

Myself

I am beginning to form myself.
Away from the one I love,
Forming my own mind,
Independently and alone.
Does he want to be part of those plans?
For I have to make up my life,
My mind.
Now or never.

Does he have too many plans?
Millions of ideas,
For himself, or her?
Is there anything concrete,
Ready, set in stone?

Should they do this alone?
Confused as to which is him, or her,
Mixed in with the other.
Can they make up their minds,
Live forever, together?

Heartbreaking, to be or not to be,
To divide and conquer,
Or be lonely.
To change or regret one's mind,
Can he get back to her, in one piece
And the world stay whole,
Alive and breathing.