

I often really want to be liked  
I often wonder if me being here is justified  
I often really want to be killed  
I often feel helpless  
, wish the world had a different face  
Sometimes I feel very small  
Sometimes I trip out to a far off place  
, destination undisclosed

Sometimes I crash down

Some times a landing place appears through the fog  
Some times I wish I knew  
, everything  
there is to possibly know

Sometimes I wish I hadn't known

Often I feel shameful  
Sometimes I'm bashful  
... This feels like a mouthful

I like rhymes, wish I could make music

I often run out of ideas

Always love a sunset

: Juicy horizons laden with meaning

Sometimes the flow is caught  
, the focus often lost

Occasionally ideas are great