

Tired

Tired. Tired. Tired.

A modern-day accolade,
Accomplice of importance,
Benchmark of success.

It is hard to express;
What this word does encompass.

My body does need rest;
Bones and muscles yawning, yes-

But its more.

More than that.

The fog of finding and refining my identity,
Many roles are spinning plates in reality.
The perpetual weight of being needed:
day and night.

Life's a joy; a privilege; an honour.

For sure.

But sometimes-
I feel unmoored.

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Like I've set a-sail,
And forgotten how to anchor.

So I row:
On, and on, and on.
Because, I simply do not know

How to stop.