

Field of capsules

Look at everyone teetering through the streets
a lucid imbecilic happiness reeks
Pill bottles clamor as a mom reaches for her keys
she continues pushing a carriage

Her children have scars
all intentional mistakes
but none as unfortunate as the mother's own

The husband is out of frame of course
he will meet his kids when he comes to atone

A small capsule skids
turning round in the carriage wheel
before projecting itself
To be met by a beggar,
dinner has been prescribed

Later that night the mother is to be stabbed
not in the head
once in each shoulder
twice in the heart
three times in the core

The children come down in haste and hunger
they're too stupid to know

Their mother has provided the last meal
any glimmer of remorse is muffled

The children sit together
chewing up the vile acidic smoothie
of undigested pills and DNA
from her freshly carved stomach

The doctors pronounced her dead
potted daffodils sit perched on the windowsill

I want you to have this jar

It's hard to want today
when every memory of yesterday
is shrouded by veils of black
I need you and I need you and I want you back

I'm looking forward to the day
when a song is just a song
and don't need to cry at all the lyrics
because they hit too close to home

I'm looking back on the days
that used to be so tragic
but it's only now that you realize
it was worse than you could imagine

I feel the time that I spent here
is enrobed in a beauty
the kind that is affirmed
after the artist's gone away

Please leave my earmarks in the books
I never quite finished
I wrote a little nursery rhyme
I hope it finds its way

All I hear is a silence
one that's looking for the walls to stop it
What will my silence sound like
and who will proceed it?

I'm going to pack up all my memories
into a small jar
and shake them until
butterflies fly out

Lion's Mane

Perhaps I was doused in salt
and laid in the sun
to bake while you stroll around
the glass cage
Admiring the pills of lies
I eat without fork or knife

Perhaps your folk
bred you from the provincial coast
Where you eat with a napkin
tucked just below your chin
I know crumbs aren't the only thing caught
by that napkin

I'm short and I have long hair
and a brain no bigger than the
heavy pills you feed me,
remember?

Remember when you shot that lion
and said it was better anyway
Lions don't belong in cages
and given the choice between death or people staring
you would always choose death

I still hear her voice
when your shoes squeak for help
from the heavy weight you carry,
a fat belly of sin

Only
there never was a lion
and there never were any pills,
I ate every bullet you shot at me

White and Red

Devil on a pinwheel
lay out food cake
give me a fork
and I'll dig in

Burn off my skin
until it's red hot
just to feel sin

Crack the clock
we'll be here awhile
check the doc
another tick on my line

Hold up
we can't even feel time
save face
if it's something worth saving

Dangle the locket
temp the tail
balance no longer
burned the sail

Sequence red
and smoky eye
mamas home baby
so now it's time for you to die