

This Day Next Year

Karate

Words are the worst way to say what I have to say,
But sometimes you can't play how you want to play to show it well.
And this is one splinter of a sentence, both a pain and a pleasure to try to expel.
But I have to tell about the years of influence and artless advice
That can still only escape in a struggling, stilted excuse for a smile.

And when you're parked over on the wrong side of nowhere
No amount of nothing is going to make it worthwhile.
A touch, subdivided, rinsed, and sold, before the hands have a chance to get cold,
As an eyelash pries an hour from the schedules of the uninvolved.

And your sills so-called insulation can only sigh at December Sundays, unsolved.
So like the transportation of the suns,
You must hold steady to the ones who light your mornings, nights, and aftermoons.
And if you should grow angry with the pace of chance,
Don't be afraid to make some plans for December Sundays soon.

Today you missed her getting up once again.
Well boy, you've got to listen to me-
promise her you'll rise this day next year from this very bed