

No Pioneer

A Loss for Words

You said you wouldn't let it go to your head.
The spotlight has added ten pounds to it.
Self accolades are self defeating;
You're a bad magic act, an old riff rehashed.
You're no pioneer.
Who will you be tomorrow?
The cards you were holding bore a royal flush.
The crowd thought you insightful.
I thought they were nuts.
I cringe at the sight of your grand finale.
You contort yourself to the crowd take a well deserved bow.
Who will you be tomorrow?
Every time the seasons change I get that uncertain sting.
You haven't learned a thing.
You're not remembering.
Your new friends, they're not pioneers.
You're no pioneer.