

He closed his eyes
And was alone
He held his hand and felt it grow
He had become
A gyroscope
All wound inside and no control

And all the tiny tendrils
How they longed for reassurance
As the little boxed-in bushes
Pay the price of perseverance

A wasted day
Had come and gone
He searched his wrist for extra time
And finding none
To his remorse
He pulled the plug and left for good

He cracked a smile
And no one laughed
"I'm just an inside joke," he thought
But who was he
To say his thing to anyone about this stupid selfish stuff?

And all the tiny tendrils
How they longed for reassurance
As the little boxed-in bushes
Pay the price of perseverance

He closed his eyes
And was afraid
He held his hand and felt it grow