

Solstice

"Too Many Regrets"

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Complete detachment
A punching bag's constant attempts
To overthrow it's masters
She will fall in between the cracks
As did all the other stations
Man's big triumph
Over bread crumbs

Too much maintenance
Must keep mouth open
There are no magical short cuts
Other than persistency

But I am drowning in fuel
Completely saturated
Can no longer tell
Between resource and outcome
Surrendered to carbonate
I swim with parasites
Unable to follow all the instructions
For better up keeping
Of future compost

Too many regrets
Must she'd this
Woolgathering barren skin
Blood ties aside
It always feels like hugging plastic

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