

# A Poem/confession

Richard McGraw

I hope I didn't punish you in the name of some justice  
those whip and chain instructions should be written for me  
I told you of my limits, the lines you kept crossing  
but you tried not to care much for those anyway  
And I've been falling back on old ways  
just to make it through my day  
And the self I once esteemed is weaker than these dreams  
These fantasies and memories of things you can't share  
I told you of my limits, the limits I kept secret  
they make me look so poor when I need you so badly  
I never did see you on my last visit.  
I dropped off the summons; the laws we have broken  
I couldn't take what's tragic. Tragedy is fire  
I said I'll take you in parts, well part of me is a liar  
And the strings and the ties I placed in the summons  
You saw right through those whip and chain lies  
The strings made of leather, the metal in my motives  
Now you've seen what I can be in the worst kind of way  
And now that you've seen the worst that I can become  
Do you abhor the devil I deal with?  
He doesn't hate you. He speaks quite well of you;  
He confessed emptiness; I think he still wants you  
And there are parts of you he'd love to take with him to his  
grave  
Does that turn you off?  
And there are parts of you he'd love to come to terms with for  
years to come  
Does that turn you on?  
does that turn you on his working in vain, all of his working in pain  
In his armor of pain?  
In which he is rotting in, you see, he can't be subtle anymore  
I never spoke of innocence. I never laughed at your  
pain  
I knew all along what you needed to do.  
You took care of business. You marched past my limits.  
Now I love your decisions in a militant way.  
I spoke to your father, he never satisfied you  
He didn't satisfy me, I saw right through him  
I couldn't take what's tragic. Tragedy is fire  
I said I'll take you in parts, well part of me is a liar  
And there's parts of you I'd love to take with me to my grave  
Does that turn you off?  
and there's parts of you I'd love to come to terms with for years to come  
Tell me, "Does that turn you on?"  
Does that turn you on my working in vain, all my working in pain,  
in my armor of pain  
For which I am rotting in, see I can't be subtle, anymore  
Can I turn you on with this working in vain with my working in pain

In my armor of pain?  
For which I am rotting in, see I can't be subtle any more.

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