

Lockdown

Trouble foreseen will hurt no less
Anyone might damage me
Self-exile may be best
Though my help will come from nobody

I need to share some smiles
But I'm risking scars and dread
Gonna stay alone awhile
Wishing I could trust my head

It's wise to plan my outings
To keep the closeness back
I mustn't fear everyone
And dive the abyss black

So how do I divine the worst
The neutral or the kind?
In a world where senses burst
From the bubbles in my mind.

Jen Todd