

"Time for Me"

Time for me; it runs on a quacked up clock,
all the while trapped inside some screwed up block.
An endless array of dots running round & round,
No numbers in sight - hands in subsonic flight,
How in one such an I to re-bound?

Rise and shine, time once again to dine.
Breakfast, lunch, or dinner? It's so hard to tell,
it's all a blur for this old sinner.
Catch a nap, grab a shower in these times?
My mind's about to snap - why'd I invent this rhyme?

Time for me hangs on the fringes of insanity,
Civil unrest; madness quickly spreading inside me.
Slippin', slidin' across the razor's bloody edge,
Who'll be so kind in time, to give me that subtle
shove over life's slippery ledge?

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