bored as poo

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no its true. i rlly am bored a poo.

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omg omg omg omg omg omg ojmg Cant survive must. have photoshop

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ok so since we all know i write poems when i get bored that r pointless and stupid here we go

so this is the beggining of my brand new life the one i live with my dad or so i like to dife i come here ever other weekend, without no other doubts that it will be THE most boring weekend that I've come about i sit here with my sister. on this computer ho in this tiny little apartment. i really wish i could go its so boring here, I'm about to self destruct theres just nothing i can do except sit around and be benuct i know thats not a word but would you quit complaining just because i'm bored doesn't mean i'm better at creating I'm so freaking bored in here that I'm ready to destroy the whole of lakebay if i were a bird i would fly away free and never see these walls again, that stand before me if i were a dog. down the street i would run away from this house, and this man with a stick up his buns i hate it here, really i do i want to grow wings, to fly to be free so that never again can anyone yell at me this house is a bore, i think i shall die if i sit here another hour like a frozen potpie outside is the backyard, about the size of a truck its so small it would fit only a duck this house is worse. with its four walls closing around me they are white and so bland, and i fail at rhyming i can't sleep in the bed,

it is uncomfy and hot the bedroom istiny and stuff i gtg now see u at buckley