

Where did that come from?

Was it a dream or some experience that created these views?
I can't always identify the muse
For hours the page reveals nothing
Seconds later, words race across the screen

Was it feelings or longings that crafted that thought?
Could "might have been" create the cause?
It took hours to write and only minutes to read
But getting it down on paper satisfied my strongest need

At times, I don't remember ever feeling like that before
Other times, staring at the words makes it all too clear
Words desperately want out as I fight back the tears
Emotions land on the paper and wash away the fears

A part of me no one knows appears in verse
But of all the secrets, it could be a lot worse
So I'll continue to write and try to share it with someone
But I can't always answer, "Where did that come from?"