

Temporary Basement, My Hands Laid Bare

If I could possibly
Commit my heart down to print
Pencil, ink down for you
Document (within my head)
And catalog (arrays unsaid)
So I could give you
all the words I've held (in my palm years too long)

For each time I've turned away my friends
From each call for help I heard
Oh even when mine was found

One permanent (etching of me)
photographs (apology)
In silken wrap bound with a
rubber band so here for you is

My hands bare for you.

Forget my past promises
From here I start vision new
I keep my eyes from my shoes

Embarassments (and forgeries)
And map my in (securities)
Start challenging myself where I gave up for gone
I give you