

Michael McGuire

"Heart Like A Pump"

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guess there's something to be said for anything, but
there's more
meaning in the breath than the words, lying awake at
night trying to
rehearse a dream, you just admit flying is for the birds
sights and sounds
and mirrors reflect the souls grotesque, beauty is the
burp of a tanked up
party girl, and even the future that you planned now
seems so
kafkaesque, as the planet stops its spin your head
begins to whirl never
is the nowhere of all possible places, time is a bullet
waiting for the hole
in your back, and you try to find a way to use the void to
fill up all the
empty spaces, some kind of mystic nonsense for the
practical wisdom you
lack animal instincts and moon howling grace, if you
could just crawl back
to the cradle pristine wordless thoughts, if you could
just see somebody
when you look into your face, you broke all your
blessings fixing all your
faults heart like a pump, mind like a dump.

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