

THE WAITING GAME

This raft could use a sail, this ocean a buoy or two.
My best friend's the local seagull. My torturer's a wristwatch.
Experience defined, that's what Webster says of time.
Well, the man got it all wrong. I survive from song to song.

I've stored up all of my life's plans, living for the day I can stop playing the waiting game.

Like wreckage I float with the wind and the water,
Flotsam from battle now sunken, now quiet.
I handle the shards of my past life with caution,
'Cause there's nothing but air between me and this ocean.

God, in your wisdom, help those inside the bottle,
The captives of the Gulf Stream who share the waiting game.

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