

Social Butterfly

In the flurry of chatter, I left with no goodbye,
Since you were so busy, Miss social butterfly.
Awkwardly, I stood in your vibrant social scene,
I faded into the background, forever unseen.

Driving home, questions lingered in my mind,
Did my absence register, or was it confined
To my own quiet retreat, unnoticed by all?
Was my flower missing from your wall?

Irish goodbye, a tale hardly to tell,
A hasty exit, a silent farewell.
I'll blame a sudden headache or maybe fatigue,
So I can hide behind the liar's intrigue.

Finally free from the crowd's embrace,
Within the sanctuary of my own space.
Alone at last, a creature in its den,
In solitude's embrace, I find my breath again.

An introvert's haven, and all its serene,
A world where only I reign supreme.

Here, in the quiet comfort of my own abode,

I find peace, contentment bestowed.