

As I Sit

As I sit I let my pen burst onto the page.

With, for the first time, to allow enjoyment in writing.

As I sit I contemplate life, and death, as always,

Triggered by consequences induced by my own actions.

As I sit I Think of everyone.

As I sit I feel the cold air around me breeze past.

Much like the memories I forget every day.

As I sit my heart pounds and throbs against my chest,

If only to burst like the pen to the page.

As I sit I Think of loved ones.

As I sit I burn and feel terrible for the world.

Full of crooks, thieves, killers, corrupt governments, and terror-ists.

As I sit I feel disgusted that we all must take part.

It is sad to see hope in everyone when all are plagued.

As I sit I Hope.

As I sit I think of time, and, how it is a waste.

To think of time is a waste of time.

As I sit I think of all the time we spend thinking about time.

Only so we can fill our time proportionally till the day is gone.

As I sit I Heal.

As I sit I feel. Good. Alone.

Which is how one should feel when alone.

As I sit I practice feeling good alone.

To feel good alone is the key to feeling good when not alone.

As I sit I Feel alone.