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Entrepreneurial Existential Crisis

Work 'til I bleed
bleed 'til I dry.
Harvester of hours
harbinger of loss (No!).

Can't find the time
nor the cash flow.
Existential purgatory
work grind enslaves the mind,
no joy, no joy
anymore.

Before..
Joy, pride, achievement.

All gone...
Where's it gone?

Hours that passed made sense
write it down to diligence.
Pride..?
Family?
Yes. When I have time...

Now.
Where's my me?
Oh my.
My life?
Where has it ever been?

A paradise, Eden I've seen.
A place of peace, contentment,
at ease, serene.

But now.
No time, no balance,
only sacrifice.
To suffice
and exist.

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Författaren Elisabeth H med Poeter.se id #40811 innehar upphovsrätten