

Trust Flower

Jack Stauber

Sara was a girl who liked open doors
Chemicals wash on guilty shores
She knows that locks are frequent like your toaster crumbs

Staring games won't freak her out
Took this book and read about
How all you need in life is satisfaction

Asked for kindness, still it rained
Asked for mercy, still it pained
Wonder if she'll ever learn
Wonder if she'll ever think to

Pick the flowers from the tree
Doesn't she know she isn't safe with me
Silent hours
They relax us

Mirror glass is getting dull
Doesn't know she's beautiful
Don't lean into her she will contract

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Asked for mercy, still it pained
Wonder if she'll ever learn
Wonder if she'll ever think to