

HIS WOODEN SHACK

I sat in a wooden shack
in a chair of wood,
at a wooden table
and thinking of wood

In the middle of some undetermined
location somewhere on half an island
in the middle of no where
where we would know anyway

I simply picked up that book
that sat right there at the wooden
table, just like me, it sat there
speaking and reaching out to me

I turned to the page inspirationally
It was all about how he felt about me
and realizing then that I really knew
he was upset that I knew that he was

still involved in thinking of me
So you ask, is he happy, content?
No he's a certifiable alcoholic
lost in dreams of the man he used to be

before he got lost in these
nightmares that came before
dawn became dusk, then again
Nevermore quoth the ravin

But it was just the same as before
and more of the same old values
which had held him prisoner for decades
Indeed, it was now clearly a pattern

I wish I could help him improve
make life a little bit better,
Reviewing his past is strange
and doesn't change his future