

Finnegan, Work in Progress

Gabriel Drozdov / Yes I Will Yes

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I Have It

I have it clasped around my neck
Like a faucet that pours into my chest
A locket of all things undressed
Never fought it bored and unimpressed

So it goes to leave me alone
And to go abandon another home

I've lost it
Blinded by the setting sun
Sound to a simple one
To be a coward and move along

I've lost it
Content with what harmless thing is gone
Nothing and get nothing done
Zephyr to a lost love

So it goes to leave me alone
And to go abandon another home

Easily Be Irrelevant

Just as the sparrow once was, in the same manner
Only by artifice, ear to ignorance
Who, poet, has set off again
And launched as measured by clock
And/or watch, whatever preference
Any malcontent that has dodged or driven
Written or spoken, essentially convey a message
That will almost indefinitely easily be irrelevant

Trying to stay relevant, or cool, or balanced
Or content with your own mirrored image
Or trying to figure out what's right in a general sense
When it will almost indefinitely easily be irrelevant

Yes I Will Yes

God forbid you don't go through with that idea
Tell my god to bless you and maybe make your house something more than a house
Don't bother with that, let's dance about facts
Don't bother with that—

Said God, "I hope you follow through and make things clear"
Said my god, "I hope you regret your decision and accept your position, in life of course"
Don't bother with that, a something, violer d'amores
From over the short sea, through trifling passencore

And as we crowd around your grave and pray—
Yes I Will Yes
And as we hope you will accept, regret—
Yes I Will Yes

God has told me I'm more comfortable approaching rather than being approached
He whispered to me he'd rather me not make a fool of myself
I slapped him back, where were you my last requiem?
Where were you my last requiem?
Is there such a thing as heaven for disciples like you?

I don't think that I should follow an immature
Saying talent is overrated, yet I've made myself so much more
I said yes to one full fathom, yes I will to one full fathom
Collapsing on a passage left behind every single door

And as we crowd around your grave and pray—
Yes I Will Yes
And as we hope you will accept, regret—
Yes I Will Yes
And as we watch you rise and live again we will repent, we will

Funeral

I could've sworn by my aching sides that I was impeccably fine
There is no contest, no course for retribution
Yet I'd shown to live a normal life

I could've sworn by my dying words that I'd be granted another life
Of what I said there is no consequence
Should I be in anger or strife?

Look at him; he hasn't even begun making a decision
He keeps going back to the same exact spot
If only I could inhabit that body and maybe show him the faults
He'd thank me and we could go back to drinking and such

He could've sworn by his dying intuition
He loved his lover quite a lot
And that, by his dying inhibition
She knew all he intended to be taught

And by this revelation he came to understand how, spiraling, he consumed himself
A revelation of something else, nothing understood in any way, at all
An epiphany of complete concentration emitted at the death, of a funeral
To be lost forever but never forgotten, elderly, not of the old

Under this circumstance, it seems I'm trying to accomplish something
And under this stress it seems to be more of an observation than a talent

O, it's constant consumption or maybe just consonance
So what makes a poet after all?

A Love Song of Everyone

Today is a bad day for everyone
As was yesterday and tomorrow
Monotony has bred a sorrow on all my children, I have sworn
Still, today is a long day for everyone
I've been told, told to be told, told by a teller that was told
To take a hand and oscillate, loosen the breaks

"I don't see a bit of essence on your mind
"I don't see where you're coming from
"I don't know that idea"

We watch you and watch you and watch you and sound you out
Recorded and numbered across a fairly large line
It's a tiring job of which I wish to be relieved
But then another would have my mind
So I stay in a dying commotion
In a local business, a parking lot
And so I've stayed in a longing disproportion
Never letting my eyes off you

And I don't see a bit of essence on your mind
I don't see where you're coming from
I don't know that idea

Trust me, you're fine

Ingrid Lili Gendreau

[Instrumental]

Unnamable

Lately, I have been scatterbrain
And lately, a casual fool
Safe to be a skeptic
Should I complain? Should I complain?

Nothing walks the stranger
No time to kill at all
Safe to be a skeptic
Should I complain? Should I complain?

A Love Song of Someone

A tongue in every willing hole
Yet tomorrow, resets like a clock
I will live to know this moment
Yet tomorrow, resume all lust
All sake is lost in intake
Yet tomorrow, awake without alarm

Fill me up and swallow me whole
Stay until sunrise, you leave and I am cold
Is this only a job? I cannot hope

I have known it and done nothing to bid my control
Yet today, I look to tomorrow

Prawn Housing

Fr'over the sea, from swerve of shore to bend of bay
Passencore, riverrun, aboard a ship I see a face
Or lack of one. So long it has been
Since I'd found myself in an unmoving place

Fr'over the sea, from swerve of shore to bend of bay
Fixation, obsession, denial in the commonplace
That was my tone. So long it has been
Since I'd found myself in a familiar taste

Fr'over the sea, to swerve of shore to bend of bay
I see no light. Stand beside my side, I'll touch your face
And make it mine. So long it has been
Since I'd found myself in a kind embrace

O, they took me to prawn housing
And I cannot swear I know the purpose
It's in this present moment, with my obsession
That I die

Tell me I'm alive
I need to hear it breathing
Tell me I'm alive
As when I'd fought it, squealing
Tell me I'm alive
To watch their little heads pluck off
Tell me I'm alive
That's enough

O, they took me to prawn housing
Where they made me work the chassis
And although I cannot swear ecstatic
I am alive

O, they took me to prawn housing
And I cannot swear I know the purpose
It's in this present moment, with my obsession
That I die, to all surprise