

When the Lights Go Out.

I wonder where you go.
When the lights go out.

Do you sneak out
And hop on a train

Meet a band of actors
Who welcomes you in

Smile and prance
And eat chocolate cake

Jet to Paris
And learn how to paint

I open your door to take a peak.
And there you lie fast asleep.

In Spain or Rome
Or wherever you go

When the lights go out.
Do you hop on a train?

Morning Coffee.

Coffee bleeds,
On the inseam,
Of her hamidown blue jeans.

A mark of a morning pleasure.
Her little, extra Large luxury.

So They Say.

He straps on a pack
And trudges through the sand.
Lost but with purpose.
A mission and a plan.

Protect and serve.
That's what they say.

He tells me to *work hard*
each and Every Day.

She grabs her books
And heads to class.
Lost but with purpose.
A goal and a task.

Always learn.
That's what they say.

She tells me to *read something new*
each and Every Day.

A Sweet, Little Song.

A girl sits.
On a small, little stool.

She seems like a symphony
A sweet little song.

She clicks on the stereo
And lets out a scream.

A siren.
A trumpet.
A bellowing gong.

Two Ears, One Mouth.

Quiet. Hush.
Don't speak.
Don't rush.
Listen and learn.
You don't know enough.

So she sits.
And she waits.

And her lips
Seal shut.
She forgot to speak.

It was all just too much.