

Kelly Abe "Whatever"

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Trust cannot be trusted and I can't respect respect;
When honesty combusted in a sick inclement chest;
When tragedy is something of a freedom gone inept;
By virtue of a virtue stained, my dignity bereft.

Maybe it's the marajuana; maybe it's the pain;
Misplaced, misthought, misfelt, mismatched, misgiven
by your claim.
Maybe it's the quality a better half has lacked;
Or those which you have circumscribed to mask the
trashy fact.

Maybe I'm a psycho with a soft spot in my heart;
Or maybe I'm a genius with a heart that fell apart;
Or maybe I'm a simpleton who cannot see the forest;
Or maybe I'm a wicked one who purposely ignores it.
Or maybe "maybe's" not a word and what I am just is;
And what "just is" is nothing more than pain and
ignorance.

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