

Ear buds

I look for you in every song I hear
Playing through these ear buds, my dear, my dear.
I look for you in every book I read,
In every film, every street, every smile.

I look for you everywhere, every place,
Above, below, around, behind, no trace
Not here, there, or beside, beside myself
Trying to see substance among shadows.

Every thought, every word: a reminder
Of one from once, but I couldn't find her.
Stir the fire now, hotter, higher now
Until the gold is well-tested and charred.

Looking deep in to this mirror right here,
But nothing to be found in here, my dear.
Here's what the greats mean when they said, "I'm spent."
You hear the fear beating near out my chest?

Powder blue eyes compensate for the ears,
Busy looking in every song I hear
Playing through these ear buds, my dear, my dear.
Are you playing through these ear buds, my dear?

No Strings Attached

She kissed me once and again makes twice,
Biting her lower lip will suffice
To get things going. A breath, a moan.
Up on her thighs my hands are my eyes
'Cause we can't stand one more night alone.

Lets see what will come, no strings attached.
We may be a pair that can't stay matched
But we're here tonight. I'll hear her cries
When I take her there, play with her hair,
And she'll stay and put up with my lies.

I miss you sexy, baby, honey.
You're too good to me, too good for me,
As I slide her hand into my pants,
Gentle, gentle now, I'll show you how,
And she'll abandon her 'wont's and 'cant's.

But it's just one night, one more mistake.
One more chance for a little heartache
Before the summer comes to an end.
Routine returns, we tend to our burns,
And she goes back to calling me friend.

Yellow Lemonade

You try to get under my skin
With silk strings of woven words
And once it worked,
Once it worked
And I let you in.

From melting toes to finger tips
I let that pulse invade my veins
For just one second.
Better, maybe,
But still not best.

A seasonal stir brings you back
To ice cold cups of lemonade.
You seem so sweet,
So sweet,
Outlined in sepia edges.

How does one judge human from beast,
Falter from character?
I lack evidence for habit,
Or do I say that
To avoid what I know?

The shades of gray stand out
Against a saturated world
Which leaks and spits
And blurs the lines
Beyond recognition.

Cups of yellow lemonade
Grow warm between our palms
While we work around
The same old questions
But find no answers.

Lost At Sea Blue Eyed Boy

In your sails of hatred I am wound
For the wrongs I bear inside my chest.
I am the other girl, the rebound,
And the cause of your newfound unrest.

A moral compass coated in rust
Inside our lost at sea blue eyed boy
Helped navigate though this sea of lust
Where bodies and hearts are just a toy.

Although I was not with him like you,
I'm the broken heart who loved him too.

726 Miles From A Chair

Once I fell in love in a coffee shop.
Now I sit here and stare and stare and stare
And stare and stare at the love you left there,
And this unbearably bright blue wooden chair.

Lately I can't seem to sleep through the night.
I used to call you when I got like this.
Your murmurs calmed the hiss of things amiss,
Now I'm left to shake the taste of your kiss.

You were my first love, that's hard to forget,
And big losses leave you feeling unwound.
Your face can be found all around this town
So I Google tickets for the greyhound.

I won't run, I'm too much a homebody,
But I do like the sound of Chicago.
New and unknown, I'll pack a bag and go
Far away from this too blue wooden foe.