

# the Impatient ONE

*by Guru Mani H*

I get myself in trouble, I act before I think;  
decision I have taken, before I even blink.  
It gets me in hot water, and leads me to mistakes;  
instead of going fast, I need to use my brakes.

In public I am patient, and go the extra mile;  
no matter how I feel, I always wear a smile.  
So when I am in private, I finally feel free;  
my patience simply goes, [just ask my family!]

When I was a child, I wanted all things now;  
if told that I must wait, I'd no idea how.  
Growing to an adult, instead this habit leaving;  
it's now a part of me, as natural as when breathing.

It always felt like patience, if I could wait some days;  
though it was frustrating, my mind a blurry haze.  
Now I've aged a bit, impatience has been killed;  
my character has changed, and I'm a lot more chilled.

My patience runs out quickly, and anger takes its place;  
[it's obvious to all around, by looking at my face].  
I try to keep control, but temper quickly flares;  
to try and calm me down, nobody really dares.

Most the time I'm patient, ask anyone I know;  
but when sat in a car, a different side I show.

I drive with such aggression, and never take my time;  
I lose my moral compass, as I commit a crime.

I've heard that god will listen, and answer when I cry;  
but that just never happens, I've no idea why.  
Perhaps I am impatient, and need to trust and wait;  
but answer I WANT NOW, not at some future date.

When my path is known, then I can patient be;  
but what I find so hard, are things I can't yet see.  
Waiting for a hope, when nothing is for sure;  
is totally exhausting, and drains me to the core.

Just like a microwave, I want all things done quick;  
so waiting for a while, is not what I would pick.  
Though sometimes in this time, I learn a thing or two;  
that helps me clearly think, and changes what I do.

When something that's exciting, will in the future be;  
then patience 'til I get there, is difficult for me.  
It messes up my present, I lose my daily calm;  
it hits my mental health, and does me so much harm.

In work I am impatient, I've found it gets things done;  
but can't switch off at home, I am so highly strung.  
It's ruining my marriage, and kids just don't come near;  
I'm unpredictable, so they all live in fear.

When learning something new, then patient I can be;  
but that just never works, on anyone but me.  
So teaching other people, when they are going slow;

my calm facade just goes, as stress and anger grow.

“I’M JUST SO DAMN IMPATIENT”, is what I must confess;

the fruit of something better, I simply don’t possess.

I wish that I was different, if god or man can aid;

to break unhealthy habits, that I have so far laid.

I want to be more patient, I know it would be best;

my body and my mind, could then take time to rest.

But I don’t have the power, to make the change I need;

“PLEASE HELP ME IF YOU CAN”, for this is what I plead.