

## **SELF-PRESERVATION**

First thought in the morning, still  
My last memory at night, I see  
Slideshow recollections echo  
The pleasure, the pain, oh oh  
How I blush and glow  
With desire and need, I know -  
It's ironic.

Always want what can't be had, still  
My conflicts torment me, I yearn  
But sadly I refuse to admit;  
Your entry denied, no permit  
We reached our limit  
With truth and regret, I exit -  
I'm closed.

**Lisa Hawkins**