

# Snowflakes

Just Jack

I'm moving your mental feet  
In complex dances and jigs  
I'll loosen up your consciousness  
Like a syrup of figs  
It's time to emerge from camouflage leaves and twigs  
Time to throw the fake noses and fright wigs  
Time to face the music  
No more metaphor  
Time to decide your fate  
Will you be cooked or go raw  
Will you be  
Rare and bloody with your soul exposed  
Or well done  
a charcoal surface with your insides froze  
and do you feel fear  
as you hear  
another door close  
or will you just turn away  
and flow where the wind blows  
and are you still satisfied with the pathways you chose  
or would you like to go back  
and rewrite the old prose

Do you count the flakes  
When it snows  
And can you feel the heat  
or only the afterglows  
Do you count the flakes  
When it snows

Does your life sometimes feel like one big fake orgasm  
A gut reaction  
Instinctive spasm  
in the chasm  
And do your problems metamorphose  
into rubiks cubes  
Keep twisting and turning  
Becoming more confused  
Do you sometimes feel  
like you've been used and abused  
Your not visibly black and blue  
But on the inside bruised  
And does your love life  
leave you feeling kinda bemused  
You've played all the games  
And you're no longer amused

Sometimes it feels like I'm looking through a pain of glass  
I can see your mouth move but can't hear the wo