

### **Dandy Lion**

I'm walking briskly like the breeze  
As it's whisking through the trees  
And we're both doing so with ease  
And yet I'm wary with good reason

For the temperature's a tease:  
It's getting cooler by degrees  
Still balmy, mind you, for a freeze  
Is quite unlikely for the season

Still a skeptic's heart would seize -  
It seems it'd take only a sneeze  
For skies to pop - populace flees  
And dryness takes a try at treason

But now... the clouds must hear my pleas  
And they're sufficient to appease  
without my dropping to my knees  
The sky - beheld, so quelled, a boon

Because for now there's but the breeze  
And time for birds and boys and bees  
To sing and saunter as they please  
'Til nigh's the rising of the moon

### **Glass Bees**

I'm not sure what you're bearing that you're scared is gonna blast me  
Or make me second guess this all, appall me or abash me  
For I've never felt so tightly knit or held my life so brightly lit  
So I don't give a mighty shit, love, if it isn't always flashy

All the things that make you up are changing, ranging vastly  
And all are due to make you you, so if a few are ghastly  
That's just how you're supposed to be; that's what I love the most you see  
Coo 'boo' but you're no ghost to me, come closer please, and lastly:

There's still so much we haven't seen, we're both so green like grass knees  
And life and love are fragile things, sometimes they sting like glass bees  
But you're one thing I can't quit so if you trust me just one bit know  
That if ever there's a shit show I would like a back stage pass please.

## The Seat

I sit upon this tree limb and I cast off; turn over reelings  
    rewatch all the scene-lings -  
What we did when we were young and had no ceilings.  
Started off grounded, bounded and sprung up like seedlings.  
We hung from branches; tree-top mansions  
    never hung up on our feelings -  
Guilt or shame over playing the game, our bad dealings.  
I don't know that we're to blame  
If we jest and make the best of what we're dealt  
All we ever had to act upon was what we felt  
So it's not our fault  
It just comes with becoming an adult.

There're times when I stop and think it's all come to a halt  
And that maybe I'm not that kid anymore:  
Maybe I'm past only skinned knees being sore and  
Building castles on the floor and  
Trying to win or keeping score.  
Maybe now's the time  
That I should strive for something more and  
Stride through every open door;  
Make my pride mean I hide no more and  
Let my skin reflect my core.

I once wrote a poem and clung to the words it bore,  
A poem about life and all it's meaning  
But mostly how its oh so fleeting and  
How do people go on  
Bleating and repeating themselves  
Day in and day out and  
I tried to figure out what it could mean.  
I tried creating my own scene  
Up in the trees; a screen of green and  
It was natural and clean  
But the gardeners themselves muddied it up  
And told me I wasn't yet a person,  
Only somewhere in between  
'Cause I was only seventeen!

And the first flowers to bloom are the first to get picked up;  
    picked on;  
    picked off.  
Regarded not for beauty, but amusement  
    then discarded with a sick scoff.  
Ask me again why I'm so ticked off -  
The clock just keeps  
    on  
    ticking  
But I'm the prick if I don't stick to your strict script;  
    tear it to pieces - I've been ripped off.

But I'm writing my own pages now  
    with my own ink  
    based on what I think.

Won't let the boat sink or the  
crows drink or the  
hose kink because  
This tree grows from the water that I give it and  
This kid knows that life is short so I will live it  
And if any point there forms a divot -  
My branches split and form two different trees  
Or my boat must choose between two different seas  
I will take the 5th: this is a life of ease  
I won't shout at the wind but will speak with the breeze  
up here, atop this tree limb, and cast off.

## Like Birds

I once wished, like a rookie, that you would look at me  
I was sitting right next to you, but you had no idea what I felt  
Men can hide themselves just as well, when we want to  
I had feelings for you, bright ones, but my shyness shone them crookedly  
My face flushed, eyes cast over the cards that I'd been dealt  
But it mattered little — as your hand was royal, my turmoil didn't daunt you

Of course, once you did turn towards me, I stuttered  
In my head I wished that women didn't always make me struggle with words  
I'm usually so good with them, words. So strange.  
It's incredible the effect a stranger can have on you — it was like my heart fluttered  
Or flew, really. A good bit of both of our characters are like the birds':  
We sing and play and build a home, then fly when the seasons change

We started, though, with the music and oh! what a sweet night  
The dress; the walk; the conversation... I know you remember.  
Glorious, wasn't it? I admit I fell further for you then than I could ever intend  
And that first kiss! It was like a film noir, right down the flickering goddamn streetlight  
Just enough of a chill to grab you underneath the warmth of early September  
I wished then, of all things, that it never would end!

But clearly, that chill had crept up to my brain,  
For I now wish you nothing but pain.

