

Imponderables

Thank you for the transcription of my post. my handwriting is questionable. At times I have a hard time reading what I have wrote

(Every ones moved on)

MR. quicksand

standing there
crying tears
upon your feet.

quickly drying
in the noon day sun.

standing stuck,
smiles.

by

Roland 7/26/13

This poem describes the way I am stuck. Certain things I cannot do for myself. my words and thoughts put onto my blog allows me to feel like a human being. Every time some one writes to me is like a tiny sun in the darkness of prison. Thank you and please if I ever write something interesting or upsetting let me know.

Roland 7/31/13