

Sometimes I have a bad memory because there's plenty things to forget,

When you have to remember everything and a bit is all you get;

Sometimes people are nasty and that provokes pain and spite,

And then you never really remember, whether you're left or right.

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Sometimes I think people are trying to kill me and that I really hate,

Because I can't remember anything about what they do to create;

So I must leave a constant reminder that they must all relate,

And not go on living in a battle mind field in constant war and debate.

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A bad memory is something that most people tend to forget,

But still they're a constant reminder and unpleasant when you bet;

Though there is always light at the end of the tunnel if you recall,

For the earth is such a big place and the world just a small ball.

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I seem to remember something so I can't have a bad memory all the time,

Because I must remember that I have read it all and written rhyme;

And the bad memory is a reminder of the sin we did commit,

Because it keeps coming back to haunt us just as it sees fit.

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I really do have a bad memory on history and things to eat,

But I pray about it constantly to remind me I have two feet;

And I remember bits and pieces of places and faces I meet,

And names and where I associate is why I must have meat.

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So now a bad memory is a constant reminder of thinking I'll die a death,

And I won't go on anymore living and won't take another single breath;

So who am I now whose writing after I scratch my head again,

It really was that sin I'm talking about, so please forgive me with my pen.

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Signed,

Never hate anyone.