

Lights and Shadows

Volume 30 *Lights and Shadows Volume 30*

Article 5

1986

Now

Tamela Jackson

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Recommended Citation

Jackson, T. (1986). Now. *Lights and Shadows*, 30 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol30/iss1/5>

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Now
Tamela Jackson
Poetry

I just called
You answered
I hung up

I just called
You answered
I hung up

I was afraid to speak
Will you talk
Will you be rude
Or will you just hang up

I had so much to say
And no way to say it
If I had a way

I write but won't mail it
Will you read it
Tear it up
Or just not open it

Where would I,
Where should I,
Begin

I had no desire to talk about the past
I'll let God decide the future
I called to talk about me . . .
Now

I had no desire to talk about the past
I'll let God decide the future
I called to talk about me . . .
Now

I have a lot of problems
More fears than ever
And no one to tell them to

In the daytime
I feel empty
Scared

At night
I cry and pray
pray and cry