

unfinished

a child alone in the forest
hands to its eyes counting 10 to 1
playing hide and seek with hope

to sit down you can't stand
impatience bugs you
on this expressway with no relief

need you fight one more night
not a thing was made to last
but I will hold on till the end

know it alls funny to watch
irresistible the fall oh how
we have constructed the foundation

with fools for architects
as confident and noble as yours truly
or so you would like to believe

this is my attempt at holding power
you all are so weak in my sandy grasp
content with its 15 minutes

full of corny hits blonde and blue
flags left out in the sun fade the fastest
wishing for the childhood we never had

the greatest lie is what we see
the spiral giddy with glee
filled with fools whose control means nothing to me

nothing is ever complete

jonathan santiago