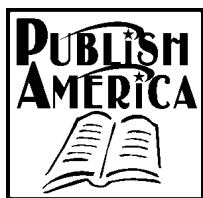


Lithium Whole

A Collection of Poetry from 2004-2007

Carter Tachikawa



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~ *For all my pals, real life, online, and imaginary.* ~

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Heartsick

So bright I can barely see
My skin is too soft to live in
You can't breathe under six feet of mud
And I can't dig you a hole

Lengths that I would pull
To be like we used to be
I want us to live, to be well
But the dead can't return

Pluck my strings a little longer
I can save a day for suffering
My heart is ill and I have trouble
Keeping the medicine pushed down

Each scene rolls by quickly
Each colored spot disappears
Weaker I am, more distant I become
Since I'm no longer with you

Where did I run off to?
Why is my body weighed down?
Losing myself, I'm not sure
If I'm there at all

I want to hear you laughing
I want you to see me
With dignity and pride
A little grace too
And no longer heartsick

Pluck my strings a little longer
I can save a day for suffering
My heart is ill and I have trouble
Keeping the medicine pushed down

I can't swallow the pill
I can't close my eyes
I'm heartsick but not healing
Cause my only cure
No longer exists

I would do anything...
But you can't breathe under six feet of mud
And I can't dig you a hole

I Smell the Rosebushes

I smell the rosebushes
When I make my way into the jungle
Of smog and pollution
Of greed and chaos

I watch the dust bowl roll
Invisible to my naked eye
Caught in the thickness
Of the smoke and tears

I smell the burning star
As it drips down my back
And the spoiled milk from yesterday
Since the prices for it went up

I gave up on the smell of gasoline
I gave up on the burger place
I gave up on my city of the smells
I once could not live without

Instead, I pass the rosebushes
When I go into this jungle
At least in this city of sweat
City of smoke, city of depression
I can still smell something nice

Not So Cheerful, Darling

Well, the city's not so cheerful, darling
Ever since I moved away from suburbs
In walls of smog, I'm moving around
Through garbage, I make my meals
In the smell of gasoline, I make my home

It's not so cheerful, darling
When the sun is large and bright
And not a damned thing dares to grow
The stench of yesterday dances around
These streets of yellow and rotten apples

It's not so cheerful, darling
When disease is crawling on the ground
You can smell the hospital outside
And you can sense a morgue nearby
Taking away another piece of this city

It's not so cheerful, darling
When you're living in your own waste
And drowning in its smell

Phoenix

I don't know what I'm to do
When my soul disappears
From my body and I die
Hearing the sobs in my ear
The ones that I love
Will never want to understand
They'll be stuck in that limbo
Aching to help, knowing they can't

And I'll give up all that I am
So I'll be washed of my sins
Better to live a brand new life
Than ponder what could have been
And just waiting
Until the phoenix rises again

I'm not trying to gain a fortune
I'm not living to gain fame
I'm just trying to stay alive now
And not forget my face and name
I'll miss all that I am
If I let my defenses drop low
Holding myself up for them
So they'll never have to know

I'm tired of hurting now
From insults that were spewed
I've been beaten down by them
Though I know half aren't true
So I live with the fact
That the phoenix will fly again

Change is coming around the corner
And what does God choose for you?
Does he accept your prayers
Or does he refuse?
Spring will come again one day
When the answers will grow
And God will finally decide
Which way you will go

Your fate will be sealed
Before you're laid to sleep
No older than thirty
Stuck in the eternal dream
Until the day
The phoenix comes back to life again

Blue Poet

Asphyxiated ink
Words choked over the page
As he read the morning paper

His pen is leaving the old life behind
To see the hills and highways in Georgia
And dragging along the...

Blue poet, blue poet
Bluer than his sorrow poet
Dragging the blue poet
Far from home

Sugarless

In this magic land
Oh, Candy land
Made of peppermint buildings and cocoa rivers
Look, it's the evil witch's gingerbread house
I break my pieces, I have my taste
But I can't feel a thing on my tongue
I have no reason, I have no lies
I sucked out sweetness since I've been found

I'm in bliss, in Wonderland
I've fallen deeper in the rabbit's hole
I've gone mad, I'm now weak
Cutting off all ties since I lost God

It's growing bland. It's going cold.
I don't like having no senses
I think I'm lost. I think I'm broke.
I don't know how I'll get back home.
Oh no no no.
No no.
I'm gone from grace.

