



Misery Loves Company

I am-
Like most of you-
Yes, endlessly sick
and hopelessly tired

Nothing in this life, inspires-

What's with the good-
That life, has forced me to borrow?
What's with the crap-
That life, has forced me to swallow?

All for a price,
My poor heart- can only exchange, for sorrow

Is there a better day- coming tomorrow?