

# 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?