

# Unfinished

*by* Tim G. Young

I feel like there are monsters in my bed who  
dangle evil in my head never allowing rest.

I feel like I've wasted too much time  
invested not a dime and woke with a stiff neck

I feel like I feel like not so much  
like I need a kind of crutch to stop from falling.

I feel like anything I do  
might never see the crystal blue of morning.

I feel like anything I decide  
I should

