

A Stripper Named Candy

Addiction's a dandy; I'll Strip back the sheets but they aren't made of Cotton,
Just cellophane wrappers and mystery; both too thin of a veil to shush me.
I find meaning in clouds like a sort of Psychology, but
The earth keeps turning. I watch them all disappear into their own heads like a cult classic.
We're all taking Ritalin; we're all too dumb to find Riddles in
The way the Second hand on the clock clicks closed our chances.
They say we only get so many days, but I was never much one for the turtle race.
There are tornadoes between my toes and all I want to do is run,
But there's no finish line. The earth is round and running in circles is a cardinal crime.
Falling from space's graces might seem like the antichrist;
But I'll sip my coffee and pretend like it's tea,
And the world's fine, and everybody's fine,
And we're not at all dying.

Black Holes

Playing connect the dots with the marks on your skin is like
Painting a masterpiece backwards.
Things fall together, things fall apart, the world is a polarized magnet.
If I were to walk the constellation of your collarbones
I think I'd fall between; play your ribs like piano keys, Adam and Eve,
One of them belongs to me.
But you can crack that wishbone a million times, there's still no beauty in the broken pieces.
I'm trying to learn not to turn back time,
But I never did have a good track record with loneliness.

Jumping Off the Train

Crystal praise falls in the blue souped-up moon,
 I bow to you, I saw the sagging skin and
 Cried, my tears peeled away like a
 Monochrome sky.
 Rolling back the tape on time,
 Slow motion pieces,
 Everything dies.
 Grave digging fills
 Up past word lives
 Confetti and cataracts
 Counteract my mind.
 Should I start running,
 Try to take flight, or must
 Swimming pool bees
 Be all that I find.

Mother

Ask me about our DNA- I'll tell you I'm glad ours twists the same.
 Your front was cold and mine warm-together, between us;
 We formed the eye of a hurricane.
 But no matter how many walls you break with the I'm Sorry waves,
 You didn't burn enough bridges to earn a name. Your eyes are still a rearview mirror.
 Everything is not as close as it appears, including me.
 I see myself in your funhouse reflections like the child I never used to be.
 But the times we bathed in refrigerator light, and drowned our ears in Sail
 Make the fights and the vinegar nights all worth it.
 You told me not to cut my tongue when tasting the clouds,
 I never inherited your sharpness;
 But I've sunk my teeth in enough sunlight by now
 To forge your star with my jawline.

Rapercussions

My momma always told me I was a fire station baby.
 Not that I had been left behind, but that under my skin there raged an inferno.
 You'd think the scared look in my eyes would be enough to infer; No,
 But your qualifications for ready were none on my list.
 You figured okay, we kissed, now I can take whatever I want from you in my iron-clay fist.
 For the men are explorers, if they find a temple they should bust right through the door,
 Forget the holy water and the genuflection. Spirituality is a one-way street.
 It was never a big deal, the scars served well as speedbumps,
 But ghost hunting is a lonely occupation.
 I can barely remember what a soul looks like anymore unless I check your fingernails,
 And even then the skin is third-degree-burned.
 I think, I have a Peter Pan problem.
 Your shadow follows me everywhere.

Shedded Skin

What a curse it is,
 To get everything you ever wanted, but only for a little while.
 Flashes of happiness, a prism for an eyeglass,
 Punctured by your broken pieces.
 You tried to let the light in-but you could taste the Good Day in my throat like
 The cough syrup your mother never forced you to drink.
 I thought light attracted light-
 But maybe that's just a story I told myself.
 I knew there were some songs you would break your spine dancing for-
 The sound of my voice was just never one of them.

Singing Sighs and Glass-Bended Bottles

Empty people like the bottoms of beer cans, sloshing, see-through,
Communicating in sighs and hope-filled eyes,
They breathe and they die, silent screams in between.
Light bends through our glass-paper skin,
All too thoroughly concerned with sin.
You be soprano, I'll take alto, you always were speaking to some higher purpose.
Days pass and the ceilings seem endless,
Even Jesus dealt with holes in his hands.
I collect people like pocketknives
And you were my favorite way to cut myself open.