

Mission of life;
to count the finite micro-seconds with my blood-beat,
to wade through the inhibitting sweet syrop of the world,
tugging along the few people I touch,
I swim against a river that seems to have turned
against
me.

Lunch ago was so easy.
The food and wine and semen
came ever so easy.
The world was expanding,
limits there were none.
The clock was so full,
and the pat and hug so available.
Nothing couldn't not be impossible.
Till suddenly,
for no clear or apparent reason,
the pendulum swung,
and the tides kept coming in.
Stay back.
Stay back.
They won't.
How can I learn to accept
I can't stop the flow.

Flowers in the morning,
stawberries for lunch,
milk and cream in bed.
The sprocket of the bike wheel spoke
sweet-greased like a child;
deepening voice and hairy lip,
feathered pet pigeons fly off
the university boy abandons his gown at the office
the glint-eyed father and respecting husband.
Developing, developing, ever developing.
I develop like a tree,
bigger and thicker
and blown in the wind, water.
My movements so far from free will.

This song is a make-believe,
that at least I did one solid thing
today.
Othewise I marked time,
once again.
I pushed back the river
hour after hour,
I wasn't trying to win.
I was just trying to stop losing.