

Haste

"Confessions Of A Lesser Known Saint"

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Down the path of resistance, I find myself stumbling
through my wants
And my failures, weaker than the thrill.
Temptations attack our loyalty both the idea and
institution.
An equation of emotion to thick for calculation but in
the solution one and one are three.
So when you see me pass me by (crossed my fingers
wish that you won't notice).
Even red letter days still end with night, in sleep we
remain hopeful.
Pan back to February and heavy eyelids see plots
unfold to movie endings.
Searching a bed room ceiling, find subtleties,
Finding flaws but never answers for what you did or
what you do.
I know the past still stings, but deafened ears waste
apologies.
So when you see me pass me by (crossed my fingers
wish that you won't notice).
Even red letter days still end with night and dreams to
wake and find another.
So go to sleep, turn off your ringer (just close your
eyes) afraid of what is left to find out.
Until the daylight drips in our eyes in sleep we'll remain
hopeful.
There is nothing left to say. Nowhere to point the finger
except right back at me.
Face to face with my short comings.
I'm still waiting for the chance to show you this
education gained on bathroom floors and under street
lamps.
This all could have been avoided by speaking honestly
and letting the truth into our lives.

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