Optimistic Pessimist

Mary Mastromatteo
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The sun is always shining
In the darkness of her world;
The shadows keep on stretching
Seeking out this lonely girl.
She searches for the brighter side,
To keep on her better path,
but the Fear is always threatening-
the Fear of slipping back.
Her dreams are vivid insights
Into things she'll never have;
The man she'll never dance with,
A kiss she's never had.
But forever she holds onto hope
To light her dismal days;
For if hope goes, she surely knows,
Her life will begin to fade.

Sometimes
Mary Mastromatteo

Sometimes I sit here and wonder
Wonder about things
Things that have no bearing
No bearing on anything
Anything that happens
Happens to me.
Sometimes I sit here and wait
Wait for anything
Anything that should come
Come from me.
Sometimes I sit here and listen
Listen to the noises
Noises that overwhelm
Overwhelm everything
Everything to me.
Sometimes I sit here and try
Try to make things become
Become what I want
Want for me.
Sometimes I just sit here.