

Scapegoat

"Potpourri & Gasoline"

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Suddenly I've found
My lungs lie dormant in a burial ground
Like a Bosnian bloodhound, inside
A woman's vultures eat our heart but not our hide
All within the pause between words
Waiting for you to talk
You're tearing this heart apart
Cardiac arrest waiting for you to talk
Two sides align with arms stretched out
I drew the line between the humble & the proud
As my digits grace the battleground,
I sigh I've gasolined myself without a match to light
Forget the literal
Look a little deeper in these words (heaven, open)
Before you talk
You're tearing my heart apart
Cardiac arrest waiting for you to talk
potpourri and gasoline smells so sweet
Were only fifty feet away, with no brakes
Hand crafted, hand made, a hands destruction, I
break.

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