

# You Know This Isn't It – December 2014

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Write this down,

A paper note,

Indulge

Your curiosity.

*You know this isn't it--*

Days sliding by,

We're urged by hands  
Compelled by rhyme,  
Though locked in sands  
Of time.

*You know this isn't it,*  
As hollow laughs  
Ring out the room  
That coughs  
With rusty keys  
Of strange,  
Enchanting melodies.

She sees the range  
Of her last days  
In cloudy dreams;  
Her elegy.

It seems  
Her time is running out:  
A crime  
To waste these chances.

*You know this isn't it--*

Say it isn't so.

When I last spoke

To you,

Your eyes were dancing,

And the joke was on you.

Abandonment of

Wasted youth--

A final novelty.

You know this isn't it-

We've roamed,

So far from home

You know this can't be it,

Because

The song is far from done.

We'll climb to heights

Astonishing,

Before this life has won.

**Credit:** Photo by [Jerry Zhang](#) on [Unsplash](#)

