

Michael McGuire "Clay Conscious"

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A black and white future colors the past, I sail around
the world but Iâ€™m
strapped to the mast, aware that the endless sky and
sea lack the rivers
comfort.
A heroâ€™s funeral and a dead mans life, I think it would
all be better if god
had a wife, a new meaning for the thunder and relief
from the strife that
comes from living.
If never has a reason then reason has a way, but the
void is the voice of
the silent say, but we all know at last and at least
thereâ€™ll come a day that
stays forever.
You get closer to yourself and closer to the rage, you
try to live with the
freedom that comes with the cage, you try to make
your life rhyme like
words on a page of a notebook.
Who can be the loneliest ghost, who can make nothing
the most, forgive
all the time we waste, forget every moon we chased.
And your bones will find their bride, and your deeds
will lift with the fog,
your deepest lover finally by your side, and youâ€™ll be
god deep in the
eternal bog.

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