

Pocketful of Poetry

Mindy Gledhill

I don't do well if I'm kept behind
An office desk inside
It makes me lose my mind
Which wanders endlessly
Where all the birds fly freely
Lay with their silhouettes
In perfect symmetry I got a pocketful of poetry
I've got a head full of songs
A heart with wings
You couldn't tie me down to anything
And that's enough for me I draw doodles of eccentric faces
In the margin spaces
Of important papers
Then I hand them in
With a comedic grin
They ask if I need help
Oh, where do I begin? I got a pocketful of poetry
I've got a head full of songs
A heart with wings
You couldn't tie me down to anything
And that's enough for me People are good lovingly they tell me
Do as you should, all will be well, they say
Life is a test, please give the best answer
A or B or C, pick one instantly
What if there's so much more to me? I got a pocketful of poetry
I've got a head full of songs
A heart with wings
You couldn't tie me down to anything
And that's enough for me

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