

A Place To Go

J.J

I go there sometimes
To soothe myself;
To relieve the pounding
In my head and heart.
It is my favorite place
Because it is my place and my time:
No one to tell me;
No one to see me;
No one to expect me;
No one to be me
Except myself.
I wish I could go there more often,
But it is not there very often.
In fact, it exists less and less.
I cherish this place with all my soul.

"Where?"

Wherever.

As long as it's someplace
I really don't have to be.

A Poem

J.J.

"How do you know when you're done?"
She asked.

"I don't know, really."

"Well how do you ever finish?"

"I don't know that either.
Doesn't it seem finished to you?"

"Well it seems nice, but why did you stop?"

"Oh. Well sometimes the earth shakes,
Or my eyes roll back in their sockets,
Or my shoulder gets sore,
Or I get emotional,
Or I get really tired,
But most of the time,
My pen runs out of ink."