

Sponge, Neenah Menasha

to begin but not complete
to sleep but not to wake
to always be lost and
never find the way
no thoughts or memory
no hope or tragedy

a mirror waits for a
reflection of a face
to hit the ground and know
the sound
trial by mistake
deaths a crown we wear
around
like a smile on a face

they will never hate or
lie
they will never break or
try
they will never break or
cry
they will never wave
goodbye

a silence that would not
break
the loss of a face
the face of a woman that
arrived much to late
i break down and she sees
the clowns
i used to hide away
death to clowns all their
crowns
and the smiles on their
face

they will never break or
try
they will never hate or
lie
they will never say or
smile
they will never break or
cry

neenah menasha will wait
neenah menasha. neenah
menasha
will wait

i break down and she sees
the clowns
i used to hide away
death to clowns and all
their crowns
and the smiles on their
face
they will never hate or
lie
they will never break or
try
they will never break or

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they will never wave
goodbye