

To Wonder

I find myself wondering
And it's a truly frightening thing.

Wondering about life
And the horrors it may bring.

Slowly, I descend
Into a self-induced stupor
I can't seem to fly out of it
Like some boring super.

Thoughts are better when they aren't long

When I don't need to think about them.

But with all those that come into my head

It becomes hard to condemn.

Those I talk to don't seem to understand

Or may not even bother to care

About what happens

When I'm left alone with these.

So I lie awake throughout the night

Hearing only what I tell myself.

And when I hear what I have to say

I wish that I would go deaf.