I was born in a fight I didn't choose to enter,
A tiny soldier in cold November.
Premature, frail — doctors said I wouldn't last —
But I came out swingin', breathin' through the blast.

They said I died more than once in that room,
Laid lifeless and blue in a sterile tomb.
But the breath of God whispered through that air,
And life came back — I wasn't goin' nowhere.

Tubes in my nose, wires on my chest,
Still I clung to life with a lion's unrest.
The nurses cried when I blinked my eyes —
A baby too stubborn for a final goodbye.

At first, my mom held me with gentle care,
Cradled me close like a whispered prayer.
But love turned cold around four or five —
That's when the fear started eatin' me alive.

The warmth faded fast. Silence grew loud.
I became the storm beneath her dark cloud.
She looked at my face and saw someone else —
Like my presence alone betrayed her self.

So, before I could walk, I was braced for attack,
Before I knew hugs, I learned to hold back.
Born into war — no medals, no fame —
Just a soul in the storm, with only me to blame.

Still—I rose, with scars on my soul,
Fighting for peace, in a house with no control.

And that's where my story, this journey, begins—
Before I could cry, I was battling sins.