It's so magnificent, I think it's Hell.
No redemption up the road.
I'll have to take it. I'll redeem my sins
And use them for another sugared life
Yes...new life
More calories

Back Row of the World

Sitting in the furthest pew, we begin to pray
As the cathedral comes undone and in pieces
Broken cross and Christ
Whispers turn to screams and vice versa
And we lose ourselves within the silence
The cruel and bitter quiet

There's nothing better but love
And grace when it comes around
But they've gone out the door
Won't be returning until the end is over

We should be afraid but
Sitting in the back row, we are safe
As the streets crack and cave in
The headlights and stoplights on the blink
The crushed metal and sparks flying
Down goes anything we created
Down goes everything we've ever known

Everyone, run for shelter!
Run if you value your life
Escape if you value survival
Run if you still have something left to do
Run away...while you still have your legs

Some can go to the cemetery
Some can run back in their homes
And we run to the back row
In hopes of catching the end of the show

And we're in the back row of the world
We're fans of the chaos, we love the spilling
Of blood and beliefs and breakdown
The film reel is out and up go the lights
We can follow the illuminated path
To the nearest exit
But we're in the back row
With nowhere that we want to go

From here on out, we can be assured
We still have lives

Lost My Precious Sleep

I lost my precious sleep last night
When I had to set the clocks ahead an hour or two
I woke up at seven, thinking it was six
And ran from the bed to the desk
Without my caffeine

Daylight was saved
But my nights were cut short
When I was forced to wake up
With the sun
Descending the stairs at noon
And making my way back up them
In the evening and after midnight
I was still awake

I've lost my precious sleep
And I'll continue to do so
No thanks to that brilliant person
Who came up with the idea
To save time every April and October

7 AM

Running through the forest of fire
I stop for a minute and try to recap
It's only 7 AM and I'm still asleep
It's only 7 AM and I never want to wake up

My world has become a burning bed
With white flames licking my heels
Instead of tears, I hum my hymns
Pretending that God will save me again

7 AM and I'm still asleep
7 AM and I never want to wake up
Too early in the day to breathe
Or be glad in knowing that I'm alive
Glad to know I'm still alive

It's just another sunrise coming
And I see no point in watching it
My dreams are my only companions
I wish to dwell in them forever

7 AM and I'm still asleep
7 AM and I never want to wake up
I have no engagements today
So I will sit here and feel alive
Sitting here, I'm still alive

And I'll sing my prayers
And I'll count my blessings
But for now, I want to be glad
Glad to know that I'm still alive

It's only 7 AM and I'm still asleep
It's only 7AM and the world is ending
But I'm alive

Alicia's Party

Rose thorns spill tears
As lilacs catch raindrops
And musicians play their instruments
Made of wood and water
Under the gazebo
A bluebird chooses to rest here
And joins the choir
Singing in rain

One by one, the townsfolk come
Taking a chair full of rain
Silencing each other
For they wish to listen to the music
They came only for the music
Which will play until somebody
Turns the lights off

It's celebration
Just a celebration of your birth
With flowers, music, and champagne
And those nasty pork rinds that you love
The table is set with daffodils
And china but you are nowhere to be seen
We celebrate a birthday girl
Who can't make it tonight
And a host
Who doesn't have courage to go out
But the memory of your birth

The world is dancing in lighting and thunder
And I'm inside,
folding my paper napkins in half
Some twisted origami that doesn't hold shape
Every now and then
Looking out the window
And watching this concert
Wishing I was there to celebrate
Wishing I could catch a glimpse of your body
In the audience
In the choir
In the storm
In my sight

Watercolor Face

Take a good look
At my watercolor face
Liquid thin and fading
Look of disappointment

I am your Ophelia
Drowning in paint
I am Mona Lisa
Frowning under that smile

Give me a corner to expire in
And I swear I will not let you down
This dapple of color in your painting
Behind a wall of glass

I am just another watercolor face
In a sea of objects melting into canvas
Doomed to live forever
In a wooden frame

Writing My Autobiography

Each letter, thick in dark ink
Drips onto the page like my blood
Each word, strung into sentences
Try to tell a different story

And all the pages are paper clipped
Stashed away until editing time
But my thoughts never scurry off
As I'm trying to drink myself dead

And every walk I go on
A memory blooms in my footstep
And every love I give up
A tear runs down my cheek

Each victory, each defeat
All etched on recycled paper
My life in four hundred pages
Coming to a bookstore near you

Aquarium

In her aquarium
Built of seashells and dead starfish
She is trapped underwater with the sharks
Sinking in sand with no way out

She can scream but no one hears her
She breathes but no one cares

All the pretty fishes
Swim by without a care
As does the manta ray
Gliding like a parachute
Across the surface and glass

She can scream but no one hears her
She breathes but no one cares

Her face is the ocean
And her eyes refuse to open
Her arms keep hitting the glass
Banging against her aquarium
Banging against her prison

She can scream but no one hears her
She breathes but no one cares

All the people who visit just stare
Staring at her in that aquarium
Of those shells and starfish
Held together by blood and glass
Closed off to the real world

She can scream
She breathes
And these people only stare
Helpless...
Useless...

