

# High school verses

His power lies in his sight  
of futures splayed in his head  
the flatlander stares into light  
flowing from quartz edge  
he sees the rainbow of time  
and walks his spectral line  
with phantoms of the dead  
laying supine on his bed

2010

It was a long way coming from plains far away  
the sun of all colour shakes on the horizon  
the morning hummed in with the sound of a truck  
passing on a highway behind him  
a crow's croak echoed in the back of his throat  
as his room finally invites the light in  
now he could see the high walls and the ceiling  
broken beams of pink and violet  
the insomniac man lies tossing and turning  
begging his mind to be quieted  
from thinking up stories so complex and boring  
that they required to be cited

2009

If from the public path you turn your step  
long will you wander to return here  
I say these words with a wideness of breadth  
I sing this song very clear  
In my life i have known no wise man  
only inadvertent teacher  
In my time I have known no great man  
only corrupted leader  
little did I live in this world to learn  
good deeds are not rewarded but are occasionally punished  
If from the public path you turn your steps  
you will be lead to great summits  
but if from your duty you turn your head  
your mind in turn will be turned into rubbish

I am just a voice in a box  
I am words on a page  
my jawbone cuts like sharpened emerald  
my mind is becoming unchained  
i am just a door to a lock  
i am track gauges for a train

If from the public path you turn your steps  
long will you wander to return here  
I say these words without humorous intent  
I warn these words are severe  
I am neither scholar nor a scientist  
I'm not a prophet or a seer  
I learned these thoughts from a script that was swept  
under the rug for many years  
I learned these words from my personal experience  
but shard from the same stone I see we're  
In my time i've seen randomness debased  
my life has been turned into fiction  
there are few i know who can relate  
some religious and the mystics  
a child runs wild through a library  
picks up a book and turns to a page  
and on that page he points to a phrase  
and by god it rings true

my mind is unraveling  
my mind is unchained  
I am just a voice in a box  
words on an unreal page  
My jawbone cuts like sharpened emerald  
but my mind has gone insane  
I am just a door without locks  
I am train tracks without a gauge

2012

A body been whipped and fell to whats paved  
aching from work and in pain  
A police man came to write a fine to his name  
for sleeping in the cyclist lane  
a teenager taped but the man did not wake  
so they deleted what won't entertain  
A sleepwalker slain shook his head in disdain  
claiming the man felt no pain  
A doctor that's trained to place nature at blame  
prescribe new pills and call him insane  
A drug addled brain felt a rupture in planes  
but can't see their sights as the same  
A celebrity waned through crowds from her fame  
thought only of delusions she creates  
A priest in vain prays a phrase from a page  
about ways that have gone out of date

When i die let my body be lined  
along with the working class hero  
Don't cry my child remember you shine  
from virtue of nearness to zero  
In your mind may you celebrate  
all that you have cultivated  
from the ghettos among poor  
may you shine in splendour

For those with black grease in the crease of your palms;  
i speak this psalm  
For all of the lot eating in parking lots;  
i speak this song  
For those on the bus who sleep near heat without fuss;  
i wish u good luck  
For those shackled in debt with life sentences set;  
i pray the taxman forgets  
For the mothers who wring their hands in the sink;  
may you find your time to think  
For the artist torn apart by the cause in their heart;  
may you live on like mozart

When I die let my body writhe  
along with the working class hero  
Don't cry my child let me remind  
you shine from virtue of nearness to zero  
In your mind may you celebrate  
all that you have cultivated  
From the ghettos among poor  
may you shine with splendour

2012