



SZ

Poems
By
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I am angry

In the fourth dimension is there four times the amount of B.S.?

What is this conformity, that others
think or act upon.

I don't get it, you want me to
play ball
but
I don't
know the game.

As I wrote earlier in my life,
white picket fence
2.5 kids
that hate you.

Is
that
the
game?

It is lonely looking down
from this balcony

But nice,
the sun shines in,
the clouds rush by,
the birds chirp

You might wonder why loneliness,
in your head all the
time causes
problems.

The building shook
as they ripped down
the building.
Had to wonder what all
the shaking was doing
to the buildings around.

It was a large hammer
hitting a board
on one end.

I was on the other.

I love you.

A brothersister showed me my error,
when he smiled,
his ora

was great.

I hope it is not too late
for me.

It is not, it is just fear
coming to bite me in the rear.

I don't like poems that rhyme,
even though I do it all the time.

Live National TV,
is what I am preparing for,
to tell a story about our lives
to break through their lies.

I want to write about art walk, more accurately, art in the park.
I was thinking about lugging my paintings down to the park for a couple of months now,
decided to get some wheels from a thrift store,
walking back through downtown was funny,
a golf bag holder without the clubs
or
a bag,
wheeled though the endless sea of people on a Wednesday,
What did they think I was doing?

Carrying no luggage,
Well,
I know,
And they know,
I have luggage.

I was grinning, wish I had a photo of me, rolling this cart behind me
With nothing on it for others to see.
It was perfect,

got home and fiddled with the cart,
it worked well, even though, on the way to display the paintings,
I was thinking that it would break,
It did not.

I made it to the park,
30 or more paintings rolled 2 or 3 miles to be thrown on the ground for others to see.

I decided not to show 3 paintings,
I over heard someone say those are the paintings for myself,
I kinda think so, but at the same time, was it the whole show?
or

was it missing 3 pieces, plus the others at home
to big to transport by walking, well any way I got the paintings down to the park.

All ways an interesting experience,
Showing ones emotional interpretation,
of the world. One day I will write about
each painting,

was able to trade 3 pieces
for 20 hours of community service,
so the work did not feel in vain,
wouldn't have been in vain anyway
but:

think icing on the cake
Cake is good but without icing
The cake doesn't seem,
Like cake,

missing the icing.
Others walked by,
Some had questions
Some looked and laughed,

I like those,
I laugh at my visual art/ paintings also,
usually at the end but sometimes while I am painting them,
I think it is funny on what comes out of me in the visual form,
My emotions to an extent,
I don't laugh at all of them,
Some have my tears imbedded into the materials,
Most of the time my tears are not funny.

Amazing on the affect,
visual art can have on others,
the ones that would not even look,
I would like to know why,
Is that it? If you don't want your
world changed don't look...
Now, that is something to be explored,
Maybe it has,

The rating system,

Places we choose to go,
The writing
On the walls
Advertise this
Advertise that
Tag that wall with a name,
a concept, art,
graffiti and tagging are different,
Tag, you are it.
What do they not want to see,
don't want their world changed,
I can understand looking and not
liking, but not even looking? Why?
Seems like it undermines life,
The walking robot,
Hi! My name is robot, I do what I am programmed.

It was the second
time
I
saw
HER.
Actually the third
the second time
SHE
Was walking down the street
with 4 boys in tow
could have been
5.
She was texting on a machine
with this
grin
on
her
face.
At the time
I
didn't
notice
the
spiked

garder
belt
on
her
thigh.
She didn't notice it
Either.
Until she tried
to close
HER
legs,
That short skirt
barely covering
her
ass.
The first time
I
saw
her
She bent down
and
told me she was
going to bring
me
more
paint.

Another that screamed
sex,
caught my eye,
and then
bought an ink drawing from the
space next to mine,
I wondered what she bought,
as she walked
by
my space on the ground.
She glanced at my art

as I heard the clicking of her
heels on the pavement,
maybe I didn't
 but I write it that way,
I don't remember her
 face at all,
Just the ink drawing she bought
while looking at me,
 She flashed the drawing at
me after she passed,
 It was an image of her
 from behind,
missing her cloths,
Does she look that
 naked?
 Does anyone?

