

A poem driven from sleepdeprivation

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This was the result of not sleeping for a few days, weird thing kept popping into my head, I posted this a very long time ago on my profile, but I decided to finally post it here to see what happens!

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0 - My crappy little poem

The stairs to my mind are weak
and crumbling,
the thoughts of a freak are steep
and stumbling,
all of my friends are meek and mumbling,
and all I have is the box it came in.

And after I die and rot
away,
you will all come with
respect to pay,
I will say nothing but
'go away',
I need my sleep anyway.

And the years will pass,
the world will change,
I will stay put
in the box you made.

Soon no one will
visit,
and I will be forgotten,
yet I'll still be here,
tired and rotten,

And people will say,
who is this person the
world not wanted,
they threw him out
in a perfectly good box!