

RE-WIND TIME

- by -

KEVIN CARROLL

I'm cleaning out my apartment, straightening up my life,
Making sure all the trash is sitting curbside by tonight,
No need to recycle, there's nothing anyone could re-use,
Everything I'm discarding is simply one man's refuse.

Weary of every passing month being one endless night,
Going to get up early, take a stroll out in the sun's light,
Catching me some rays, those ones that bring hope,
I'm going to let life save me, let it throw me a rescue rope.

Taking ahold of that lifeline, grasping firmly with both hands,
I'll climb back up the mountain then go and take my stand,
One for happiness, enlightenment, fulfillment, love and truth,
Ready for those things to fit me like a Savile Row bespoke suit.

Having cleaned up everything, my life, my act, fumigated my mind,
Realizing when the clock runs out sometimes it only means re-wind,
I'm going back into circulation, even finer than Tom Waits' dime,
Not merely shinning but thriving because it's finally now my time.

I'm going to find me a good girl, one not disposed to be society's lay,
Smile at and say to that real one, let's you and me go out and play,
Not just during the dead of night but in the revelation in each new day,
Let's be a dynamic duo, together discovering our own unique way.

Learning that there's strength not in numbers but in being kind,
Playing games with each other's lives is something we will decline,
We'll chart a different course to uncover all the beauty there is to find,
A true meeting of hearts and minds, can't be a waste of each other's time.