

BOY ETERNAL

I can see the signs in myself, when I ponder the commute from hell,
Or when I pause too long over shaving or tepid coffee.
I might as well be asleep the way I stumble through my week,
Coming out at Friday's end a dread finale.

Chorus: At this rate I'll soon be counting down the days until my body follows my soul.
I wasn't born a machine. I'm a package deal.
Lose the boy eternal, pay an astronomical toll.

In this killing life I don't die. I just age like stale wine.
It's a banquet where the salt is all I'm given.
In this house are many rooms. Why I dwell in only one,
Is no mystery. Success knows how to glisten.

I left the better part of my life out there on a floe of ice,
Abandoned like a dustbowl in a famine.
If jumping off feels sane I should have never boarded this train.
If I don't stop now must a brick wall stop my engine?

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