

My words seem so hollow and abstruse if
I was to begin to tell you that I feel loved at this
moment. I feel like a box of toys stuck on a closet shelf
that hasn't been played with for so long. I am in pain so
at least I know I am alive. "My pen just died
and left me." My soul is hungry for something that it
hasn't been fed yet so every day I'm searching a frantic
search for something that isn't here. Sadness becomes me and
I wish my heart and soul would become stone. Roland 1/14/15