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Red Rocks Amptheatre

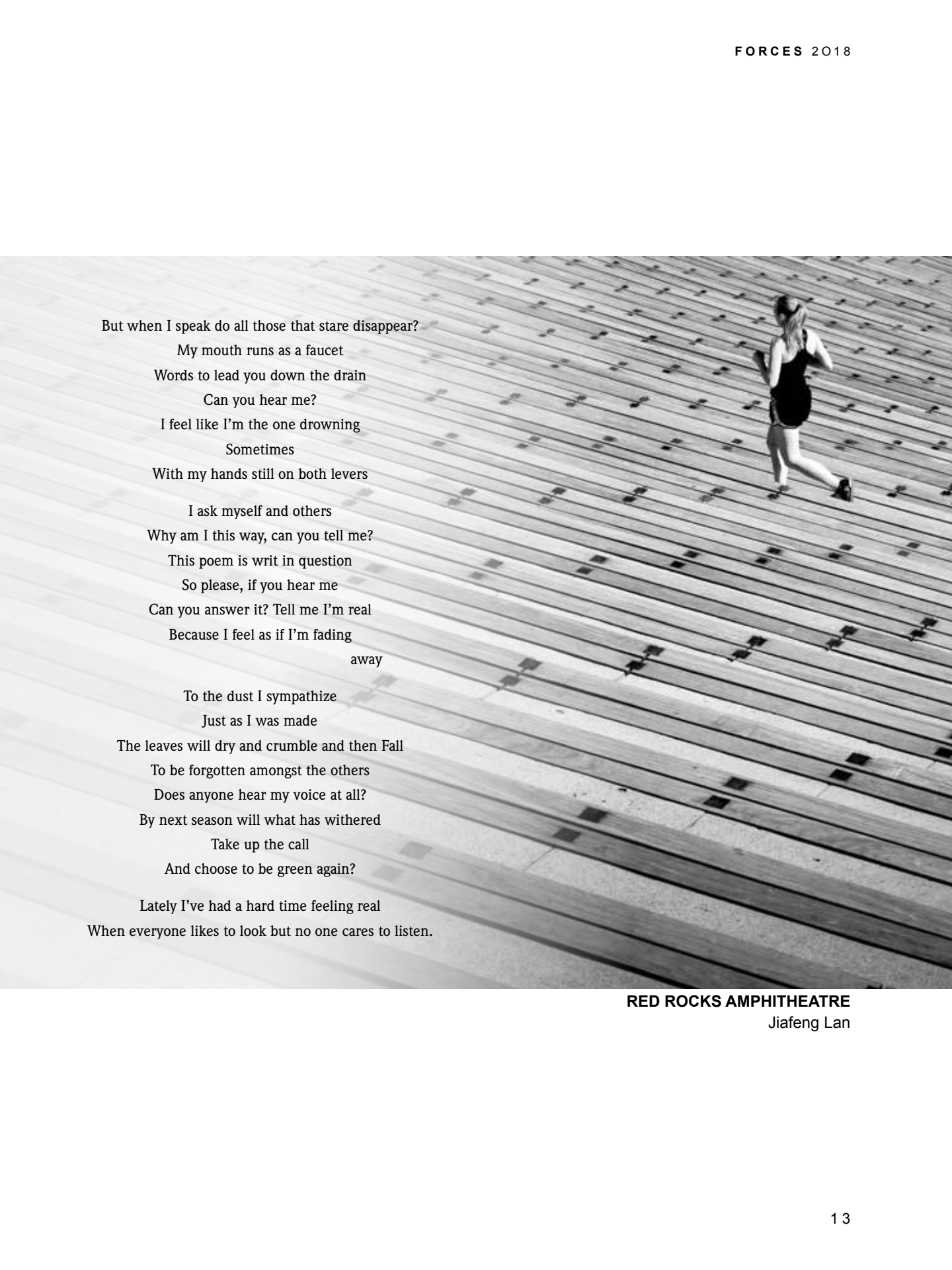
Jiafeng Lan

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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.

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATRE
Jiafeng Lan