

A Poet By Any Other Name | India Thompson

May I compare thee to a summer's day:
Hot, wretched, and terribly unpleasant.

I was lost only
to be found,
Turned around,
And lost again.

A shame, I'd say, to know that

If a person is lost in a forest
Without guidance from
the Sun, Moon, or Stars
They are bound to walk
themselves in circles
Until death.—

If I were cast into darkness
For the rest of my days,
Would I spend every waking minute
Struggling to find my way?
Would I squint in the pitch black
Searching for the path back;
Alone in the night
Waiting for the sun
To shine some light
On the shadowy unknown?

I don't know.

I
Don't
Know.

I fought it.
 Like a trained boxer, I fought it.
 Like the sun on a clouded day, I fought it.
 Like a poor soul being pulled into the
 ocean, I fought it.
 Like a determined optimist, I fought it.
 Like a lost cause, I fought it.

I am fighting
 And I can't afford to lose.

This
 Lost soul
 Can't
 Afford To lose.

But it never mattered
 what I couldn't afford to do.
 I've lost anyway.—

I wish to sleep, perchance, to dream
 Of a better place
 Of a better life
 Of a better me.
 And to stay
 in that beautiful lie
 And never leave.

To stay
 In
 This
 Beautiful
 Lie
 Forever.

It'd be like Wonderland
 Only I'm no Alice,
 I'd be an imposter
 Living in a child's fantasy.
 But oh, how I long for the peace
 Of an innocent fantasy.

I'm lost and losing
A battle with sense;
Mad and dizzy with my

Dense
Sporadic
Emphatic
Thoughts.

When given the choice
To jump off of this cliff
Or merely lean over and fall,
I decided on neither.
For even though,
This cliff has been eroded
And become drastically unstable,

I am unstable too.

Therefore, it'd be far
more reasonable to
Wait for when we will
Both meet our violent ends
As Time sees fit
And enjoy the view while it lasts,
For it truly is beautiful.

It is
Truly
Beautiful.

May I compare thee to a summer's night:
Warm, mysterious, and full of life.

Waiting for the right passerby
Who's up to the challenge
To notice the beautiful starry sky
And pursue the adventure that awaits.

Is that passerby me?

To be honest, I don't know.

I
Don't
Know.

But I sure hope the answer is yes.