

Michael McGuire

"Life In Between"

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LIFE IN BETWEEN

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LIFE IN BETWEEN

She buried her sweet body outside the context of time,
and like a
necrophiliac you hunt the tongue of this rhyme,
you've just got to
know everything you believe, you will raise her from the
dead or go
to her grave and grieve.
Dusting your memories and telling them what to mean,
losing the
sermon of the life in between.
Oxygenated warm blood swims thickly thru the veins,
hopeless spring
summers carriage and the winter still remains, your
foot falls on the
dreams footprints to the kingdom hall, but it's a
psychosomatic itch;
dream and all.
It takes vision to really paint a proper scene, or you'll
leave out the
chronic detail of the life in between.
The toil and the trouble run deeper than the wells of
midnight, you
feel like a negative print undone by the light, all the
focused motion
of the world just a politic of confusion, so you shadow
paint the real
and wonder the illusion.
And your bottomless being brought to the surface by
the rush of
caffeine, fumbles thru a living void of the life in
between.
Her sweet body to hold with all the definition of a
dream, sleeping
and dying thru the life in between.
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