

## La Rocca "Sketches"

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All i have's this journal that i write  
sketches of a 20-something life  
glory pieces shining on a page  
boxing night of disappointing rage  
legends never leave an ounce of flesh  
color fades a memory like death  
i mistook with all the sense i had  
words laid down in mornings' turning sad  
left a window seat for who may pass  
long to see a skirt or cotton blouse  
inside of a woman's' changing room  
got invited back, gave opinion too  
colored queen a winters' night in a bath  
can you feel this prose tease out a laugh  
all i have's this journal that i write  
sketches of a 20-something life

never got to see the mighty sands  
settled for a back-row in the stands  
many New Years Eves' i spent alone  
shaking with the fear while crawling home  
digging even deeper down for oil  
to fuel the fires roaring in my soul  
of course i wanted credit where its' due  
i feel so very blessed to play with you  
we get over everything it seems  
wide awake while all around is dream  
dig your Autumn taste and marriage needs  
for half a piece of mind, i mined your peace  
using every face i run into  
take a seat and tell me something new  
all i have's this journal that i write  
sketches of a 20-something life

maybe when we travel left of town  
i could play the 20-something down  
pretend I've won the lottery and sing  
get into the mansion house and  
bring, a bottle opened slowly at the door  
added to the missing lions roar  
didn't we go looking for the place  
where all my inspirations wrote their face

telephone kept buzzing on the plane  
filming what could never be again  
all i have's this journal that i write  
sketches of a 20-something life

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