

# Frustration

The dark lightens, and the light darkens.  
The rain shines, and the sun cries.  
A transitioning mind filled with the pounding of three drums.  
Iron tires and rubber hub caps,  
The noise clamps down on my nerves.  
Horns screeching in the distance  
And brakes blowing like trumpets,  
I wish they would blow like wind;  
Maybe then they would soothe my mind  
And tickle my soul so my heart would laugh.  
Deep breaths and strong sighs fight for the title,  
For the heavy-weight championship of my mouth.  
They seem to escape together as they  
Trickle down from my brain as mental releases  
Of patience lost and frustration found.  
Mind so clouded and images too distorted,  
I close my eyes and block out sound.  
But a whisper seeps in and say,  
"I am the same today as I was yesterday,  
And I will always make a way."  
I opened my eyes and let in sound.  
The dark darkens, and the light lightens.  
The rain cries, and the sun shines.  
A settled mind by a soothing hum.  
Rubber tires and iron hub caps.  
Horns blowing like trumpets  
And brakes screeching in the distance.  
Everything makes sense once again.  
I now remember my trusted friend.

