Cheeba Swiftkick

Sun Club

Boys and loud noises,
like they had their choices,
if it gets their attention,
but does that mean their listening.Thoughts for thoughtfulness,
and think but thoughtless,
drummed out by humdrum hums,
but nothing worth mentioning.Part of me wants to drown
inside of everything that is "it"
and find the noise I thought I'd never want to know,
and find a way,
a way to lose my sense of center in
sound and drowned and drowned.Psychos and silent stares,
speak up but no one dares,
depth in silence,
and height and reticence.
Tongue tied but screaming,
don't care if they're listening,
if I'm the only one who hears,
than an anthem for my defense.I just want to get louder.
I ask too many questions.Part of me wants to drown
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and find the noise I thought I'd never want to know,
and find a way,
a way to lose my sense of center in
sound and drowned and drowned.Part of me wants to drown
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