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Of course, I'm referring to pain from laughter;  
A pleasant shock; tears of joy and all of that... you know, a joke  
We certainly spent plenty of time laughing in the beginning  
I'm sure you did a good bit of laughing after  
For me, it was those faces you made, and for you, every time that I spoke  
For the most part, you grimaced, and I was grinning

That's just the type of person I am, I guess  
Always looking to the bright side, and wishing you would look there as well  
You certainly turned other people's heads — perhaps that's why it went to yours  
But I've long since decided against trying to understand you — sometimes I digress  
You and I — Everything just matched up perfectly, as far as anyone could tell  
Even us — smitten, pitted against the world and in love all the way to our cores

It really was a wonderful thing and to be honest, forever was a dream of mine  
I'd run through the situations in my head, well, a lot.  
It was obvious that I would never meet someone as beautiful; enthralling; intelligent  
Other things were not as obvious — I wish I could've gotten a sign  
Head in the clouds; heart in my throat; Cupid's arrow in my back, shot  
With infatuation like that, anything to the contrary is irrelevant

How humiliating. Such an absurd lapse in logic — I must've been insane!  
For I now wish you nothing but pain.

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Not physical pain though, obviously. Just emotional. I'm not that crazy  
Naive? Sure. I've come to terms with myself over all that  
I trusted you to the ends of the earth — I guess what was going on here never even crossed my mind.  
Not moving upon a snake that eluded me doesn't make me lazy  
Besides, by that time you had the acting aspect of your affection down pat  
It's funny how we both had to lose ourselves before I was able to find

That thing that you had been hiding for so long — didn't it kill you?  
Didn't it claw at you from within; twist you to nausea like guilt so often does?  
Maybe you're just stronger than me - I know that's what you thought  
It pissed you off that I always kept my cool. I made a point of keeping it, and I still do  
To you, my lack of hostility made me soft. I never knew what the thing that made you soften was.  
Your entire life you were falling, and you never let me catch you until you were caught

And I looked down then and found my own blood on my hands: loose lips lead to leaking  
The look of astonishment on your face in that moment, almost too readily; mock shock -  
I've often wondered since then if you'd gone and gotten bored with the facade  
If, with intent, after months, unbeknownst to me, you let it slip, simply sick of sneaking  
Across the street, through the parking garage, past the frat castles, down the block...  
Then back to yours afterwards, answering casually — when asked if the night was all right — with just  
a nod.

And speechless you'll remain when, weeks later, under the bridge, I ask for you to explain.  
For you now, though, I ask only pain.

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And I mean it. Ooh how I need nothing more than to know you're screaming, to hear it  
To see your shivering face blotched red, bled eyeliner streaking your cheeks  
Just like that time you threatened to kill yourself, to will your whelp into loving obsequy  
When you finally put the knife away, I still ended up with the stabbed back and speared spirit  
You tore down years of ours in a matter of hours and had me dazed for days; weak for weeks  
And the loneliness only made it worse; curse myself because I swore you wouldn't get to me

I want you to feel like I do, like we said we would and wanted to when we were both the best of  
friends:

I pray you lie in bed gripping at your chest, ripping; that, your best attempt to out the damned spot;  
That the sudden pangs of stomach pain pull you down into yourself; the heaviness of that hollowness  
How is this even plausible to you, suggesting your defiled transgressions were mild, numbered 'less  
than ten'?

No, that fallacy moored you in malice aforethought, but for all that you managed you had no grand  
plot

You simply bit off more than you could screw, put a foot in your mouth and I just have to swallow this

In the few weeks to follow, I borrow your roof with as sick a smile as I can muster  
Well aware I've nowhere now, and anywhere after to go without you to hold me, close or back  
Where I end up eventually is empty, silent, but still warmer and less violent than your arms at the end  
Once upon what must have been a lusty dream, I loved a girl but failed to do my diligence to trust her  
For as much as I cared for you, it's apparent that being careful is a tendency I grossly lack  
I want to believe I'd've found esteem in myself to leave you, but it only does me more harm to pretend

I'm sure someday your memory will cease its abusing, hold an easy and amusing roost in my brain  
At this point though, and poignantly, the whole of you holds for me nothing but pain.

**Circus**

I wander the streets and ponder with no particular purpose  
Besides deciding; confiding in you that all of this is perfect  
For in between mean days, screen plays, curtains and curses  
You are one thing in this world that is most certainly worth it

'It' being the trials and tribulations, the turbulence  
Diggin' deep with your soul while your body's stuck on the surface  
Vision split over the shit with no bill and filling our purses  
when in the end it's hard enough comprehending being a person

Personally I haven't figured that yet, I'm still workin'  
These words worthless - just a flirt attempt to spurn where the hurt is  
I write with in mind the hope they give somebody the courage  
To know that as a part of it they are everything that the earth is

And this is wisdom I've got but I can't confirm that I deserve it  
I'm just a regular guy, no more valuable than the dirt is  
But you make me feel this way, like the night and the day in circuit's  
A beautiful game to play and universe is a circus