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The Ill-fated Merry-Go-Round

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Cover Page Footnote

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MIKE REILLY

THE ILL-FATED MERRY-GO-ROUND

We go around in circles,
Circling roundabout
Till one of us
Gets thrown off.

And who always gets thrown off?
Me.
It's always me.
And I don't know why.

Sure other people get thrown off.
It happens all the time.
But I wonder how I can never,
Stay on that merry-go-round at all.

It's a fun ride,
And I would love to stay on
But I'm always thrown off
Even though I want to stay.

I wonder,
Why?
Why, does this happen?

I'm sick and tired
Of jumping on every new merry-go-round,
And being thrown off every time
Into the mud and into obscurity.

I cannot stand this.
I do the same thing every time.
I am reliable.
I am a hard worker.
I am nice and kind.
I try to be friendly.
And yet, I am thrown off,
Every time.

I don't get it.
I never do anything wrong.
I always try to do right,
And yet again, I get kick out.

I feel like my life is
One continuous circle,
That goes around and around.
And when one thing ends
Another thing begins.

But it has the exact same outcome as the previous one.
I just want to feel wanted,
And belong somewhere.
And not get thrown off every time.

So, once again.
I get back up,
Wipe myself off,
And ride that ill-fated merry-go-round,
Once again.

I know it's coming.
I know I'll be shunned again.
But why do I try again?
When I know the outcome each time.

So on I go,
Climbing aboard the next circus attraction,
Hoping not to be spit back out,
And belong somewhere for once.