Danger and Play

Buck 65

Here's a man who's come apart pieces uncollected
His heart breaks for total strangers
He's the one that's undetected.
Te corridor is lying fallow.
Going blind he doesn't care to know the truth.
His better days are trapped in amber.
Hard to read he lacked in candor.
Audience enamored.
Tried to speak but stammered.
Out of focus here's a man who's had his chance.
His tired legs like towers.
Antlers mounted on the wall.
Open books that like flowers
Sounds of traffic like applause.
Roaring sons and daughters chirping.
The agony of Priapus.
Warring Huns and water serpents.
SalomÃ© she dances for the prisoners of heaven's jails
with feet that barely touch the ground.
Seven gates.
Seven veils.
One by one they fall away.
Now she's left with secrets that could break the world.
Indifferent and sophisticated.
To this day the myth's debated.
Malevolent.
Dismissed and hated.
Just try not to lose your head.
Between the devil and the deep blue sea
she memorized the cruelest parts.
Desperate wishes whispered to the patron saint of foolish hearts.
Ladies of the corridor find themselves involved disgraced.
Call witness to their principles and deprecate the lack of tasted.

Ophelia the victim never asked to join this wicked threesome
Now she's sitting all alone at water's edge upon a tree stump
Listening to distant music
It's hard to tell is there light within her heart or is it filled with deep despair?
As she prepares her sleepless prayer she'll pinch herself to keep aware and quietly she goes insane

She wears a pretty dress her feet are bare
Hand-picked daisies in her lap
Heavy eyes exhausted mind she's ready to begin her nap
Freezing water crystal clear
Ignore the pain
Dismiss the fear
She takes a moment for herself then into nature disappears
Carved in stone favorited and though preferred
When the evil demon's down his frightening voice cannot be heard
The opposite as true as well
Damned to hell this fear of music
Dread of winter
Hearts turn phosphorescent soon
Seen through aching pains of windows
Dead of night and crescent moon
Fireworks on Holidays
Oregon will have it's bridges to carry loads and take things said and turn them into burning fires
Evil doesn't make things dead
Diamonds that we feed the oceans
Words of honor we rescind
I was hanging in a stairwell the day she gave me to the wind

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