

Richard McGraw

"A Poem/confession"

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I hope I didn't punish you in the name of some justice
those whip and chain instructions should be written for
me

I told you of my limits, the lines you kept crossing
but you tried not to care much for those anyway

And I've been falling back on old ways
just to make it through my day

And the self I once esteemed is weaker than these
dreams

These fantasies and memories of things you can't
share

I told you of my limits, the limits I kept secret
they make me look so poor when I need you so badly

I never did see you on my last visit.
I dropped off the summons; the laws we have broken
I couldn't take what's tragic. Tragedy is fire
I said I'll take you in parts, well part of me is a liar

And the strings and the ties I placed in the summons
You saw right through those whip and chain lies
The strings made of leather, the metal in my motives
Now you've seen what I can be in the worst kind of way

And now that you've seen the worst that I can become
Do you abhor the devil I deal with?
He doesn't hate you. He speaks quite well of you;
He confessed emptiness; I think he still wants you

And there are parts of you he'd love to take with him to
his grave

Does that turn you off?

And there are parts of you he'd love to come to terms
with for

years to come

Does that turn you on?

does that turn you on his working in vain, all of his
working in pain

In his armor of pain?

In which he is rotting in, you see, he can't be subtle

anymore

I never spoke of innocence. I never laughed at your
pain

I knew all along what you needed to do.

You took care of business. You marched past my limits.

Now I love your decisions in a militant way.

I spoke to your father, he never satisfied you

He didn't satisfy me, I saw right through him

I couldn't take what's tragic. Tragedy is fire

I said I'll take you in parts, well part of me is a liar

And there's parts of you I'd love to take with me to my
grave

Does that turn you off?

and there's parts of you I'd love to come to terms with
for years to come

Tell me, "Does that turn you on?"

Does that turn you on my working in vain, all my
working in pain,

in my armor of pain

For which I am rotting in, see I can't be subtle, anymore

Can I turn you on with this working in vain with my
working in pain

In my armor of pain?

For which I am rotting in, see I can't be subtle any more.

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