

Life & Waste

Life

The thirst for beauty that calls out from the soul
haunted nights and happy days of summer
broek'n windows and dirty streets
of the mind.

It's a kick in the teeth
to see what's really real
to bring the stuff of self
close up against the rough.

Burned and wrecked through the first day of every month
you can't find what you were looking for when you started on this path
this beaten way
this highway of the never
this parade of pain that never stops,
this endless loss that never gives back
what it takes.

Do you really think
that happy endings redeem?

Do you really think
that the rioting circus
is more than what it seems?

The storm beats and batters
fragile boats that try to float
but always sink
and drift to the bottom
out of storm's reach
where they rot in the dark
and, at last, in peace.

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Waste

To spin and spin and spin
and die
and never try
to mend what you've got
and polish your lot
and freeze the moments
and use your shot
to silence the clamor and the hammer
and raise your banner
to whip in wind
and proclaim in glorious sin
that which you moved heaven and earth
to begin.

That's the tragedy,
the calamity,
the fall:
To live a life
but not live a life
at all.