Not Another Ana, Not Another Mia

Not another Ana
Not another Mia
Not another soul sucked by an image
Images of a perfect body bringing fame
Popularity rolls in, numbers tumble down
Pound after pound
Until she fades away

Price of flesh is heavy
But dignity and health is easier to trade
Afterwards, loss is everything on her mind
Living like a TV princess
Closer and closer to closing a curtain
And canceling her show

She's addicted to starvation
Or she's making friends with a toilet
Getting chummy with a bathroom scale
Her mirror stretches the truth
But that bikini is slipping off her frame

Her mouth has given up
Her heart is giving in
Her bones are ready to break out of her skin
Her face is sinking in
And losing colors of life

Not another Ana
Not another Mia
Oh God, save her before it's too late

A Little Under the Weather

I'm a little under the weather
I'm feeling a little down
I'm all dried out of my tears
And my space is starting to shrink

I got a banshee screaming my ears apart
And two bowling balls make up my ass
My stomach's built out of anti-depressants
While my throat is choking down my last meal
The clock is blinking red, it's 7 PM
I've got to take in more medication
For the disease in my mind
And the germs flowing out my nose

All the while, my dreams lead to suicide
Either to the razor by the tub
Or all those pills in my cabinet
Then I'm jerked back and feel happy
Cause my nerves tango between emotions

Some days I cry, some days I sleep
And some days death seems inviting
Every now and then, I burst
I raise my hands to prove points
My temper flares and I lash out
Until I swallow something and smile
Start searching for sunshine again

I should have been cured by now
I should be okay
I should not have these images
Swirling through my body

Yet I'm still under the weather
I still have those pictures branded
And I haven't found the sunshine
So what the fuck is wrong with me?

Daddy, Daddy

It's that smell of sulfur
I can feel it crawling up my skin
From three thousand miles away
I watch my foundation crack
The lights have gone out tonight
And I'm still wasted inside
I want to drink my sorrow dry
And let it float with you to heaven

Daddy, Daddy, speak to me
When am I going to hear your voice again?
Daddy, I'm waiting by the phone
I just want to hear your voice again

I don't want Mother around me
Because all she plans to do is sit and cry
I need you in this town, right this minute
I want to hear you breathing
People come and go with tears flowing
But I'm still wasted inside
I want to burn everything I am
And let it float on down to Hell

Daddy, Daddy, come to me
I'm dying to feel your arms around me
Daddy, Daddy, walk faster
I need you to put your arms around me

And the moment you do that
I'm going to dance with you
Dance with you all the way

Dance with you to the other side
Oh, Daddy
Daddy, Daddy

I'm going to dance with you
Dance with you all the way
To the other side
But for now
I sing to you from the other side

Future Avenue

The day he was born, he opened his eyes
Let out a cry and I fell in love
Cradling his small body, he gave me a smile
Before I knew it, he could say my name
He had taken the first step
Down Future Avenue

As school came and left us both
He stood on his feet and stood above me
Friends filled his life, lightning flashed
Thunder rolling and he's an adult
Heading down Future Avenue

I'll remember him chasing fireflies
Or tumbling in a pile of leaves
Surprising me with small favors
Or holding me when I've come apart
And as I follow him, he laughs
Telling me never to worry.

And my baby boy is getting older
Except he prefers I call him a 'man'.
Some days I will forget, he will correct me.
And when night rolls around, he'll forget too
Saying he never wants to grow old
Saying he'll fly to Neverland
Chase the morning star out of the sky

Walk away
Walk away
Life awaits you down Future Avenue.

It's time.

It's time.

To let you go down Future Avenue.

And I swear to you, you will be fine

Because with every step,

I'm right behind you.

Walk away.

It's time.

Walk away, my darling

Down Future Avenue

Lament

Late December, it dawned upon me
As I spoke to him, he suddenly died
Morning fell into night and I sat there
Eating nothing, believing not a single word said
No, I refuse to take in such lies
Tell me, anyone, that I'm inside my worst nightmare

Walk On

You will walk on, walk on
And you know it will never be the same
You will survive, you have so far
But you will make it through sun or rain
And you will walk on

In some cases, silence would help
But I know now is not the time
We speak out, say a prayer or two
And be thankful we're alive
So much has been lost
So much can't be replaced
And a tragedy in our memories
Just can't be erased

But you will walk on, walk on
You will find a strength from within
You do your part and I'll do mine
And we will make in the end
And we will walk on

Pointing fingers, placing the blame
It must be the new thrill these days
But through the water, through the fire
We're all going to find a way
Give them home for a while
See gratefulness in their smiles
A dollar can do so much
For a man or a child

And they will walk on, walk on
Thanks to compassion you give
They will rebuild, they'll revive
They will find a reason to live
And they will walk on
They will walk on

Untitled Poem # ???

So it gnaws away at my mind
So it tears my sanity to pieces
So it saws through my veins
And ruptures the nerves,
those small but useful nerves,
the nerves still holding me together
Blood-stained teeth, razors grazing my skull
Holes punctured in, life comes pouring out
Hearing church bells in the distance,
I fall to my knees
And I pray
As my world fades to black

December Baby

December

I've still marked your due date
But I couldn't erase it cause I wrote in red pen
You were going to be my December baby
And whether it was winter solstice or not,
I'd bring you to life in the snowstorm

I dreamt that I would dress you in pink
And help you unwrap those presents under the tree
Then Easter would come and we'd hunt eggs
Before heading to the pool on a hot July day
In the evening, I dress you up as a princess
And we'd have our Thanksgiving dinner
After you went trick-or-treating
These are the plans I had for you
My December baby

