

It's Over

We're racing here at full life speed.
In a blur of days and selfish need.
Then everything slows, down to a crawl.
The wound is open, the season is fall.

If I stop to breath I miss you so much.
No, I'm not alright, I'm out of touch.
There's nothing else to lose this time.
Even forgiveness can't make the climb.

It's over...

A hand full of rocks were weighing you down.
Leaving sea level, nervous breakdown.
I pulled the rug from under your feet.
In a feeble attempt to help and complete.

If only to hear, you call my name.
I guess that won't happen, enter the flame.
I heard you breath your very last breath.
While walking in fear on the day of your death.

It's over...

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