

One Hundred Resolutions

Sundowner

Where have I been all your life?
Sitting on fences—a novocaine for all the senses.
Another year will pass us by.
Making sense of nothing, in defense of something.
I laughed too late and dug myself into a grave.
This year I'll try not to think too much.
This year I'll try to stand up for myself.
This year I'll live like I've never lived before,
This is my year for sure.
Another stupid clumsy story.
More accidental aspirations.
Another explosion of silence.
I think I'm going deaf, or maybe I'm just hearing less.
This year I'll try to only listen to myself.
This year I'll try not to think too much.
This year I'll try to stand up for myself.
This year I'll live like I've never lived before,
This is my year for sure.
I wonder where you'll be bringing in the New Year.
As midnight clocks are singing,
Good chance I'll be slobbering somewhere.
Probably pass out, wasted, and sleeping until the smoke clears.
Vague memories of midnight flash in tune to morning sunlight.
Wake up knowing you'll never be there.
I've got 100 resolutions, but I've got no solutions.
I've got one song I write 100 times.
And only a dozen or so rhymes.
This year I'll try not to drink so much.
This year I'll try to stand up straight.
This year let's live liked we've never lived before,
This is our year for sure.