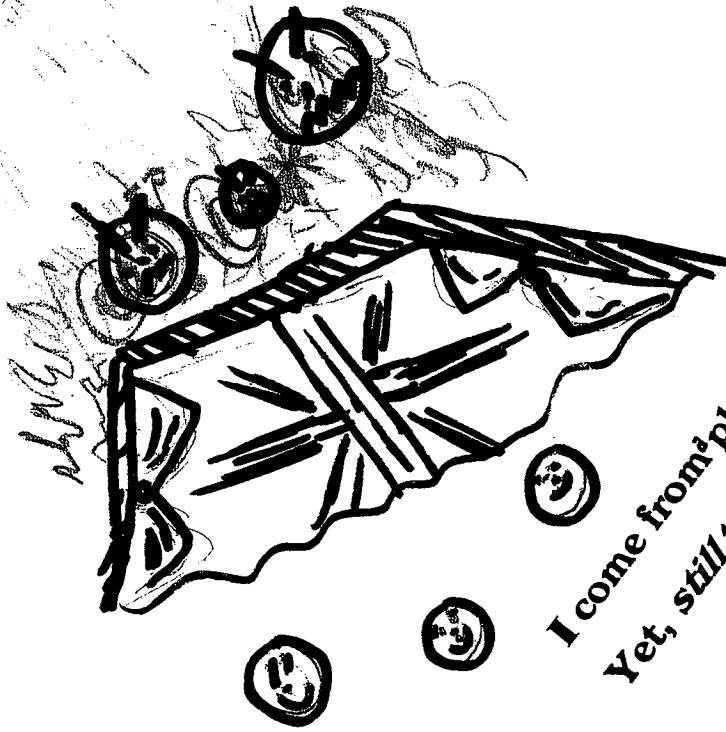


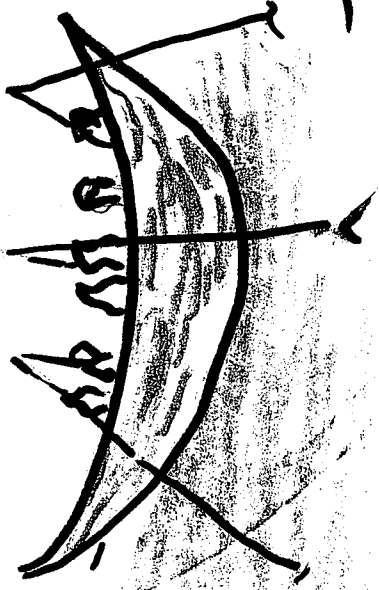
I
COME
FROM:



