

## **Targets**

It's so weird. When I put on my shirt for work today, I didn't notice the large target on my back.

I didn't realize there was a tag on my jeans that said "attack."

My shoes must have left footprints that read "your job got jacked."

I don't understand. I worked hard for this part.

I refused to say "I'm already too smart."

I've had a smile on my face since the start.

And, I treat all my work like it's art.

People paint targets on the backs of others when they fail to hit their own.

## **Mickey and Minnie**

I saw her sitting in the aisle

I was too far away to talk to her

But I'd see her in a while

As I stood up with my brother to be

Watching my sister walk down the aisle

I saw her there once more; I stood there beguiled

Dark long hair

Big cute glasses

A smile that could paralyze

Time passed slow as molasses

Later that night

She came into sight

Standing all alone

I made my presence known

I asked her to dance

An offer she did not pass

I led her to the floor

And hoped she'd ask for more

The night passed by

And it was time to go our separate ways

I won't lie

She was on my mind for days

She could have been my Georgia peach

But I went back to Michigan

Too far out of reach

She's moved on to another life  
With a man that will treat her well  
I wish them all the best  
And I know they'll turn out swell

We'll always have Century City  
And how I could have been Mickey, her my Minnie

### **Dinner**

It started with pleasant music. His hands on my hips, my hands around his neck.

We swayed back and forth, endlessly, music keeping our feet in check.

The music faded, we lost our rhythm and tumbled to the ground.

First a thump, and then some rustling, until my moans were the only sound.

He skipped his dinner, went straight to dessert, our clothes...

Nowhere to be found.

### **Primal**

In the dainty basement laid a single bed.

Hands clawing at clothes, shirts tearing, buttons ripping.

Reaching, clawing, scratching, grasping.

Primal desires gave way to instinct.

The king of the jungle had found his queen, but only for the night.

Ushered out of the den come morning light.

### **Addiction**

His world was spinning  
But that's how he liked it  
Booze was his passion  
Made him feel delighted

He lived for himself  
He stole from others  
He had a litter of children  
And stole from them, sisters and brothers

When he could he got high  
And when he couldn't he'd lie

To get more cash for coke  
Or to bum another smoke

He became a slum dog legend  
Atop his throne he beckoned  
For all to come and see  
The throne he thought he'd never leave

But time is a cruel mistress  
And Death the Reaper always comes  
To sow the life  
Of kings, workers, and bums

When Death knocked on his door  
He knew his time had come  
And he'd burned all his bridges  
There was nowhere left to run

He turned to where he felt at home  
The bar where he had begun his tome  
The legend of his life  
Riddled with both triumph and strife

One last drink to touch his tongue  
One last drink to end his run  
He bowed his head down low  
And let Death the Reaper, sow