

This winter is a stubborn thing
It doesn't want to go away
But, each frigid day still brings
Us one step closer to the spring

Poetry

Fluidity

The words that flow across the page
The voice resounding from the stage
A creature that cannot be caged
It's just a thought
It has no weight
No mass, no actual physical state
At most, some ink upon the paper
Or a sound, no more than vapor
A wisp, a wish, a phantom beast
But...once it has been released
Unchained, let loose upon the world
Like a flower as it's unfurled
A sparkling gem, a stinking turd
Each is immortal,
In the world of words

If we could find
Inside our mind

The way, it seems
We do in dreams
To spend more time
Inside the time
We'd have more seconds in each minute
Each hour would have more minutes in it
A million hours in each day
To eat, to drink, to work, to play
It would be nice, it would be good
And if we could, I think we should

We look for brilliant insight
In poetry and art
Something that will change our minds
Or thrill our beating hearts
We hope, in every random conversation
For some sort of golden inspiration
But, in the end, we must admit, most folk are
Actually, rather mediocre

I see you on the Metro and I know that you're not rich
You're probably on your way to work and your job is a son of a bitch
Some kind of routine drudgery in an office or a shop
Where you will spend 5 days each week till you're old enough to drop
It's 8 o'clock in the morning and the day has just begun

You've nothing to look forward to, you're life is not much fun
That's the fate of the common man, the downtrodden working classes
The lumpen proletariat, the mob, the horde, the masses
How you deal with this depression, of course, is a matter of personal style
But Jesus Christ Almighty, WOULD IT KILL YOU TO FUCKING SMILE?!

I type the words, then I hit send
Things I would not say in person
I may not be the world's best friend
But if I said 'em in person
I'd be a worse'n

Breathe in,
The air around your head
That's underneath your very nose
Suck it in, down to your toes
It feels so good to not be dead

Breathe out
Your worries and your doubts
Your fears and your anxieties
All thoughts of negativity
That weigh you down, just let them out

Breathe in

The air that's all around
This room, this town and every place
That stuff, invisible and clear
Our ambience, our atmosphere
From the edge of outer space
All the way down to the ground

Breathe out
The staleness of the past
The teenage slights, the swamp of tears
Memories that weren't meant to last
The lonely nights, the wasted years
The boogey men, your childhood fears
What never was but might have been

Breathe in
The scents, the sights, the sounds
Which are floating all around
All sensory information there
Lying latent on the air
The songs you've heard, the films you've seen
The sounds of words and what they mean

Breathe out
The toxins in your system

You don't need them, you won't miss them

The nicotine, the residue

Of staying up last night till two

The beer, the vodka and the wine

Let it disperse, and you'll be fine

At least, till such a time as when

You go and do it all again

Breathe in

And now the fun begins

What you breathed out, I'm breathing in

And the reverse is true, no doubt

You're breathing in what I breathed out

In this ocean made of air

In foggy weather or in fair

The sweetest breath, the foulest rot

Are stirred together in one pot

And as our spirit world's are spun

You and I become as one

Breathe out,

Again and now we're done

Thank you! That was lots of fun