

Hangnail, With Hands Tied

It’s not
getting later,
there’s no common place,
and everything’s taken.
With these expectations,
of getting this right,
who could avoid failure.
With hands tied behind my back,
I stand helpless waiting.
Confined to this breaking point,
I don’t stand alone.
How have I forgotten,
the source of control,
my first inspiration.
When trying to take on,
this life obstacle,
I need to remember.