

Crows – July 2017

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Catherine Heath

July 2017

Beggars,

Circling like crows.

Those dirty coffee cups

Are hungry for change.

But change is hard to do,

For me and you,

At least.

Just pack your stuff and go.

The moment I realised

It was a lost cause

Gave me pause for thought.

The brilliant glare of life

Is staring at us,

And though we drink it all away,

Powdering our prose,

You won't succeed.

The desperate need of mediocrity

Created rock n' roll.

I told you it was futile.

But beautiful--

I see what you mean.

Perhaps it was all a dream--

It can't be true.

The black and blue scars of violence

Paper over our past.

Such a fine line between

Decadence and bums.

It will come to nothing,
But the fluttering of wings,
Among other things.

Make up your mind.

The blind horsemen stumble,

Confused and bruised.

To use a phrase--

My nerves are shot now;
I can't take anymore.
The sore point is raw
And the stories we tell
Swell beneath the lies
Told to us by others.

I never made you cry--

So many imperfections,

The direction we take is uncanny

Divulging secrets is not our strong suit,

But we'll make do.

It's always about you,

The view of the frontline is grim.

The changing of the guard

Is only for him.

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