Burner Off

DESA

For god's sake open a window.
The storm looks frightening through the glass.
But you could use something to turn the burn off.
You keep asking: how long will I last?
But you'll never find the number amid your mess of scribbled thoughts.
Peace of mind awaits you somewhere.
Somewhere there flies an end to sleepless nights.
Hope looks so small, but it's up there disguised as a V in southward flight.
How can you spot the subject through the smoke that cloaks the town?
How can one kid ever hope to take off from such cluttered ground?
Tangled road signs in front of you.
Lost loves and other debris behind.
Run fast or out of time.
And with these words I thee bid goodbye.
Keep your heart and eyes open wide.
I promise you if I ever return, we'll compare pictures before and after the burn.
For god's sake open a window.
You're breathing smoke instead of air.
But you could use a breeze to cool the room down.
You keep asking: why isn't life fair?
But you'll never find the answer at your local lost and found.
How can one kid ever hope to take off from such cluttered ground?

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