

Minus 30

Stuck in the town of Comatose
Working long hours for little pay,
Where her sleeves try to hide
Hastily, shakily, scribbled mistakes
Like the tears her smile denies.
It can be hard to live this way,
But it's easier on the eyes.

Looking into the mirror,
She reflects on what people see;
Thinking as they pass, she's pretty
Messed up with the wrong crowd,
She began to count her life in tips
That turn her cave to gold,
Reflecting the light always reserved
For the Sycamores and the Springs,
Giving a shimmer of a place she deserved.
A place where she can be.

As the gilded moment starts to flee,
The walls begin to rust.
She picks herself up off the ground
And follows the glinted floor.
Standing at the precipice of her life,
She turns the lock on the door.

Personal Cliché

I knew a girl from '89,
Made from flint and snow,
Her hair was just a stylish mess,
Like her Hollywood inspired condo.

Cigarettes were her habit,
Though she never carried a light,
To tempt a stranger to set her fuse
Hoping fireworks would ignite.

She had a taste for alcohol,
But hated the flavor of it all.
Said it restrained her inhibitions,
Though it resulted in chronic pain.
A symptom of failed relationships;
Complications from a charismatic brain.

Now she stares at the clock,
Resentfully on the wall.
Wondering why it trains so hard,
Even though it's all alone.

Maybe it can never stop
Because it is part of its law,
Or maybe it's because it's trying to impress her,
Before its battery begins to stall.

'87 Camaro

I ran.
Darkness tried to swallow us.
The rain began to burn.
The tears streamed down
Like the blood to my fingertips.
The branches tried to stop me,
and steal you away.

The venom grew in my legs,
until my muscles began to die.
As I fell to the ground
I saw her swelling eyes.
Were those tears for me?
As I buried my head in my hands.
Or did she cry for him?

As God scorched the world
And the Heavens bellowed,
I saw her shimmer.
Through the crimson earth on my face,
I saw my best friend.

I searched the ground for you
To introduce the two.
I clutched you to my chest
And we both climbed inside.
She wrapped herself around us,
To let me know it's alright.

The rain beat down the roof
and your sulfur perfume licked the interior
As a dawn of reds and blues bled the forest.

Your lips were still warm from the story you told.
They seemed pursed,
As if there was one more secret you had to tell.

I smiled, and dried my tears
and whispered, I'll listen.
I put you to my ear.
"We're going to be alright."