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 ane 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