

# 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