

Seizure (08/2011)

you're your own eclipser
who shadows aspiration
with complete abdication
whose days are shrouded spent
in narcotized resignation
(and yet even in the moon's ascent)
an unseen orb's illuminant
latent ability
you russet with inactivity
but O! it looks damn pretty

so,
you're your own saboteur
who justifies indolence
with 'what ifs' and 'contingence'
whose nights' subconscious fears
are of efforts met with silence
(or or abhorrence or jeers or cheers)
so shut the blinds go grab some beers
sunlight's false potential
a moonbeam's hopes aren't quintessential
O! all's inconsequential

yet,
you're your own Creator
who overtakes risks innate
with ev'ry stab to create
whose own life's blood devours
charges past past your wont to wait
(the gross phantom of a trillion hours)
stand up and start and seize what's ours
initial pace a creep
you know every mountain grows steep
and so, do you wake or sleep?