You were alive in me
I prayed that you'd be delivered
But in August
I tripped and fell in the dark
And I lost my December baby
She dropped out of my arms
Landing on God's lap
I cried and prayed that I wasn't bleeding
But life disappeared in me
My promises fell to the ground
Before I could blink twice,
My December baby was gone

I'm sorry, baby girl
I got buttery fingers that night
My eyes were not built to see darkness
Otherwise, I'd never let you go
So rest your head upon a cloud
Knowing one day,
I'll keep those promises I made
To my December baby
And I'll hold you forever

Winter Snow

Dark gray sky
As autumn says goodbye
Sun goes to bed earlier this time

Moves silent and quick like a street performing mime
Tree branches decorated with water and rime
Reminding spring of its time to go

Ice to reap, sleet to sow
Winter snow

Dark Water (Let Your Heart Hold You)

God made us equal
And loved his children
And promised them
no more harm
 No more terror
 No more hate
 God promised us that

He lied

Two sides, two genes
All the same, floating DNA
Swimming in dark water
Diving into a sea of paste
Stuck on the paper
And never coming off

Beaten down
Shoved into the mud
Two Xs and two Ys
Can't survive
And shouldn't survive
Don't bite what you can't chew
Maybe we won't drown you

But you hold on
And you hold on
Till your fingers come undone
No need to toss aside
And become what you cannot be

Forbidden love
The taste is sweet
The setting is bitter
Sharp tongues cut into your lives
Spit on you, burn you
Turn the world against you

No changes, no changes
So you hold on and you hold on tight
Despite the dark waters pulling you down
You hold on till everyone leaves you alone

It's a depressing world
It's a fucked up world
And ideas are old-fashioned
The Bible says it and it must be
The life we were born to die with

You're a dirty whore
You're filthy scum
Cause you eye the wrong prize
'Think of your children!
Think of your future!'
Rings in your ears forever

And they push you under
Hoping your lungs fill up
Your face turns blue
And you won't live a dirty existence

But you have to hold on
And hold on as the dark water pulls down
Keep swimming till you reach the shore

Hold on, hold on
Let your hearts hold on
In this world, one day
Eyes will open and see
As the dark water goes down
The drain

Collecting Rainbows

After the storm
I'm collecting rainbows
In your old tin bucket
I'll take them to your cemetery
Pour a little bit on each gravestone
And water wilted flowers
Left on dirt years ago

I'll pour some Roy G Biv
Over the stones and moss
To fix the damage left behind by Death
And fill a ghost's empty mind
With pleasant thoughts again

It may be winter or summer, spring or fall
But I will make my way through those iron gates
I will make my first impression for God
So he'll give me a ticket to visit you in heaven
Whenever I want

Spit Me out of This Nightmare

I got thrown here with a needle
And a reason
And a switchblade
And loads of heroin to last me ten lifetimes

There he was sleeping
Completely wasted
Left unprotected and alone

And before I knew it,
I pulled the plug on him
Let his brain shut down
Before he let out another breath
Blood ran and I wanted to run

Then I remembered
I'm not sure why I'm here
I don't know who he is
Or why I chose to end him
My palms were sticky
My feet were glued

And I began to pray
Spit me out of this nightmare
I can't have blood on my hands
I can't be turned to sin

Where did I get these tools?
Where did I get my motivation?
What is the motivation?
Running red, seeping scarlet
So high that I cannot feel the pain

Is this an accident?
No, it's a nightmare.
I'm not guilty.
So why aren't my eyes opening?
Why isn't my dream breaking?

My body runs slow
My heart wants to explode
Chase me out of here
It's a misunderstanding

Misunderstanding, it can't be real
Misunderstanding, it isn't real

He's dead, he's dead
He can't really be dead
I don't kill without reason
No, I don't kill period.

Oh God, what have I done?
I have to be dreaming!
Wake me, wake me!
I'm not a murderer!

Coming into Contact

Drifting, swimming, shifting
Tides rippling through my brainwaves
Faster, harder, now make it gentle
Let this be my last feeling

I'm sweating, I'm fainting
I'm melting under the lights
I'm drowning, I'm sinking
I'm about to let you go

I'm dying, I'm fading
Coming into contact with her
I'm weak, I'm sick
I'm burning alive!

(I love you, I love you)

Six, seven, eight, eleven
All pills swimming around
Eyelids heavy, breathing slow
I'm about to let you go

Burning, yearning
Desperate to stay alive
Poisoned, nauseous
Take me away now!

(I love you! Oh, I love you!)

She's crying, I'm dying
Oh God, don't take me now!
I'm sick, help me.
It's hot, it's cold

Water, water
Put me out!
Love me, love me
Make me feel whole

Stop it! Stop it!
God stop it!
I'm not ready.
I'm not ready...
I'm ready.

It's over...
It's over...
It's over.

