

Tommy Shaw, It Doesn't Show

Calm

I must be calm
I shall will the shaky hands to be still
My racing heart must keep
Its urgent message to itself
For no one would understand

Insanity

The world moves in slow motion
I must express these thoughts
So bursting to be born
That my skin might split open
My every thought rushing out
Only to be infinitely recycled
Like a fountain in an office building's lobby

Peace

I know no peace
When my stream of consciousness
Becomes a tidal wave
Ready to wash away lives and property
Long believed to be safely bolted
To stone foundations on high ground

Security

My mind is a killing machine
In remission only for as long as it takes
To create a false sense of safeness
For the grazing Zen herd

A coyote

So quiet and interesting
It has been accepted as a pet
Allowed in the house with the cat
And the children

A snake

Sleeping in the sun
So hypnotic and seductive
Because it has never coiled, or rattled

I look in the mirror

And it doesn't show