

## Portugal. The Man "Grow"

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He closed his eyes  
And was alone  
He held his hand and felt it grow  
He had become  
A gyroscope  
All wound inside and no control  
And all the tiny tendrils  
How they longed for reassurance  
As the little boxed-in bushes  
Pay the price of perseverance

A wasted day  
Had come and gone  
He searched his wrist for extra time  
And finding none  
To his remorse  
He pulled the plug and left for good

He cracked a smile  
And no one laughed  
"I'm just an inside joke," he thought  
But who was he  
To say his thing to anyone about this stupid selfish  
stuff?

And all the tiny tendrils  
How they longed for reassurance  
As the little boxed-in bushes  
Pay the price of perseverance

And he nibbles on his fingers  
While he waits for the appointment  
As the ?? of bonfires  
Try to hide the disappointment

He closed his eyes  
And was afraid  
He held his hand and felt it grow

