

**To Home
In a Cloud
Maryland
As It Is Seen
Mouse
Forever
O, Isn't It Wonderful?
A Low-Hung Head
Time Passes**

To home I was an outside, just an influence

Was right when I sought the market
For once, I was a little sad

Who knows that it's clouded in madness—
With the world that made this kid?
Maybe not, maybe forgiveness
Confused and burdened by a dad

I'm not used to being relaxed
Or having so much free time on my hands
I can't fit into a neat little language, oh no—
Couldn't you just take me home?

All these lives I thought I was someone else
Never once was I myself
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life
I promise that I'll make it right this time

Give me a sign, I need some relief

I have no idea why I'm feeling down
I'm slowly dying, and all my friends do is aggravate
Still no one can see what's in my head

To question what's real is an impossible
For we must realize irrationality can control
Harmony is only an old soul
To home, I headed late that day

I'm a creature, deep inside
Wearing what I gave myself in a past life
I know that I've been away for a long time
But I still love you, and I've really tried

All these lives I thought I was someone else
Never once was I myself
Come to me, give me a chance to do something with my life
I promise that I'll make it right this time

I have been as ass again

A silent wall in a sulking land
 You put on me an established way—
 A dream or place in someone's state
 With a walk, I can't see the breaks

Within a wind or twist ahead
 A naked way on older paths
 Do I have rights, can I feel a pinch?
 Has she something warm that I can move in?
 With this friend, I can see within a cloud

What does this mean to me?
 How many times can I fall down
 And forget where I started out?

Someday they'll see a thought, a way, a lone aloft
 Which path fits my mind?
 Who has read the art on the radio's time?

For a while, contracting a disease
 Inside a hiding point under the sea
 On a tombstone, I read out loud,
 "Is anybody watching me?"

Maybe not my dear, maybe you have friends

But I wouldn't know what happens at your end
 I do feel this thing that you call love

Connecting takes some time, persistence is the key
 There is no relation between a rock and the sea
 I envy what happiness you must know within a cloud

Why do I get up?
 How many times must we interact
 Until we can consider ourselves as facts?

Whatever you may feel, I've always felt inside
 But just as you throw it out, I find it best to hide

For a while, contracting a disease
 But I'm secure throughout history
 A bit of paper that says it's my relief
 Still I can't see who's following me

In a cloud, in a cloud—

Who's there to watch the house when I'm gone?

Who's there to beckon me with sleep?
I'm here abiding by the hour
Until we next meet

I'm here to mollify my voice
I swear that I've come undone
I swear to what required visions
Yes, rid of sun

I am not content with my heart

I need to compensate the seconds

I need the minutes to agree
I will the hour over, instant
I love you, we'll see

I want you, I want you, I want you
I know you want me

I am not content with my heart—

S... with a sibling, deep inside

Lust, absent loving, all nullified
 Window to watchers, house of thirst
 And the writer's mind only makes it worse

That's what we've written
 That's what we've seen
 A planted division from audience to screen

That's what we've ought to
 That's what we need
 A loving devotion to what's obscene
 If you think it for me, then I stay clean

Faraway, faraway

F... me on the carpet and then ... on my face
 Still no one knows of what I am or what I mean
 I'm a little hung-over from these friendly things
 That breathe in my secrets to keep fresh the taste
 That, if I were decent, I'd happily forsake
 But as I am drooling, my head bids, "*Partake—*"

I'm excited for this new thing!
 Don't you think it'll be great?

How could I leave the house?

All the others have gone out
No puppeteer, my limbs won't bend
I need that friend

Out, out—

Why should I leave the house?

Never bothered to go out
My puppeteer, my nimble friend
Do walls end?

How far from the window do you cross?
And is it hot?
How far until the world stops?

I'll step outside the house

My movements walk about
The sun shocks me, the roads winding
And I'll travel

Here, now is a sound
A cold tweet-tweet
O, how sweet
So far from home
Am I alone?

Why did I leave the house?

I have wandered too far out
Who might erase me
Who might send me off—
Am I in trouble?

I have no ideas
I'm not even here—

I can't wait to be dead

She says:

It's reasonable to wait here,
 Don't delegate me against my fears
 I'm just a lucky one
 There's the others, maybe hundreds, maybe thousands
 I don't know
 What were we talking about?
 No, not me—
 For you I'm crazy, to make me happy earnestly

No words of mine can shorten the time

She says:

It's reasonable to wait here,
 Don't concentrate, you'll push forth tears
 We're not the only ones
 There's a distance that follows love
 Please, stay here—
 The words feel near
 Your love is clear
 And I can wait

Remember, remember—
 Forever, forever—

Remember, remember

Please don't forget me
 Please don't forget me.

Novels chronicle burdens, plot holes, and

Timelines distort direct transport, but
Countdowns, number lines, move back in time
Quarries come alive and get well, revive, then
Fathers, mothers, older now, resign, as
Brothers, distant, stay their lives.

These fragments, heartaches, astound my eyes
I reason, I reason, I lyricize the light

Those mentors passed on far too slow
The safety netting will cut my throat
Who can reason with an asshole?
Just pass on, keep on, move on; go

I am childish as never before

Alluding to conflicts that I restore
I word it, cryptic, with a chord
The method I use to stay secure

O, reason, reason, show them light
The audience has waited so polite
Exclaim the name of our piece tonight!

O, isn't it wonderful?

We are heading out before the storm

And she is giving out her vitals like a whore
 This girl is so sure that she's willing to pull it out
 But her body likes to keep itself warm

I can't assume anything about you, but if I sat still and paid attention
 I might learn something new
 These pretty colors and your soft sweet voice produce such a sense of something
 I can't withstand my cries

But now I don't know why and I don't know how to make myself take form
 Or write lines to keep myself in shape
 These standard walls are attracting dust and there is no time to fix them
 And these laws could never exist

I'll play my part

I can't wait, can't shake off this dreaded feel

Trapped by the reason of a rational man in an irrational world
riverrun on the killer's side, he's hatching a plan, he's marking a map
 But I'll never be scared for my life

I don't know why they tried to teach you
 It's a sorry face, a sorry face
 And I don't know why they lied so often
 You have stains running down you cheeks
 To your pretty smile, to your hungry mouth
 Whose tongue is often told to please

Please make sense of distant days that travel on and on and on and on
 We finally found peace inside, no longer caught but petrified
 Who knew we talk so fast and fuck so much, but not outlast
 We can't be left alone

I'll play my part

***I'm on stolen ground, I'm on stolen ground
 I'm on stolen ground—***

This is my submission, as they say

So who says I'm all in my low-hung head?
 How would they know?

Heathen or saint, bridging and crossing

Even as I sleep, torment and lock my dreams
I heed and follow, they speak forward and backward—

O, the mousy girl, she screams violence, violence

Yet I never knew her, my eyes lied; unseen
O, the days are forth and back as I have remained
Yet I must die truly, I'll beg someday
O, godless creatures spitting reason, pouting powerless
Yet I am a monster; I need, I rape

And, could you foster any torture, any laughter
Then I will commend you, exalt your name

Who, among us, can persist beyond us?
Beyond the mild complaint—
And who, beyond us, can send back a message?
That corpses and lovers are same—

I beg the witness to come home

Time passes, I grow old

God dances—
God dances—