WASTED DAYS

By Wayne Visser

So many wasted days
I scarcely dare to count them
Turgid, tempestuous days
That muddied life's pure fountain

So many restless nights
Ticking through each hour
Inane, insomniac nights
When sweet sleep turned to sour

So many futile ways
They stack up like a mountain
Dead-end, diversionary ways
I scarcely dare to count them

So many false bright lights
Each beacon and each tower
Manic, magnificent lights
Ticking down each hour

Copyright 2011