This beautiful dog was walking
 by,
teething the leash of the owner,
The owner then stopped,
 grabbed a treat,
 or something out of the bag,
As I wondered why the dog,
 even had a leash,
the dog looked at me,
 with knowing eyes.

Why is the question
 for right now,
Why do this
 Why do that,
Why did she resign on

the same day
Why doesn't she call back
Barbara that is...
They don't like names
for what I can tell
Why...
Why is the question
for right now,
Why the money?
Why the glam?
Why the little girls in the advertisements?
Why program us this way?
Why Why Why
The government is run by the money. Why?
The marketers tell us what to buy. Why?
Why is the question
for right now,
getting into, now,
Why is now, now?
Why don't look up
Why don't look down
Why do the cars keep going
round?
Why live here?
Why live there?
Why that shirt
with those pants
and shoes?
Why take the tie around your
neck
Why the buttons on your
vest,
Why can't I edit,
this very poem,
Why can't I hear the phone.
Why is the question
for right now,
Why Hip Hop
Why did the car
remind me
Why the trucks
with no visible signs,
Why the oil has us in lines
Why the chemicals in our food
Why...

Sometimes I wonder
 what is going on,
 looking for answers
 that slowly come.
They are not written down,
 I saw the tears of the clown,
they may seem scary,
 it is hard to say
 what really happened today,
my thoughts get projected
 for all to hear
 I am learning not to fear,
it is hard
 to be in this place,
trying not to be a disgrace.
 I learn fast or slow
 it depends on who you know,
I don't like some of my thoughts
 AND THAT IS WHY
 I work on them.
The story just had a stop
 I wonder who the sisterbrother
With the...
 That is my secret.

If I make a list
 What happens?
 Maybe I should make
 a list of the
 most
 ambitious art projects
 I can think of
 I will hang
 the list on my door
for others to see.

Some days....

Are like today....
Not bad....
But really not good either...
They are like yesterday....
And the day before...
And we wonder why time...
Flies...
In the wind as we get older...
And we keep on doing the same thing...
Day in and day out...
For what reason...
Goals...
Lack of goals...
For what reason...
Think about the words...
Like that old Irish poet...
Who wrote a word a day...
Did he say...
I am writing a story...
Or did he say...
I am writing a word...
How much thought...
Till there is too...
Much...
Thought...
And..
No action...
So we...
Think...
Our lives away....
And each waking day...
Becomes a dream...
That we have created....
With our thoughts...
That let us down.....
Maybe...
Doing things is better...
Than thinking about it....
Of course thinking about it
Is
Safer...
But what happens...
As my brother said:
Get out of your head...
Why don't you...
I think to myself...

I did...
And they don't want...
Me to be me,
They want me to change,
Into someone else,
And still be,
The person I was...
They don't get...
that...if...I...change...that...much...I...won't...be...the...one...you...want.

Work to live, not live to work.

What journey am I going on? What if....
I am not sure what if...
My life was planned and now it is not...
I don't like operating without a plan.....
This needs to be a goal...
Sure, I have small goals...
They are part of a plan...
The plan....
What plan are they part of....
What life am I going to live....
I was afraid to have....
Struggled with alcoholism...
In my obituary.....
Now it seems like that may be an option....
My choices have been limited....
In a way that,
I feel is wrong....
What is the plan....
Buy a house....
First have to have a job....
They won't let me work...
So that goal is gone....
Meet a nice girl....
Can't force that one....
Make money...
They won't let me have a job...

Become a zombie...
On the way with the meds...
Create new things...
To be looted away...
For no sense of accomplishment...
Make money...
See above...
Have new ideas...
For others to steal....
Have new ideas....
While everything wants me to conform...
Conform to new ideas....
Who's new ideas...
Mine...
But now I have conformed...
I don't have any new ideas...
That is how it works for me...
How can you be different...
If they force you to be the same...
How can you have new ideas...
If they force you to think the same way...
As the old ideas...
How do you have new ideas...
How...
Ideas...
From...
Where...
They want you to buy their faulty ideas...
And build on those...
To create more faulty ideas...
That drive society into the ground...
Let alone drive you...
Into the ground....
Individual...
Comformity....
Who create something new....
Who drives the old...
Who wants to hurt you....
For what they consider better...
When you know...
What they preach...
Is bad...
They want you to conform and still be an individual...
Maybe not...
Maybe they just want you to conform...
To die the slow death...

