

Shedding the Deadwood

Woods of Ypres

It's no wonder I've felt so tired
I've witnessed the careless all running past me
While I've been told to ignore my desires
And grow numb with understanding

I walk through these woods
I carry this deadwood
I am determined to see this through
Driven only by the guilt and the shame of giving up
I must complete what I set out to do, for you

It stayed on a shelf made of my arms
They had grown strong from giving support
I knew that my arms could hold out forever
It was my mind that'd grow tired
And in time would let go

It's been so long since I have questioned
What it is that I really want
Instead I follow your directions
As you lead me on

I can't use it to build my home
It will not fulfill my desires
Some wood can be used to help build a life
This wood will be used for building a fire

Why carry this deadwood with me?
When were I'm going there will be living trees

Now close enough to carry it all to the end
But throwing it all to the ground instead

This bundle of deadwood
The pieces they fall
Corners indent the soil and accumulate on one another
Tumble down and pile up

It awkwardly spills like myself at a time
Like the time it had killed
Like every moment after it was collected and held

I'd give up all that I started
To pursue all that I wanted
I may arrive empty handed
But at least I will arrive