

Brettell, I Am

I am: yet what I am no one cares or knows
my friends forsake me like a memory lost
I am the self centred of my nights
it rises and vanishes in obvious hosts
like shadows of loved friends blind lights
and yet I am and live - like burnt toast

I long for scenes where girls never used
a place where I've never smiled or wept
just to be along my parents family
and sleep as I had always slept
untroubling and untroubled by my lies
the below - above the skies