

Trying. Trying is hard, I think i've always
tried. Tried being the best, tried being the smartest
or fastest. Everybody tries. you have to try to
survive. sometimes trying made me the happiest
person in the world. for all the other billion times
i've tried it made me feel sad, angry, crazy and
tired. sad because even if i tried my hardest i just
couldn't do it. angry because how could i be so stupid
in thinking that i could do it. crazy because i'm
supposed to be doing something but instead i'm
at school or with friends not thinking about how
i'm going to accomplish it. And tired because i've
been trying all my life and it's been a short life.
So how am i going to survive another 20 years
thinking about that makes me tired. knowing
that everybody tries makes me feel better
whether i see it or not. when i started this poem
i was gonna talk about how much i hate trying
But i don't feel that way when i look back
at things i failed at no matter how terrible
i felt then. those things make me smile now
so even though i fail in making a song i
succeeded in making a poem that i love.
So i will try again and again and again
so i can make to the very end
The end

Violin:

Intro long notes

During poem short notes

Outro long notes