

## 1 A Compass Broken In Two

### A Compass Broken in Two

I know this world.  
In here my feet walk on broken glass,  
under the glass there is nothing.  
I'm walking to the end for grass  
but,  
my mind,  
  
my mind is always running.

A stray soul,  
I circle around,  
watching life behind me.  
A silent float of sadness gloat  
unseen by those who know me.

The air is thick with constant rain,  
and every thought is ached with pain.  
The echo of a distant song  
silence that had stayed too long.

It is a world with gloom,  
a haunted room.

The world that I am used to.

But some days I can see the sun,  
beyond this world  
a new one has begun.  
In this new world  
I walk on the green grass  
and stare at the blue sky.

I feel my own feelings,  
see through my own eyes.  
In here I never have to ask the question:

Why?

Some days the happy world  
will take the lead,  
plant inside my chest,  
a hopeful seed.

I walk the line,  
a brittle thread,  
between the living and the dead.

The sun will burn  
The rain can sting.

These separate worlds are the worlds I  
bring.

I don't entirely belong anywhere  
but the worlds  
of joy and deep despair.

My heart is split,  
a compass broken in two,  
forever wishing  
for a world that's new.