

Get a Life

I got to know this kid when I got to junior high.

He used to get into trouble, get in fights, and get high.

But when he got a little older, he got more mature.

His mom got him in line so his vision wouldn't blur.

She got on his case to get straight and get a job, so they could get by without having to rob.

Every night when he got off, he'd get out his notebook and get busy writing rhymes because he was no crook.

He got a look at universities and got some applications, got approval from his teachers to get their recommendations.

He got grief from his friends; he got insulted and got hurt when they got scared and insecure because they knew he would desert them.

As we get **old**er, we get **wi**ser but we **of**ten get **lost**. I hope you **get** what I'm **say**ing; I hope it's **get**ting a**cross**. When **peo**ple truly **love** you, they get **af**ter you to **lis**ten. You **might** just get a **clue** and **see** what you've been **mis**sing.

Sure enough he got a scholarship and got into college. He got down to studying and building knowledge. He got ahead, got out of hustling with thugs on his block, getting hassled by cops, getting locked up on cell blocks. He got along with the students in his dorm, got sun on the quad when the weather got warm. He got used to life on campus, got adjusted really fast, got the schedule that he wanted with the poetry class. He got books from the library, got into his studies, though at times it got rough when he got homesick for his buddies. Still, he'd gotten a ticket to get out and get away from it all, but got a shock when one morning he got up and got a call from his aunt who had discovered his mom had gotten sick. She said, "Quick, you've got to get to your mother."



As we get older, we get wiser but we often get lost.

I hope you get what I'm saying; I hope it's getting across.

When people truly love you, they get after you to listen.

You might just get a clue and see what you've been missing; so get on with your life; stop trying to get even, getting back at him or her to get revenge for no good reason. There's no getting away from the fact that life is short.

We all get to the point where we need to get support.

He'd just **got**ten his **ve**ry first **A** on a **po**em when he got packed but lacked the funds to get back home. He got a loan from this guy Nick and then alone he got a ticket at the airport all he could think of was his mother getting sick. It got him **down**; it got him **stressed**, but he'd get **passed** the de**pres**sion. For **years** from his **mo**ther he'd **got**ten so many **bles**sings. He **got** himself **men**tally prepared to get the **job** done; he **got** aboard the **plane** and then got **off** when it got **in** at 1:00. He got a cab but when he got to his apartment, got to thinking that it felt like he was right back where he'd started. Would he get sucked in again to life with his hustling friends, who **now** had got the **ends** to cop a **Beem**er or a **Benz**? Would he **get** to the **end** of the **term** and get good **grades**, so he'd still qualify in May to get financial aid? He **knew** he'd get be**hind** and it'd be **hard** to catch **up**; he might get in a rut and get stuck and then what would his mom say then? And where would he be? Without getting a degree, a career he'd never see.

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His **mom** had gotten pneu**mon**ia; she could **bare**ly **speak**. He stayed and **ne**ver left her **side** for the **next** twelve **weeks**. If his **friends** had **called**, he wouldn't have **got**ten the **phone**; but **no** one got in **touch**, though they **knew** he had come **home**. He never once got the feeling that his mom would die. She'd get over her illness and get better by and by. But it wasn't to be. She passed away one night. She was barely getting on in her years, not quite fifty-one; it wasn't right; the tears he couldn't fight; he got upset; he felt fright and full of spite, ready to ignite. No appetite, he couldn't eat a bite or get to sleep at night; he lay awake until daylight. He didn't try to write; he couldn't get himself to do a freaking thing. His aunt got fed up with him; she said she had to **bring** him to his **sen**ses and **get** him on a **plane**. She **got** him to **do** it, though he pro**tes**ted and com**plained**. She said, "You've got to get moving, get going, get your life back." He finally got the **point**; he **prom**ised to get on **track**, and, in **fact**, back at **col**lege the **text**books he attacked. He got right to work, allowing nothing to distract him from his goal of getting through freshman year so he could get to be a **soph**omore and **steer** his **way** to graduation day, so **poor** he wouldn't **be** anymore. And get this: that's just what he did. Today he's got a house, a PhD and three kids.

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When people truly love you, they get after you to listen.
You might just get a clue and see what you've been missing.
From the get go, he got off to a difficult start.
He'd "get nowhere in life," or so people thought.
But when you've got the will and the drive to do more than just survive on this Earth you feel intensely alive; you get up the courage to get focused and strive.
Peace to those who shun strife, out there getting a life.