Writing On The Wall

By John T. Wurzer

I want the things that might have been

I want to win back what I lost

I want the things I never had; no matter what the cost

People talk about me

In whispers behind my back

They say “He’s going crazy!” “He’s going crazy!”

He’ll probably die of a heart attack

They say I’ve reached my potential

They say I’ve got it all

They don’t even realize I’ve lost my pencil

And that I never finished writing on the wall

I read the Facebook yesterday

Cover to cover, front to back

Sipped a couple cold ones; read it all a second time and fixed myself a snack

People talk about me now

They’ve got nothing better to do

Asking themselves still, somehow

Why I couldn’t make it work with you

Me I’ve got nothing but benign posts

Winter, spring, summer, and fall

And it seems to me what I regret most

Is that I never finished writing on the wall.

Someday soon I’ll die here

In my footsteps, not hiding down below

The song box will be silent; with no music left to flow

My face will be a junkyard

Of emotions with no home

No love to share, I won’t be there

The world will be all alone

And when the curious meander

And their limousines start to stall

They’ll probably stop and take a gander

And see a dead man who never finished writing on the wall.