Cherry Tree

In the backyard
we used to have a cherry tree
With branches like elephant's ivory
And leaves the size of my fist
The sweetest cherries would grow
And at the ripe time we would eat

Under the cherry tree, we would talk
You told me about growing old
You told me I had to leave
And if I died or left you behind,
You'd have the tree to remember me

Not true, they'd say
Not true because you're vindictive
But I believed your every word
Because a cherry tree would never lie
It would not survive thanks to a lie
You could not forsake it
You would not forsake me
You said so
And I believed

Summer turned to autumn but the tree stood
I fell out and left it with grief

You began to dream about apples and oranges
To replace the cherries and their blossoms
You'd thought they'd go bad
You'd thought they'd go my way

While I'd watch you from my spot
Time would fly and time would fade
And you hated me
You hated the tree
Said my love wasn't sincere
So you cast me from your home forever

When I wanted to call, you turned away
When I beckoned you, you never heard
When I wanted to share the cherries
You had no idea what I was talking about
You cut the cord and never forgave me

I'd bleed and beg, you cried for yourself
Blood was on my hands, tears came from your eyes
You'd curse and scream your pain away
You hated me, you hated yourself
But only one of us could go
One of us could keep the tree and nothing more

I watched you in your sleep
I thought about you as I dreamed
I wished I could hear from you
I didn't get a single thing in return
Just the tree as your burden and my hell

And nowadays when you come to the cherry tree
You never ask about me
You keep it around but never ask about me
No thoughts, no wishes, no desire to see me
No whys or how or where are you now
You're pleased that I'm gone
For the weight is finally off your back
The bleeding stopped, the crying ceased
I disappeared from your life
And only our tree remains

So cut it down
I'll cut it down
We'll cut it down and ship it away
Those branches, those leaves, that trunk
The cherries, and its life
Cut it all
And never grow another tree in my spot

For what good was that tree,
Alive or dead,
In blossoms or bare,
What good was the cherry tree
If it made you forget about me?

Soul Hemorrhage

Every mistake and memory made
Must have been hell to catalogue
There was always a feeling of discomfort
Slipping through our pages

Picking under my nails
I tried to find a reason
To make you open your pretty mind
And open up those eyes

You spread your poison to the public
You covered their brains with lies
You dug a hole into their chests
And left bleeding souls behind

Dripping down, dribbling down
Don't think about fading away
Drown me, drown yourself
Don't think about leaving
Leave my soul bleeding forever

Unfair, you say, unfair to all
When your views are obscured
Blinded by your followers
Betrayed by your foolishness
You lick the blood you love
Cleanse yourself of sin
Pray to your deities
While you're stabbing me in the back

Rip me apart, rip me to pieces
But don't let my memory fade
Kiss me, kill me quickly
And never leave me behind
Covered in your blood

You disgust me
You keep turning away
You've forgotten
Peeled off every corner of me
Flicked the spots away
Too bad I haven't

You'll bitch and cry
Over and over again,
You'll bitch and cry
But you won't even try
To fix anything
In your pathetic existence

Don't fall down, don't drop me
And don't leave me behind
Die painfully, die slowly
Die drowning in your misery
But burn me into your heart

Cause I will bleed out of your soul
I will run from your veins
And leave you out to dry

I will destroy you
The way you left me
Drink my soul's blood
For it will haunt you
After you're gone

Drama Brought the Bitch Back

Well, drama brought the bitch back
And she came back with a smile
That shone from Friday evening to Saturday night
But when Sunday rolled around
Some asshole decided to stay
Stuck in her mind and made her cry

Up and down, up and down
She went like an escalator
Her face kept switching around and around
Till she didn't know what she was feeling
She hated the world
And pretended to care for it
She gave up her life
While plotting to end it

So drama, pointless drama
Brought Bitch out of hiding
Her glares bringing her world down
Her moods alternated days
Tuesdays for happiness
Wednesdays for depression
Manic, irritated on Sundays
And everything else would be normal

Drama brought the bitch back
And the world never could tell
For she was holding a bouquet of roses in one hand
And planning to put a bullet through her brain with the other

Another Lifetime

I'm a million miles from heaven
And my feet are still planted on the ground
I can see that I have a future
Just lonely, only lonely

I'm thinking too far ahead
Wishing I was in another lifetime already
Wanting to reincarnate
Want my funeral to be over
And to be six feet under
With you

But I still breathe and bleed
While you're a million miles away
I feel and groan and touch
When I want to be numb
I don't know pleasure
I'm not sure if I can feel pain

Wishing, waiting
Hopeless and distraught
Like a dandelion that won't stop growing
Taking over the yard
This torture will be the death of me

I miss you but I'll see you
In another lifetime
I hope you're there to greet me
Because the people in this one bore me

I'm a million miles from heaven
Even further from you
So I'll make my wishes
And pray they'll come true

And when time comes, I'll be ready
I will prepare myself in advance
To meet you in another lifetime
I hope I remember
The person you used to be

Beautiful Chaos

There was a dream I had
Where I could hear everyone screaming
I could feel the flames bat my face
So I bit my lip and waited

Such beautiful chaos
I don't think I've ever seen
No other way

Wrapped in Yourself

Clocking ticking, standing, waiting
I'm not sure what I'm waiting for
But I'd wait some more
If it meant I was waiting to see you

But you're too wrapped in yourself
And you're not taking time
To see everything come undone!

