

The Belonging

by Connie Schlosberg

I don't belong.

I don't feel privy to grown up conversations,
yet I can't relate to teenage expectations.

I'm floating on the walkways
in another dimension of time.

Everybody looks like ghosts
functioning in robotic ways.

I feel an electric eye
following me in my paranoia.

Do they know what I'm thinking?
Why do they look at me like I'm insane?
(Or am I truly invisible?)

I'm not here.

I hear the trees' whispers.

Who is calling to me?

Where do they lead?

I don't fit in.

Someone asks me what's wrong.

I look strange.

I pretend it's nothing

I must be mistaken.

Black out.

My mind wanders.

I am far from there.

The dreams seem so real
as if i can touch.

I am awake
and I must stop believing my brain.

I am obsessed.

I wish i wasn't
but I don't mind the intrusion.

I am not here.

I wish to break the barrier
between myself and reality
and back again to fantasy.
I'm tainted with poor visionary.
I hope to survive
in an imperfect world.

