

# Amanda Henson, Poem: Try

Lets have sex.  
To show our love  
Or lack there of  
Trade pain for passion.  
Lets not think.  
Why try?  
Raise that beer  
To all your fears.  
Cheers to drugs, alcohol, sex, and music.  
It's all in fun.  
With good company,  
What else matters?  
All we want is freedom  
For our restless souls.  
Why try?  
He clings to a cigarette and his microphone  
Belting out his sorrows.  
In a failed attempt to heal his broken heart.  
Why try?  
You use that brush  
To cover up.  
Try to hide in all the colors you want,  
Try to be pretty,  
But underneath it all  
You're ugly!  
We all are.  
Losing sight of what is beautiful,  
A good heart.  
Why try?  
Cling to your defenses.  
Hide fear with your fist.  
Exchange insecurities for gossip.  
Lose pain in anger and hate.  
Why try?  
Run to your way out!  
Put the gun to your head  
The razor to your wrist  
Or drown.  
Drown because you've already sunk so low.  
You're done trying!  
The future?  
What the hell do we know!  
How about,  
Creativity before knowledge  
Living before books.  
Living is learning.  
Maybe,  
We can try.  
So be my guest  
Be yourself  
And fuck the rest!  
Trauma isn't a reason.  
It's an excuse.  
So be real  
And show what you feel.  
Fake is for cowards.  
&quot;Hypocrite!&quot; you say?  
Atleast I try.