

Of Fate And Chance, Coordinates

This is the outcome
when they add more weights
on the barbell and subtract
words spoken to her
an adjusted sight
with a lens of testosterone
but they can't see anyway
because alcohol
has filled them more than
she ever will

We are the chivalry
battling time with our thoughts
carved onto paper
let everyone gossip of
my absence I've traveled
the world for this

23 miles turn to seconds
when that right turn slides the concrete
into two choices always making the right
choice and darkness accompanies me
as I lay angling the ash flavored car seat
until the light in her eyes knocks
on the window

This is the last of idealism
and of god's intentions
but doesn't everyone sleep
aside the lawn? just for a
two hour glimpse
doesn't everyone open the doors for
such delicate flowers?
to be given and treasured or do
we not water them anymore?