

Sick to my Heart

Desa

Sleeping tight.
Contented sugarplums danced.
Not a care in the world.
The contract shone with permanence.
The moment had arrived.
Somehow I had survived the questions.
A new road was opening.
It was my chance to sing at long last.
The academic blockade was melting.
When along came a quiet truth with fire for my bed: 911.
Sirens awoke my neighbors.
EMT's confused, asked me where I was bleeding.
But it was so dark.
Waking up in the middle of a freezing night,
I wondered if I'd ever see the sun again.
Wind whistling warnings on my frosty window.
Summer where'd you go?
I dig for answers under snow.
The moment had arrived.
Somehow I had survived the answers.
A new road is opening.
What will tomorrow bring?
You never know.
Finally, the sun came through my window.
I got up slow and plugged in my guitar.

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