

Chatterbox

They describe me as a chatterbox,

The three syllables trap me like a broken clock.

While others find me annoying,

I love expressing and talking.

I try not to talk too much,

But words come out of my mouth in such a rush.

I crumble crying into my pillow,

Staring up at my open window.

Sometimes I'm just lost,

Like life has no cost.