

Michael McGuire

"The Poet In Healing A Broken Tongue"

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THE POET IN HEALING A BROKEN TONGUE

The poet in healing a broken tongue, imbibes only
shards of reflected
light, swallows shadows in full, is engaged in only
peripheral motion,
chemical time the only throttle of mercy, broken
weather the crux of
his apathy, the dogma of his distance barks up his
moon, fixed upon
the silent stars of epic brooding.
The poet in healing a broken tongue, is a stranger on
every sensuous
bound signal, only read by the tarot of his dispatched
soul, ancient
apothecaries offer no medicine for his agonies, he is
reduced to the
orbit of a satellites agenda, annex to his muse; her
breast un-milked,
mired n the minutia of the agnostic nothingness, and
tracing
causalities of the brute force of habit.
The poet in healing a broken tongue, in the automata
of his waking
pulse, he finds a door to the wounded parts of his will,
and a slow
landscape of language ruins, to put ink to the bible of
this noble
nothingness, the workings of woe for the empty
stomach of
dreaming, so the magnitude of the holy wreck of the
center, spills
into the winter pools of his being.
His own molecules of meaning gathered in folk study,
in the afterbirth
of the big bang's anatomical agent, crying of death;
aching in
agonies; splitting the atom of his bread and being, and
all things that
forfeit their orbit; fold and then fall to earth, the soul
stopping
boredom of this work that only wounds what it tries to

heal, and in
keeping the emotional distance of artistic perspective,
(but alas there
is no bird with such wings for this relegated flight),
institutionalized
ecstasies prescribe atrophic agonies, the impatience of
the cure is
what causes this disease, so in the balm of epic silence
his tongue
ruminating sorrows, his soul is spectator to flesh and
fiction's holy
war, and the stop gap junk of his flesh the
battleground, complete
and cataloged worlds wait for the seed of his throat,
Adams and Eves
gestate in the wonder his undulating ego, yet he never
questions the
logistics of his muse and her wing tossed birds, and so
ravaged in
these ministered medicines he lets his wounded
words.

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