

SORRY SELF
May 29, 2013

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Who can blame the self,
For being selfish,
Motherless orphan,
Of the mind,
That you are.

Forever embarrassed,
And feeling sorry,
Hurt by every slight...
Empty of anything,
Permanent,
Yet still,
Full of attachments.

It's no wonder,
You have no confidence.
There is almost,
Nothing to you.

I've never found you,
And I've looked.
You are like,
No one I know,
And no one,
Really knows you.

I would feel compassion,
If you were someone,
Or even just something,
That truly exists.

May 29, 2013

[A kind of fun poem on a hot muggy day, just me, myself, and my dog Molly.]

