

# My best

*by* Adam Sifre

I don't have time  
to care what the world thinks.

Sometimes I dance with the wind.  
Not a graceful, poetic dance; but awkward, arms  
flapping  
feet nearly trip  
tripping.  
An idiot playing make-believe - that is me  
when I am at my best.

I don't have time  
to care what the world thinks.  
I cry over a loss that no one should have to bare;  
and moan to drown out the emptiness.  
Not a romantic, Romeo cry; but embarrassing,  
hiccough  
tears and red faced lament.  
A sap crushed by a woman's smile — that is me  
when I am at my best.

