Buttons

Josh Pyke

In my mind, not enough birds have died
in the shadow of this once cast stoneand i'm not well, but i am ill at ease
with all the buttons still left to sew
through needles eyes, see me sharper than i see myself.
so you should stitch me in to stop me from bleedingand education can be fickle i think, sometimes the more you learn, the more you lose a sense of what you think you knowabout all the buttons still left to sewand i'm outside myself more and more these days
so you should stitch my skin skin to stop me from bleeding all over this fresh sing and i...
aknowledge all the corners, and all the freshly painted walls, that bear no former scars
since they're patched up and over nowbut i was born of miners and im designed to chip away, tunnel in the dark.but why must it always come down to some unseen contender?i don't knowwhen hatchlings all we are, just battling the whitewashbirds above, sharks below.though i feel empathy towards the ones who threaten mei'd still leave them soft-shelled to the beaks of crows...but every now and then a tempest blows, and the veneer I keep comes unsewn, but will you ever read me well?I can only assume so.
and i'm bouyant like a flotsam man, now relegated by the waves to land.
they dry me like a brittle bone, paraded like a polished stone.and that's what you ought to know.i'd see them smashed on the reefs below.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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