

Before

Richard Buckner

Man, I was high, stepping out on goodbyes unspoken, And,
Once in a while, I'd stumble out into the open. True, I
Wasn't all I thought I'd be given
Some of the timing and none of it showing, torn from the
Blinds, All I thought, was 'How can I find it?'. Small

Stops and fills have led to such a take-down and (mention
Close enough to shine) far and few were
Burned at the pouring, but, just can't forget it back
Where it's come from. and never intended, a meadow rise
To spend all of your time with.