Teenage Fury

Washington

I begin,
By saying you were right,
When you suggested I was,
Looking for some feeling,
That wasn't to be found,
Except for in the pages,
Of poetry of ages,
All that teenage fury,
I hope you wrote that down.And I admit,
That at the start,
It shook me,
I confess it took me,
Several months of fury,
To burn that city down,
But now that I am older,
My blood seems to run colder,
And I don't get that feeling when you are around.Instead I have steady hands,
And in its place,
I am making plans in inner space,
Where I used to spin;
Scream there is measurement of temperament,
I cultivate my teenage dreams.So again into the fray again,
Go see your play again,
Just drum and bass again,
Your perfect face,
But I don't care about the future,
And all I can say to ya,
Is I don't want to hurt ya,
And I don't think that you do,
Want for me to search ya,
For your teenage fury,
Now that we are grown.So it stands
That monuments still there,
The same things self aware,
Just shadows in the dark,
My favourite work of art,
I think it's finished,
Shall we hang it in the gallery,
All that teenage fury,

Of my very own,Of my very own. x4

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