Old Rules

Hot Water Music

5:30 rings.
Pots over gas flames.
Still in a haze.
Not walking dead, but alive and I'm fed.
Still hungry for more.
'Cause before I wake again, I toss and I turn again and again.
With something calling me, maybe a conscience,
maybe that dream of something more,
well beyond the folklore that failed to be something real solid
or still something real solid
or still to ground me with instinct to feel before
I think and think before I know.
To know.
Know before I act, act before I grow.
In control, with fear ail hold.
Cutting me loose from old rules.

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