

444-1000  
Which way in the world

I don't believe in happiness  
Though i sometimes feel that way  
Happiness is a story  
About how we dance and play  
Happiness is an obsession  
We search for it no end  
Happiness is a demand  
Our joy we must defend

I don't believe in happiness  
Though my tears make me easy to see  
It's in my deepest sadness  
That i'm happy and i'm free  
It's not that i'm morose  
Or happy when i'm depressed  
But sadness is the richer  
It's exquisite i confess

Happy or sad  
A false construction  
Narratives all  
Provides obstruction  
Words and phrases  
giving voice  
As if somehow  
We had a choice

As i make my way in the world i am convinced that words fail  
As i make my in the world i'm quite sure that we tell a false tale  
To defend an image, to feel worthy, to feel like we matter  
It's all blather, and prattle  
I make my way in the world like everyone else  
One moment at a time  
NOW