

Whither Wander

Whilst you wander most innocently
Seduction stalks you so succinctly
Strutting, wading, sulking softly
Wishing for some sweet release

Realizing my resentment
We retire to the present
Running, railing, from propriety
Reality provides prime violence

Vindication is never varied
Nor are new men ever married
Vicious vandals invade our cities
Vowing for our long distrust

Distribution becomes too deadly
Lights and sounds become a medley
Dancing, dealing, is this devil
Destruction is the one thing left

Limp and lifeless, gone, and weary
Whither wander you, you lonely fairy
Sweet seductress, swift and seething
Vengeance done, yet he's left breathing

Bridges

I've been jumping off of bridges all day and all night long
But I can't seem to get high enough, or the currents not that strong
Don't see why they remember me or why they want to care
The headlights' like a spotlight now, prodding like a dare

I've been face down in the rivers here, humming a sweet song
The fishermen keep saving me; the cops don't know they're wrong
I'm a fish worth throwing back, can't measure me or eat me
I taste of poison kisses, dead promises, completely

So death has stood me up for yet another day
You call it a blessing, but I pain in this delay
I run and try to greet her, though I'm short of what's halfway
The bargain's done discreetly; it's me she did betray

I've been jumping off of bridges, and bouncing out again
The people came to watch me fail, but only stayed till ten
I cursed and dammed the devil, asked him if there was more
Begged for him to drag me down, like Faustus, through the floor

I've been asking the wrong sprits, believing the wrong men
The ones that preach God's fury, like the times of way back when
No ones dared to answer me, so I'm living in demise
Waiting to taste this splendor, life's one lasting surprise

Seems like God has turned around, and shown us all his back
The devil can't compete with him, can't pick up all the slack
Death, the slut, is nude again, undressed all that was black
And life, he's caught up in some games, can't bear to leave the sack

I've been jumping off of bridges, hoping I'd survive
But life, he had some tainted plans, too bad I didn't dive
Can't blame no-one, no-how, I wish I were alive
I was jumping off of bridges, hoping that I'd die

Clean Plate Club

Oh, hello.
Infuriating indecision,
demanding demonstration
of love's labor is really lost.
You showed me

sadness.
Assumed agony,
relentless repentance
for my oh so sorry's.
You made me

mourn.
Excruciating exclamation
perpetuating predictions
of whatever will be, will be.
You had me at

goodbye.
Undoubtedly unimportant.
Tediously terrifying
of lost but not forgotten.
You conquered me.

Ode to Red Pens

I want to paint the town Red!
By which I mean, with Red Pens.
Bright against the black and white world in which I live
so safely;
with corrections so consistent.

I want to mark up this world in Red Pen.
Fix our troubles!
By which I mean,
the grammar that *they* have
lost
amidst the short sentences in which *they* live
so obliviously;
with corrections so elusive.

I want to smear my life in Red Pen.
What I mean is,
edit my life to perfection,
though impossible;
truly-- I have tried.
I return
to my black and white *and red* world
where my Red Pen is bright
and I can fix things.

Killer of the Flies

I could hear the flies screaming
from that smoky hallway
late that sweltering summer night.
Their wings stuck--
sticky, like those sheets
that were stripped
in a half-assed attempt of amends.

I could hear the flies screaming,
scratching and pleading;
twitching and straining;
eyes wide open in horror.
The bottom of the trash
didn't seem so bad now.

I could hear the flies screaming
because I made no sound.
The air turned to lava
and my voice couldn't escape.

I could hear the flies screaming
on that sweaty summer night
while he couldn't make up his mind
if he was going to jump,
or slit his wrists,
or take an easy way out.

I could hear the flies screaming
whimpering, weeping
as I watched their struggle
and they watched ours.
He begged me to kill him,
I couldn't oblige.

I could hear the flies screaming
as he shrieked his apologies
and whispered his threats.
The blood in my head, (and the flies)
we all hummed and hissed.

I could hear the flies screaming as I sat up in bed
(on those new sheets)

waiting on the sun.
Listening for his breathing,
hoping, for something else.

I could hear the flies screaming
when I rolled him over and let him live.
I would have rather saved the flies,
But I saved him instead.

I can hear the flies screaming
But the flies are long dead.