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Close enough to love me

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Birkey: Close enough to love me

The crusher runs on overtime
From evening on til dawn
To clear out our assembled line
Tomorrow we'll be gone

And now it seems we're all forgotten-
All that's left is broken dreams
And we weren't broken, we aren't rotten
When we got here, we were clean
It seems somehow we've lost our purpose
Somehow we're now obsolete
Once all priceless, now we're worthless
Things have changed- we can't compete

The wrecking yard is full tonight
Of old TVs and floppy disks
Of teddy bears and plastic knights
Computers, pots and pans, and whisks
The wrecking yard is full of toys
Of cars, and bikes, and stereos
Piles of phones and broken clocks
Old microwaves and radios
The wrecking yard is full of tales
But soon enough they start to blend
For while they've got their own details
Each story has the same sad end

The wrecking yard is full tonight
But it won't be for long
The wrecking yard is full
But by tomorrow-
We'll be gone

Close enough to love me

Julie Birkey

I'm not going to let you
close enough to hurt me.
Close enough to throw
my emotions to the wind,
close enough to desert me.

I'm not going to let you
kiss my porcelain face good night
when you walk me to the door
interlock your delicate fingers with mine
when you want to show me off,

loud and proud
lay heartbeat to heartbeat
when I fall asleep on the couch during The Notebook.
I'm not going to let you
pull me close,
to feel my sweltering breath against your cold skin.

Air sighing in your ear,
heat burning your neck.
I'm not going to let you
close enough to leave me.

Close enough
to play me like hangman,
every wrong letter
leaving me hanging.
Close enough
to kick me back to the start
when you draw a "sorry."
Close enough to hate what you see
hate who I am.

I'm not going to let you
underneath this skin
underneath this bombshell.
I'm not going to let you
inside this war zone
that's combusting
at the seams
with AK47s and M25s
only to read me like an open book.
I'm not going to let you
tear down this brick wall
surrounding my tempered heart.
I'm not going to let you
know me.
Know my fears,
know my tears.
Know my battles,
my defeats.
Know my secrets,

Birkey: Close enough to love me

know my story.

Know every single round loaded
and every single bullet fired.

I'm not going to let you
close enough to take that away from me.
Close enough to hurt, abuse, or betray me.
I'm not going to let you
close enough to want me.
Close enough to hold, cherish, or need me.
I'm not going to let you
love me.

The Song of Aktush

Alexander Knightwright

Vengeance stalks a blasted heath
The silent hosts in rank beneath
A silent ruin of crumbling walls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

O'er the silent moor-lands deep
Their silent footsteps softly creep
Their faces drawn with ghastly palls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

Silent rank by silent row,
A silent host of silent woe.
From ivory tower, the Monarch falls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

“The King is Dead, long live the King” –
Their silent voices blaspheming
Those silent towers, those silent halls
And from the sky, the raven calls.

Before the silent throne they stand
The silent lord of silent land
His eyes twin scarlet blazing balls
And from the sky, the raven calls.