That they call life....

What else?

DRAW A DRAWING
GO TO A MOVIE
DRINK A BOTTLE OF
WINE
AND GET SICK.
AGAIN...
TIRED OF SLEEP
WHAT SHOULD I DO.
PHONES NOT RINGING
WHO SHOULD
I CALL?
THEY DON'T SEEM
TO ANSWER,
ANYWAYS,
THEY DON'T CALL ME,
I WON'T PUT MY HEAD,
AFTER ALL I HAVE BEEN THROUGH,
STILL HUNGRY
FOR SOME FOOD

You pushed me too far,
You listen to my thoughts,
tell me to shush,
tell me to go home,
But you are,
are listening to my thoughts,
reading into my actions
emulating me,
fuck you!
The game must stop,
Stop listening to my thoughts, NOW!
I can't have a conversation with others
without anyone listening,

what kinda shit,
is that?
Reading my thoughts, putting tubes in my ears and having my glasses transmit
like antennas,
Fuck you.
You bring this on yourself, by
listening to my every thought,
not letting me be free,
to love who I want,
to get phone calls,
to get text messages,
The stupid messages
others are trying to convey
to me, that I don't
understand
What kinda shit is that!
don't have room to breath
without some video camera looking
in on me,
What the Fuck,
Can't even meet a nice
girl, because,
She knows that every
action will be on camera,
using me for some what?
Others using my name,
others using my art,
my writing,
You know that the president
has some privacy,
I don't, what the fuck
The bullshit must
stop,
disconnect me from what
ever grid,
I am hooked into
let me have my own life...

She turned her
back on me one more
time,
Fuck you she,

Fuck me,
 right,
 that is what you said,
It must not be the
right she,
 sorry to say,
 I thought...
well doesn't matter now...
 the cards have been played...
 I got some more up
 my sleeve,
your hiding nothing,
The devilish grin,
 just came to my face.

The women, ahh, the women at
 Art walk.
 Me,
 I have been single for years,
The last time I touched a naked
 female
 I was wasted, don't remember
 much, that was some time ago.
I noticed an exgirlfriend walking by,
she didn't look, talked to her later at the coffee shop,
 sounded like she
 didn't want to see,
 me.

They don't get it,
 they are not listening
 the more they try to push,

the more it hurts them,
I have thought go with the flow,
from the suggestion of a friend.
Some sorta conformity, that kills
us,
we want to believe we are
living, but that is all bullshit,
dying a little or a lot each day
depends on the person.

“Walls that humans make are not functional in the greater picture of life”

The voices don't like what you think,
They are stuck on something else,
They don't want you to know,
They are users and abusers,
Fix this, fix that,
We will take all the credit,
We will take all the money,
You can't live in an apartment,
Not at this time,
We want more,
Not that I could give it to them,
I want more from them,
Those lazy voices,
Why should I give them anything,
All they do is take,
They don't pay back,
Hell they don't even pay forward,
So what you you do...
Lowly reader...
Would you keep on letting them...
Take...
Loot...
Spit...
Hate...
Use...

Manipulate...
For a worse world...
A world that...
Supports this type of thing...
Or would you want more...
Like me...

Got to get
 These
 Poems
 Stories
 Thoughts
 Words
 Into

the computer.
Why one might ask?
 These
 Poems
 Stories
 Thoughts
 Words

Don't
 print themselves.

Some say drug dealers are all alike
 me on the other hand have known
Some,
 the doctors
 the pharmistics
deal the drugs to the common folk,
wait a minute,
Isn't it the person on the corner?
dealing the rock or weed,
for the common folk,

or are the common folk
getting pills
from the counter
prescribed by a trusted physician,
sometimes not so trusted,
I would list the names
but I turned off the advertisement
some years ago,
Now,

I hear names in casual
conversation

I want a perkaset
sure the reds, yellows, blues
from the past don't have
designer names now (Do they?)

I want an ecstasy
they have designer names
from the logos on name on
the pill
I want...

I don't want to feel emotions
the doctor explained that we needed
to put me on some meds (pills)
and that would make me not feel,
they call it leveling out.

