

John Reuben

"01.08.02"

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January eighth, two thousand and two
Dear Diary, I write this in hopes
that the universe will finally receive me with open arms.
Oh opposition, how long will you continue?
Opposition, how many tears must you draw?
But know this, not every tear that has graced my cheek
has been
a tear of confrontation, but some have been tears of
joy.
So on this eighth day of the new year, 3:41 central
time,
I stand confident, Oh my God of great goodness,
is it possible just maybe, that i can write half-way
intelligent
lyrics and make music that people might possibly like?
Is that possible?
Is it possible that what I do is what I want to actually do,
and not the result of selling out? heh

Oh hi little bluebird, you wonderful creation of Joy
You're beautiful. Sing to me , you sing to me blue bird,
you sing beautiful. Now i'll sing to you...
Reuben, what am I dippity doin?

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