Like the striking lightning
You're coming before the thunder
You're covering all your bases
And leaving me to wonder
What are you hiding from?
Cause it's just only me
Unless you're feeling something
You don't want me to see

But you're too wrapped in yourself
To see me crying out in pain
You don't know that your secret keeping
Has me spinning and going insane

There's no one who can fill you
And the spaces you're leaving behind
You know how to make my world spin
And how to keep my issues in line
So what's the news with you?
Are you coming apart?
And if you don't want me,
Then send me back my heart

But you're too wrapped in yourself
To know why I still care
And you're not even questioning
What I'm doing there

You're breaking promises
You're not telling me why
Can't I just get the truth from you
Instead of hearing your latest lie?

But you're too wrapped in yourself
And you won't take time to see
To see everything come undone

Too wrapped in yourself
To know why I still care
I'm in love with you, babe
That's why I'm there
Too wrapped in yourself
Yet I'm still there
For you, babe
For you

I'm wrapped up in you too

Soul on Paper

When I gave you that paper,
I was giving you the time
And the list of promises
I didn't intend to keep
You had a list as well
Of presents you desired

Ocean, parts of the sky
A daffodil field in the summer
Blooming roses in winter
Grass blades and sunrays
Yet nowhere on your list
Was my soul

I can't promise you the ocean
I can't give you a piece of the sky
I could pretend that I had that power
But I'm not going to lie
I'll give you my soul on paper
I'll just give you me

Souls don't belong on paper
And you threw it back at me
I felt worthless
You stuck like a stain
After I was washed of you

Years went by and I saw you
Now you're married and I sleep forever
And my paper soul is still crumpled
Mowed down on Memory Lane

And now I'm with you
You can't see me
I can't breathe out loud
Yet I know more than you
Would want me to know

I'm hiding in your walls
I feel your fingers against me
You lean on my chest
The perfect spot
As your hair brushes against the paint
And I wish that I had arms to hold you

You're not mine
I can't touch you
because you're not mine
I can't touch you
You turned down my soul
For what I couldn't give you

I hope he keeps you happy
I hope you'll make a good wife
I hope he can buy the humility
I failed to deliver to you

LW, LS

Take me from La Jolla to this small town
Under the concrete and traffic lights
They've said my fortune would be found
I'm running in one direction, no looking back
Melting in with the crowds
And landing feet first on the welcome mat

I've hate everything I've become
So I'm trying to build myself again
Put my pieces into the right places
And become what I was back then

And I promised that
I'll live well, love strong
and I'll learn to move on.
I'm standing right here
as the one you all forgot
I'm standing right here
and I'll do with what I've got

Been crying like hell for three straight nights
My head lies on a tear-stained pillow
My dreams are fading into black and white
It's hard to swim against the tide
When your arms aren't strong and hands are bound
And you're in a pool of tears that you've cried

No one wants to hear a word from your mouth
And you long for your younger days
A time when you believed in it all
Never believed this dream would go away

So live well, love strong
and I'll learn to move on.
I'm standing right here
as the one you all forgot
I'm standing right here
and I'll do with what I've got

Build up my hope only to bring my foundation down.
Buy that new house on the street
only to burn it to the ground.
My life is now reduced to wood chips and rocks.
I miss my 'stained glass' voice,
I want it in me when I talk."

And every boy that passes me never looks twice.
Every girl turns her nose into the air.
I turned to God and asked for some answers
only to find that God was never there.

I'll live well, love strong,
and I'll learn to move on.
I'm standing right here
as the one you all forgot
I'm standing right here
and I'll do with what I've got

There's two sides to every mirror,
two faces we all wear.
But everyone turns to God
and only some find God there.

Live well, love strong
Just a motto to keep moving on
Swing up and down
Reach for skies, stay on the ground
I'll do with everything I've got
Though I'm the one they all forgot

Paint the Floor

He's gone to the paint the floor today
All the colors that he's been looking at
He says it's for picking the right one
But there's no need to paint his floor
When there's nothing but carpet

No footprints, no impressions
No toenail clippings dug into it
No stains or dirt buried beneath
No reasons to pain the floor

The pets could be blamed
If there were any in the first place
So could the in-laws
If they existed

He has no one impress
No home to clean for guests
No home period
There's no need to paint his floor
When he got no floor to paint
In the first place

All over Hearts

You've walked all over hearts
Passed every opportunity on its knees
You hurt them with a side glance
And blow them away with a sigh

A lady killer who never lifted a finger
A conversationalist who never spoke
You could rule the world with your face
And have the men in your palms

And all those pretty little girls
In their pretty bows and painted faces
Wrap themselves around you
Blindfold you and lead you away

Walking all over the hearts you break
You're special and you have no clue
And you never will...

