

Michael McGuire "The Art Of Falling"

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THE ART OF FALLING

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Iâ€™m full of the night, broken bits of the moon, lay
scattered in my soul,
midnightâ€™s secret soon, thereâ€™s a stranger in my
house, my sanity has
moved out, it my look like truth, but it feels more like
doubt.
Standing on the solid earth reaching for the stars,
trying to go the
distance between Venus and Mars, lost to the wanting
lost in the calling,
the science of climbing the art of falling.
Beauty evades me, my angel took to the wing, sorrow
spit in my face, and
then started to sing, cant pin point the pain, cant spell it
out for you,
didnâ€™t have to hold my breath, to turn this blue.
Standing on the solid earth reaching for the stars,
trying to go the
distance between Venus and Mars, lost to the wanting
lost in the calling,
the science of climbing the art of falling.
Please donâ€™t touch me, I donâ€™t think I could feel it,
when the dead are
dying, they donâ€™t wanna heal it, worthless metaphors,
just do the deed, I
may want, but I just donâ€™t need.
Standing on the solid earth reaching for the stars,
trying to go the
distance between Venus and Mars, lost to the wanting
lost in the calling,
the science of climbing the art of falling.
march 90

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