I wonder where those emotions
go after being leveled out
do we shit them out
maybe piss those emotions
Out of our system
down the toilet, into the water
where others will inject, our
emotions as well as leveling out
agent.

Now what...

Who needs the doc, when we
are getting, the drugs in the water,
are the fish leveling out
not so much

can't eat these fish, so many
drugs in them that they make humans sick.
Now...

the water has the leveling agent,
where do are emotions go,

concerts going on across the street
defiantly not supposedly free
plugging some bitch full of lead,
might be free
but
then they would take away
other freedoms.

Why a coat rack?
I want her to ask,
I just want one,
I would reply,
Besides,
It, the coat rack,
will add height to the room.

Reality is only as real as the person who makes it.

Now, the small yellow flowers
are being taken out
by
the hedge trimmers, labors so to
speak.
The short life of a flower
all that energy expelled to

become a beautiful and bloom.
Then after it happens,
 others then pay attention,
OOH! they scream or say
 look at the beautiful flower,
Do they know it is temporary
 beauty,
Someday the flower will fall
and die,
 look beautiful as it dies
then gets swept away by
 the wind,
 blowing...
 blowing...
 blowing...
the rain,
 smashing the flower into
little pieces of it's self,
 this time they
 beat mother nature to the cycle.
 Makes me wonder,
 Why we think we are powerful?
To destroy is one thing
 to create is another
to create in destruction
 is what?
is repetitive,
 but we tend
to repeat actions.

**To be successful with interpersonal relationships,
do not need people,
want them.**

Most of the time it,
Makes me sick...
What makes you sick...

Others...
And..
How...
They...
Interact...
With me....
With the world...
They feel like cowards.....
And
The person next to me agrees...
What are they afraid of...
You...
Why...
They won't respond...
Those cowards...
How do they live...
Breathing in the same air as you...
Maybe they don't...
Live,
Maybe they
Die...
More and more each day...
Looking for a reason....
When the reason...
Looks at them in the mirror...
Every morning....
If they need something...
Outside themselves...
They drag it down...
To their level....
They take the reason...
And try to change it...
So the reason...
Isn't the reason...
Any more....
The reason becomes....
What the mirror hates....
Then the mirror...
Hates it's reflection....
By why do they...
Want to drag down...
Shouldn't it be...
About
Lifting
Up....
Not in this mirror,

The demons,
Scream,
The demons,
They are their,
For the mirror people,
That might be,
The reason,
For,
Makeup....
Putting on her armor,
She said once...
It really isn't her....
That you see...
That is...
What....
The hiding...
He said
As he put on the eyeliner
The blemishes
Get covered,
The tie goes around his neck,
She was to tighten it,
So it hurts,
But does not...
Her makeup is,
On.

I ask questions, because I want to know
the perceived answers,
I can accept the answer
or reject
depends on if I believe you.
Lately,
I feel that it is all lies,
others tell me,
for what means,
I do not know
or
understand.
I keep on thinking
Love, Peace, Patience
When all I really

am thinking,
is
if the truth is not told to me
soon
I am going to have to start
plugging mother fuckers.
Mother fuckers
implies
only
men.
I don't think so.

I look up,
 I look down,
 I look around,
I shave,
 I don't,
 know what you expect,
I wrote before,
 this is a joke,
 Cruel and unusual,
 but a joke.
Soon the joke is going to be on
you,
 you better come clean,
 let me know what is going
on,
 let the mail
 through...
WHAT...
 WHAT...
 WHAT...
Are you doing to me,
 the thoughts are changing,
 getting more violent,
 don't want that.
Don't know what they do,
 Those thoughts,
 Don't know who is listening,

YOU?
So, where do we go from
Here,
Turn this off.
The wind said "no"
Because it thinks
I will be fine,
But,
You know,
I won't be,
The scars are there,
The heart,
Will mend,
I hope,
If not,
The walls come crashing down,
For all,
This little show,
Must stop,
I want to live,
Not be some
caged animal.
Thought about
Travel,
But it seems no good,
They will find me,
Sublime said it the best,
How do I know,
Because of KRS1.
It is sad,
That they treat me this
Way,
I don't want to cause hell
But I can,
So, where do we go from hear.
The signs say what,
The others say they got
Me by the nose,
That is pretty close to my
Mouth,
And I got pretty sharp teeth
And tongue,
Ravage the land could be
What I say,
Then no one will have
A good day,

