

Hijo de Algo (Son of Something)

The day you die, dad, deem me dead because alive is the only way I can picture you and I still remember that May morning when you woke me up way too early and I grumbled that I'd get up soon enough and you said I needed to hurry and I could hear the desperation creeping into your voice and my eyes fluttered wide while my legs swung out and I sprinted down the steps skipping two or three at a time and I wanted nothing more than to reach you and find out what it was you needed but you needed nothing more than company I realized as I saw you sprawled out on the couch watching last night's highlights and I could not help but clench my jaw at the absurdity of your request and how you looked at my expression and burst out into a fit of laughter that elicited a reluctant smile on my face and I could not picture you any other way other than your hands slapping your knees as you shut your eyes and rocked back and forth uncontrollably with riotous sounds escaping your lips.

perhaps I can picture you another way and I do actually remember that December dawn when we were up too early and it was far too cold to play basketball but you insisted and I obliged and you dominated and I cried and you told me to quit whining and I sniffled wiping my sweat away as I picked myself up to get ready because I knew damn well you weren't going to let me off that easy and the next ten minutes are forever ingrained etched preserved in my hippocampus because I won, I actually won and I could tell you had been trying because once I sank that last shot in your face you stared me down and walked inside without a word and I was left standing there confused as the bitter wind sliced my ears and the basketball bounced and bounced in the background until I kicked that thing sky high into our neighbor's lawn partly because I thought I had hurt you and partly because I expected a congratulations but once I walked in the house, I realized I would not get the latter and I would not ever find out about the former because that's just how you are cooking eggs for us as if that game hadn't just happened and looking up at me with a twinkle in your eyes as if I hadn't just embarrassed you and ruffling my hair as if I wasn't standing there with a quizzical expression and asking me to set the table so nonchalantly that I thought I had imagined my pitiful victory and that was too damn weird, too damn out of the ordinary, too damn unsettling that I have let you win every time since because I cannot stand the thought of seeing you walk away from me silently again, so when you pass please do so in a fit of laughter and make me think those tears in your dying eyes are happy ones because mine sure as hell won't be.

In Good Hands

Yes, hello? i'd like to buy insurance on my Daughter
no, not for Her, on Her
that's right
i'd like to insure my Daughter

From what exactly?
me
i don't mean me, as in me specifically
just, guys like me

Not the all-state quarterbacks, not the bad boys
not the rockstars, not the dropouts, not the run of the mill every-night heartbreakers
i'm talking about a special breed of sick and twisted, cold and calculated creatures
the guys who tell you everything you want to hear because they know you want to hear it

i told my Wife i wanted a son
for this very reason
it's not that i don't like Women
i don't like what i've done to them

i just don't want Her heart broken
not even once
it's naïve, i know i know
but how could someone do that to Her?

How could i do that to someone?
my Wife — Her Mom, tells me i'm a kind man
tells me i'm a good guy, tells me I'm a benevolent boy
lies to me

Sometimes i stare at my Wife in her wide eyes and i think maybe
i am
but then I stare in the mirror and I *know*
i am not

i tell my Queen that i wanted a prince
because i am afraid of what will happen to my Princess
i am ashamed to admit
the opposite holds true

i wanted a Girl
i really did
i'd rather raise victims
than help create monsters

Show and

tell the saints to come marching in
nobody is listening anyways
even if they were
they wouldn't hear anything they haven't heard before
tell them the midas touch turns everything to dust
and the opposite of love isn't hate
you know goddamn well that it's lust
tell her "I don't care" isn't a restaurant
so it looks like leftovers tonight
tell him he shouldn't waste his time re-inventing the wheel
instead he should re-invert the pyramid
tell me I don't love hearing the things I hate saying
tell him empty stares and blank faces
are full of emotion
tell her she can paint all the pictures she wants
she'll be lucky to sell them for a syllable or two
tell them to not bother asking for merci
pardon my French
the rose-tinted glasses make everything a little blurry
tell the saints to come marching in
nobody is listening anyways
even if they were
they wouldn't hear anything they haven't heard before

Mediterranean Marauder

monday night in monaco might
make you think twice
god damn baby
you know we don't play nice
it's chess not checkers
so stop masquerading
marksmen on a manhunt
it's a lovely massacre
they're on your trail, mr. ambassador
monte carlo maybe
don't you dare try and betray me
midnight on mont agel
time's running out
tell the maestro to speed up
it's quite the musical
i'm watching from the mezzanine
nothing unusual

keep running.
run faster
theyrealmostthere
ticktickticktick — just kidding
tock.

made in america
born in the states
alive in the stars
dead in the stripes
your white suit
stained red
no match for our blue blood
monday's little mess is a memory by morning

tuesday
welcome to monaco ma'am
enjoy your stay
we aim (to please)

Store Credit

they say writing is a gift
where is my receipt?
you see
all those feelings you have at 2 in the morning
I have them too
only difference is
I stay up until 3
trying to find the exact words to describe them to you