

Failure, Small Crimes

Small crimes
Smiles stretched on
old trees
Strike your match so
lightly
Watch the crooked
smoke rise
Empty praters to
heaven
Just a mask of
blue sky
Look away to

Small crimes
Kick the dog for
eating
Leave your old self
hungry
Watch in coldest
pleasure
Tell the world what

Ever turns you on is fine
with me as long as
Matches don't get wet
Warm winds calling me a
coward make me smile
They can't convince
me now
Burned prayers turn me
on to nowhere sick
and empty
I don't feel so bad
Ever turns around again
says to me softly
Start the fire now
Small crimes sever
used-up old
considerations
Freedoms not so great
All fears burn up

They said hold on to the
stairway railing
Meaning everything
is meaning
Something makes it hard
to keep track
Hold on found me
tangled forest
Growing got my
driest summer
Small crimes held my
match box tightly