

Stephen Covell, A Format For The Future

I believe it's been precisely planned
The day the world will end
We'll all be vacationing holding hands
Lullabies sung by a steel drum band

And by then I'll have figured out
Why all I ever did was shake my fist
For no one to see when I read
Of a million dead so now what's left

Just a prodigal catastrophe
And if I sound bitter, please excuse me
But it's hard for the plants to imagine
Telling the forest to see itself through the trees

Can some one please hand me a clue
I've exhausted my ammunition
I've got so much left to do
But I seem to be lacking direction

Dry erase our history
So it's easily wiped away
Effervescent in its simplicity
How conveniently I forget

How I wish to be a boy again
Or to recreate the boy within
Someone who resembles, someone I use to know

But my inks soaked through my journal
The blood of my youth has all but escaped
Leaving in its wake tired poems
Grab what's to take and get going

Just a prodigal catastrophe
And if I sound bitter, please excuse me
But it's hard for the ant to imagine
Telling the forest to see its self through the trees

Can you excuse me please?