

Pieces

Falling to pieces
Picking them up again
Spinning in circles
Frozen in fear

Shards of emotions
Jagged and twisted
Unfold a puzzle
Untold but true

Numb and detached
Yet so passionate
Chaos and Suffrage
Solitude and healing

Can I Come In?

Softly stepping
Carefully listening
Gently asking,
Can I come in?

What are the rules?
Do they apply to me?
I will wait my turn.
Do I get a chance?

I will always be there,
I am patient and kind
Gently asking,
Am I worth it?

How do I fit in?
What will you share?
I will wait my turn,
Is there a time limit?

It is your life,
And I am just me,
Gently asking,
Can I come in?