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Helpless

I'm helpless left and alone,
yet I breathe and smile and moan.
I can't seem to find the way,
yet I carry, honour and obey.

I'm stuck without certain hope,
Yet I look ahead and find I cope.
I have no army to defend,
yet I go forward and fix and mend.

I have nothing now left to give,
yet I find all I need to live.
I cannot take another step,
yet I'm the one that runs for help.

The silence I find is closing in,
yet I seek solace from the din.
It's always darkness all around,
yet my light dims out the sound.

My clothes are always worn and thin,
yet my fire burns within.
It's cold and wet now where I am,
yet I'm as dry as the dust and sand.

The weight of this pushes down on me,
yet my strength is flying free.
There's always something dark and black,
but it moves away as I look back.

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