

Aphasia, Someday

you're left wanting more
of the chemical that fills your veins
and drains our reservoir of hope for you
you're saturated
you're sedated
you concentrate on your next move
so go on and make it...

no guilt to hide from you, at all
because I tried and I failed

but someday you'll break away
someday you'll drag yourself out
still, I wish you could feel just how I feel for you
if you could someday

like an eraser touches paper
the plans you've sketched into your book have vanished
take a second look, they're gone
your plans have changed
your dreams have faded
but life is full of second tries
go on and take it