

# Lightning Rod

Jenny Owen Youngs

heart attack  
junk in the box  
i've been here so long  
i'm starting to rot  
& you're taking my fear  
selling it in jugsback on the playground,  
my knee socks are bloody  
i need someone to toss the confetti  
at the ticker tape parade  
i'm falling for myself look to the flower  
she used to be pretty  
don't say a word,  
but she's drying out slowly  
you have the answers  
i have the car keys lightning rod  
straps on my shoulders  
i'm searching through windows  
for rain & for thunder  
that could bring to merciful  
& this overdrawn waycarpet burns  
up to my elbows  
it's time that you learn  
i guess i should tell you  
that the things you know about me  
never were true look to the flower  
i used to be pretty  
don't say a word,  
but i'm drying out quickly  
you have the answers  
i have the car keys

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