Or life
For that matter

Why is that you wonder,
 I have been pushed
 And pushed
 And pushed
 And pushed

This time it maybe to far
 I write maybe,
 Because I am forgiving,
 What will
Happen in the future,
Is for others,
 Their actions will directly
Influence my actions,
They push more,
 I feel sorry for them
 Already,
The masses will rise up,
 If I get told to
 be shut up by anyone,
 they will die...
 So you better watch your
 language,
You gave me this power,
I can take,
it back,
 that means,
I will have more power than,
 you,
 Sick of the signs,
 I don't understand
The eagle was flying
 What is that?
Three gulls flew away,
 What is that?
I keep on writing,
 cause I am still pissed,
even though
 I thought I would dismiss,
they don't seem to get it,

are they fucking stupid?
You would be amazed on
what I can dream up
But that is what started this
whole thing in the first place,
grew up in Detroit,
with a cop dad,
and you might wonder
why I am so mad!
Some do, some don't, the ones
that don't,
you better figure it out,
you want to know about me,
my thoughts,
feelings,
action,
I will tell you a secret,
it changes,
I am not static,
I grow, I learn
don't know my sounds,
don't know my beat,
why should you,
you don't have my feet,
Let alone, my brain,
how could you,
even comprehend?
You can't see through my eyes,
to the correct perspective,
you know why,
you have to use your
own eyes to see through
mine,
makes it seem a little
to try to find out,
why don't you ask me,
if you have a doubt,
you think you know me so
well,
then why are doing this,
putting me through hell?
Karma comes back
at the ones who have lied,
It is gonna be bad,
I will laugh in your face
you know why,

because if you told me in
the beginning, I probably would have
agreed,
would have set perimeters
for me to be safe,
at least it would have made
you safe,
but now no one is
safe,
because you others are
a fucking disgrace.

I ran back into the house
to take my medicine
When,
I got back into the car
one petal
from the
rose blossom
fell from my shoulder into my lap.
I thought it was
tear drop.
When a beautiful tree
looses its flowers
What does it feel?
Remorse,
For the extremely beautiful
giving away for
the normal.
The normal for a tree is leaves?
Does the tree wait
for the next year
all year long
for the flowers to reappear
Does the tree wait in
patience
or is there a more
tight pressure
that builds.

I let a tear drop
 from my eyes.
It just happened.
 The change in my life
seems to me to be like
 the blossom of the tree
Falling
The romantic and the beautiful
 seem to be falling from
 my life.
I drive to school
 to learn about a system
 that is designed to
 exploit people and resources.
I have to shed the flowers
 of art, music and love.
It is not gone completely
 But I like the tree
have to wait
 for a different season
To show the extremely beautiful
 But now I have to wait
in the quazi
normal.

**Time heals all wounds but the scars are always there to
remind us.**

Changing is the problem...
I watched a show...
About the women...
Who change their man...
Tobe...
What she wanted in the first place...
Why did she do that...

This concept baffles my mind,
Really...
Why don't you date...
Someone you want....
Not who you can turn...
Them into....
If you want a machine...
Then go get one...
There are plenty...
Of people...
On this earth...
Not to have to look...
And say...
I want that one....
But first
We have to change everything...
That makes him, him.
Seems, really hard.

A book I am reading,
 Said something interesting,
Not that the book talked,
 The words in the book did,
It talked about,
 Something that is scary,
Really scary,
Due to having me conform,
It really is the ideas of one,
That make the world it is,
How is Newton..
How is Aristotle....
How is the one...
Who the book says,
 The conformist will hate,
But will adopt,
 For some unknown reason,
What is happening to me....
 I will tell
 You,
You won't like the answer,
 What is happening to me...

You are...

Cutting the hedges
 across the street
 has taken a week.

At first,
 The trimming, then the cutting
 now trimming again.
 The sign was painted over
 the one in the hedges,
it now doesn't say SLEAZ-E
 it does but the other
paint is,
 on the other fence
 they replaced.

4 or 5 others have
been working on the hedge
 3 fences
 One: keep others out
 Two: hide the first one
 Three: complete the hiding

The hedges and fence
 are guarding a parking lot.
 one I have never seen
 full,
 the markings are for wheel chairs,
 aren't all the cars wheel chairs now?

