

This idea that

It may come at the hands of those who write books
Have stores,
and can detail the time when...

That idea of resignation reserved for a particular kind of stress
In a particular kind of being
At a particular kind of time

Believe me, I'd love to have done and may yet

But I have been terrified, you see.

Mine is a prison of mundane jail

Once was what

Did it

Believe me, I'd love to have done and may yet.

It will be slow, boring and in an instant, done.

And there wont be any of this stuff when I'm there.