

# Impatient Behavior

My failure to be calm is slightly aware,  
that my growing impatient behavior is near.  
My boring life grows up steady on.  
Changing with every influential song.  
I thought that I could sit and listen,  
to every thought and every lesson.  
Half way through I already gave in.  
The impatient behavior was behind my sin.  
My actions a reflecting pool of me.  
I had some vodka, a little speed.  
I masked my world from all it's wrath.  
A powerful hate, my heart's blood bath.  
Impatience a virtue for me and my mind.  
Everyone else sees it hard to find.  
My failure to be calm is so unaware,  
that my impatient behavior is here.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Derek Coy.