Jet Plane

Teddy Hyde

With a fluttered gasp, the engine murmurs and stutters
And guzzles gas with the thirst of a lover
A cluttered past never serves bread and butter
Just a pack of peanuts for the worst of your hunger

Mile highway hypnosis
The road to sky-cosis
I erode as I coast it

Erratic scissors cut through mass hoards of crude fog
Scored by static whispers of the dashboard jukebox
A past envisioned by a post-war freight dog
Displays his absent mission as his boat soars AWOL

Wings dance a clumsy tango with the rain
Wringing hands numb from wrangling the reins
A sinking glance softly angling toward terrain

I might just scream out, scream out
The mind is like a taxidermy bird you've gotta clean out
Oh, I just gotta let loose, get clean
Oh, time is like a tiger-lion hybrid tryna' catch me

Thunder clatters after flashes like timpani
Raucous flocks of bellowed breath heave the heavy ship to sleep
Broken windows sing a shattered glass symphony

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