

I do not see the world
through your eyes
I do feel the burn of your fire
melting my soul
with the radiance of your smile

sb

where do i stand
at the end of the day
locked away alone
in the darkness
that is the night
with only my dreams
are you dreams of me

sb

I am not someone who goes around throwing thing at people.
I am someone who wakes up in the darkest hours of the night
confused and stares out the window into the void watching the
stars

I have thrown thing at people out of anger, a raw discomfort,
a panic, a feeling of being misunderstood, powerless, abandoned
lonely, fear.

sb

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<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524>