

Beanbag, Why?

Falling back into an empty chair.
Crawling out and seeing nothing there.
Why waste my time when I'm happy?
Slipping back into my honest world.
Taking things just to feel the swirl.
Why waste my time when I am here
I can do what I dream when I fear.
Selling out and getting what I want.
Take a pick and I will get the lock.
Why waste my time when I'm complete?
Grab the walls in the toilet block
I hit my head and I flush the lot.
Why waste my time when I'm fine
in the ways that I've set in my life?
My arms are protesting a weakness in me.
My hands are a tool to remind me.
My eyes complicated enough don't see.
My fingers they curl back and witness to my face.
Drifting in and out reality.
Your own reflection is bewailingly.
But you still smile and keep things
Up with the people on the concrete slab
When you get in trouble you catch a cab
Waking up, drifting to the welfare door
Spend all your money till you hit the floor
You've been taken to another place
You're lying down but you're in this race
Don't ever think run away
Turn around and look at all you have
The gift of God is much greater than
You cannot die when you have life.