

The Clearing

This morning brought the same old thing.
Dew drops like the wedding ring.
The musty scent of old perfume.
Inside out from this white tomb.

Warm my hands on the heater vent.
My soul is cold, borderline dement.
Repeat, repeat, it's ground hog day.
My tears run dry like a dog astray.

In the clearing,
Minus tomorrow.
In the clearing,
The play ends in sorrow.
In the clearing,
No whispering.
In the clearing,
As Captain Blithering.

Another day of the same old shit.
Nearly there, suicide commit.
Endless miles and faceless pity.
Just leave me there in Pacific City.

I never found the missing piece.
Book of Matthew or elbow grease.
Cry for help from the cul-de-sac.
Just echos are returning back.

In the clearing,
The colors fade to black.
In the clearing,
The past will come back.
In the clearing,
Tether and belay.
In the clearing,
The slack slips away.

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