

In Hundreds

Karate

Part nonsense,
part lung test,
sickness loved
in these hands.
Sought numbers
for answers.
In hundreds
I said prayers.

Missed some trains.
Lost some friends.
Some forgave
in the end.

I don't want to tell you you're the reason why,
but you're just a couple minutes shy of
changing things for good.
Maybe I'll put aside this poison
like I always knew I should.
knew I should.

Horizon
gently pretends
to be the end,
to be an end.
But what you can't see—and I don't want to give it away
that things look good
for the rest of the day.

Now I trust a shiver
to bring this body's bad news.
Voices might consider
that it's my time, or let me choose.
Now I don't worry too much
about what I really have to loose,
because I'd surely give it all up
if I could get some time..
time with you.