

Thin Dark Line

"All the Facts, None of the Flavour"

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An uninspired poet wrestles with his words.
Am I poetic enough?
This is all a fade.
He reaches deep, way past exploding capillaries.
His bloodshot eyes are not the only sacrifice.
He reaches out, he reaches in.
Say what you've known, but he doesnt know what to
say.
Write what you know.
Well, know what you write.
Well you know what?
Youre right.
An uninspired lifetime, unedited wasted youth,
Climbing deeper inside empty attempts.
Will anyone understand the choices that he makes?
Will anyone connect with what he has said?
No stories to tell, no lines to sell.
Expression restrained.

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