

The Assisted

Little Comets

Maybe my hands won't shake
Faces I don't recall
Each of these finer points
Lost on the whitewashed walls
But at least it gets to be a choice

Look at me closely you can see
Just how broken a man can be

Assisted by those who know
The memories I used to be
Suffering grips all my days
Taut like an elegy

Look at me closely you can see
Just how broken a man can be

Still loss, still grief
Still a tragic energy
But I need control
Death will bring me
A calming neutrality
If you let me go
And make a choice

Look at me closely you can see
Just how broken a man can be

Look at me closely you can see
Just how broken a man can be