

*a strange situation*

the passion in me is a strange situation  
sometimes it's a ball of fire  
sometimes cold as ice—and just as sharp  
it makes my eyes water  
it makes my palms sweat  
it makes my skin ache  
laughing (hysterically)—crying (hysterically) it all goes  
together  
don't touch my passion  
true it's strong but its very tender  
it would be like touching an open sore—an OPEN  
SORE  
even something as harmless as air itself  
can make it sting  
so fragile  
sometimes it's a friend and i recognize its novelty  
most of the time it overtakes me and leaves me powerless to  
its force its drive its control its inevitability  
my every thought is consumed in my passion  
my passion for passion  
i wonder what its like not to think not to feel  
the passion in me looks at things differently  
everything happens for a reason  
everything has its place in the gigantic mystical circle of  
meaning  
dissect  
analyze  
find beauty  
define the pain  
i wonder what its like to live without passion  
would it take away my ability to feel and therefore take away  
my doom  
or would it take away my spirit and life—leaving me nothing  
but doom  
the passion in me—it's a strange situation