Gifts

Propagandhi

Wake up, coughing, tired, with my face in my hands,
staring at the window as the sunlight demands action.
All the energy it takes to close these bedroom blinds.
Wrote this selfish sadness on a bathroom wall,
spent half the span of some lost culture's rise and fall,
but I'm as clueless as a drooling four year old.
Still hoping I might find the capacity to let you know I know you're lonely.
So here's the last call for regrets,
a final slow dance through the days that we all hold on to.
Here's the promises I've made, tied too tight to undo.
An unwrapped gift from me to you.
All the slightly insane on the 18 North Main,
reaching for a small-town downtown, night rain,
nothing I could say could be worth saying anyway today.
Like "Hey, whatever happened to what's that guys' name?",
we get a little older and it looks the same: askance.
Excuse my failing sense of humor.
Still hoping I might find the capacity to let you know that we're all lonely.
So here's the last call for regrets,
a final slow dance through the days that we all hold on to.
Here's the promises I've made; a razor blade and this broken piece of chain.
A history left to rust out in the rain.

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