

The problem with frustration is the fluctuation of negativity,

To come to the fruition of resolving things a lot more positively;

The balance of the equation is the trust of the nation to distinguish,

So absolutely the best answer is the life of a crustation to relinquish.

The fixation with the glue of your eyes of the paper frustrates,

Like any given sticky situation evolves in payment of full rates;

The frustration of not knowing when, where and why things create,

But we must all have a valuation on the property of the real estate.

God understands the reality of doing things properly and right,

So we should follow him so that the frustration does not delight;

Like poetry is self denial and putting oneself on the trial,

Try and suit the unthought of and remember you know the trail.

The tribulation is a form of frustration that leads to exodus,

Where the people go their own way and that really frustrates us;

They get a drink when they feel like it and enough food to eat,

But the frustration comes when they're not happy and doctor they meet.

I'm just not good enough to do it, being perfect at everything,

And that is frustrating when you are trying to do something;

Well I've got a fair dose of ideas and I am not able to doze,

Because a dozen people sleeping with doctors are always done dumb.

It's frustrating being dead and frustrating not have enough money,

When you've got time on your hands and you're head on the honey;

I guess at the end of the day psychiatry and schizophrenia are to,

So that is the end of my poem and frustrations all I can do.

**Signed,**

**No more of it**