

Firewood

Pile

No longer burdened by youth
Not burning and open and raw like a wound
And shopping is much easier now
I can be quiet and private and protected
In a compartment tucked away real tight

I'll ride my bike 'til the sun goes down
Singing songs of no reason while no one's around
And when it gets dark, I will continue to stay out
With my gray hairs all on the ground
With something new to romanticize

They'll all leave without you
They always will

We can hold hands if we promise to go to the same place
At the same exact time
I will keep my grasp tight
Until we part ways, then we can both disappear

If I avoid you, then you can't abandon me
I can focus on my tasks so fervently
Everything is much easier now
My beliefs unchallenged, thus calcified
In a compartment tucked away real tight