
20 damn years I waited... what difference did it make?

John Byrne Award

20 damn years I waited
Did everything right
Ticked all the boxes you had me find
For years I was hungry
But now that I'm here
I have no appetite

Every sentence: a struggle for breath
Every step: one closer to inevitable death
There's no future left in sight

I'm lost, I'm cold and I'm tired
I'm running out of ways to become inspired
No matter how hard I try
My belly is without fire
A stilted start and a broken heart
Is usually something that's admired

I poured pints like the rest
Paying off my invisible debts
Trying to choose between dinner and rent
You never have enough time, they said
In the meantime, I was just trying my best
To occupy my head and make it to bed

I wrote and I read, I read and wrote
Little did I know it was their ultimate test
Yet they never found enough reason to gloat

Working myself to near death without success
Is something they'd never imagined
Jamais, Nunca, Noche Nie
It was something they'd never fathomed
In the meantime, I tried to drink away the pain

Ignoring the need to compare the gain

For a bit they decided to leave me alone
I thought I'd finally be able to find my own
But little did I actually know
I'd never again have a real home
Instead I smiled through clenched teeth from disbelief
Yet received no relief when released

It's a strange feeling not knowing where you're going to be
For the rest of year, even the week
But opportunities are something we must seek
Or create our own if the world disagrees
We've been doing it since the moment we were born
Our lives on an edge and forever forlorn