

## Doorbell

Pears

I'll paint my eyes  
To break my stuttered gaze with no reply  
I hold my everything  
Devout enough to lose  
Easy to replace  
Predicated grieving in the slots of foreign cues  
And I'm grateful for my blessings, save a few

Isolate imbued with no remission  
Temples twinge of pride  
Depiction of vision  
Notions pouring out all molten slow  
Await the doorbell

Waste not our time  
Moon hangs sullenly, abets the climb  
Hand held anonymous  
I beg for clemency  
Clinging to your wayside patiently

Rock and roll

Isolate imbued with no remission  
Temples twinge of pride  
Depiction of vision  
Notions pouring out all molten slow  
Await the doorbell