

Parallel Outlets

You sought sorrow for a better tomorrow
But borrowed epiphanies.
When black stalls the eye
And yellow adjusts the mind
You are the sympathy.
We're talkin' smack about the relevance of the elegance of time
He's smoking cigarettes and ashing on a technological past time.
Spew a lukewarm lullaby line.

Happiness is a bushel of nonsense suspense
As daily duties are arranged 'intense' on a shelf of importance of self.
If wine is the crime, then gather your arrows.
Seek salt.
Crush on the sparrows.
Organize and obliterate those twisted bone marrows.
The fortitude, you'll instigate
When you sip that breath
And connect the comets of mixed remarks
And fizzy stark decisions painted "reckless" on necks
Broken by bottles filled of glitter and sex.

Eyes open for sleep.
A strained drain remains.
Adrenaline
Guided by
Light lips marked blind
On high heaving chests
Who swoon at eyes
Filled with cinnamon-X
In this blissfully forked-up
Splattered existence
Of precision and effort and jerking-off to deliverance.

The shoulder turned to near-sighted slap happiness is
Gripping rules of greatness.
Open gates are now
Realigned, reorganized, and straight somehow.
Have empathy for coded language
And the sleuth of rejected hangovers.
Drunk is the profession
You are not the exception.
You accept the exception

Of personal rejection
And tongue the waiting room
Of self-perfection.
Pull down with broken light bulbs
Fumbling for glue.
Here's to you,
Coma of brand new.