

Memory Cassette

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Just press and play
20 years of day.
Sometimes for real
Others like pill
Years and years
Groping in fears.

What have I
been paving?
Maybe a fort of dream
all fading out of dim.
Those gones won't replay
Leaving me crying
no pay.

Like ego tripping
my tears dripping.
This ain't video cassette.
Nothing can be reset

I still want to live to flow
like the bubbles
I used to blow.
Someday
I'll make it out....
This is what life is about.