

Compare Me To a Summer Daze

by Mark Edgemon

A metaphor streaked acrossed the sky,
Hurling towards my chosen planet,
Landing in a freshly made crater,
Where I once stood.

Doomsday by comparison for some,
Is not being able to get out of bed
Or remembering what one has said
Or merely fighting the lackadaisical monster,
Which holds one down and or back from successful action.

What shall I compare me to or liken myself;
Beauty...? Grace...? An elephant's grin...?
Or a giraffe ready for a good laugh,
With his head in the ground
And his ass ready to be shot off.

Which side of Truth will I wake up on today?
Compare me to obedience and I will be happy!

The End