

The Puzzle

You took the corners

Ripped the pieces in half

No one can build it

The way that you had

You hid the glue

and you burned the edges

You took the blueprints

and all the new sketches

Every piece is gone

Nothing left on the table

A stronger puzzle will form

But one piece stays unstable

The Thunder

“The most selfish way out”

My mother often cries

“You’re hurting those around you,

Every moment you don’t try”

But the thoughts scream louder

Like thunder that clings

They beg to be heard

And they come to sting

I don’t want to be selfish

But there is no escape

All I have is the desire

For a final reshape