

Stormy thoughts

Storm is getting over me
Lonely as I seem to be
walking through some stranger's
land

thinking of how things depend
one on another

It is rather –
amazing, frustrating,
a reason to break in
a challenge to take it,
a chance to make it
better.

Feeling the thoughts
Running through my mind,

Likely it hurts,
May be it's kind,
But each of them
Shows me a way

And a decision
To go

Or to stay.

I am asking me questions

Very long ago

Can not find the answer

And go on although.

It might be worthless, senseless.

And may be the sense is

Not to find the answers,

But to ask the questions.

Alexandra Boger