

Jim Poor

"Steps"

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I feel the same: drawn out, dried, hurt by what you say.
Nice clothes. Your mind is all shadows.
Insane, see the light; step off;
Don't you know that those cold hard lies that you're
telling come back?
Look at me. I won't stand for another.
Now, what you're seeing is a man taken by what he
needs.
So hard you have it when you're down.
Here's the day, dreaming of another fate.
So hard you have it--tell me.
Look at me. I won't wait until tomorrow.
Jim Poor Steps

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