

57-1000
ahead or astern

Even though I want a future that sharpens ever clearer
My impulse is to always gaze in the rearview mirror
desperate to relive a time when I anticipated
but reaching now a life when mystery has dissipated

Here I sit at 53 every injury is nagging
i cannot digest dairy and my muscles they are sagging
my eyes are always puffy as my kidneys do not function
and whining with incessance i still do without compunction

the irony of course is rich beyond compare
when young lack of autonomy we argue is unfair
on bended knee we beg the gods to let us grow up fast
then just as quickly weep because we're longing for the past

ahead or astern
which way to turn
lashed to the mast
or pining for the past
the passing of time
is not the real crime
it's my growing sorrow
and my dread about tomorrow