

Sinking

Hundredth

it's so hard to make an effort to keep my surroundings in line.
when sometimes, i can't do it for myself. i confess, i'm not the
man i proclaim. my feet are sinking into the mire beneath me
. i can't help but notice the endless battle for air while being
swept by the tides of complacency. my knowledge is accountability.
and i have to do something. blinded by the plank in my eye.
i cannot guide anyone. i have to do something. this lonely vessel
is surely sinking. i'm surely sinking. take me, if it means they
die to themselves. only to raise up their new lives. stop me
in my tracks if it will shake them. stop me. we are nothing
without each other.