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*"Power Trip Ballad" – Maria Mena*

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sxYgUAoqmXM>

### **the Toll of Writing a Soul**

down a piece of paper  
and try to be read by anyone  
let's not fool ourselves  
it will not be done  
with grace and ease  
it will be dirty, full of sleaze  
a raper, in temper to taper  
in disgust, must be shoot  
this or that what not  
whom which why  
where when what plot?

Crumbs gathered and run through  
a morsel of despair and who are you  
to tell a difference in a name  
on that side of the road, try to bend  
it and shiver out of context, true,  
tidbits, nag whack and bull!

Let's get ready to stumble, fall  
head on over heels and full  
in the eye of a loosened string into  
a pocket pouch of godliness  
and shimmering, glancing,  
shape mingling, head turning,  
heart burning, hearth reflecting,  
color aching bewildering jewels...

There's no time for truce  
or knocked down despair  
wring a head of lust around  
the corner of your eye is muddy  
let's pretend this is it  
and you will never find the end  
of your red thread knot  
to slice and dice

in departing arrows and flight  
with furies renowned to thee

say "I love you" and blessed be  
hallowed thy name , in grand  
explicating, shallow, mellow,  
fury bating, crossed, simplicity  
false hood or bite to the bone  
a marrow quickly turned to stone  
it dangles on top of a mountain  
screams towards a inner self  
no rest no true remorse

just bring course plates around  
through yourself into another dish  
out all plates and bring  
to the round table anew  
stew of pork and beef  
and chicken too, eggs,  
greens and apple trees in bloom  
will fill your stomach true  
not just to the rim  
praise the Lord!  
and vomit on Him

sip and dip and lip  
your tongue will grow  
mold with brew in wine  
contemporary tales  
over your lost memories  
a shimmering bout of cloud  
a dancing relishing flame  
sprout out in ponce  
leave coopers dangling  
on an iron chain  
in a close looked chest

strip that foul ointment  
Baast let in some air  
in a comfit urn

take turn to tumble and burn  
ashes, dust or hay  
it will not matter  
less than what if  
or why not?  
somebody else  
will bring the oil  
and hold decay at bay

four foot rabbit  
green sleeves a robin'  
tail tucked and run!  
touched out of dignity  
no prominence and fun  
that dance across  
your chest will burn  
and breath will turn  
and turn around again  
same rush old fuss  
stay glued in puss  
and gloss the pallet  
my new found habit

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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