

## Constant Apology

Socratic

When I was younger I was not concerned with  
much of anything at all.  
I got picked up by everyone around me.  
I was not allowed to fall.  
I got a car and I started moving  
but really went nowhere at all.  
I used to think that my mind was wasted.  
But now I can't recall.  
I live too fast trying not to be last.  
Didn't take my time so the timing passed.  
Now I feel like I am stuck  
In a constant apology.  
Why must I feel so damn useless  
and bombarded with excuses.  
Can't you see the softer side of my sorry little life?  
Or at least try?