

So Many

I have been so many places,
and seen so many things.
Each time is another person I try to be.
Standing in your doorway,
looking in on you.
You ask me to come in,
yet I hesitate a few.

I have been so many places,
and seen so many things.
Each time is another person I try to be.
Sitting at the café,
strumming my guitar.
They cheer me for an encore,
but i've already played too far.

I have been so many places,
and seen so many things.
Each time is another person I try to be.
Laughing at the black man,
as he plays his drums.
He asks me for my nickels,
and I just laugh so dumb.

I have been so many places,

and seen so many things.
Each time is another person I try to be.
Kneeling at the alter,
thinking of my sins.
Pastor shouts, "Praise Jesus!",
yet I can only hate him.

I have been so many places,
and seen so many things.
Each time is another person I try to be.
Burning in the fire,
a steady lake of heat.
Satan screams endless curses,
and I just think of me.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Megan Bilderback.