

Another Gloomy Day

It is gloomy this April day.

Cloudy, spots of rain, dampness in the air.

Hard on the words, difficult to say.

No wisdom spurts, no words in play.

Wanting to speak, but what about.

Can not connect the dots.

The thoughts are weak, ideas fly by.

I can not get to that spot.

Where words feel good,

Ones I wish to pass on.

Escape my mind,

Words I hear are not mine.

Frustrated thoughts

Bad karma gets in the way

Don't like this state of mind

Get back on the trail, need something to say

A blank mind is a terrible thing

Bad thoughts have a way of creeping in

Must control the thoughts

Must have something good to say

Depressing thoughts must be beat down
Don't let them rule the day
Hard to accomplish without some ideas
Of good feelings, something good to say

Pound my head against imagination
Brings no ideas or inclanations,
No special words or things to be said
Must find the things in my head

They do exist and can be said
The nice things buried within my head
Must bring them out, and make them rhyme
I have more than enough time