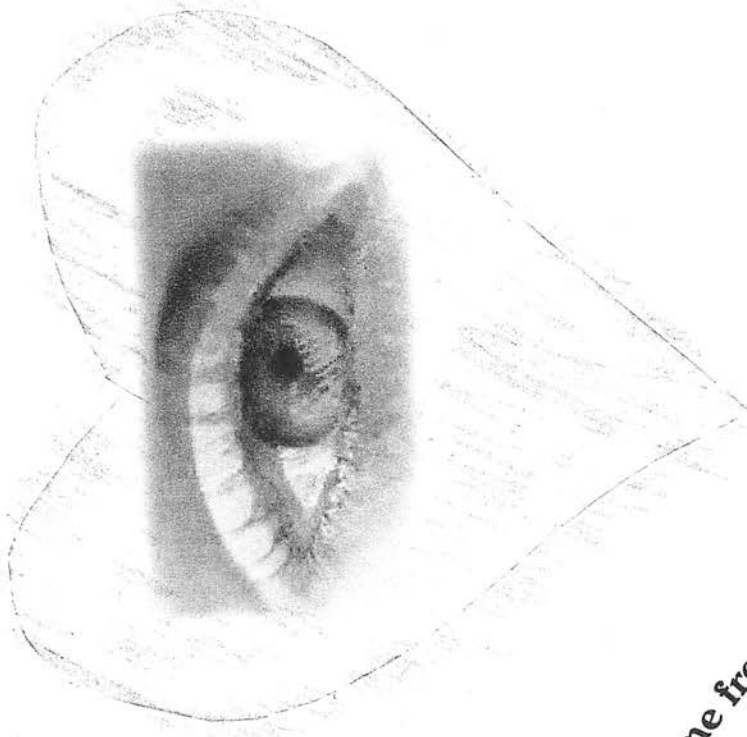
~ JOSEPH ARMSTRONG ~



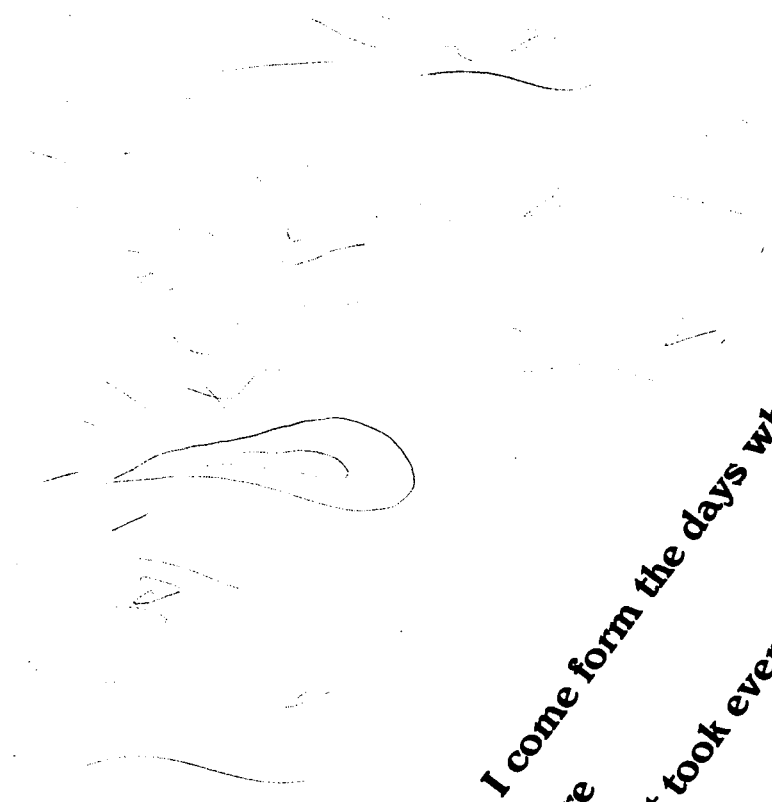
**I come from a place full of chaos and anxiety
Yet, still the sun managed to shine through the windows**



I come from a place where fishing poles bobbed up and
down
The smell of the bay lay fresh in my nostrils and the sight
of stingrays swim in circles



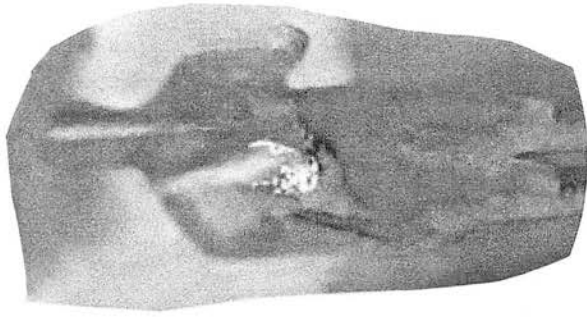
***I come from a mother who loved to live and lived to love
Though her living didn't last long but, here I am now***



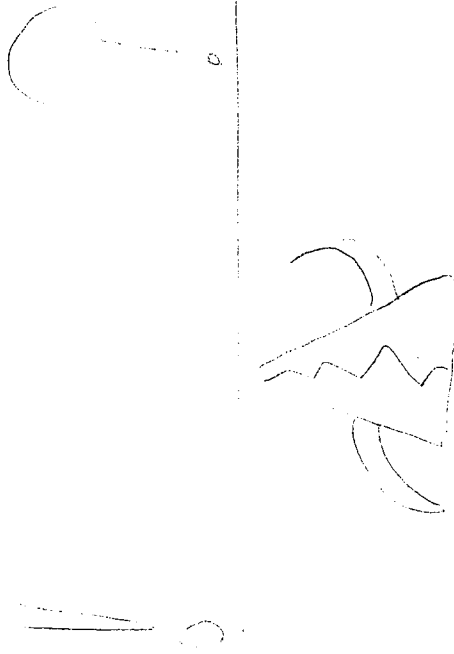
**I come from the days when I loved to play with and watch
fire
As it took everything in growing higher and higher**



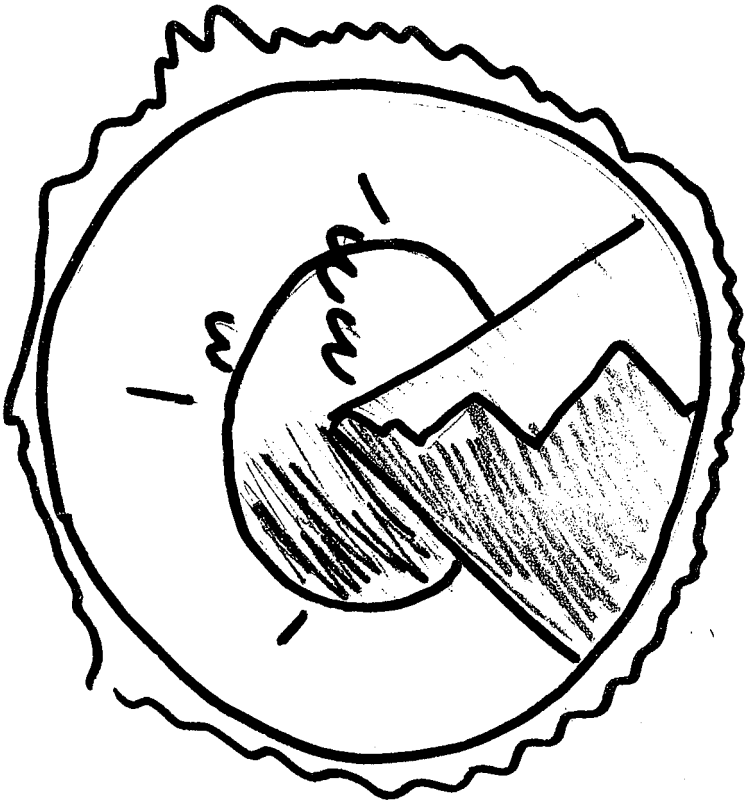
**I come from the taste of a rotting banana
The sweet spots that my tongue remembers tasting vividly**



