

My best

by Adam Sifre

I don't have time
to care what the world thinks.

Sometimes I dance with the wind.
Not a graceful, poetic dance; but awkward, arms
flapping
feet nearly trip
tripping.
An idiot playing make-believe - that is me
when I am at my best.

I don't have time
to care what the world thinks.
I cry over a loss that no one should have to bare;
and moan to drown out the emptiness.
Not a romantic, Romeo cry; but embarrassing,
hiccough
tears and red faced lament.
A sap crushed by a woman's smile — that is me
when I am at my best.

