

It saddens me to say
but things are not OK

Where this a rhyme or verse
I'd go to great extent
But this is neither verse nor lament
just me feeling rather malcontent

Though physical wounds
there are none
This situation hurts and feels
like I'm being overrun

The twinkles in my eyes
are not yet gone
and I know, I ramble on;
just feel like I'm in Babylon

The people here, I fear
don't have an idea, don't understand
Alone I'm left in the minds' wasteland
I'm High Command in Wonderland

But then again, I shouldn't complain
I didn't lose you nor a friend
This time I will ride on instead of
crashing my bike in a bend

Nothing's ever really lost,
things have just gone by
I just envisioned differently
like dreams in a mind's eye

The burning fire that still
rages deep inside of me,
it longs for a change of scenery
instead I'm an 8h parolee

I almost sat out my time for today
Friday! Time to breakaway

Some hours to spend
to re-charge my internal battery
doing only things that make others
happy and me, satisfactory

With love and time, the twinkles
and the fire will return
Perhaps next week, they'll learn
to deal with this heartburn.

RJ
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