

# Superman

Time is on our side,  
But the troubling tire of our worldly deeds,  
Wear thin of how we tried.  
I'm no superman; I can't abide these cries and pleas.  
But I'm pretty damn close, and you are so far away.  
You are superman; faster than the speeding bullet,  
Yet they don't cheer for you,  
Nor do they look as you bloodlet  
A serenade of heroic cries; they stare at who  
Started the fire of a revolution.

You've lifted mountains,  
You've lifted the earth,  
Feeling the strain  
Of a world without the need for champions.  
Because words stand at the edge of my pen and paper.  
I control this.  
It's my domain.  
It's my abyss.  
We don't need to change.  
And we don't need any more  
heroes.

I don't need you, and they shouldn't either.  
What we need is a little bit of prayer,  
A little bit of love,  
And a little bit of death, in which we'll say:

*"I'm no Superman, but I'm  
pretty damn close."*

Sincerely,  
brian kay