

Thoughts on Wading in Sewage

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Less politics more poetry

Published on
Booksie

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I feel I've oversaturated a bit
Drawn on where I knew I should've quit
But I was a head
Now I'm a foot
I was a tongue
But became a boot
Forever kicking out
At invisible injustices
And wrongs I feel have been done to me
But what gives me the right?
Who even knows if I make sense in my fight
Against plight?
All I can say, I suppose
Is that I realize things aren't quite alright
And in my hopeless quest
To point finger at problem
Like ink to a page
I've said some things that may not be true
Or they may
I'd rather be over the top and attempt
To constrict any lee-way given
Like too small a belt
Upon overweight children
And maybe somebody squirmed
Probably not
I'm just entertainment
And won't change anything a lot
But maybe someone thought
Which is my end-goal
And that's all that I want
A nation of free-thinkers
Of writers, of doers
Of painters and people
Who are better than me
I know you're out there sleeping
It's time to wake up
The sun is shining.

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Generated: 2015-02-01 14:06:17