

Michael McGuire "Stifled Poet"

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STIFLED POET

He who would have his song in and of all things,
wrecked and tongue
tied; unable to utter what he would otherwise sing, of a
relentless
aching; an un-clocked brooding on some certain
theme, in dowered
conventions his rapture swallowed; his will silenced in a
vow.

In various angles from all sums of god proven
geometries, he tries to
hang this painting that will change the view from his
window of
dreams, but in failing even; this his ego collapses into
an amorphous
gulf of agony, and think-dreaming maybe the spring
will; maybe the
spring will.

In studied measures he anguishes all things beyond
his rhyme and
reckon, even of weather forecasts; disasters in the
sun; things
abandoned of sense, making need from what he
reviles to list as
want, making vice versa in suffering beauties unsung
song; oh to
wreck on that star.

The carcass of unsolicited meanings; yes; that weight
on his musings,
anticipating each new day holds his ransom; but every
evening a
prisoner still, is he not born of the lust of nothingness;
can he not
procreate his salvation's matron, will he be tokened to
some bitch
fantasy for the sleep of his eons.

Yet still passing; a specter with the automatic poise of
blank
ceremony, his desperate longings; his muse milking
song from
another man's throat, his indecipherable torment

unable to reach
that turning where grieving becomes healing, where
perhaps these
longings; these trappings; would sound their bottom.
Unable to vouchsafe or quit his expansive collapsing
into reason, he
becomes the delicate hammer of his own aesthetic
deconstruction,
and this mythical fix grinds the rotting teeth of his
dreams, and his
dominant symbol of unableness becomes the chorus of
his stifled
song.
In each of his universal molecules he seeks the knife of
his wound,
un-nurtured of his nurse; indifferently to those who
would hurt or
heal, he snarls like a wild animal that has had his pain
remembered,
with gravity; alas overcoming the chronic; soft urgency
of his wings.
So; in finding no language to unburden his silence of
sorrows, tears
become the only medium to send these parked rivers
onward, and so
with no listener to hear this confession without the
derision of
ignorance, he will fast on his silence in wait for
starvation's mercy.

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