

I'm not Dog's strongest soldier

I've been scared of living life for a minute.
I know it, but I won't admit it.
I never asked to be alive.

I've been hiding under blue skies, sun-soaked-you-dry's,
come-out-at-sunrise-panicked-and-tired's.
I should've loved you more then.

Therapy has run dry.
I'm still feeling tired?
I did the work.
I'm still waiting on my prize?
I'll pay any price!
I'll trade for a nice little life?

Mama taught me:
Life's not worth believing in.
A sleeveless heart is the way to win.
If my bleeding arm is a cardinal sin, I guess I'll call from hell?

Another call home, another tall order:
Prove that you love me. Squeeze gold out of water.
Oh. You don't believe that I tried...

Then take my words for granted.
Pace my hurt across your life.
And if you still won't see me,
can you please muster up the strength to lie?

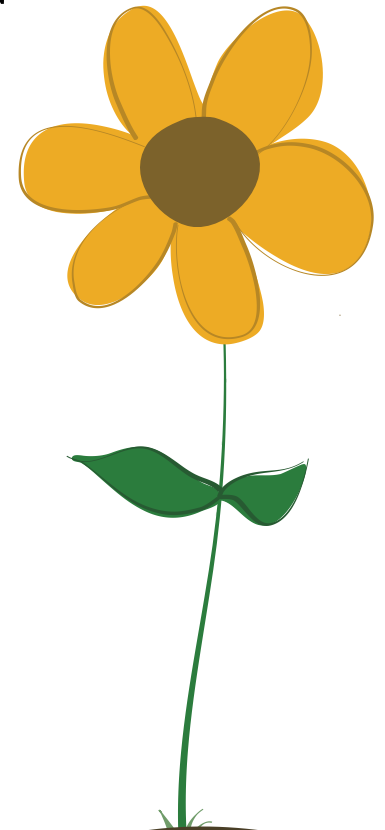
Because that's what I need. Love.

All the brightest ones always burn fast.
I like neon! but we're not really like that.
Paint it black under a sky blue.
Dull me til I'm burn proof.
Bleed me till I live like you do.



Stan's Summer Show

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Volume 1

Lost in Translation

You, dear, staring at the ceiling; that blue air's drowning every feeling.

I do not care.

If I hold my breath will you let me near?

I do.

I dare.

*Take a little breath,
right through a little prayer,
only just to find out your voice is clear,
but my own does not travel well in here.*

*So, I come up for air, and **it's heavier than ever.**
Yet, I wish I could share, because in a moment, I'm all better—
But I'm sure if I pulled you out that you'd feel the same about there.*

And so, I'll paint you a song:

*A bright yellow where I'm wrong,
Neon lights will adorn every bit of love I'll ever send.
A crystal heart as cold as home,
I'll carve my words of love from bone.*

Then, will you please let me in?

*I know what to say, but my words flew away.
Just take what my heart bleeds as truth on display.
Etched out in gold: jagged lines, sharp and bold,
My latest and greatest can never be sold.
Not if you don't buy into the modes that I sculpt in,
if you don't intend to behold the unspoken.*

while the Earth dies, I intend to love

Day after day, her smile fills the spaces between how she feels and the words that she'll say: grinning, ear to ear.

You can almost hear it from here:

How strongly her heart beats.

The pounding

Crystal clear.

*I've tried and I'm tired. I ache into my bones.
I know my time is running fast, but what have I run for?
Tear me limb from limb and wash me till I'm whole.
I'd pay to live a better life, one day to love once more.*

In walks a man, it must be half past 10...

I'll have a pack of the Reds!

Every night he plays pretend.

He's a:

Hard worker in daylight

Tucks his kids in by 9

Then he feels a little funny...

Why do I wish to feel alive?

My heart beats in time.

My mind is still mine.

So, why do I feel like I've lost what's inside?

Will you love me less if you're all I have left

from a time when I felt less alone?

When I end up in landfill, please let it be known that I:

Tried to live.

Tried to love.

Tried to provide good intent till the day that I died.

