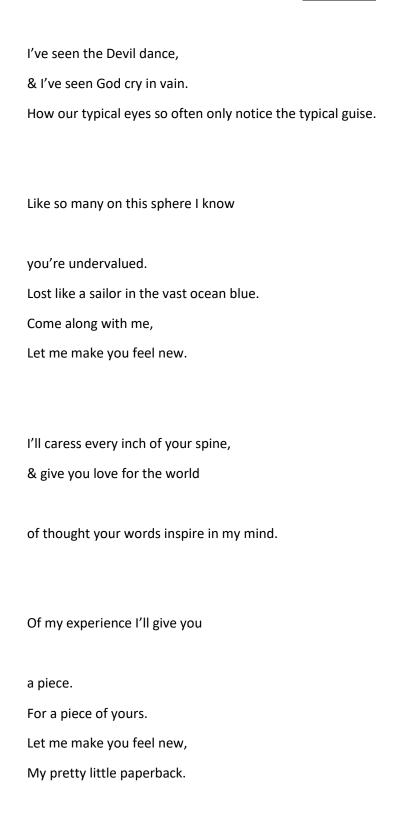
<u>Father</u>

I have been to the garden of Eden & I have seen sin.
I have seen Hunter S Thompson milking a hangover with bourbon & aspirin.
I have seen Churchill celebrating death with a London dry gin
I stood by as man mastered the engine.
Behind you I stand now with the slyest of grins.
I go by father time, the plague amongst men.

Weak Cover



Late December

Her fingers stroked a somber tune

As the clock read the antithesis of noon.

I've heard a thousand different guitars

Through hundreds of different speakers,

Smelled mildew scented memories of days

When I was half the man I am now- weaker.

It took two loving hands & a face of grace

To raise me & it took three ticking hands

On a numb face to jade me.

Her love is love of carnage

Her love is foolishness

My taste for tainted time

Has forced me to provide it a painted shrine.

I watched the shadow ridden reflections
Of the sky dance upon her freckled face.
Waves constantly & consistently changing her cadence.
The grace in staring water in the face,
The sea, it is only she I see.
The mirror is one sided, she is blind to me.
It seems I must assume the role of a blood clot in order to stop these days from bleeding together.
She only seemed to bloom in the winter,
one only seemed to bloom in the winter,
When that cool December mist obscured the
Snow laden mountains & rendered
the
vision
narrow