

47-1000  
when i look back

with every passing year  
it gets harder to look back

not because of the regret  
not because my mind is set  
set on memories, twisted in time  
set to poems, woven in rhyme

with every passing year  
it gets harder to see

not because i can't recall  
not because i feel i'll fall  
fall into somber despair  
fall with no one left to share

when i look back  
i see a man who bowed to fear  
afraid of dying young  
afraid the pain of shedded tear  
and so when i look back  
i see a lifetime such a waste  
and i wish i could convince  
the treasure to taste