



Recurring Nightmare

Looking through a haze
 i lie here broken
A child it seems,
 Or maybe a garbage truck.
Nothing is clear now.

i hear it before i see it,
 Turning to run, but gaining no ground.
 Why does it always have to be like this?
i wish, i wish, but nothing.
 i keep running.

 In one fatal leap it catches me,
 Shaking me violently as i do nothing.
All i can do is look on.
 The disgusting haze clings to me
 Like oil.
i begin to fade,
 Slowly at first, then very rapidly.
 Why does it always have to end like this?