

Untitled
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It's mistiness on a dreary day,
And I'm up to more mischievous schemes and
my dreams carry clouds of rain.
The acidity burns holes through my plans,
hit and miss as I lay weary and
wide awake.
In a state of lacking intrinsically and meaning to my
existence
I just try to keep my love to the brim
but it's a mystery how deep my cup
half full will remain, when I'm still thirsty.