

Why Am I Here?

I must be here for a reason
and under the sun for each a season.

My heart calls for release
but no it really wants peace.

I know now no one else could live my life,

My soul fights in strife.

I try so hard to avoid the feelings
that are slowly killing me.

Why do I try to avoid the
very thing that controls me?

When will I think with rational mind
and end this torture in kind?

Focus, focus and not dwell
on anything that feels like hell.

Help me so I may learn
to live not in strife
but to learn to live a life.

By: May Fletcher