

## SURRENDER

My hands are sore from reaching  
for things I cannot clasp,  
Just when I think I have it all,  
it slips quickly from my grasp,  
Why is it that I can't hold on  
to what I'm most scared to lose,  
Somewhere along the road, it seems,  
I gave up the power to choose,  
Maybe it was all an illusion,  
maybe I've never had a choice,  
At this point, I just want to scream,  
but somewhere I lost my voice,  
I've tried to keep on fighting  
for a semblance of control,  
But resistance only seems  
to have been deepening my hole,  
I try so hard to cling to  
all these things not meant for me,  
Searching endlessly for answers,  
I can never leave things be,  
Crashing into countless blocks,  
I keep trying to drive,  
Afraid that if I give it up,  
I surely won't survive,  
I don't know when it was  
that all my faith dissolved,  
Only that for years on end,  
nothing has been resolved,  
I've ran in complete circles,  
despite efforts that I've rendered,  
This hollow shell I call myself  
is now ready to surrender

- Samm P.