

My Poem

is about the way
I can't seem to make a decision
about life and living,
lust and love,
people and passion,
spirits and prisons,
goals and careers,
paths and the places these lead to.

I've tried to draw a map
to all of these cities in the heart.
But I failed miserably.
My quivering hand could only draw
a jagged mountain.
So I found a good cliff,
And
I

jumped.