

Brenna Swoboda

Being a Writer

An ounce of creativity
Burns within my palm
A quart of negativity
Is a very lacking balm.

In weaving words I'm caught
Away from failure I shrink.
But a mile's worth of thought
Only goes an inch in ink.

Visitor

Some say she's just excuses,
And some say she isn't real!
But when she visits, I can tell
She affects everything I feel!

Though she is invisible
I've learned to see her coming
I must recall that all is well,
Though she's pitiless and
cunning.

She's cruel and lacks compassion.
She's consistent in her plot
To take away my happiness
Leaving me with tears and snot.

She has counseled many a
woman
And brought each one to shame
Through broken trust and twisted
fate,
She's the one to blame!

Who is this deceitful vixen?
Well, I must confess...
A regular visitor she is to me
...Her name is PMS.