Aluminum Can

The Ditty Bops

Crush me down
An aluminum can
Poke me with a fork and half baked yam
Toss me in the frying pan
I would never bite the hand
If I could be sure the hand that feeds me
Feeding frenzy on prescription words
Swallowing the silence that returns
Falling in footsteps petrified by time
Under madness are familiar faces
And you are just a semblance of before
Following the dust and calling it more
These are the seeds
That beseech the leaves for cover
Hiking canyons where people have fallen
These are places where some learn to fly
Breaking escaping molds that are growing
Stepping over cutting off the ties

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