

Sonnet of Harvest

I guess it's that time to release the new
Can't decide which side of life to reside,
Seeing parallels between greed and truths
Both intersected by pride in full stride,
Dreamt of the confidence these models prove
Yet, my fear of self-ambition is live,
Cleared my page as if secrecy was true
Now I'm scared my mental health won't survive,
Dug holes wishing to see a better view
Now covered in dirt each place I arrive,
However, the weather relies on you
I know this truth, yet I blame you despite
Having enough sense to dispense what I outgrew,
It's time to let go of what fear contrives.