Driving Blind

By John T. Wurzer

Feeling miles away with these whiskers turning gray

While a cancer eats its way into my heart

Broken and alone with the whole world on my phone

Still I’ve grown into a zone where we’re apart

All my thoughts are turning in as the wheels begin to spin

Like something roiling deep within my scattered mind

Feeling miles away, undecided for today

Too tired to even say that I made it all this way driving blind

Feeling miles from here hunting treasure chests of fear

Tugging coyly at my ear and growing dim

Solitude invades in its dark red grayish shades

Dancing like a thousand blades upon my skin

All these thoughts I’ve had before and so my brain begins to snore

Until it’s a boring chore just talking to myself

Feeling miles from here, chasing down a tear

In a spaceship full of fear that I can’t ever steer towards mental health

Feeling miles from you probably because it’s true

There’s an ocean between your pulsing heart and mine

While I miss you more and more every time I shut the door

After promising you once more that we’ll be fine

All my thoughts are years from now when this wasteland that we plow

Yields a harvest of our freshly ripened dreams

Feeling miles from you; it’s eight o’clock for you it’s two

You’re fast asleep, while I can’t sleep, very long or very deep, that’s how it seems.

Feeling miles away with these whiskers turning gray

While a cancer eats its way into my heart

Broken and alone with the whole world on my phone

And trapped inside this zone where we’re apart

All my thoughts have turned to dust and now I cannot even trust

The tender lust that used to guide my frozen mind

Feeling miles away, undecided for today

Too tired to even say that I made it all this way driving blind