

DEMANDS

Robbie L. Rogers

Who are these people,
Taking away what is mine?

Why can't they leave me alone.

They're happier I know,
Cause they've got me to do,
What they don't want to.

Hither, thither and yon they drag,
Making me angry at their insistence,
I'd refuse, except for their persistence.

Trudging and begrudging I go,
Happier still, would I be to stay.

But who would do it, if not for me?