

Next Round

by Rafael A. Osuba

I went looking for a younger me.
A small glimpse of when I was free.

Free of worry, free of doubt,
free of insecurity.

Free to dream big,
and be anything I wanted to be.

Life is hard. I know!
I have taken my fair share of blows.

But I usually came back swinging harder than ever.
It was tough to keep me down; I used to be so clever!

This time was different,
how could I have been so blind?

I never saw it coming,
and it fucked with my mind!

You see, when you are hit below the belt,
it may take a bit to catch your breath.

You even start to question, who you are,
and if you have any fight left!

As I lay there on the canvas,
wondering how they had won.

I started to remember,
all that I, had done.

My frown slowly turned,
into a confident grin.

As there he was, all along.

I thought... they're fucked!
I found him!

Ding, Ding Bitches!
Next Round!



"Next Round"