A switch

Crete, August 2020

Oh I wish, nae, long for a switch,

How badly I need it, I cannot quite say,

But intend I did not, to land in this ditch,

Blind as a bat, lost and forlorn in the brightness of day.

If this switch would matter to touch,

I surely would have flicked it into oblivion by now,

But I guess as long as it remains trapped by ink, it won't help much,

And as I stare up at sparkling stars, I wonder if the switch can exist, and more importantly

how?

I lie to myself, because it's just too easy, it's a learned skill,

I know fully well that it is not the switch I need, but the switch's ability to kill,

To flush, to apply a quick fixing plaster,

Right now I want to be distracted, and if the switch can do that, it shall't be my master.

There's always something useless when three wheels are purchased for a two-wheel vehicle.

We can make excuses, trust me,

My imagination and creativity duly knows no bounds,

But maybe that third wheel of wasted use can come into an autonomous motion,

Helping me to make quicker rounds.

I cannot speed up time, or so I have always been taught,

But perhaps the things around me can,

And lead me towards the faster passing of my thoughts,

It's funny really, me looking to create this switch, and if I actually created it, would I be so

bold to press?

For as much as I wished some things were not, these things are real I must confess,

So maybe, I must redesign this glorious little switch,

Maybe it should not just flush or drain,

Maybe it should me stay just somewhat sane,

It seems I need a pat on the back, my back being the center of my morality,

Otherwise I remain in danger of sinking in this sea of false tranquility,

I need this switch to make a boom,

The better I can picture an actual switch, the more my faith lessens and I am left with

impending doom.

Maybe I want it to take me back,

Speak with us two, as one, like the modes of my switch,

Smoke the conversation for the rush that's better than crack,

Wipe away the tear that mourns a tiny fleeting glitch.