

Incubus

"11 A.M."

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seven a.m.,
the garbage truck beeps as it backs up
and I start my day thinking about what I've thrown
away.
Could I push rewind?
The credits traverse signifying the end but I missed the
best part.
Could we please go back to start?

Forgive my indecision

Then again, you're always first when no one's on your
side.
But then again, a day will come when I want off that
ride.

eleven a.m.,
by now you would think that I would be up
but my bedsheets shade the heat of choices I've made.
And what did I find?
I never thought I could want someone so much
'cause now you're not here and I'm knee deep in
that old fear.

Forgive my indecision... I am only a man

Then again, you're always first when no one's on your
side.
But then again, a day will come when I want off that
ride.

Twelve pm and my dusty telephone rings.
Heavy head up from my pillow, who could it be?
I hope it's you.

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