The VW bus
 and the one vine,
 she cut a bit ago,
remind me,
 that others make
 decisions
 also,
but what are those decisions,
 what branch to cut,
 clean the trimmings,
or as Bukowski puts it,
 awaken in the morning
 to face the sun.

Do we let people in so we can get hurt???

Dawn was another name I met
her years ago, gave her a ride
home after an event similar to
this,
she is nice and pretty,
lives with her boyfriend,
or did at the time,
something about her,
she decorates little magnets
with old pages and images
from books and papers,
She gave me
 the great panda
 last time.
It hangs on my brothers,
ice box,
it was during my time
 living their that
she gave it to me,
she works at little book shops,
across the area,
2 or 3 of them,
or at least told me she did,
they are closing a lot of those
book stores,
for the larger and online stores.
What does an online store look like?

Ever since learning
that others are reading my
thoughts,
my life, so called,
has been hell,
others manipulating my actions,
going to stores to buy what
I want,
so I can't get it,
come on. Get your own life,
disconnect me from this grid,
I sit here writing, what I think,
and others are reading it as
I write,
what is that,
can't edit, can't think, can't, can't,
What is this movie show?
What are they betting on?
My life,
Well, it is not mine anymore,
they have taken it away,
time to get the power back,
they use kids as shields,
they should have thought
of the repercussions.
The repercussions.
What is going to come out
of my mouth this time,
they don't want me to
true...
Sit in my home with the
walls crashing in,
can't even have a real
conversation with anyone,
because they have to be
on,
the show,
but me, I don't know
what is going on,
noone will talk to me
about it,
What is that?
Isolated in my own life?
Ya, my so called life...

One time I looked up
And she was across
The park,
A vision of she,
probably the one that all the
others hate,
but strive to be,
or not to be,
the girl next door,
is the image that presents
it's self to me,
jeans and t-shirt
type.
I was enjoying watching her,
Looking high
And she seemed so skinny
Then when she came back
Down,
A figure
For a sculpture,
Not pretentious,
Just their,
Being herself,
She went between these
2 booths,
I could see her
Face and hair,
What does a woman like that
Think about, I think now.
I did then, but was distracted
By her physical, emotional
actions.
The last time I saw her,
She started talking on the
phone,
walking my way.
Where did she go?

The beautiful brunette working
A space, selling stuff, radiated.
Radiated what?
Beauty, sex, love, hate, compassion
Anger, her smile,
Entranced me
Her hair
Entranced me
Her butt
Entranced me,
I walked around but did not go to
Her booth,
Wanted to hear her voice,
But
She started walking toward me
Later but turned around,
I wonder if that is what? What?
Sometimes you have regrets
Sometimes you don't
I do a little,
For not talking to her, it
Didn't seem like the right
time.

They laughed and danced
when I thought life. They reminded
me they were here first,
we came and killed.
The ones that resisted
we made them slaves,
to build "our" society.
What does that make us?
Hard to think about, we try
to conquer
nature.
It pushes back,
I wonder will it attack,

we already see,
the power it holds,
I wonder what will unfold
I try to smile it is hard to
do.

The other she is watching
me,
I want you to talk to me, I feel
that we are
still giving mixed messages.
I fell,
that the game needs to
stop.
I am trying to
stop the game
and
messages.
I want to
talk to you,
she.
Wells Fargo,
called
after I wrote the line above,
the game needs to stop.
I want to
talk
to you
face to face
I need to look in your
eyes,
the game needs to stop.
I am not desperate,
even though
at times
I appear to be
I want to talk to you she
face
to face,
to look in your eyes
I am not

going to get angry,
I am
tired of anger
I want
to understand
you.

The totem is hollow,
the owl is on top
the birds
are underneath.
The metal
is holding up,
a hollow totem.

I went to the parade,
the bands and sisterbrothers
brothersisters
Were helping me,
they laid the beat so I could
learn,
about,
the music we/me need to learn.
It goes like this,
sisterbrother/brothersister
everyone is brown,
keep your innocence,
it is round,
the drums wake the dead,
which is good,
the young have the innocence
Which is...
I don't know,
the adults drive it out,

and that is called grown up.

So the young need to step up,
to help show the way
like they did for me,
today.