

WILL

I spend much time on this and that... and this and that... and this and that.
If I would make more time for this, I'd waste less time on that.
This one's a to-do, that one's a should.
Then there's the would if I could, but the can't so I procrastinate.
And never accomplish the will.

A feeling of doom, or is it gloom?
That comes to the foreground?
That I will wind up like all those people... them...
The ones that do this and that... and never the other.
...that I said I would never end up like...

Then I find that I am.

... who I would never be... and I am.
I would never be... the way I am. And here I am... them... but me.

Ah... though... the power of me.

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