Red Rocks Amphitheatre

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But when I speak do all those that stare disappear?
   My mouth runs as a faucet
   Words to lead you down the drain
   Can you hear me?
   I feel like I’m the one drowning
   Sometimes
   With my hands still on both levers
   I ask myself and others
   Why am I this way, can you tell me?
   This poem is writ in question
   So please, if you hear me
   Can you answer it? Tell me I’m real
   Because I feel as if I’m fading away
   To the dust I sympathize
   Just as I was made
   The leaves will dry and crumble and then Fall
   To be forgotten amongst the others
   Does anyone hear my voice at all?
   By next season will what has withered
   Take up the call
   And choose to be green again?

Lately I’ve had a hard time feeling real
When everyone likes to look but no one cares to listen.