

The Senior's Lament

The story is always going;
I take note but once in a while,
the scene is fluttering & flowing,
each day in the whole but a tile

The bedroom is clean and fresh,
a month being flipped in the almanac;
I inspect my decaying flesh,
make note of what I lack

This house is like a ship on the ocean;
that sound of geothermal heat
that you hear if you don't make a motion;
when there's neither rain nor sleet;

that safe & secure low hum
of the force of hear & now,
insistent like a distant drum,
beyond any why & how

But the windows are getting thin;
the days just a bit too long
I've won all that I can win,
but still can make things wrong

There's not enough left to do,
but I still don't get it done;
I can't tell what I am, or who;
the guy in the mirror doesn't look fun

This body is an existential measure
that I have to figure out;
it used to grant some pleasure;
now for the most part doubt

The choices used to be endless;
now nothing seems to last
The end of the day is pointless;

most associates dwell in the past

The light is full of sand;
the night of evil dreams
Someone is leaving this land;
it must be me, it seems

Time has me worn & torn;
soon I've nothing to spare;
I was direct, now forlorn,
can't recall all I'd dare

I'm like a lighthouse out at sea,
with all lights off, for no one to see;
I watch the back of myself disappear
into a there where there's no here

But there's a sweet breeze of Nothing
playing with what's left of my hair;
Nothingness feels like a good thing
as I'm sinking through thin air

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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