

It's nothing like you feel

It feels like death is coming  
If it isn't already here  
Ironic that I've been here before  
Is this just where I live?

I keep asking myself why  
And I keep coming up with reasons  
And then I forget about the question  
What the hell is the answer?

I keep selling myself on promises  
That I continue to never keep

It's just so dirty here  
Like I'm sleeping out in a garden  
Even the flowers look like death  
When you're dying inside

I have to admit I don't know it all  
Though it feels like I do  
The one thing I keep learning  
Is the one thing I keep ignoring  
It'd be the one thing to keep me going  
If I had that type of focus

So where does it end?  
When I can no longer breathe  
And the next confused soul sleeps atop of me?  
Or is there something new on the horizon?

Again, there are too many questions  
And misguided thoughts masquerading around as solutions  
I guess when I find it, there'll be no poems