

Waterbed

Tiny Moving Parts

I've been holding my breath for way too long.
It seems that both my lungs are strong enough
To hold all this endless air.
I don't belong.
My head is a ticking clock
All I have to ask is someone please alarm my body.
My home is not existent.
My heart is buried in the ocean.

I don't need any anchors taking me away.
My god I swear I am growing fins.
I better keep my hope up,
But what exactly do I know?
What's exactly, exactly?
Well the sun still sets up in the sky,
Looking down on us.
Watching me tear apart these boundaries.

The sharks will swallow me up
In the glorious blue sea.
I'll relax with a detailed investment
I bought from my brain with the loose change I found in my pock
ets.
I have spent too long waiting.

On how to take risks, promise,
From a wish list that I created.
Someday you will open up your eyes and understand what is real.

People in this world scare me.
That's why I belong underwater
With fish, whales, and dolphins.
So finally I'll feel perfectly content with myself,
My lonely sad self.
The water races down my throat
My bones start to shake,
To the rhythm of opening up,
To my life starting over.
In this bedroom.
Well I'm sorry, but I'm leaving.
This is a portrait worth painting.