

A.fter M.idnight

A.M.; It's 12:52---

Just the time that we each dread
For it's the time when all you can do
Is think about the life you've misread.

A.M.; It's 12:57---

And I may as well be alone in this hotel
You're all dreaming somewhere between here and heaven
But I'm still in this world: the devil's wishing well.

A.M.; It's 1:04---

There are many dreams, but most are rarely sweet
For once you wake from sleep all you want is more
But to sleep you must lie and to live you must be on your feet.

A.M.; It's 1:09---

I see you still have pieces of me I won't get back
Though without them I know I'm doing a little better than okay
No longer are these, once weighing me down, things I try to pack.

A.M.; It's 1:14---

Though I'm diluted in my many illusions
I'm still staring at the same old temporary hotel scene;
I'll find more dissolution in my own solutions.

A.M.; It's 1:19---

And although these minutes bring me questions
I have hope, disquieted peace, love- though I don't know what they mean-
Sometimes answers are mere suggestions.

Have That

Have- you ever pushed so hard- that-
You only went in a circle-?
Have- you ever struggled all year to find- that-
Still nothing was clear-?
Have- you ever become so caught- that-
There was no way you could even hide out-?
Have- you ever rehearsed your act so much- that-
There was no way you could possibly get off stage-?
Have- you ever decided what you wanted to only find- that-?
It was something you could never have and would never wage-?
Have- you ever had so many emotions drop from your eyes- that-
You would never dry them with a thousand tissues-?
Have- you ever found everyone so distant- that-
No one cared if you found yourself used-?
Have- you ever knocked your head against the wall so long- that-
You could no longer become knocked out-?
Have- you ever found someone only to later find- that-
They were just playing a game of cops and robbers all along-?
Have- you ever protected a friend and yet found- that-
They would never be ready to do the same for you-?
Have- you ever tried to change so much- that-
Everything around you staid the same-?
Have- you ever become so exhausted- that-
You didn't know what your dreaming was for-?
Have- you ever felt you were the only one who didn't know- that-
Everyone and everything was building a wall around you-?
Have- you ever felt so confused and embarrassed- that-
You were haunted by every mistaken thought of the past-?
Have- you ever lost so much pride- that-
You no longer had any desire to bring it all back-?

Lost and Found

Crying, dying, saving, prying, flying, saying...
All these separate feelings pouring out in pen
Contradicting, overheating, emotions down within.
Grasping, mapping, waving, gasping, trapping, weighing...

Truth is found in one, but proved so wrong in another:
Either making you want to cry-or to go and try.
Maybe it's here in these words; pain, frustrations-yet hope- still lie.
Perhaps you can't truly have one without the others.

You may then say you'd rather have none.
But if I can't feel my own heart race,
Then where is and what is my fragmented, cracked base?
I'd prefer to read and to search and to keep a pace and run.

Watching it Rain

I'm watching it rain.
Isn't it pleasant,
In the most unusual way?

I'm hearing the thunder.
It's so very loud.
But I don't want it any other way.

The wind has passed
And the trees are still strong,
Standing in such a brave way.

The storm is not over.
But just above distant trees comes light,
Showing tomorrow could be a different way.

The rain slows down.
The ground is soaked.
But the trees have grown stronger along the way.

A fresh air has settled in,
Cooling off the aging world.
But the heat will return in the same steady way.

The birds are soaring after the storm.
But they'll never forget those trees
Who protected them in such a lasting way.

I'm watching gray clouds dissipate,
The remnants of the frightful storm,
Seeing them scatter; each to go their own way.

I'm hearing the chirping of birds.
It's so gentle and hopeful
And I don't want it any other way.

Words in Different Places

Three burned-out light bulbs hang
Down from the ceiling I see every night.
It doesn't matter that they've each ran out.
Soon three new bulbs will shine artificial light.

Three trophies sit in their own corner on a shelf
Collecting dust which too quickly dulls their shine.
I don't care; soon they'll be in a crowded box
Filled with other faded tokens I used to call mine.

There lays a list of three things I should have never done.
Who cares? In time, three more mistakes will be spilled
With ink all over the stained papers-- and so I have to write this
As though it can lighten the dark pages I've already filled.

Three more words I could have, should have just said... I *do* care
...*But you don't*... you don't seem to miss what you don't hear.
Though it's everything you will never sense... In this dark
which envelopes my sight, I listen to meaningless static to ease my fear.

Three more days and my emotions roll on and on, so I just go.
But it doesn't matter if any headlights illuminate the road.
I'll still miss my signs, get lost, and crash, but maybe come back.
It doesn't matter: I don't matter to you, yet you matter to me.
It doesn't matter: I'll convince myself of my own way and just go.
For no one tries to see if someone else's script and their own can fit together.
But I'll keep reading the same words in different place that make this all just another
code- These are all just the same

old words

in different places...