

'Thinking' written by Kenzie Glover

I've been thinking a lot about who I am,
In a lot of ways,
I'm a social creature I think,
Even when I'm not.
Maybe it's an age thing,
Maybe it's a part of growing up,
I wonder whether I'm nice,
About the things I say and do,
What do people think of me?
Should I even care?
I've been thinking about war,
About how none of my problems matter,
When people are dying,
How do I be happy when nothing matters?