

Temporary Basement, Funnel

five days, five days at home
i can't focus alone
reach up get out of bed
late but more than nothing

mornings always a fight
fix shirt, tuck in just right
warm up my car, freezing
want one more hour in sheets

a promise made i'd keep the things that made me ME
but my thoughts are parcel, price of fitting in
oh this funnel takes me in
until i cannot separate my sins
from who i am
and from I thought I could have been

my friends call me at work
wondering why I can't cope
accept this hand I've been dealt
one first complicated step.