

PERFECT CLICHE

Easy to admit your sense of misdirection is not what it used to be.
Easy to despair amid this disaffection that's crowding your memory.

And now you're left with the regret of all that's left undone and unsaid.
But, who collects on emotional debts anyway?

Maybe today, and maybe tomorrow; maybe before your time is taken away.
Maybe today you'll break what you've borrowed; or maybe you'll mend it
with a perfect cliché.

Difficult to try and quell the insurrection of time against the soul.
Difficult to say the words of imperfection that never could console.

Maybe you're not too late.
Maybe you're not too late again.