

Writer's Block

Nora

Writers' block,
I can't start.
What do I say at the end of another day.
It's not okay.
Another 14 hours and I've got nothing to say.
Do you (do I) really want to live this way?
So you thought you could be yourself,
So you thought you could be you.
Control. ...control?
I thought I had control.
Head still hurts from running into walls,
Neck still hurts from turning the other cheek.
You run into walls as you move,
What do you think this world owes you?
What did you learn?