

To forgive and forget, I live and regret.
Grief speaks its own language;
it forces me to act strong,
but every time i stand up I'm afraid I'll bump my head.
Eyesight in time.
Things seemed easy, only I was building a fence.
And you see in me what I once took action against.
Sever my eyes from this twenty inch screen.
I've finally got what is tangible.
The more I learn about myself, the more I see in me to hate.
Your misconception of perception detains all reasoning.
You're this image of my fears, armed with words that shatter my
ears.
I am only I but that won't do.
Not for you, your only you.
Can you see what I've got?
The world is not a tube,
and a brain playing games with television knobs is a steady leak
for attention span.
Restore it sooner: unplug the unit.