Thursday
"For The Workforce, Drowning"

Falling from the top floor your lungs
fill like parachutes
windows go rushing by.
people inside,
dressed for the funeral in black and white.
These ties strangle our necks, hanging in the closet,
found in the cubicle;
without a name, just numbers, on the resume stored in
the mainframe, marked for delete.

please take these hands
throw them in the river,
wash away the things they never held
please take these hands,
throw me in the river,
dont let me drown before the workday ends.

9 to 5! 9 to 5!

and we're up to our necks,
drowning in the seconds,
ingesting the morning commute
lost in a dead subway sleep
Now we lie wide awake in our parents beds,
tossing and turning.
tomorrow we'll get up
drive to work,
single file
with everyday
it's like the last.
waiting for the life to start, is it always just always
ahead of the curve?

please take these hands
throw them in the river,
wash away the things they never held

please take these hands,
throw me in the river,
dont let me drown before the workday ends.

just keep making copies

of copies
of copies
when will it end?

it'll never end,
'til it gets so bad
that the ink fills in our fingerprints
and the silouhette of your own face becomes the black
cloud of war
and even in our dreams we're so afraid the weight will
offset who we are
all those breaths that you took have now been canceled
in your lungs.
last night my teeth fell out like ivory typewriter keys
and all the monuments and skyscrapers burned down
and filled the sea.

save our ship
the anchor is part of the desk
we can't cut free,
the water is flooding the decks
the memo's sent through the currents
computers spark like flares
i can see them.
they don't touch me,
touch me.

please someone,
teach me how to swim.
please, don't let me drown,
please, don't let me drown.

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