

Michael McGuire "God Of The Gaps"

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GOD OF THE GAPS

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GOD OF THE GAPS

Suffering the witless weather of uncertain seasons, we
placate our
senses with rhymes and reasons, unending universe
tell nerve endings
notion, that the surface of the deep is like the bottom
of the ocean.
Everything is either impossible or inevitable, and the
over examined life
is not worth living, food for thought intoxicating or
inedible, and these
fill in the blanks excuses are not worth giving.
Taking the heat from the mindless mechanism, is what
drives the steam
of this organic schism, the subject of the object of your
affection, is a
way to preclude any flight plans to perfection.
Everything is either impossible or inevitable, and the
over examined life
is not worth living, food for thought intoxicating or
inedible, and these
fill in the blanks excuses are not worth giving.
So the whole is undone by these faulty parts, and we
cant see the
photons for the light, all the blood money pumped thru
these hearts,
and all the wrongs done to the left for the sake of the
right, the bomb in
the eyes of the innocent dead, is a mystery unsolved at
it's own
expense, the world use to be seat and center of the
godhead, the vanity
of senses can turn any babble to sense.
july 06

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