

“Insight”

By Mary Ann Cavener

My eyes appear scary  
but I am afraid.  
My shell is over taken,  
thoughts can't be swayed  
If only I could remember who I used to be  
I'd know how to act or see.

Racing thought confused my mind,  
I am lost, unable to understand the signs  
Isolation is the way to be  
I only communicate best with me.

Fictional stories all made up,  
even Facebook had some wild stuff.  
Friends don't like what they heard,  
so when I talk they don't say a word.

The hell with you  
I'll put up a fight  
don't even try saving my life!  
Who cares how you can be,  
I only communicate best with me.