

## **Leftover Goodbyes from my Ex**

He left his contacts in my shower

They were dailies

So I guess it doesn't matter.

This

I guess is slightly more personal than

A forgotten used condom

More personal

But no more welcome.

They're right next to my bottle of shampoo

I tell myself to wash them down the drain each time

And yet I never do.

They're like

Two unpleasant blue raisins

Just sitting there

I see them and I feel shaken.

Of all the things he could have left

A shirt, a jacket

He left something where I bathe myself

I guess it doesn't matter

My discomfort is a small price to pay

For the relief I'm sure he got

Taking them out of his eyes that day.

## Momma

“I don’t know where any of you came from,  
I don’t know what’s with you all wanting to be doctors  
How did we end up with three  
Maaaybe doctors?”

I don’t know,  
I think it’s pretty commonsense  
When you  
Look up a little bit

They say the apple  
Don’t fall far from the tree...  
If you wanna know why a girl be  
The way she be

Tilt your chin up  
Towards the sky  
Find the tree from whence she came  
Once you see it you’ll know why

She don’t got no quiet voice  
She ain’t some little silly girl  
That girl there?  
She’s her momma’s child

When you put it that way  
Three crisp apples  
Three maybe doctors  
It ain’t so wild.

Only average apples  
Fall from average trees  
So it would seem

If you wanna know where ya got  
such good apples  
Take a look up at those branches

## **Birds Must Always Leave the Nest**

Come fall they'll all be gone  
All her children will have moved on  
And though her pride is bursting  
That sense of sorrow is lurking  
Only a phone call away  
Is only something you say when you can't see them every day  
What kind of prize is this for doing her best  
Now all she's left with is an empty nest  
But birds only leave so they can learn how to fly  
And she can see them when she looks to the sky  
Their wings spread wider than any she's seen  
And they each fly so purposefully toward their dreams  
They may never come back to this old nest  
But it will be here if they need help, a loving hand, or some rest  
And though they may never stay too long  
She gives them things to which they'll always hold on  
Her children have grown and now they can fly  
They fly away from home but it's never good-bye  
On the back of the wind she can hear their songs  
They've become so much; they've become so strong  
It's because their mother is one of a kind  
She's not one they could ever leave behind.