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“Cold Waters”

As the kids shuffle through the crowded halls,
no one notices the way i frantically move my fingers.

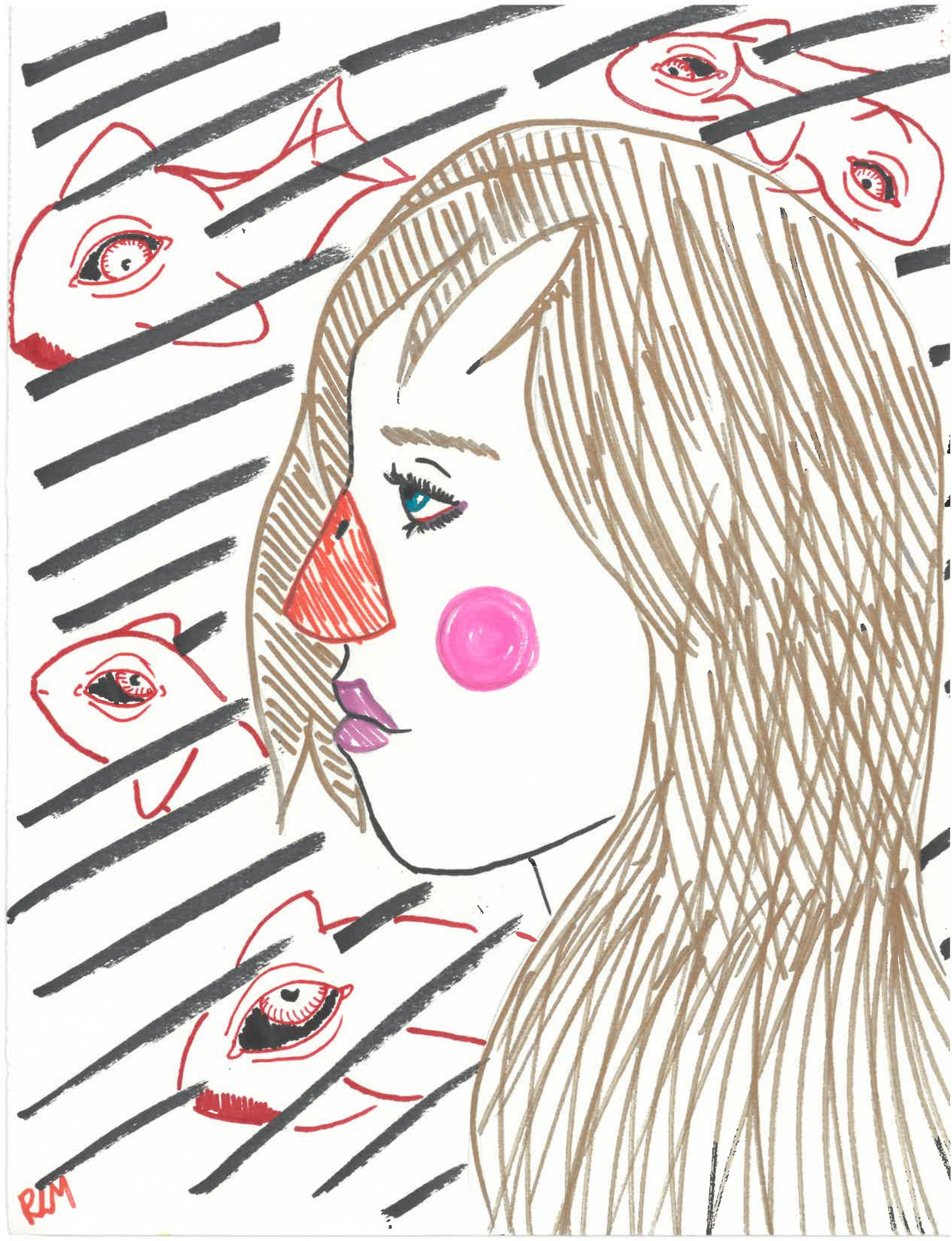
Feeling like I am wading through a lake of paranoia,
As the little insignificant fish watch me with their beady eyes.

Don't laugh at me,

Don't comment about my nose.

It isn't a beak, I am not here to pluck you from your comfortable waters and devour you.

Because I am afraid of drowning.



RM