

Awaiting the Inevitable

Woods of Ypres

Drawing meaning from the unexpected,
A sign that cannot be denied.
A portrait of our everlasting expressions,
And the distance between us, side by side.
Nearing the end of this long discussion,
Still struggling for what more to say,
A man of words trying to argue his point,
With someone, who can afford to walk away.
This conflict of interest,
Of whether to act and indulge,
Or risk waiting for the greater gain,
That may never come.
I'm always pushing my luck,
For nothing is ever good enough.
While you strive to protect,
What you already have for nothing will ever be as good as it was.
(clean)
A look held too long, or maybe not long enough,
In the perfect setting which complicates us.
While we await the inevitable end,
We enjoy the inevitable events.
For everyday that passes we lessen the risk.
For everyday that passes makes much more sense.
While we await the inevitable end,
We enjoy the inevitable events.
And now...a new tension,
This one of silence...
A late morning gaze out of the window,
From inside a cold apartment.
We look out, we look away,
Anywhere but at each other.