

Daydreaming

Turnover

I spend my time daydreaming, a routine void of meaning.
You can't slow down when you're not moving at all.
My feet are nailed to the floor and things have been
the same way since I can recall.

I waste my time and imagine that I haven't been stuck
for so long. I wish that I was less wrong about that.

Why can't I just move along like everyone around me
seems to do, while I'm stuck here, exhausted, trying
desperately to rupture through the cage that I feel I'm stuck i
n?

I scream but no one hears my pleading cry so I'll just fall bac
k asleep tonight.

I don't know that I'll ever be able to break these shackles off
. And I'm not sure if I did, I'd even know which way to walk.

My mind is growing weak and the things around all
look the same to me.

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