

Outlet

I hope you're still alright
When a wishing well gives you hell
When a two dimensional soul calls you old
When you ask for too much
And barely get enough
Life never goes as planned
I hope you can hold a steady hand
When people lie, cheat and cut like a knife
I hope you take it all in stride
When people say you've hurt them
From giving them their own medicine
When you realize
You're the only one who apologized
I hope you find an outlet
For your well-deserved anger
Perhaps, you'll write a poem
If you do, I hope I'm the one you show it to