

Dogearred

The Alchemist

La-la, la-la
La-la, la-la
La-la, la-la
My love runs deep
I feel so many things

Losing the pride, turning back the pages
Asked if I would trade it all, like please be kind, rewind
We're not talking impossible matters, it's all chutes and ladders
The patterns never more apparent, blaring
Peace scatters after death strokes, next notes
Sour to the tongue, alive with pleasure
Kelly green and mandarin orange
Who I'm is? Who I'm aren't?
Everything justified when you starving, right?
Hands of chance, buried lambs to not be spotted in darkness, night
Twice, thrice, feeling spiteful
It's always "Where you going?"
And never just "I'm right here with you" (That's fair)
Part of keeping your word isn't saying much
Three-legged, stray expectation
Lapping ankles under shaky tables
Change your tone, grab my things, I'm gone
I'm off, I'm mostly on
If not for you, then who's it for?
I still will where I want, I'm okay with nothing
That's not my only problem
Numbers on the board, another mark in the column, park

In front of me, under me
Behind me, above me
In front of me is what I see
Feel me, feel me, feel me

She finished her drink and looked at me inquisitively, asking
"What's the role of a poet in times in like these?"
I never answered, but it stuck with me all week
Riding the bus, fixing something to eat
Putting the kids to sleep, walking the streets at night, burning a tree
Drafty windows got me turning up the heat
Downstairs neighbor called about a leak
Mikayla called, we talked til' 3 in the morning
My agent called about touring
I dreamt of boats loose from their moorings
We'll see if they're sea-worthy, we'll see
I took the Ford to Fulton, transferred to the three
We'll see what washes up on the beach
Galoshes on, he leaps into puddles with both feet on the way home
Bacon grease by the stove for frying eggs, hash potatoes
I'm smoking in bed, scrolling my phone
Novel on the nightstand untouched
Sleight of hand, past moments of dread
Spider-Man perched alone on the ledge
Mask off like Future
Rain sluicing through gutters
Lovers searching, the bar is dark
Cars double-parked, out-of-state license plates

Chin-ups on scaffolding, pull up (What's happening?)
She said, "You got an answer for me yet?"
I said, "I'm still grappling"