

Jawbox

"IMPOSSIBLE FIGURE"

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forced open eyes, i felt the heat cling to me,
felt the air pass through me
rode an engine that was wearing down.
from bearing me between the nether ends of
questions,
past my half-learned lessons,
while i faked a joyful sound.
chrysalis, always waiting, wasting time
debating action, feeling smart,
and pushing to be pulled apart.
you know this road so well,
can't tell me where it leads.
fifty miles of extremes, from contact to withdrawal,
that engine's slowing to a crawl.
doubtful of a coming change,
that turns half into a whole
without feeling pain at all.
you know this road so well,
can't tell me
where it leads...
it's only in-between.

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