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.