

Stardust

He was a shooting star
And his magic stardust fell on me.
With a scent of fantasy
It warmed my face,
Numbed my tongue
And suddenly, everything was more colorful
And everyone spoke music instead of words.
I listened carefully to their eyes
Like you would to Bruce Springsteen
Over a bottle of Southern Comfort at the Libertine.
I never heard a word.
But these basic bitches never say anything important
Because they cover their hearts
Instead of their lies
Hurt No More,
Fear No More,
Cry No More.
The sour tears of reality flood my eyes
And burn with gooey flames.
I walk up the sky
And watch the world from upside down
Poor Kimmy never even had a chance.
But life goes on;
Tomorrow will bring new paper
and dandelion crayons to scribble with.
I must let him go
to keep him.

Mais, c'est la vie!

The world may bare its fist,

Show me its teeth

And kick me in the balls,

But I still have

my magic stardust.