Deepening Sound

It’s funny how suddenly I’m seemingly old

enough to notice I’ve always been climbing

and scraping. Morals aren’t reality, and

were they ever? But while I’m grateful

for how our parents propped us, held our hands,

even invisibly, leading us a quarter (or was it half?)

way up this slope that once felt level due

to the pitch with which we were propelled up it…

While I’m grateful, today I feel like screaming,

look what you’ve done and look what I’ve done.

Our music is better than our parents’. Our muscles

more defined. Our share is harder won. And

so is the mess we’re making. So we must be more

careful. Morals aren’t reality, but neither was that

infinite love from mother and father. Nothing is

inexhaustible except for you for now.