Aside

MJ13

Measure me in metered lines in one decisive stare
The time it takes to get from here to there
My ribs that show through t-shirts and these shoes I got for free
I'm unconsoled, I'm lonely, I am so much better than I used to beTerrified of telephones and shopping malls and knives
And drowning in the pools of other lives
Rely a bit too heavily on alcohol and irony
Get clobbered on by courtesy in love with love and lousy poetryAnd I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play but it almost feels okayCircumnavigate this body of wonder and uncertainty
Armed with every precious failure and amateur cartography
I'm breathing deep before
I spread those maps out on my bedroom floorAnd I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play but it feels okayAnd I'm leaving with goodbye
And I'm losing but I'll try
With the last ways left to remember sing
My imperfect offering

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