

## Iron Horse

### "Know Your Onion!"

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shut out, pimped and angry.  
i quietly tied all my guts into knots.  
gave up on trying to make them,  
i figured it'd take them too long to look up and  
besides...

it was undeniably clear to me i don't know why  
when every other part of life seemed locked behind  
shutters  
i knew what worthless dregs we've always been.

lucked out and found my favorite records  
lying in wait at the birmingham mall.  
the songs that i heard,  
the occasional book  
were the only fun i ever took.  
and i got on with making myself.  
the trick is just making yourself.

but when they're parking their cars on your chest  
you've still got a view of the summer sky  
to make it hurt twice when your restless body  
caves to its whims  
and suddenly struggles to take flight..

three thousand miles north east  
i left all my friends at the morning bus stop shaking  
their heads.  
"what kind of life you dream of? you're allergic to  
love."  
yes i know but i must say in my own defense  
it's been undeniably dear to me, i don't know why  
when every other part of life seemed locked behind  
shutters  
i knew the worthless dregs we are,  
the selfless, loving saints we are,  
the melting, sliding dice we've always been.

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