

I'm waiting
It's hard to be quiet
I burst with excitement
At what?
Is it an assignment?
A letter of prose to underline some resentment?
That I was so quiet so for so long...

Years ticked by in seconds
And I'm at the door of self-doubt and self-pity
'A poor excuse for a human being' I say
And a lack of coherent thought
The results of which you see right here
Right now...

And I don't know
If I ever make sense again
I promise myself that I'll try...
And not make it an empty promise...

Why?
Now...
And you read this psychobabble?
What a less-than-perfect waste
Of your time...