

Ocean Blue, Past Future Perfect

In the corner stands a strawman
with a cocktail
in his right hand
firm handshakes
all around
as he slowly sips away
In the twilight
sits a reader
and the words they
grab and lead her
to another
world apart
as she slowly
slips away
You can drown me
in my sorrows
that can leave me
on the morrow
but the best part
is the last
let it slowly
fade away
Does it strike you
as an odd thing
how a man keeps remembering
where the future
meets the past
and then slowly
fades
slowly fades
slowly fades
away