

## Magicians

The circus has come to town  
And I'm the magician  
I'll take all the nothing and make it into something  
Take your fist flying at me  
I'll call it friendship  
Take your absence and lack of attention  
and call it love.  
Take all the emptiness and call it life.  
Magicians, what're you gonna do  
Always have a mind of their own.  
pulling rabbits out of hats  
And saints out of sinners  
Though even if you paint shit gold  
It's still shit  
And even I don't have enough magic to turn it into a pile of gold bricks

## introducing me

im all half finished poetry  
empty wine glasses  
nail beds bitten down raw  
put mascara on only to cry it off  
but ill still laugh until i cant breathe  
if i see just the right thing

my hearts been picked up  
then set back down too many times  
half loved an almost.

but im an addict  
i get a sip  
and just fall

and fall i did  
and he never came to help me back up  
so i sat on the ground for a little too long

now ive gotten up  
still a little teary eyed

but every time my heart breaks  
i wonder how many more hits  
i can take before its  
beyond repair  
i wonder.

i never believed that  
when people said that touching someone could feel electric  
sitting next to you  
i remember you brushed my hand  
electric.  
at least for me.

you meet so many people  
and some never really affect you  
some do  
for a day for a season  
and then someone comes along  
and leaves you  
serenading them in your head  
just to leave you forever lonely in your bed.

Jonestown

Welcome to Jonestown  
where the Kooloids been breastfed to you since birth

Come on in,  
except you can't  
thats rule number 1

To make it around here  
you've gotta know the rules  
get em down pact  
fast

I've been around for two decades  
so I'll give you some pointers -  
just because you're new around here

Never leave your food out too long,  
your new best friends  
those creepy crawling critters  
they'll be on them like white on rice.  
Gotta keep a hawk eye,

What's yours is also the Supreme leaders  
ownership doesn't exist here  
only in blame  
All the blame  
thats all yours  
only yours

You'll learn that quick enough

Blame for existing  
and dwindling the purse strings resources

Gotta learn to shut your trap  
Or you get a hand across your mouth  
Nothing too bad  
CPS never gets called  
But that screaming will stay with you for years  
You'll become a little jumpy

Parental supervision is at a minimum  
mothers and fathers don't exist around here  
everyones just sisters and brothers,

my big brother,  
half of my gene pool  
never taught me to ride a bike  
just left me with a frayed nervous system  
on the fritz after hearing the slightest of tiffs

old mother hen  
well she does her best,  
would rather turn a blind eye  
to the roaches creeping across the desk  
she just stamps them out with her new Jimmy Choos.

Me?  
well I try not to be too much of a pest  
I suggest investing in some earplugs  
gets loud at night

Oh yea and all the trash?  
I think you mean treasure,  
see what you see as antiquated office supplies from the 90s  
are really the Supreme Leader's  
golden tickets.

Never denounce the golden tickets,  
can't you see because of them  
we have all of this!  
without it we'd be nowhere

and nobody.

everything's fine- just don't think

capitalism turned me into a whore  
I can be anything you want me to be

I'm not much of a host  
but for 12.50 an hour I'll do my best

Don't believe in peddling mass produced anklets to the mall rats  
But for just the right price  
I'll add in a tap dance too  
just for free

For a check  
I'll be anything you want me to be  
because the only thing I don't wanna be  
is stuck taking the bus

But when I'm old and withered I wonder  
will it have mattered?

What'll they write on my tombstone?  
Because I've got a resume as long as a rap sheet  
but none of those jobs defined me  
Just something to do to pull myself up by my boots

Without a silver spoon,  
you learn you have to do what you have to do.

Even if it means selling your time,  
our most precious commodity  
the one thing no one can get back

For some measly cents,  
to live like sardines in some apartment complex.

Anyway,  
would you like fries with that?

## stubbed toe

and i knew it didn't matter to anyone but me

but, that was neither here nor there  
the same way when you stub your toe

you're the only one who feels it.

some days it came in the form of a stubbed toe. a slight melancholy able to be hidden  
subdued

other times it'd come out of nowhere  
a reaction to the long denied truth  
that i just wasn't that important to you

pain demands to be felt. whether it makes sense to anyone else.  
doesn't matter.

as after you stub that toe, you don't look for validation for the pain

you know it hurts, so you let it.

so maybe in the grand scheme, you will just remain a stubbed toe in my story. some long  
forgotten passing ghost.

but other days it just sucks. and to hear them speak of rationality and clear headedness as if  
thats ever had any real root in love.

the feelings come first and then you try to make sense of it. the how and why.

so no matter how irrational or idiotic it may seem, i've come to learn that some people are  
harder to shake

no matter for how brief a time, independent of proof or circumstances

And so you're left with feeling as if you have everything to say yet nothing at all.