

## Pocketful Of Poetry

Mindy Gledhill

I don't do well if I'm kept behind an office desk inside it makes me lose my mind  
Which wonders endlessly where all the birds fly freely with their silhouettes and perfect symmetry  
I've got a pocketful of poetry  
I've got a head full of songs, a heart with wings  
You couldn't tie me down to anything and that's enough for me  
I draw doodles of eccentric faces in the margin spaces of important papers  
Then I hand them in with a comedic grin  
You ask if I need help, oh where do I begin?  
I've got a pocketful of poetry  
I've got a head full of songs, a heart with wings  
You couldn't tie me down to anything and that's enough for me  
People are good, loving, they tell me  
Do as you should, all will be well they say  
Life is a test, please give the best answer  
A or B or C, pick one instantly  
What if there's so much more to me?  
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