

INSIDE OUT

My throat is tense with muffled words
Emotions stuck in vocal cords
It's hard to fill my lungs with air
And seems so dead this atmosphere

I feel like one who's gone insane
Like a mad player's lost his gain
I feel as if I cannot touch
A thing that I desire so much

Like I have been a stricken hind,
So hurt with thoughts my heavy mind,
I am too thirsty but can't drink
My speechless shadow makes me shrink

I want to kill these mocking fears
But to my palate the tongue adheres
Let chilly snow fall on my face
Let someone's voice slow down my pace

I'm running after my own tail
Like Devil in his stuffy jail
I know I am a thing of God
But cannot come to some accord

Pretence has made its wrong effect
And I've not noticed its defect
My kindness has become my grief
So high the price of my own gift

But what I've told, you just forget
And there is nothing to regret
There was a flaw in a noble strife
As good wills cut me like a knife

My feeling's hard to comprehend
But paper is my handy friend
It will forgive this wrenched verse
And make it numb the universe...

Written by Luba Yamskaya © 2006