

These Are the Thoughts

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These are the thoughts that go through my head in my
Backyard on a Sunday afternoon when I have the house to
Myself and I'm not expending all that energy on fighting with
My boyfriend

Is he the one that I will marry? why is it so hard to be
Objective about myself? why do I feel cellularly alone? am I
Supposed to live in this crazy city? can blindly continued fear

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Induced regurgitated life-denying tradition be overcome?
Where does the money go that I send to those in need? if we
Have so much why do some people have nothing still? why do I
Feel frantic when I first wake up in the morning? why do you
Say you are spiritual yet you treat people like shit?
How can you say you're close to god and yet you talk behind
My back as though I am not a part of you? why do I say I'm fine
When it's obvious I'm not? why's it so hard to tell you
What I want? why can't you just read my mind?
Why do I fear that the quieter I am the less you will listen?
Why do I care whether you like me or not? why is it so hard
For me to be angry? why is it such work to stay conscious and
So easy to get stuck and not the other way around?
Will I ever move back to canada? can I be with a lover with
Whom I am a student and a master? why am I encouraged to
Shut my mouth when it gets too close to home? why cannot I
Live in the moment?