

Someday

Someday it will be better.
But maybe *someday* is like *later*.
Friends say, "Sure, let's spend time together ... *later*."
You know, *later* never really comes.
Someday and *later* seem only to exist to haunt, to torment.
I will probably die before *later* or *someday* come.
Maybe *someday* and *later* are death, the end of all.
At least I wouldn't be waiting anymore.

My good intentions are always proof of my selfishness.
My good deeds turn to disasters.
My hopes turn to fears.
Even my rewards find ways to punish me.

I am a cup filled to the brim.
Do not move me, I am dangerous.
The slightest tremor will spill me.
If it spills it might not stop.
Once I spill out, I will be empty.

The universe is digging me a hole – a deep dark hole.
I might as well lie in it.
Curl up safe and dark at the bottom.
If you come looking for me,
you may need to bring a shovel.
Any minute they will start filling in the hole.
Sooner or later.

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