

A Cyber Bed

I wait forlorn and in my head
A cyber bed
With leather straps instead
That somehow keep us warm

A screen divided into homes
Is this alone?
Or are we only half as known
To the world that's scared of sighs

Hand-me-downs that rent our face
A hiding place
A part of us that we replace
And makes our phones seem rather safe

We hibernate in hollow posts
A fragile host
To tell our friends we're still alive
And asleep in cyber beds

Octobers of Our Youth

I came away from the window
Despite all the noise outside
His voice on the phone never been so
Far from his trailing mind

A friend, close to brothers we were
Some years off since last we spoke
A hide built for hunting an answer
A lock hung inside 'till he broke

Funny how things are different

Camcorders rolling
Running the yard
Jeans looking long in the tooth

Wishing we're older
Days getting colder
Octobers of our youth

My friend lost a fight with himself
A fist full of colors and shapes

And each parts his stiff upper lip
That count each hit he would take

The line was becoming more quiet
My mind twisted just like my tongue
He explained that the meetings were helping
Been going for almost a month

Funny how things are different

Camcorders rolling
Running the yard
Jeans looking long in the tooth

Wishing we're older
Days getting colder
Octobers of our youth

Furlough the Real

I wake to find proof I disguise what I feel
Glass carboys infer that you furlough the real
Like clocks my hands ache to return to the past
I try to forget that the time has elapsed

Who am I to worship?
Who is it that I can believe?

This amber preserves all the light from the day
Embalming what's left before more can decay
Patterns on the carpet I tread when I wake, yes I
Become part I'm given from this that I take

Who am I to worship?
Who is it that I can believe?

Shoulders of Atlas

Embraced by the shoulders of Atlas
Disarmed by words she speaks
She says with halting breathe
I've faith again we'll meet

The family bible spent
A part of mother dog-eared too

Scars from doctored veins
And hair estranged and skewed
A smile framed in lines
Her daughter helped bring to

She takes a labeled tin
She swears to stay awake
Fading with the sun
A body cloaked in weight

The family bible spent
A part of mother dog-eared too

Thanks Again

Thanks again for dimming eyes afeard
Made it rain inside
Helped them close
Made it home

Thanks again for hosting snowy fields
You stoke the fire
Tongues of flame
Warm your name

Thanks again for all that's you

Thanks again for teaching ears to see
That a caged bird sings
Lovely tunes
Shades of blue

Thanks again for reaching out to sea
Where lesser drown
Saving air
Staying there

Thanks again for all that's you

Amends

Once long ago I knew
I knew there was hell to pay
'Cause I knew my mistakes weren't over
But there was time to make amends
'Cause in the end we can't pretend

Thst time's not over

Here's hoping I'll find peace
And find that my heart bleeds wine
And that there's something sweet inside
And all my words and deeds will cure
A life that once was almost pure
Then I'dd feel alright

Placidly
Just ask of me
If I'm worthy

All virtue I retain
Explains I'm a different man
And I'm trying to make it better
'Cause there was time to make amends
'Cause in the end we can't pretend
And when I die, I hope it's true
That maybe I'll continue to
A place in time

Embers

Well the sun streaks morning skies
And all the windows fly open
Pierce our smile with sunny yellow
Tend to fires in our minds

I guess I breathe to pass the time
As people seem to think we're fine
Fill my head like swollen bellows
Kindle embers left inside

I'm gone like fading embers
Like cold Novembers
Like anything that no one remembers

I wander a path I left behind
I never thought that I'd be back
Black, cold thoughts bring me back home
Damned in moonlight is when I'll go

When the sun comes, I'll be gone
I never meant to be so wrong

My flame went out so long ago
I'm ash in the hearth
On my way home

I'm gone like fading embers
Like cold Novembers
Like anything that no one remembers

Ashes

Speak my words into the fire
Steal a minute from the hours I've spent inspired
I guess I wear a tired smile
I digress and I am lost for quite a while

Why can't all of this be gone?

Hold a handful like a fighter
Ashes catch the wind, my arm gets slowly lighter
Stand on bridges times have tided
I'm supposed to take a step despite desire

Why can't all of this be gone?

Something Yellow

There's a body
That knows what it needs
That chokes while it breathes
And that's all

Carbon-copied
Just fading your wit
Erasing a bit
'Till it's gone

And I hate I have to wear something yellow

You fight and wander
From gravity's force
This habitat yours
Is not home

You're right to wonder
What life would exist
If things could've fixed

What's been done

And I hate I have to wear something yellow

You'd find it funny
The yellow-filled rows
Pastel, but our clothes
Should be black

To stop from running
You gathered us here
Your ash disappeared
Just like that

And I hate I have to wear something yellow

The Great, Great Noise

And it's quick
When it's over
Mom said

I resist
Getting older
Instead

Time goes by
I wonder why can't I
Stay behind
I'm swallowed
By the great, great noise

Some relief
From a window
Of youth

Like a sheet
Draped over
My truth

And I'm weak
Like a second
In time

'Cause I feel

Like a passive
Goodbye

Time goes by
I wonder why can't I
Stay behind
I'm swallowed
By the great, great noise