

Confession

Richard Buckner

Within, without, we must've been carried away.
And where are we now?
Moving on, just to take the time to begin,
Somewhere within, again well-below.

Just getting by, we already know:
Sellouts with someone to try, but nothing to spend,
Will come back again, where they pass for a moment.
Watch where they're going.
Don't try to run; they'll just take you down.

Come when you can, so close to the light you won't understand.
When there's no place to hide from what we've done,
Then, will you come home run-aground?
Reach for the walls as soon as they're found,
Cornered-in after all, you didn't know
On your way home that falls can be broken.
Windows were opened, up just enough; weren't you looking out
With nowhere to go to?
Someone should've told you:
I guess I'm the one they warned you about, within, without.