

## Piano Magic

### "New Normal"

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I woke up not enough awake today, just to take in the  
smell of the fake red poinsettias,  
Well, I'm well aware I'm treating life as a way to pass  
the time  
It is never an effort to grin, to laugh, but it is laborious  
to live it like my last  
See through me, see through me so see through, see  
me through  
It's not the grave dates on the tomb, it's the short and  
sweet dash between the two,  
But I swear sometimes, it's like I'm running on stumps  
And I am still nowhere, so out of sorts. Always so short  
and sweet  
I've swallowed too much concrete, my worst intentions  
got the best of me  
I've been so hate savvy and I've lost my tongue to the  
biting  
I shake from the rain in my knees, It never has the  
nerve not to pour.  
Indian summer sunburns leave me lacking what I've  
learned, but I never forgot myself.  
We've lost the brass that we were born with, we were  
bent to fit,  
Bent to wear these wooden baskets. More to a whisper  
than a yell,  
But we scream just to get the chills,  
Just to hear the timber echo back in the boxes we've  
been planted in.

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