

So hard to get up in the morning,

So hard to see the earth's day dawning,

So hard even to make an effort;

So hard to even take a step out.

.

So hard to see what lies ahead,

So hard to sit and write this dead;

So hard to see what's beyond the bend,

So hard to make a new found friend.

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So hard to reason and think a while,

So hard to listen and understand the mind;

So hard to know what's right and wrong,

So hard to turn this poem to a song.

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So hard to find the new right idea,

So hard to write here on my rear;

So hard to comprehend all the joy,

So hard to play with this pen my toy.

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So hard to look to a new future bright,

So hard to see what's well within sight;

So hard to work and wait for the word,

So hard to fly like a brand new bird.

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So hard to know and link what's right,

So hard to find the guiding light;

So hard to sit here and reason out why,

So hard to live, it is do or die.

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**Signed,**

**One more poem.**