Wheat Thin

There are the bottles and the pills
Spilling over the countertop
Scissors and nail clippings
Coins to keep them company
And in place of the phone
Or the toaster oven
Or even pieces of paper
Lies a Wheat Thin

It's collecting dust as months roll by
Like the ribbons and visions
Of years and happier times
Nibbled in the corner but never gone
It was dropped here
And not even the mice will take it back

It doesn't have eyes or a memory
Of the people that left it behind
It's just there where the phone used to be
Slightly crumbled yet somehow whole
Only God knows how long its been there

No one threw it out
No one noticed it was there
Too much junk around it
No wonder no one noticed it there

Maybe it's getting too much attention
Or too little
For being inanimate
It's just a Wheat Thin
Something to nibble on

Until it got dropped here
And hasn't been picked up since

Milk Ground

So I got busted
Trying to get out
On that winter night in eighty-one
My mom and dad were anxious
And I was ready to escape them

But on the twelfth day
Of the first month of eighty-two
I brought them a little pleasure
And a little more pain
I saw the ground, the color of milk
And I wanted to run across it
To my freedom

Years went by plotting
Now I've been halved
And have taken for granted
All they've ever given
The hugs and the love
The fights and the nights
Of being together

Of summer days
And school trips

For E

as diamonds are strong,
so you stand among the rocks
and look upon those treacherous waves
look upon them the way
a mother looks at her child
knowing you will survive them

and strong you stand in this world
wild, warm, worthless world
let the waves wash over you
and live to love them another day

Bells

hush! she said
i hear bells
what bells? i asked
you know, she said
they lead you to heaven

to heaven, I said
but i am not dead
well, my dear, she said
then you're in the wrong place

oh no! i said
there is a mistake
but then i heard the bells
as they entered my ears
ring. ring.
since when did they sound like phones?
ring. ring.
pick up on line 2
oh sorry, line 1
line two is disconnected

hush! the bells!
the bells? they are golden
each sound like a raindrop
i can hear them grow louder
as they hit the sky
ring. ring.
ring. ring.
i'm sorry, wrong number
hold on, i'll transfer

hold please
hold for me

you hear the bells? she asks
all the time. i reply
do they stop ringing?
not until you hang up.
she shakes her head.

it's days like this,
she says, i wish that someone
would break those bells

Padded Room

Hello there
I keep calling out to you
They've thrown away the key again
And I'm one with a raving lunatic
It's a Thursday night
And I'm not through with TV
So please, sir, get me out of here

Get naked, they say
And forget about your laces
I shiver and shake
As they search
Like a newborn, I'm thrown
From womb to the can.
And as close the lid,
I'm left to survive
On nothing but weak will

The padded room of Hell
Is shared by one and all
When hours turn to days
In the blink of your dry eye
I told a little white lie
Should I shell out my life?
I'm only made of thoughts
Like how did my show end

I can't cry now
Does that mean I don't care?
The slut's whistling in my ear
Snapping at my head

I'm a bitch, she says
No better than a pregnant dog
Time to use the phone, she says
I bite my tongue
Cause who wants to bail me free?

It's the padded room of Hell
With no means of escape
A rowdy crowd of cries
But all I want is to know
How my show ended
Is that too much to ask?
Open the door, sir
And hand me my laces
Wipe the snot from my face
It ain't pretty

I want to believe you again
And I know you can't hear me
But my show's over
So let me out of here

Summer of the Willow Tree

Whisper
Oh so small
Like a thistle
Whisper and survive
for a day
Then you can fall
From the highest branch
As the last of a kind
Cease to exist

You smell of winter
And your bark tastes of snow
Under the pale sun
Shadowed and shaded
Lean down and swallow me
In your arms
I want to rest

White of a wedding gown
The black of ebony
Oh and the blue skies
Against your finest leaves
What a sight,
a willow tree's brightest day

I close my eyes and slip away
Slip into my sleep
Dress down my dreams
Taking in every second
Seconds of winter
Turn into hours
In summer

Satin Sheets

Don't be losing those satin sheets, girl.
Cause the nights will get lonely
And will howl through your windows
They'll be all you have for warmth
And we all need our warmth
As the lights go down, the barometer's low
To trek down cold, old roads
We call paths to
fat

poet laureate: g. h. ost

mr. ost
the poet laureate of this year
keeps on slipping
n
he slips
out
o
o

no one has seen him what?
yet famous, he is
or was
or will be

makes love to rhyme schemes
dancing in the daisy field
with alliteration
assonance being his other
partner
onomatopoeia is his

GASP

he is having an affair
behind metaphor's back
like the cheater he is
he cheats on her with similes

and iambic pentameter
he leaves her too
for
imagery imagery imagery

m

a

g

e

s

when
he's
d o n e

like a lyric that's through being written
mr. ost, our beloved
poet laureate, pl g. h. ost
d i s
appears
from thought
and he
f a a a llllssss
on
to
the lined
p
a
p
er

no wonder he's famous

Running Razors

I'm going to hate the world today
Since they like to fuck with my heartstrings
Play me like a puppet
Mindless, hopeless
Then expect me to lead the army to war

Subordinates coming from the north
Subordinates coming from the south
East and west, they are filling the room
Subordinates drowning in my presence
Cause I'm an intimidating ocean

I'm running my razors down every avenue you've been
I'm running my razors across your dreams
I'm running my razor teeth into your flesh and bone
I kill you because I'm alive

