

UNANSWERED QUESTION

Caged Butterfly

All I've ever longed for was to be needed
and wanted,

Now my mind is blurred and my soul is
haunted.

Haunted by the pain and turmoil of the
past,

Blurred by how things got twisted so
fast.

Never stopping to think how the past plays
a part,

A part of the things embedded in my heart.

When I try to understand, my mind becomes
charred.

When I try to feel, I get emotionally
scarred.

So many things that I have had to
endure,

Going through life so uncertain and
insecure.

I ask myself the question; why did I
stay?

I'll wait for the answer until my dying
day.