

Building A Better Me

Dogwood

Superficial nature wearing thin.
I can't seem to begin.
What really do I see when I stare back at me?
As crushing time reveals my foe,
Inheriting all woe.
Solutions in the past,
Conditioned not to ask.
It's what you're meant to be,
Your name and number.
Be all that you should be.
You will recover things you haven't lost,
Because they don't see you like you think they do.
Please just become you.
"Release your fear" is what he said.
This all came to a head.
Feel cheated out of you,
Tradition follows through.
Though I can't see how this will end,
I know that you will always pull me through.
My soul went searching for a cause
But came back empty-handed.
The emptiness you see...
Building a better me.