

Haunted

Listening to a collection of poetry,

I can't

ramble on like they do,

I can't

spew out the words inside my head.

but

If I could talk

I would ramble on continuously,

You wouldn't be able to shut me up.

This is reality,

I don't feel limited,

Although

I am.

Thoughts come,

and escape,

They go too fast for my physical ability,

To get them onto the computer screen,

and my throbbing nerve,

Sucks the words into empty space.

Lately I've been wondering about

my frequent visual;

A ship from the 1700's,

Sailing in the open ocean...

The other:

An empty haunted house,

Standing along in a vast valley.

Am I drifting?

Am I haunted by my limitations?

All I know

I thrive around loved ones,

Who make the visuals disappear,

Then I forget for a while.