

## Yearling

### "Bells"

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You, darling, always lied too well.  
Great makeup, hey wake up  
Because brown and blue I'm back for you.  
It seems so much that this cycle never seems to end.  
I'm backburning, it's concentering, but, fallen now, the  
hero asks how dry is  
The well?  
These shadows always had me tell a great story of how  
glory can send me back  
To life intact.  
I'm listening and your sonnet rhymes enough to sell,  
But great poets, and you know it,  
would never sing one song too long and get  
Their lines wrong.  
As you watch the sun swing faster,  
And you paint your scene in alabaster,

Now the ringing bells are singing after.  
Are you wearing well or still disaster?  
"Happy birthday."  
This time I trust I'll know,  
Do all the things I'm shown,  
Begin it, end it slow,  
Give in, hold on, let go.  
Hey pusher, puller can't you tell the rain is up?  
Awake enough to know it's right, it's black, it's night,  
It's comfortably right.  
You honestly have served me well.  
I'm past turning, it's all learning and forward, now,  
around, around to all  
These new sounds.

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