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With Great Fervor

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Gaining ground on the
Low part of your back
Smile sweetly *tell me*
Quiver at the touch
I've never known
Such sullen days
In my head
A myriad of false starts
And things not said
And I weep for all
The ground that's been
Lost.

With Great Fervor

Chrissy Bruzek

And the way you take the pennies out of your loafers
because you think they make you look too dignified.
So you walk around town looking down,
ashamed to look anyone in the eyes anymore.
You'd never dare do anything to bring anyone's starving attention
to your starving personality.

And the way you watch the second hand on the clock
until it aligns with the minute hand
Because you like things to be even and orderly
Due to the fact that your mom still lays out your clothes every morning
with such determination
In hopes that her young man will grow up with dreams
And grow up like the second hand kissing the minute hand
But she knows that you'll really be the one doing the kissing.