

*Freedom (For Sale)*

Man made an old and silly game  
In which each's brick on brick unto  
A highest tower, still small *yet*  
It beguiles, entices, woos

We've borned-into an addict's trance  
Our heads were weighed right down  
The whole wide world could pass us by, a disapproving frown

Games seldom are much matter  
When faced with reality  
Open eyes, look right up  
See mountains, winds, and seas

Still we walk and glance the side  
Still we sink for anguished cries  
A grain of salt in wide, wide, blues  
How's ground against deep cold hues?

Life should never cost such fees  
Why not go make life a-breeze?  
Buy new wings, try flying-free  
For such small fee, find possibility!

*How Much You Care*

I don't have synesthesia but

When I see you I feel like I'm being held up and won't ever fall

And I'm laughing under blue skies

Except we're toppling over each other and getting up over and over again

Though I excite at the thought of falling because it's with you

So I think it's too bad that you don't care

*Paralysis*

A girl sat there, frozen—

Hand-framed chin  
Eyebrows drawn to ground  
While orbs considered sky

Try as she might to move—

Vines dug 'round her figure  
Cracks in her resolve  
Cold to touch

Dull in prospect—

A girl sat there frozen  
Faced with a decision  
Where she did-not could-not budge