

## Making Sense Yet?

Pain lies in the things that we fear,  
    Because night embraces your eyes with starlight,  
    Because the word feet used to be roots,  
When the word light bulb used to sparkle to be a star,  
Because the word silhouette used to be blanket,  
    And headaches rusted in steel drums,  
    And Nothingness was young love  
    Because hearts were empty in high school, and shallow,  
When the word paper used to be hand,  
    Because the sun rose and Lolita was young,  
And the word nymph was an apple that used to be death,  
    When raccoon was revenge and clouds drooped  
    Lazily over the grass, and flesh was empty paper, and word clock  
    Was a trap that swallowed time against its will,  
Because the word work was closer to the heart,  
    When the word sky used to be spider  
    And thought came as palms on skin-tight drum tops  
Under hulking skies, when the word curse used to be kiss,  
    Before knife used to be kiss  
    Because justice is truth and life is love  
When lies were slower and factory used to be playmate  
    When your soul blackened  
    When milk let in the moon, to feed the cat, when the word mouse was joy,  
    And the word talk was silent, and toupee was slavery,  
    and cars drifted downstream, when dogs could fly fast,  
And the word soldier was a ballad before the battle began,  
    Before this exercise began, when a bayonet stole your overcoat and horse,  
And a peony was skinned and dipped in ether,  
    Because both could be ingested with equal fervor,  
    Because the word satchel used to be baby,  
So that its crying couldn't be let out  
    When the word spirit used to be willow,  
    When reflector used to be tree bark,  
    When the word rib used to be stem,  
And crayon used to be bees,  
    When both were moved by God,  
    When both were moved, by God.