

## Moments

They want us to be happy, I understand.

The delusion that happiness can be found by all....

as long as you follow the same road.

Will becoming who they want us to be make us complete?

You see we are a piece of multiple puzzles.

Always rotating to find where we fit.

But how can so many fragments ever make a whole?

Some things are lost and never found...

some things are never lost...and never found.

"I will be different," we all say, but as the years go by time steals our unknown dreams.

Time the most brilliant of thieves.

I have had no severe struggle to justify my feeling so strongly defeated.

Yet I cannot swim out of these murky waters full of unseen monsters.

In the back of my mind I am living.

I am hoping for the day I will wake up to a perfect moment of pure happiness and content.

I will wake up on my own, no alarm screaming responsibilities.

I will roll over and kiss the love of my life.

I will walk downstairs to pour a cup of coffee to take next door to my best friend's home where we will whisper life's little secrets before the children wake.

This moment is what I live for...

But maybe all of us are born broken.

Babies full of uncommitted sins.

Undeserving of perfection.