

torn page for torn thoughts

i'm actually perfect at something setting up no
win traps for myself who needs enemies when i
have me and regrets what regrets we don't need
no stinking regrets to get out damn it spot out
the bubble bubble toil and trouble into what
wicked webs we weave in my efforts to deceive
me myself and i am off to see the wizard of blahs
in the land of sour milk and here's looking at
you kidding myself into be or not to be at one
with that light from yonder tunnel damn it's a
train of thought bearing down on that
impossible dream of don't worry be happy to
escape from the prison of escaping the reality of
dreaming death wish one oh one two buckle my
you who self-denialist of make believe kindness
thrust into the void of forgiveness all the while
skating on mental ice so thick that it's
transparent thought is only second to the
gossamer wings of a b-52 diving into a golden
pond of my mystically myopic escapisms of
guilty pleasure as i follow the white rabbit down
a black hole in my head over heels fall into the
traps of a life-times construction

~ dream dreaming dreamer