

# Sage Francis, Oliver Twisted

Reminiscing of when I was living in fear  
Is he here yet?  
I feel sweat building on my upper back  
Children are under attack  
With every question mark  
When testing starts  
Hearts burn and stomachs knot  
Inner organs begin to morph in  
To dinnerless orphans  
Asking for more things to digest for Oliver  
But I love her  
You do?  
I guess  
What part, all of her?  
Yeah except when she tempts men  
You know those uncontrollable feelings and thoughts except them  
Now I accept when she tempts men to extend  
Plutonic handshakes and I'm all hung up on sex again  
And untrusting is she still talking to him?  
I'm hung up I used to be off the hook  
Picked up girls and read them motives like an awful book  
Put them down  
Fast but gently to maintain the grass entry level position  
Last century I had several decisions  
To make before the new millenium  
To secure finances  
As for dollars did I make a mill or any?  
Check the public record freedom of information  
Act One Scene Two Third page Fourth paragraph  
Fifth center sixth word seventh letter G  
Seems like I ain't make any  
And I'm stuck clutching on to my very last penny  
Loafer searching every crevice of the sofa  
Warning you not to get any closer  
I need some space to breathe  
And he's making me  
Shovel the snow cut the grass and rake the leaves  
Take these responsibilities and shove 'em  
These working boots weren't made for running  
Your landscaping business  
My hands are shaking hidden fists  
Holding a dead fish  
Breaking limp wrists  
And listening for lisps  
Smack speech impediments out your mouth piece  
I'm all alone in the force to home  
Killing myself with the house keys