

It's too late...

By Glenn Currier

It's just too late
foes are going to trounce
your fate is defeat.

Is there one more ounce
of hope, of effort
one more cup of fire
to eek out a victory?

It's too late
to turn back now
you're too far gone.
Your past hangs on your ankles
like rusty chains
the ruts in your road too deep
to swerve
to curve
off and out onto smooth.

Besides, you're too old,
too set in your ways
to change now.
It's too late baby
It's too late.
When you were two
it happened to you
the stage was set
too bad my boy.

But I take a deep breath
look up
and smile at the voices describing my supposed fate
determined...
And I say to those voices:
be silent
because now is my moment
to step into brilliance.

Author's Note: It is too easy to tell myself there is no chance for a future at my age and to give up. I don't know what it is but I'm just not ready... to give up on the possibilities.

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