

Night Shift

Sheltered from the darkened sky
Under florescent and neon,
There are some who breathe in coffee steam,
Who choose caffeine instead of dreams.

Those who are in love with the moon,
with heads full of stars,
Those nocturnal teenagers and sleepy sloth people,
Tired workaholics
And
Lonely, quiet old men
Gather.

Woman

Sometimes she despises
What it is to be Woman,
Knowing that the passerby
Only say hi
After their eyes have looked her over.

Too many people
Want her lips
And her *lips*.

There are too many hellos to her hips
That eclipse her heart.

Disney World

Glowing lights,
Just the right amount of music pumping through the air,
And all these people drifting by,
Chattering loudly and yet silent in our ears.

In filtered air
We
Drown ourselves
In each other,

Here.

We feel too much like we need to be happy
Because this is the happiest place--

But are we happy?
Or is this another illusion?
Another trick,
Another layer of pixie dust sprinkled over our broken wings?
Dreams....do they really *do* come true?

Their wings are much more broken than mine.
I can't begin to imagine.

I just wonder

I wonder why our antidote for emotional pain
Is coating our cakes with another layer of frosting
Instead of trying to fix the bitter batter.

The human mind,
I wonder why it gets so bored and so moody, so easily.
I wonder why we each need to escape to our own versions of Disney World.

Sober

Sober

Is a word I never fully understood the meaning of
Until I plunged away from it,
Into the murky waters
And then slowly drifted back to shore.

~Oh how profound reality is in all of its forms