

feast & famine

Inspired bright, with adventure and movement
Horizons span far and broad
Unfettered by haze and fog
And noise and clutter
And everything falls into place.

Try I might align myself as prudent
To as many harrowing odds
Against better ways and chance
And poise and balance
With nothing to stand before me

But alas, should the sails fall flat, as they do
Or perhaps, away, all your crew have up and left you
Straws drawn at dawn
Embarked by dusk alone
To a terrible thirst at sea

And yet the cellars are dry and so am I oh why
To weather the storm inside
Abiding time in stride
To try the tide to take its course – no guide
And drift all along the way

Without that pilot light that from all sight eludes me
How curious to feel it gone but never burning
So what did I do to deserve the flame
And what did I do to lose it?
Didn't I care to waste not, want not
And never abuse it?

But lying a while here in stow concludes it
And proves hitherto it's a soothing illusion
That ever I's moving
For when I wash up on the shore
Why the fuck was I on a boat?