

Monday Moon

Please forgive me if I spend too many words,
But it's my only way of healing where I'm hurt.

I have this need to talk, I'm completely lost,
Two eyes closed, I'm out here stumbling in the dark.

Would you mind if I asked you for a kiss?
Your touch is the only thing that reminds me that I exist.

It's getting kind of cold, forgive me if I draw to close
But would you walk with me a mile down this winding road?

Just you and me out here on this starless night,
Taking on the world getting lost up in the city lights.

No Shoes & Socks

Your eyes tear me apart.
So quick to judge, so quick to point fingers.
"Kids, you better stay in school so you don't end up like that stranger."
What's even stranger is that you don't know my name,
Don't know my story, yet you fill it with details that you've made.
If you walked my mile, suffered through my pain,
I know damn well, you'd be in my place.
Tell me again how I should get a job,
But who in their right mind would hire a man with no shoes and socks?

Man of Flowers

The way the man walked told the world he was free,

The way he picked up his pen or how he sat in his seat,

The way his eyes saw the world when he walked down the street.

He was gentle like the flowers we see, yet his mind was strong as the trunk of a tree.

He was different. He lived his life to his very own rhythm,

And imparted decades of wisdom to those who would listen.

And to this day, I have never seen a flower so great,

A flower that bloomed from a very small seed,

A seed that was planted when he was thirteen.