

Aloha "All The Wars"

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You're alive
Thanks to a strange chain of events
That started with the death of elvis
And yes,
All the wars and their warriors
Wanted a piece of you
In your living room.

I'm alive
After a time of riots and rides
That ended with smack
Of gates into theirs clasps.

All the dates that they throw at you
Were somebody else's stab
At your lineage.

We're alive
Thanks to a light
Shone in the night
That found an airship in it's sights.
In the crossfire
Your grandfather cried to your mother.

All the bombs that avoided you

Had somebody else's name
Drawn on the chalkboard in haste.
It was a clerical mistake.

When you first saw it you were in a stroller,
Flailing your arms at the dogs and the bees.
They could have bit you but you looked so happy.
They could have snapped but they showed you mercy.
And come to think of it, I never once heard, "no."
From the day you were called you've been walking
through the walls.
Shot through a canon, you've landed in a flowerbed.
Guarded by invisible friends.
Guarded and invisible.

