Bamboozled

All around me

I feel beset,

I’d like to be strong,

brave, plucky

but it’s quite a bit to ask.

A stars blows to bits,

the sun stands alone,

the wind is a hurricane;

where does it all come from?

The wheel turns too fast,

the skies are too dark,

too little laughter,

fear breaks the heart

of lamentation and charge.