

The Writer

You pack up your things and leave
Without a single word
Feeling achingly misunderstood
How are they supposed to understand
If you never open up?
There's no one you can trust
The loss of another friend
You know it's your fault
In the end, you blame them
You're not like others
Surround yourself with strangers
No, you sit here alone
Convince yourself it's better
Maybe you'll pick up another hobby
Another distraction, more inspiration
Maybe you'll write some poetry