

Sage Francis, The Weak Link

Written By: Sage Francis

Verse One:

The weak link is quivering...determining the chain's strength/
Wimpering...VIBRATING...the wave length/
of its stress signals are more or less symbols. It just trembles/
Knowing it'll take the weight when the chain breaks and disassembles/
See Mr. Wendell? He knew nothing of this daily struggle/
Sit under the dysfunctional family tree and prepare for trouble/
Could barely hear the mumbles beneath the ear peircing rumbles/
Sharp tongues slashing mouths while lashing out with verbal belt buckles/
Friends crumble under similar circumstances within their own chain of events/
>From Sloppy knots in family ties. The pain is intense/
The tension is thick. Two sided arguments are upsetting to him/
Stretching the link. testing its endurance and spreading it thin/
TREMBLING...holding onto what's familia in the Italian sense and reading intense drafts/
by Sylvia Plath/
Breaking off into an unfamilliar path/
Divert the hurt by faking coughs, trying to act silly and laugh/
Making light of situations when I sense a panic attack/
I'm a fully licensed self-defense machanic, and my toolbelt is black.

She probably thinks I'm dead.
She's probably dead.
When he left she said I was so strong, I know she's wrong...
I need back support. My knees fold.
Please hold your end of the bargain when I leave home.
Please hold the keystone.

Verse Two:

The weak link is feeling emense stress from a tense situation,
stretching out in every direction and visibly shaken.
Its mistaken as durable, listen...
its just the circumstance that has it standing in a verticle position.
Hurting from the friction of abrasive personal differences.
People lose their grip when hands slip, and it gets worse when fingers give.
The Lying Tamer is in the middle of the three-ring-circus. "Bring the kids!"
Hanging by the last string it swings.

Cling to live. Strain to see. Gasp to breathe.
The father figure is...breaking free...he has to leave.
I figure its...making me...want to pass the seeds.
The baby sitter grins...vacantly...lying in dead grass and leaves,
Laughing at trees. They hold their own.
Forbidden fruit of their manual labor pains don't fall far from their home.
Every autumn calls for another poem devoted to growing old.
Every winter seems to get colder and colder...its that same old story overtold.

Let go of your hold...become a missing link in the chain effect.
Out on the open road...kids'll think you became a wreck.
When hopeless souls begin to sink and disconnect
its just a release.
Its such a relief.
Sometimes, we need to be alone.
But please hold your end of the bargain when I leave home.
Please hold...the keystone.