

This Will Make Tomorrow Come on Faster

In the forest just outside of town
A tree rests at enviable heights
At its base, the forest sings
Moss squeaks its way toward tomorrow
The earth breaths with the oppression of beast
The wind cuts through the air with a silver tone

In the full embrace of hearth and flame
Man and child sit with only distance between
Their hands bear sores from the tools of their trade
The hammer hangs from the wall with a leather bind
The saw grins with teeth still full of dust
A box with nails is set to ring at dawn with finger's first touch

As the flame draws down to black logs that shake and crack
The wind sings on, and this will make tomorrow come on faster

My Head Hurts, and I Think I'm Dying

Just behind where I imagine my skull to end
Under my forehead above my left eye
There's a pain there like steel on steel
Devoid of pressure, it grinds like teeth
My head hurts, and I think I'm dying

My skinny body is stretched out on the bed
In sickness, or from heat, a dampness is coming to my skin
It doesn't come on strong enough to wet the hairs of my chest
But I feel it there and on the back of my neck
The room is narrow and deep
My eyes are warm and heavy
The drip from my nose demands attention
I cough, then gag
Sleep won't come, but it would bring relief so I keep trying

Somewhere in the hollow of my chest, there's a heart that's beating
In my flabby abdomen a gut needs feeding
My head hurts, and I think I'm dying

The Tin Man Realizes Himself While He Rides the Train

I'm made of a thread unbroken
Through the reed of my times
I'm of a patchwork character
That my nature's seen fit to design
Any scrap I'm given I treat it just as kind
And every piece that falls, falls for me to find

I'm cast of a metal composite
Made with the patina in mind
With a knowing heart times goes by
The form of the mass sits undefined
Hours go past and chisel the divine

I have a heart that beats with rhythm
A rhythm that changes with the day
And in its sound all disaster plays
All good things too are tapped out there
It marches that line between ecstasy and despair

I have eyes that love the morning
I have legs that carry me swift
I have all the things man needs to uplift
I have all the things man needs to destroy
And in this dance we spend our days
But I'm made of a thread unbroken
And that much will not change

Keri, the Napalms Gone

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It isn't clear why McNamara set the land ablaze
But fauna grows there still
Flowers grow where the earth was salted with flame
The sun beats there like it never knew the pain

Keri, the Napalms Gone

When you disrobed to show your wounds
I sat ready to bandage and to salve
But all I found there was skin as tan as sand
Your eyes showed no disfigured thing
Only words would light the scene
But Keri, the Napalms Gone

Keri, the Napalms Gone

Your scars are healed by those that love
And find in you a world apart
Your mind will find in other's eyes
People that would not remind
But show you that the Napalms gone
And flowers grow where earth was burned

Keri, the Napalms Gone