

Freezerburn

Jawbox

i lifted a hammer so many times
to strike a nail into my house.
but instead i struck
the thick air of indifference.
two trips to the pavement
wasn't what i had in mind,
when i said i was moving up in this world.
bruised knees and hands
brought down my plans.
tripped round and fell and fount,
a shining penny on the ground -
promise of fortunes yet to come -
that i built into a train
and took the land.
it was a puzzle to me until i learned,
that you can be cold and still get
burned.

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