The Ups Are Wonderful

Oh this roller coaster –
am I on forever?
It was screaming thrills
when I had the stomach
for it. And I told
everyone to try a
roller-coaster sort of
life. “The ups are
wonderful” I yelled
from somewhere near the
sky. But now my guts
ache and my heart wobbles
dangerously at the downs
and I have to cling on
tightly, alone in my
seat. A couple on the
grass over there are
sitting quietly with
their arms around each
other, looking into each
other’s eyes and probably
thinking, “the ups are
wonderful”. I’d hurl
myself off the roller
coaster if I had someone
to sit with on the calm
grass. But there’s no one,
guess I’ll stay here and
try not to feel sick
sometimes, “some people
envy me this ride” I tell
myself and with heaving
stomach I remind myself
the ups are wonderful.

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