

Crashing Pinballs

Thoughts a precious commodity
Thoughts are a precious commodity
in a world that shares everything
from food to opinions to lives.
My thoughts, however, are like pinballs
always in motions, always crashing into one another
always kept in my head.

They generate a constant ringing in my head
like pinballs against bumpers.
They remain in play until spoken or forgotten
Then they fall.

I keep my thoughts to myself
most of the time,
sharing only when it feels right.
But when is the right time to share?
When it's needed
When it's new,
special or dire?

I never know when the right time is
so I tend to lose a thought,
before I get the chance to share it.
Like the ball falling between the flippers
to reemerge in the plunger
as a new thought
added to the cacophony of noise.

