

Recovery

Charlie Wascher

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For months on end, my bones haven't bent  
I've never given up, despite the time i've spent  
Playing detective, though morality defective  
And living in a whirlwind of misery electives

So as I sit, caught up in rumination  
Waiting for light to shine on my situation  
I find myself, all cornered and alone  
Living where the cold wind has blown  
And I just can't see the end of my misery  
I'm afraid to get out and see my own victory  
But maybe one day things will get better  
Even when the world seems so cruel  
My whole life has changed ever since I met her  
So I keep fighting, locked in an internal duel

Why? Why, me? Why do I feel this pain?

Oh well.