

## Your Self Portrait

Sundowner

I tie my shoes-leave the house,  
board the train and keep on moving.  
My thoughts are thickening.  
Trees fill me like you're whispering,  
"The night is fading." Hey there friend.  
I think we had a lot in common.  
The feeling is dead.  
Maybe it's just lost and needs to be found again.  
Just keep on moving.  
A manic walk-It's just the panic talking.  
So keep on breathing. Don't stop creating.  
I stared and studied the structure of your face.  
To feel connections, some form of deeper meaning.  
My skin will crawl and in the morning it will fade a little.  
I can't find a home. I'm a stranger in this city now.  
Tonight I think she might be losing me.  
Tonight I know she'll never set me free.  
I feel nothing. I want nothing. I am nothing.