

Intermission

Sleeping at Last

I'm so tired but I can't sleep.
My mind is full but I can't speak.
Among the dust of the hard-to-reach, I'm stuck
Right here, somewhere between side a and side b.

I could call it compromise
Or just an intermission.
Some kind of consolation prize
For the race I never finished.

I want to turn these tired gears.
I want to feel the follow-through,
Some kind of equilibrium...
Something to set my watch to.

I'm here, somewhere between
Victory and a white flag.
Caught in this purgatory dream, I'm stuck.

But I want to set the record straight,
I want to retrace my every step.
If I could just rewind all the tapes
Then maybe I'd find my loose thread.

Call it a compromise
Or just an intermission.
Some kind of consolation prize,
So close, but never finished.

I want to turn these tired gears.
I want to feel the follow-through,
Some kind of equilibrium...
Something to set my watch to.