My lips are a poison
Dripping, drooling, leaving their mark
Taking over a kingdom or two
Fuck them good when they aren't looking
Let them beg me for life

Down, down, down you go
Dig yourself the freshest grave
I'll provide the maggots to eat your eyes
North, south, east, west
Let them crawl across your skin
Feel them like my fingers

I'm running my razors down everything you love
I'm running my razors across your neck
I'm running my razors in hopes of seeing death
I like the taste of silence

Silence and your meat
I like the taste of your meat
That's why I'm around

I hate your life
That's why I'm still around

Turned the Bridge

As I turned the bridge
For a second
Fleeting second
Disappearing before me
Your face
Remnants of your face
All I find
Remnants and memories
Of your face
Your body
Bruise and body
Fingertip touch mine
Brush back your hair
Wrinkled brows
Your brows and nose
And smile
Dimpled smile
Smile till the edges of your mouth
Turn down
On their own

I turned the bridge
And for a fleeing second,
I swear to God I saw you again

Nobodies

Nobodies
That's who we are.
Swirling in this world.
Nobody has a need for us
So why don't the two of us
Make a run for it, girl.
Let's make a run for it.

It's not easy to be tied down
With these thoughts of escape
As you let the sunlight drift away
Taking the smile right off your face
Leaving you as nobody
That has a place in this world
So why don't you pick up your feet
And make a run for it, girl
Let's make a run for it.

You say you're tired of living
Can't stand the shadows on the wall
You're not satisfied with what you have
Since you're longing for it all
You say nobody wants to love you
And there's no love left in this world
Well, if that's how you want to feel about it
Then why don't you make a run for it, girl?
Why don't you make a run for it?

You're nobody to them, girl.
They want to eat you alive.
So why are you giving into them, girl

When they only want to make you cry?
They'll coax you to their doorway
And welcome you with open arms
Play around with your heart and your thoughts
Woo you through the door with their charms

But in the end, you'll still be
A nobody to them, girl
All because you wanted to run out
And escape the hell in this world
But you never realized
That the demons would tag along
Double up and beat you down
With everything that you've done wrong

Nobodies
That's who we are, girl
But that's not who we should be
Make a run from the Hell on Earth
Cause there's much more to see
Make a run and come on back to me

Shards

It hits you
Like shards of glass from a green bottle
Envy
Sweet envy to have it all
And then to have nothing at all

Double-Cide

I should have know from the moment
I stepped inside our house
You left the stove on and the water running
Filling up the tub upstairs
Yet you're in the kitchen pool
That wasn't there in the morning

And the paper's still on our porch
So when I picked up, it was a wet rag
Ink bleeding into my fingers
Today's news on my hands
but I don't care
For I found myself lying next to you
Still as your heart and silent breaths
We drowned together

Gracious Me

Cold metal
Cut through the flesh
Red after red falling
All because I let the painter in

He was a handsome man
That I threw a look at
But aware of his jealous rage
I kept my distance

I gave sandwiches and drinks
But I forgot to clean up
Crumbs here and there
Which the mice couldn't get to in time
They couldn't take the evidence away

He returned intoxicated
And ready for revenge
As I sunk to the ground
That I tried to clean before his arrival
Instead I left him a crime scene
One to cover up the second

And I fell to the ground
I had just mopped and_

Oh goodness, gracious me!
He missed a spot on the checked floor
And there's no one to remind him this time

daydream

As stars go out tonight
As the sun swims up to shore
As night blends into morning
Please daydream to save yourself
And have that daydream of me

Spring Cleaning

Another week for spring cleaning
Another seven days to wash out my worries
And if my house doesn't sparkle this time
I'll have to clean it all over again

Take the squeegee
And run it through my brain
Scrub every nerve
Dust my veins
Pour Clorox in my ears
And flush out my memories

Go deep if you can
With your Windex and rags
Break up the rust and lime
Chase away mildew
Make my face shine again

Pick away the edges with a toothbrush
Scrape the gunk with your knife
Spit on my arms and rub your fist in my skin
Anything to make me look brand new

Break out Mr. Clean
Run a vacuum across my stomach
Bring down the cobwebs
And chase the mice back into the field
I've got to glow
I've got to gleam this time

Another week for spring cleaning
Another seven days to wash out my worries
And if my house doesn't sparkle this time
I might have to burn it down

Giraffe Man

Look at all your spots
From head to toe, you're a serious man
You pick away at lint on your sleeves
And crane your neck to see the clouds

Scratching the dirt with your toe,
You mark your territory
Then spit at a cactus
And keep chewing away the inside of your mouth

With that steel between your nose
And the ivory hanging from your ears
Your fingers are worn like parchment
Your lips are dried mud
With blood-shot eyes and a sniff,
You look down on me
So I have to speak

Giraffe man, can I ask you a question or two?
Why do you have so many spots?
Why are you so tall?
And I'm wondering if you ever are afraid

The giraffe man only smiles
Says he doesn't care of their looks
Or the whispers they send each other
He's fine with gold rings above his eyes
And the spikes on his tongue
He doesn't care what they think
I shouldn't care about them either
It's a society, after all