

## More of That Miserable Misery

Randy

My chest expands as I inhale the morning breeze. My direction unknown, wander off enjoy the complacency, feel good about being alone. As sure as I once fell asleep, I will surely wake up, confused, awakening leisurely. Got the sheets around my head, strangulation awaits. A day I'd better stay in bed. Though everything seems fine thoughts I can't explain comes rushing through my mind. Surely things will turn out fine for me, but things come back to haunt, we just have to wait and see what fate has planned for me. As I sit and watch the setting sun, nothing's lost and nothing's won. Am I liberated from the things that held me back or are the leash just given slack? All the questions block my head cerebral haemorrhage awaits, is there a difference to wake up dead?