

## **The Ditty Bops**

### **"Aluminum Can"**

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Crush me down  
An aluminum can  
Poke me with a fork and half baked yam  
Toss me in the frying pan  
I would never bite the hand  
If I could be sure the hand that feeds me  
Feeding frenzy on prescription words  
Swallowing the silence that returns  
Falling in footsteps petrified by time  
Under madness are familiar faces  
And you are just a semblance of before  
Following the dust and calling it more  
These are the seeds  
That beseech the leaves for cover  
Hiking canyons where people have fallen  
These are places where some learn to fly  
Breaking escaping molds that are growing  
Stepping over cutting off the ties

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