

Brian Wilson

"Give A Poem Away"

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It's this hot night
Cold weather in my bone's.

Enough dread inclining to off/center
All my day's.
I want to be home with you
Though I know your at work
I want to be home with you
Even as I am here.
Making into nothing once again
Making into nothing once again
making into nothing once again.
Right at that,we will
Dance under a palo alto moon light,
Talk from purple evening's
Till nightfall.

Even when Im dead
Keep in touch with me,
If you will, I will.
When my sub concious mind is opening
Failing always becomes my test.
My sister,can,t write
My sister,can't answer
Im fairly sure~
When if ever
She think's of me
She just sees a giant middle finger.
My poetry is that of a locked garage
No overhead light
Dust strange in the spider's truant,
A quiet as if God is talking to you
All though your thoughts are silent.

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