Sticky Piece of Tape

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve been clinging to my youth just like a sticky piece of tape

Hoping if I seal it, there’s no way it will escape.

I’ve been running from the future but I never reach the past

The good times and the perfect rhymes, they never seem to last.

Sometimes when I’m living in the moment

The moment is enough for me to breathe.

And I don’t need last night or tomorrow

And fate flashes a smile before she leaves

I’ve been dreading finally dying like it was a Monday morn

I see old age approaching like an eerie winter storm

I’ve been stocking up on firewood, canned goods, beer and kerosene

But the storm on the horizon is like none I’ve ever seen

Sometimes when I’m living in the moment

The moment is enough for me to breathe.

And I don’t need last night or tomorrow

And fate flashes a smile before she leaves

I’ve been clinging to my youth like fingertips upon a cliff

Hoping I don’t slip into that frozen white abyss

I’ve been climbing up this mountain and refusing to look down

Trying to find the safety line, before I hit the ground.