

The Reader

I can put all my feelings into rhymes
Is it clever?
Painting in digital letters
Your perspective of me is always wrong
But I'd still write you a beautiful song
Is it impressive?
I can write things you'll never read
You'll never see my inadequacy
Smile pretty at a loud party
Bottom of your list you'll find me
How do I kill this feeling?
A little bit less empty
When a little bit tipsy
Hate this reality
Soft warm comforting clothing
How else do I stop my soul from freezing?
Isn't it nice?
You brought the ice
I would do anything
To go back to peaceful reading
Desperate pleading prayer
Stop this constant writing