Optimistic Pessimist  
Mary Mastromatteo

The sun is always shining  
In the darkness of her world;  
The shadows keep on stretching  
Seeking out this lonely girl.  
She searches for the brighter side,  
To keep on her better path,  
but the Fear is always threatening—  
the Fear of slipping back.  
Her dreams are vivid insights  
Into things she'll never have;  
The man she'll never dance with,  
A kiss she's never had.  
But forever she holds onto hope  
To light her dismal days;  
For if hope goes, she surely knows,  
Her life will begin to fade.

Sometimes  
Mary Mastromatteo

Sometimes I sit here and wonder  
Wonder about things  
Things that have no bearing  
No bearing on anything  
Anything that happens  
Happens to me.  
Sometimes I sit here and wait  
Wait for anything  
Anything that should come  
Come from me.  
Sometimes I sit here and listen  
Listen to the noises  
Noises that overwhelm  
Overwhelm everything  
Everything to me.  
Sometimes I sit here and try  
Try to make things become  
Become what I want  
Want for me.  
Sometimes I just sit here.