

and i just need to sleep but i'm so sick of always having to count these sheep

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Despite the amount of effort that is put into every attempt to find a way to connect
There doesn't seem to be any way to beat the odds stacked against me by fate.
No way to find out if this heart of mine is even able to still properly operate
not when every single moment spent head over heels winds up producing the same result.
Perhaps what it is that had been eating away at my best part should be given credit
since merit seems to just cause me to hurt and for the emptiness that does exist.
It can swallow me whole and in that destruction I could find some disappointed content.

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