

## Too Late

As a child I trusted all I met  
Believing that they had my good at heart,  
But many people let me down  
As years went passing by.  
And I was left confused and hurt  
And sometimes so alone.  
I had to learn that all is not  
As it appears to be.

In my teens I found it hard to cope,  
Struggling to fulfil those expectations  
Of parents, teachers and my peers,  
Who always seemed to want  
Much more of me than I could give.  
I felt that I had failed,  
That somehow I had let them down  
And spoilt their dreams for me.  
Too late to live those years a better way  
For time has passed and brought me to today.

Adult life was spent in teaching others,  
Helping them to find ways of expressing  
The music that was in their souls,  
Often deeply hidden.  
For some I touched their lives for good,  
Other I may have hurt,  
Perhaps because I did not know  
How vulnerable they were.  
Too late to undo any harm I've done,  
For time has passed and all those days have gone.

Now retirement years are here, I sometimes  
Ponder on what could and might have been.  
Could I have lived my life another way?  
But quickly I discover  
That all that has been negative  
And difficult for me,  
When overcome and in the past  
Has taught me many things.  
It's not too late to live a different way  
Now time has passed and brought me to this day.

**Joan Humphreys**

If you have some poetry or an article you would like to share please email it to [admin@inspirationalfriends.com](mailto:admin@inspirationalfriends.com) or post it to Inspirational Friends Ltd 52 Hatch Ride, Crowthorne, Berks. RG45 6LB