

Twilight Stand

Shades of shadows,
Orphans of the sun,
Who abandons them to night.
And, night lays them away
In graves of forgotten memory,
Saying, "Sleep tight babies, stillborn children of the day, fit only for mourning."

Ah, the twilight tip toes by,
Like a girl in chiffon,
Her form only teased at beneath.
She's the in-between, seldom even seen.
Not day, not night.
Not wrong, but never exactly right.
All feelings and no thought.
Defying definitive description,
But, oh so real.
She brings you all the way there,
But leaves, once she finishes.
Her lovers all left to sleep alone,
With no name to call her back in the morning,
With no name to call her back in the morning.

Sticks and Stones

Got the Stones on and my heart gashed wide and bleedin'.

Lettin' Mick mumble me into a stupor of I don't care,

Anesthesia for my painful aggravation.

"Mick, moan, mumble and scream.

Make all this shit appear like a dream,"

My silent incantation.

"Stumble your way through my black and blue heart

With your slurred syllables rummaging wildly,

Like a drunk in his apartment,

Finding and smashing every vestige thought of his ex-lover to bits

And shredding his hands in the process."

Give me my sticks and stones and leave me the hell alone

To break my bones and drown out the pain of words

With pain more natural, more bearable

Than the pain of "Good bye",

Said so dryly that my own tears were called forth to water it

In order to compensate for the cruelty of such an arid insult.

All the words she said she were real,

Merely the lies of a coward, masking only physical temptation,

Which is all it was for her.

So, the foolishness of my drunken spirit feels it,

The full weight of being a mere joke,

A toy that was played with and discarded

As if she'd outgrown her need of me,

The way a child realizes the futility of toys

And the need for more than mere amusement,
The need for real life fulfillment,
Which, it turned out, she found in someone else.

I am a box of sticks and stones and broken bones now;
And, rattle myself loudly to drown out the pain of the names,
Which do hurt me endlessly.

George Lennon 2/16/11