

Taking Shape

Kevin Devine

In the dentist's chair
Waiting on the lightning bolt
Metal machine music
Ringing my conductor skull

Thinking on your counsel:
"Nest no wounded bird
Mind your hero complex
Mine never really worked

It only brought me trouble
It only gave me hurt
But I don't really have the right to say
Everybody's different
I'm the same
You stumble in the dark
Forget your place
End up this way."

Tickling the trigger
Artless at the hive
Crashing around, tonedeaf
Daring you to die

Mumbling, "I love you,"
Coughing bloody yolk
Threading a minefield, blind
Angry, and I didn't know

I could spit so spiteful
I could cut so clean
So I don't even have the right to say
Anything is different
I'm the same
Fronting through the part
With a straight face
Wired this way

Moved in meditation
Comfort in the current course
Watching regret and shame
Alchemize to wise remorse

Today I'm done escaping
Tomorrow I reserve the right
To splinter the peace accord
Kill it with my despot mind

Floating toward a channel
Narrow but it's clear
I don't even have the right to say
I understand what's "different" or "the same"
Standing at your door
I'm taking shape
Working away