

Michael McGuire "Waiting"

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WAITING

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The good old days went by without us even knowing
they were the
good old days, if you really want to make something
matter all you
have to do is throw it away, the solvent of time will put
the flesh to it's
base of dust, and spike the differential of what
happened and how you
remember it; as your memories start to rust.
I didn't know this was my life I've been wondering
when it would start,
the stars were laid before me like an autopsy but I
couldn't read that
chart, but I have learned from the despotic now;
you've got to live
every moment like it's gonna be your past, because if
your building a
bridge you better build it to last.
I prefer what I want to what I have so I bargain the
swamp of my soul,
and so the future's born again chaos becomes the
moments device of
control, I live on the feast of becoming; in a relentless
cathedral of
rain, reality is an amalgamation of memory and
moment fixed in the
arrogant ache of this pain.
The clockwork killing of the neo-nothingness that each
day dreams up
to dream down, is the swim of the river; the source of
the deep that
will drown, and the apathetic motion of my allegorical
little life;
remaining, draws sustenance from this nothingness
and feasts on this
famine; upon the time containing.
Everyday is just the heap of waiting; just the unwilling
weather of this
weatherman's will, the static motion of this routine of
ruin make for an

easy kill, but what can you really yield to this reaper;
because this is
not living it's just surviving, where can you really go in
this hardwired
nowhere; because this is just going; not arriving.
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