

Up At Two Thirty AM

The words are racing through my head.

At speeds I'm not able to control.

All subjects, stories, things that must be said.

Must be put to paper, must be told.

I'm up at two thirty to write them down.

Will they make any sense?

Will you know how I think?

How do I sound?

Garbage in, garbage out, is what I've been told.

Will it be the same?

Is that why I'm simply,

Just writing them down?

Is my mind misfiring at this moment?

Do I make any sense?

Am I just tired?

Is insomnia my defense?

Why me, why this?

These words that make no sense.

Rambling words about nothing,

Is it that I'm just too tense?

My mind must slow down,
To a pace I can control.
I'm finding a way, to express my thoughts.
These words, are beginning to flow.

Thoughts are forming, the mind is at ease.
Words, brainstorming, I must not cease
I must stop being a clown
Yes, I must write them down.

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