

Uncertainty

March '98

Would you laugh?
Would you cry?
Would you smile?
Would you shy?
I have so many questions...

You stand there;
You talk to her.
I am as glass;
I am as air.
I am here, but never seen...

I might speak,
But no one hears.
Am I dull,
Or don't they care?
Isn't anyone listening?

Does it matter?
Should I try?
Would you care,
Or ask me why?
I have so many questions...