

Why don't you find out for yourself:

I am the saddened creature you pass by
as for each day I sink lower, for I am a coward-
Lying on the sheets of hellish glass

You ponder my twig like verse
as I struggle, my body aches and groans
now you watch my hands pick at the words of my absent self

I've woven in and out of the delicate stars you've admired upon a whimsical night
I've locked my hands to the art of wandering
I've been denied numerous times but
I shall remain by your side peering into the windows of rooms
We once hid in.