

WHAT?

By Tondra J. Odom

I cannot see, I cannot think
Just what is it for to hear,
There's so much noise around me, yet
There's silence in the air, I fret.

I wonder why I cannot hear,
The answer seems to disappear.
A moment more I say to myself,
It will come, you won't regret.

I long to see, to think, to hear
The answer to "WHAT" which is not clear.
So, I must be patient and persevere,
Soon the answer will become very clear.
I'm waiting...