

Walking Blind

by Anna S. Bergeson

People going about their lives
Not seeing what's happening
Having a destination and only looking for it
Quiet, slow, peaceful
That's not what they see
Only me
Realizing life as it is
Not getting caught up in what they see
Thought I was cursed thinking like this,
but there must be someone other than me
Small things make me happy big
Only a wanting by many
But I, I live by small things
But cry for many
People.....
So many but I don't feel a part of them
What am I saying?
Not realizing something
I don't have an explanation
To what I think or feel