

A Song for My Future Self

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When you're with the trees and bugs
The magic always seems to last
And how you love to take your daughter there
And replace your worries with the air
It's easier to stick with what you've got
And take the hit and hold the horns of prescribed medicine
Sunlight just ain't getting in
Did you miss a right hand turn?
So it's harder to be loved when you love suffering

Have you seen your younger pictures with unborn brothers and dead sisters?
Even though they're charred on black and white
Your eyes have never been so bright
I wonder if you dream and if you do, what do you see?
Are there a thousand childhood memories?
Suppressed Jungian shadow as they hold abilities

It's not easy
Do you wait to feel the dead?
Or do you wait to get paid?
Dead don't listen
You're in a game

You could say that it has meaning
But that sentiment is fleeting
When there's mortgages around your neck
And your wife is sleeping with her ex
But Effie doesn't mind 'cause there's a bounce in her step
She wears her favourite yellow summer dress
Makeup safe for Sunday best
But the saddest thing of all
Is that it's for another lover in another bed

Someday it will all be over, you were fearful, now you're older
And entirely dependent on the people you neglected
What if there's no final answer, the existential disaster
Could you learn to love this precious life before it's too late
?