

## An Ode to a Lighthouse

Unraveling, unsure, I'm sinking on a melody.  
Unhinged, unstable, we're staring at a  
tapestry. Ruminatively, I sing your sound.  
Please, please, please  
set me free. You unleashed my soul, sinfully, vibin' deep.  
Stoned out, the sun shines up, sipping rum on Lighthouse Street.  
Driving around, chasing a scheme,  
desperately clinging to a worn out dream.  
We were sleeping in the driver's seat;  
we were clinging to a dream.  
Soarin' high all night was the routine scene.

You hide, you fidget, you cease of subtly.  
So cold we felt endless, I lacked the modesty.  
So realistically unreliable, so factually untrue.  
Pinot pouring, regret lashing, no wonder no one knew.  
Sweetly, you serenade me, gently masking my nerves,  
erasing my questions with gold, manipulated verse.  
Buying my insight, destroying it worse.  
Falling down dreadfully, so laughingly rehearsed.

What once felt brave, like pure dramatic art,  
presently feels dark, a court with no spark.  
Staying home at night, judgmentally waiting up;  
so stagnantly stuck inside my corners,  
I wonder, "when did the love leave his heart?"

No stranger to seclusion,  
such distance from the start.  
But what happened to mine,  
just happened to mine.  
and mine  
and mine  
and mine  
and mind.

## Arrow

Owl, dream catcher,  
widow of my soul.  
Teach me what it is that I'm too naive to know.

So scared to fade, too tall to crawl,  
reflecting on the past, was it really worth it all?  
Falling from edges, running through fire,  
these quick paced decisions are ready to expire.  
See them, seize them, such sea filled desire.  
Quit debating to let go, she's not ready to retire.

Drops of isolation; plunging, straight to you,  
desperate to disappear,  
and I'm feelin' alright here,  
for a minute or two. When standing still I'm fine.  
Cause I'll make it too, for a minute or two.  
These pretty, pretty, lies sing a penny pitied tune  
and who knew it turn so soon?

Time limited dreams timed accordingly in fashion,  
punishing figments of my imagination.  
Falsely fragmented with no sight of satisfaction;  
pushing, sliding, desperate for attention.

Owl, dream catcher,  
dragon of my soul.  
Send me a signal, a direction where to go.

## Keep Passing Me By

She arose like a weed, hiding deeply underground.  
Sinking down, twisted up,  
shaken around and around and around.  
Swimming in the sea that she never thought would be  
the lonely magnet drawn to her, begging to be free.  
Her spirit slowly dying. Two hearts dominantly dividing.  
Clouded visions never clearing, two souls crookedly aligning.  
Finally, she gave up. Finally, he let up.  
Justifying freedom in four arms multiplying.

What have I learned? Where have I been?  
Overly reminiscent, not surprisingly stuck in.  
Crystal like visions unknowingly return,  
hazing up my judgement, raging anxious for my turn.  
No management of time, many hours left astray,  
his conscience took a detour, leaving me captive out at bay.  
My heart was disadvantaged, frantic feelings thrown off shore;  
scrambling for a moment;  
maybe two, maybe three, or maybe four.  
For once it's me with power, taking demand, owning control.  
I'm sorry, I can't help it. I'm always wanting more.

I might be a fool. I might be alone, but, never again will she be at home;  
staying up at night, staring at her phone, praying with the hopes that she is the one.  
That time has passed, it's presently past.  
Me too felt the opportunity, dreams regrettably she passed.  
Rearrange your lies with perfection. Rewrite this disguise  
as it requires your attention. Negate the parts I wish to forget.  
Please live with solace, as it cautions my regret.  
We can't live this over. We can only move in line, following the direction for I wish to define.  
Save me a place, sell me a line, send me a letter with your tears sometime.  
Never more will we be entwined. I'll stack it on the nightstand, the one that's full of mine.  
Her future looks bright, although it may feel cloudy. Lately, these visions  
are dizzy filled and drowsy. Soon that can change, my heart will beat more proudly,  
knowing you are out there, remembering me profoundly.

I stand inside my truth; running authentically throughout my youth.  
No longer chained from cognitive crimes, I write with hope to read that letter sometime.  
Maybe one day I'll allow you to read mine. That girl was me.  
That girl was fine. That girl had a dream to feel alive sometime.

## Drinking for Devotion; the account of a Libra and his Gemini

Whether she is going her own way, or he is left crying in the night,  
with serendipitous passion, one pair of souls harmoniously unite.  
Words left unsaid, solitary spoken through chord; burning stares, international affairs,  
never forgetting the northern star they are forever striving toward.

Secret midnight driving, cautiously sneaking in; up the road, to her house,  
dancing along the street where they both used to meet.  
Notes crescendoing deep, deep into the morning.  
Her lipstick wears away, roughly through the mourning.

The curse still alive; her voice followed him down; she is slowly haunting over time.  
Wickedly hiding within each memory, there was a heartbeat and it never really died.  
Wrapped up in the storm, thunder ready to collide, two hearts burning up the downside;  
children desperately lost, so young, absorbed inside; California Dreamin,' destined to survive.

"Don't look to me to say goodbye," an unreleased line lost perpetually in time.  
She had no fear; only love to be untold, the gypsy from the underground had a story to unfold.  
It always came down, it all came down to him, it always came down to the history of rhyme;  
stanzas and verses releasing the vine, gorgeously growing with a heavy weight to climb.

She hopelessly innocent, he remaining ageless, detouring journeys far more than ambivalent;  
time made her bolder, these children grew older, but the landslide always remained.  
Stripping down fears, tightly gripping her hand. Porcelain and fair, yet strong enough to bear,  
the courage to say goodbye, without saying goodbye; vulnerable and brave, boldly taking it  
there.

Seeing such stillness in remembering such pain. It was loneliness driving him mad,  
it was stillness keeping her sad; kids determined to dream, obsessed with what they had.  
Rained on reasons, cloud shining over sun; chances lost, chances won, fluidity already begun;  
live on the microphone stand, stepping stones to sink the sand, relentlessly in the wilderland.

Fearlessness spirit soaring through flight, blame her wild heart; the unattainable fight.  
Danger continuously fueling the night, the danger of fighting for what is eternally right.  
Today, he walks by, her forehead gently kissed; satisfying cravings for their emotional appetite.  
Canyons of curiosity extract such inspiration, linking broken chains for the two to reunite.

Running away their history while clinging to it still, proving this wait was solely worth their will;  
their push for moving on, begging to repent; silently living inside vast years of regret. One stolen  
moment - to moment - luminescent melody; illuminating clarity, gleaming through stained glass.  
Never believing this day could actually come to test; the past fifty years, conflicting just to last.

Teenagers; basking, laughing in the sun, dreaming of a world where they can finally be one.  
Balcony

If I'm ready to let go, bring me someone new.  
Sing me the old-fashioned, fate would have it,  
hip, happenin', far out kinda blues.  
When I'm ready to let go, I'll be afraid to choose.  
myself or comfortability,  
whichever view I lose.

Will he take me as I am;  
sobering, sad, broken down and bruised?  
Never standing high, faithfully feeling used.  
Cynically drunk, biblically abrupt,  
will I ever be noticed,  
will I ever be enough?

Memorize the masquerade; sail, dance, try  
go see. Feel the spirit, the strength of my love  
which only shines for thee.  
She would bleed, one time too  
one time to finally feel free.  
I know you don't, you say you don't agree,  
but, she would bleed,  
would bleed for thee.

Come down, look down, play the part of symmetry.  
Join me as we balance hearts, out here on this balcony.