

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.