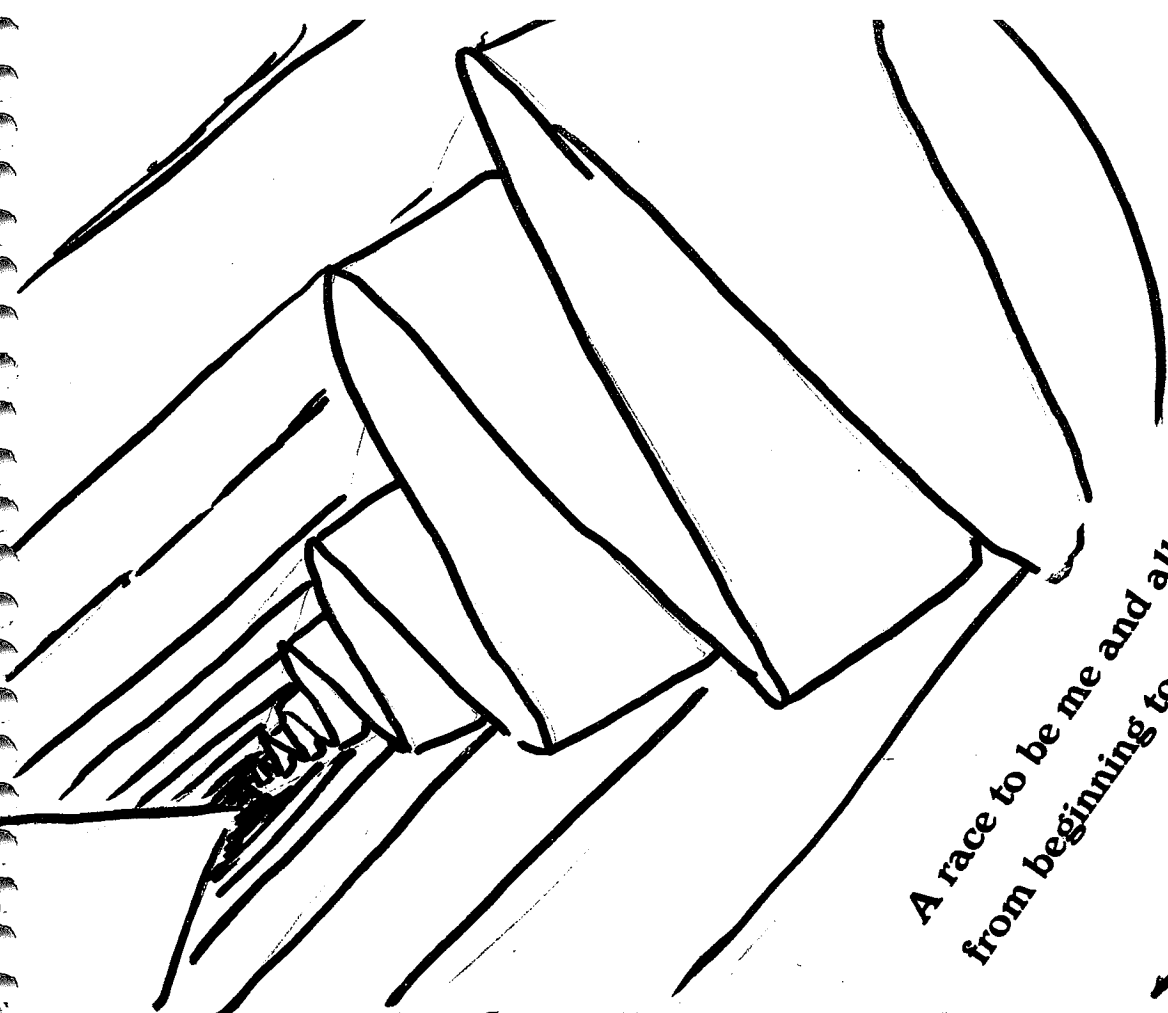
I come from "Oh, I'm sorry Joey, I really didn't mean to hurt you"
The days when that phrase just didn't seem to cut it, when my anger turned sour reached its peak like a tower



**I come from uncertainty, confusion and dizziness
Where people drove up the walls, whoever was willing
go for the ride**



*And last, I come from an intended inspiration
A dream full of faith
When my conception, as I know it, began a huge race*



A race to be me and all that I am, so I can shine, bright
from beginning to end.