

A few things I know nothing about

*Glasgow, September 2019*

I ride a boat, yet cannot sail, so blind I ride you could so say,  
I am like a bird who's missing a flight plan, hopes of only arriving someday,  
I am like a screw, too rusted to turn without breaking, too deep to retrieve,  
So, what makes me, the bird, the boat and the screw, naively believe?

Are we deniers, of a bitter truth, one better left untasted?

Are our efforts, sweet and strained, better left to be otherwise wasted?

Do our ears hear only, the pitch which rises with the sun?

If my rust would melt away, who's saying I won't just run?

It's easier, after all, it's like trying to slide on ice,

But rolling chance and tempting fate, relies more so on sides of a dice.

So blind it is, is better to ride, than getting a clue and abandoning ship,

My mind will only suffer in light, so that the string around may rip,

Without a twang, without recourse, if the time comes it will not whip,

For I will have provoked no serious ills, with what words may escape my lips.

So, I ask again, a blind boat, a flightless bird and a far too rusted screw?

What do these things share, what tells us this specific sequence, what info is now new?

This basket I have placed the unconnected in, is intertwined by my knowledge,

Or lack thereof might be more just, my wisdom on these things is less than solid,

I cannot sail a boat, it's just not in my skillset,

I cannot guide a flightless bird, for theirs is a future already set,

So, what about the rusty screw? WD-40 and “Oh, look, it’s new”?

The screw is perhaps the most truthful out of this sorry collection,

For its solution seems simple, why lies it then in such a messy section?

It is close to fixable, high risk and high reward, it needs to just not break,

But what the fuck am I to do, if rust is rust and it *does* break?

Then I’m fucked, and double so, I gave a shit and tried,

But I don’t know how to maintenance, I’d have been better off if I’d not lied.