

Written, January 1988

Tied Up In Knots

The work is about to burst
Filled emotions, stories anger,
Hatred confusion ---
If only you could pinpoint it yourself
Your head is stuffed with thoughts Your stomach is tied in knots
Your throat dry and tight
Your back sore
Boxed in – send me to an asylum
Throw away the key
Runaway, just let me get away
Deep breath come on deep breath
Why can't I cry? – Why!
God damn – it's just not fair
It's there I'm ready

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