

* ROCK FACE * (FOR: T.M.) 05.30.2013

IF YOU WANT ME TO CHASE DOWN A BEAR
IN THE FOREST
WITH JUST A STICK

IF YOU WISH ME TO GO TO THE MOON
ON A ROCKET SHIP
I'D SHARPEN AND STOW AWAY
JUST FOR YOU

IF I WAS ON MY DEATHBED DEATHLY SICK
DELUSIONAL, RAMBLING ABOUT CREOS
GLOBBERING AT NURSES

YOUR PRETTY FACE IN THE DOORWAY
AND I'D RECITE EUCLID
PRECISELY EXPLAIN CORRECTLY THE SEVEN WONDERS
MAP THE WORLD

TAKE TIME WITH A WOUNDED HAND
BECAUSE IT LIKES TO HEAL

TIMES TAKEN OUR HANDS AND WOUNDED
UNTIL WE BECOME SHY TO FEEL

I CAN UNDERSTAND IT IF YOU HATE ME
DO NOT WANT ME AROUND, OR UNDERSTAND ME
I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY YOU'VE LOVED ME THIS LONG
WHY YOU'VE GIVEN ME SO MUCH
SO KINDLY FOR SO LONG

MANY ROLES THIS LIFE WE EACH PARTAKE
IT'S WHEN DEPENDENT SOLELY ON ONE THAT HEARTS BREAK
WHEN CHILDREN BECOME GROWN THEIR MOTHER DIES
I'VE SEEN THIS IN MY MAMA'S EYES

JUST LIKE A PRISONER RELEASED FROM GATES
BEAT UP FOR CONFUSED REASONS DECADES
HE WILL SEARCH FACES SEEKING A PLACE
LIKE A MOTHER IN HER GROWN SON'S ROOM
REARRANGING PICTURES, MEMENTOS, INCONSOLOUBLE
THIS PLACE. THAT PLACE

LOST IN THE FOREST WITH A SHARPENED STICK
I'LL GO TILL MY HEART STOPS
IF IT HEALS YOUR STICK

STOWED AWAY ON A RUSSIAN RACKET
I'LL WAIT PATIENTLY EATING MICE
WILLING WITH ALL MY HEART NON-DYSFUNCTIONAL ENGINE,
WIZARD COSMONAUTS

I'VE BEEN CAVED A DECADE BEATING THE SHIT OUT MYSELF
YOU'VE BEEN BUILDING THE FUTURE ONE MASSAGE AT A TIME
SURE ANTLERS AND ARROWS IN BLOOD ARE PRETTY
BUT NEANDERTHAL PAINTERS
AND HOMO SAPIEN HEALERS — BLOODY LOTION
CAN WE?

