

A Ghost At the Wheel

Tourniquet

You finally noticed
Did it dawn on you slowly
Or was it a blast of cold air
You're adrift on an ocean of silence
You've lost track of the last time there was anyone here
You sought the silence
Scuttled any and all who didn't see things the same
Your actions turned quickly to habits
You slipped your moorings
And soon you were drifting away
Swept with the tide
Pulled out to sea
No course or sense of direction
Swept with the tide
Pulled out to sea
A lost ship adrift
With a ghost at the wheel
To some you're a memory
Others choose to say I do not remember at all
Some wait and pray and scan the horizon
Hoping that one day they'll see you come home

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