

Death and Taxes

Lady with the crown,
they're dancing in the streets.
Loving to lay you down
separated by six feet.

Lady in the ground,
they're dancing on your grave.
The victory is won,
the constituents curse your name.

"Headstrong bitch,
dangerously self-opinionated."
They know not your gift
that we all will be fated.

You gave them war and strength and blood,
and they returned it with a race.
You lead them into darkness,
they follow you into grace.

Sure as your funeral procession sounded by their feet,
and sure as their mortality counted down by that joyous beat;
Sure as they will all join you in ashes-

nothing is certain but death and taxes.

My New Gun

Did it misfire?

Or refuse to shoot,

all those years back,

I would just fly the coop

But I got a new gun now, all shiny and new

and a desert full of dead lovers say its aim is true.

a gun and her girl, steel against my thigh

and all these bullshitting babes saying "I don't wanna die!"

got fresh meat on my boots, don't bother taking names

it just wants the feel of sweat and flesh in my hands

and I'll paint the town red and have it by the ones and twos

because targets sure are fun and

my new gun points at you.

The problem with us

Wind slaps the screen,
as gusts circle the car,
threatening to overtake me
like sharks in the water.

And it's a great deal better than the alarming calm
here inside,
a three-hour disarming psalm
of our time.

And from a bird's eye, the road is a thread knotted around each city,
a boleadora entangling my ankles as I try to flee.

If plucked, it would let out a long, sad, low note,
like the blues singers' wailing from the throat,
or your voice vibrating across to my tin can telephone,
traveling down the string like my car on the open road.

The open road,
a welcome limbo
a lucky reprieve
from you and me
and your traces of paces next to your bed-

The problem with us is that this road does end.

swan song

Six feet below ground,
a dreamer but I don't dream now.
Heard all the talk about how it goes down,
but no one said when you go under, you drown-

not in the hypoxic air and unspent dreams
or memories of you and empty possibilities.

When the bell tolls, my tongue, silenced, rots and turns to ash in my mouth;
in my grave my body rolls, as this dusty pit swallows my life and turns it to doubt.

no more 'I', no more me
no more wonders of the world to see,
all of which won't sting
nearly like the sadness my silenced tongue will bring.

Crushed under horizons of sky and earth,
not under the weight of dreams deferred;

I'll be buried under the weight of all my unsaid words.

Cut and Run

your heat warms my skin
as I pretend to sleep.
scared to learn a lesson

I slowly move beneath the sheets.
Your slow breathing like a question,
in time with our heartbeats,

about life, love and like.
And if I want to go without
your safety and jokes in the night.

But me, I'll take the easy way out-
the front door, through the garden to the road,
and tell myself it was just as well,

that you'd have wanted me to go.
Quietly, if you'll put up no sleepy struggle-
I'll go, before something good can grow.