

UNRESOLVED

I've never been more than halfway home. Just when conditions were approaching mercy I find,
A pile of smoldering ashes where your precious just-world theory lies.
It makes me not want to be me awhile.
Now there are ghosts in the fireplace, wolves in the lights,
And that poverty night sky dies unresolved.

Warning sirens didn't sound on time. It's like my own very private little Vietnam.
Coming home I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't, and damned if I say I don't know.
I fly because that's all I know how to do. Don't waste inspirational chatter on me.
Life's dice caught me snake-eyed, box-carred, and unresolved.

I didn't think I could be this low, this late, this long.
The only way I'm going to win this game is not to play at all.

So let my cry come unto thee. And please explain again I'm not singled out one more time.
If there's a deity here it's five to three he's dozing off at the wheel.
He'll give me answers In his own good time.
Tonight I'll say I'm sorry to a sleeping boy and a sleeping God, leaving me unresolved.

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