

My Contradictions

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If only you could see the contradictions of my mind.
How can I get free from the problems that you'd find?
What's the point of thinking, when troubles tend to be
Increased until they're sinking the ship that I call me?

My problems are quite real, they vanish not on blinking. 5
They come from how I feel (both sober and when drinking.)
I want exclusive sets of things, and no, there is no deal
To unify these desperate rings, the contradiction's steel.

Sometimes I think of silly ways, like if we all were kings!
If we could say that no-one pays. If there were no strings. 10
I cannot solve it on this earth. And though I might in plays,
The solution yet would have a dearth, and so the problem stays.

And yet, though I am in a bind, a solution finds a birth!
The psyche may now yet be kind, and give both sets as berth.