

Praying for a home

Fed up with the word no,  
I'm alone like an instrument that has lost its sound.  
All I can hear is my heart beating faster than a drum,

I'm exhausted, why is my life so hard?  
All eyes look away, I'm embarrassed,  
Their disgusted by me. I'm the concrete (worthless).

I can't survive like this,  
I think I'm jealous,  
I'm dirty, smelly,  
I'm forgotten about like an abandoned house.

I want the ground to swallow me up,  
I get ignored all the time,  
I am uncomfortable,  
I lay down on my fragile, feeble back and watch the cotton wool clouds  
make shapes.

Within time,  
I feel like I have a life but its slowly fading away,  
It's so sad being homeless, it's upsetting, all a black hole

