

Small Brown Bike, A Declaration Of Sorts

This is the last time that I feel lonely and sorry for myself.
It's getting worse without your help.
This is the last time that I feel tired.
I've tried to sleep at night and days walk by without much light.
Let me give back just a little.
Let me give back just a little this time.
Let me get back to the middle.
Let me get back to the middle this time.
This is the last time that I feel broken.
I've tried to fix this mess.
For years and years I fight my stress.
This is the last time that I feel helpless.
I've forced out every word and it still feels like I won't be heard.
Won't you help me?