

The Void

Within each little boy and girl
There lies a need to be fulfilled.
A need which only a Dad can meet
Which left to lie, leaves incomplete.

A child who longed for love and fun
Just had to be shelved if there was work to be done,
Because there was always something to build
This child's needs remained unfulfilled.

This child existed as best he could
Often not doing the things that he should,
Like keeping his room as neat as a pin
Which would always incur harsh discipline.

This child's father had standards too high
He could never attain them, so why should he try.
He always felt useless at all that he did
I guess Dad forgot he was only a kid.

As this child grew up in years
He began to develop incredible fears.
He also struggled with self esteem
And he never became what he could have been.

He didn't get on very well with his dad
Which left in his own mind, the thought he was bad.
This all came about from the way he was treated
And often emerged in the way he competed.

You see, this boy just hated to lose,
As this reinforced his childhood blues,
And so he developed an unhealthy obsession
To do only the things which make an impression.

He always hung round with those who were cool,
And anyone else he thought was a fool,
But deep in his heart he was angry and wild,
For never receiving his worth as a child.

This boy continued to grow in years,
He still had all those incredible fears.
He continued to struggle with self esteem,
And still wasn't the man he should have been.

By now he was married with kids of his own,
Just how would he cope with a wife and a home,
When all of his life he'd struggled with self,
There now was another, in sickness and health.

He wasn't too good at affirming his wife,
What do you expect when you look at his life.
He didn't have an example to follow,
So this left within him, a void and a hollow.

The timebomb was ticking, the marriage dissolved,
The self-induced problems could not be resolved.
The untapped potential lay dormant and cold,
While the internal destroyer remained in control.

Well, 20 more years have been given and taken
And all that remains of this life has been shaken.
Things have gone from bad to worse,
The thoughts in his head are a terrible curse.

He has had many thoughts of ending his life,
As worthlessness and self deprecation are rife.
In his mind there's a barrage of self abuse,
And anything good has been shaken loose.

If he doesn't get help, the curtains will draw,
On a life that could have been so much more,
And so, it's a turning point to reach for the stars,
To try and find healing, for deep, deep scars.

My friends, there is hope, this person was me.
The right intervention and help was the key,
In turning my life from despair and defeat,
To a man who is happy, content and complete.

Dark clouds of gloom no longer control me,
But the light and the warmth and a freedom to live,
A life full of purpose, compassion and meaning,
With peace in my mind and true love to give.

I plead with you men, with a child of your own,
How important it is that they don't feel alone.
They need all the love and affection and fun,
That they rightly deserve as your daughter or son.