

The Coon In My Head

There is something in my attic.

Maybe a rat or a coon?

Or is it just in my head?

Is my mind out of tune?

I hear it directly above me,

Usually early in the morning.

It can wake me from a deep sleep

Is this just a warning?

Is the sheetrock thick or thin?

That keeps us apart,

Will it crash through the ceiling?

While I'm laying in the dark?

My imagination will wonder,

It will fill my thoughts,

Of things I cannot control,

This thing must be caught.

The gnawing will eventually stop.

The noise will go away,

Was it ever really there?

Will it be just another crazy day?

Am I going bonkers, am I sane?

Has my imagination run amok?

What do I do, how do I think?

I know not what to do, this sucks.

What's sane, what's not?

What's imagination, these thoughts?

It hurts my head in figuring it out.

It makes me want to swear and shout.

I must be in charge.

This task is not too large.

I will make them go away.

This is what I need to say.

The rat or the coon,

Up above my bed.

Went away today,

It was all in my head.