Walking down the lone highway,

Under the gleaming moonlight,

Alone, and with a troubled mind I stroll,

Clouded thoughts, turbulence inside,

Still not knowing what is in my mind,

I tread along with the cool wind,

Trying to talk, with inside of Me.

“Something is wrong”, I know, but what?

Fast approaching, but still not enough,

Mind’s twitching and twisting, trying to unbind,

Ready to dash into darkness, out of confines,

But distant lights obscure the darkness,

My heart races and with anguish, wails

Ah! Do these lights ever go out?