

Sometimes  
by  
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Sometimes, when I reflect back into time. I think about what my childhood friends might look like now; where could they be, the welfare of their family or are they doing fine; Most of all I feel blessed.

Sometimes, when I focus on self; I think about my sadness, my humiliation, loss of personal friends, past girlfriends; Most of all I feel like crying.

Sometimes, I feel bored, I feel disappointed, mad, ashamed, kicked to the curb, outcasted, abandoned; Most of all I feel joy.

Sometimes, I feel alone, not respected, neglected, forgotten, not appreciated, used, abused; Most of all I feel love.

Sometimes, I feel misunderstood, not welcome, not taken seriously, not listened to, ignored, looked down on; Most of all I feel free.

Sometimes, I feel very distant from the world, from my family, from my friends, from society; Most of all I feel at peace within myself.

Sometimes, I feel confident, strong, determined, willful, positive, uplifted; Most of all I feel humble.

Sometimes, I feel happy, compassionate, charitable, joyful, elated, giving, sharing; Most of all I feel I am master.