

Sometime...

The awkwardness, timidity of youth
Lost to the middle-aged truth

Dreams, flutters, giddiness, wishes, a hope
Replaced by surviving, merely learning how to cope

Summer days, songs of love, infatuations, simple smiles...
Meanwhile...

Years insidiously abduct optimism
Leaving a heart filled with pessimistic plagiarism
Ravaged by time
Desecrated by the casualty of "*sometime*"...

As the winter branches bare their souls
We, on the contrary, never surrender control
Conceding to the puppeteer
Forgetting we were once, our own Shakespeare
Door forever locked, never discovering the key
Outdone by the unknown hypothetical mystery

A tight, expectation swallows our past
Our memories disappearing so fast

Foreshadowing, ever present
Future, invariably in assent
Onward
Forward
Dismissing from the mind, the fascinations of long ago
Until you relinquish, retire and surrender to a dark, empty burrow

"Sometime" never came to thrive
Wistfully overtaken by *"anytime"*
Ultimately dying as an unachieved crime
At *some* point in *time*

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