

Little Man What Now?

Fish

He deliberates the night
To convince himself the fight's worth winning
At the end of every day, he just wants to walk away, and give in
Embrace the dark, and curl up in his bed, the curtains drawn
Shut out the light, and prays his sleep is deep and long
So he forgets the things he did and hasn't done
The guilt that thrives, and fills the empty spaces in his mind

The cut-out work that's frayed, that he has left yet another time
The words deserved to be spoken, when his tongue was tied
The truths that were too difficult became easy lies
In a world which if he's honest, he'd be glad to leave behind
If his heart would just stop beating and he was only less alive
So little man what now, little man what now?

When the weak can only whimper, and the strong assert their claim
Cowards thrive and prosper, once brave men shy away
From straight-backed moral duty, desert the higher call
And eloquently mumble as the ignorant shout them down
Backed into a corner, humbled by the might of greed
And market forces of the privileged who cite
Well little man what now?

Tangled up and tangled down
Your thoughts are strangled tight
The creeping knotweed, tearing down your castle and its towers
All your hopes and all you did believe
The mortar crumbles, the stones dislodged
The rooms now darkened, the ceiling falls

He awakes with trembling hands

To break the crust of dried out tears from swollen eyes
Trying to recall just who it was, or what he'd lost that made him cry
The only thing that's making sense is the here and now
With the how's and why's just meaningless asides

He can't seem to find a way to focus on the day, he's overwhelmed
He just can't wait for hours to pass to crawl back into night
He picks at daydreams with the food he hardly stomachs
Drowned in wine
The TV silent, the images up loud

He registers the heartbreak without a sound
With all the grace that he can muster, the emotion he allows
He entertains the dizzy headiness of flight
But he's grounded by what he cannot leave behind
He's scared by possibilities, by matters out of his control
He's only ever faced the world with his back against the wall
And the voices in the background, the voices in his mind ask

Little man what now?

Well, little man what now?

Tangled up and tangled down, your thoughts are strangled tight
The creeping knotweed tearing down your castle and its towers

All your hopes and all you did believe

Tangled up and tangled down, inevitable tendrils slowly twisting
Cutting out the light from nascent hopes and seedling dreams
Naïve persistence
You slash and burn ,you cut and run, the creeping knotweed
The miserable fear