

Into a Mirror, Crying

Who am I,
 looking at me
 staring into a mirror
 at a gaze looking back
 inside my eyes...
...crying.

Why am I here?
 ...no place of my own.
 ...no hope of simple solice.
No respect for me being me.

What is this life
 without hope?
 Where am I going?
 Where have I been?

I have been the best I can,
 given me,
but for a price.
An amount of tears wagered on my humanity
 a death of what most live for.

Why do I feel greater than the masses.
 ...who can ignore.
 ...who can have joy.

Why do I try?
 ...to cohabitare.
 ...to play their game.

Why do I worry?
 ...about having the stuff they seem to worship.

Why should I care?
 ...about a warm place to sleep.

Who am I,
 Staring at myself
 Breathing
 Through a life I don't care to live.
Just wanting to be held.