

Due to Defects.

my heart ejects out of my blood line
it gets constantly rejected through out time
the reflections of meetings and connections
it's pleasureable to feel sure
to feel selected out

but easy to get neglected
when it runs over into
realitys cup of tea

too much of me
onto your every day
life

a complicated cramped style
and all though i do not feel fine
i guess it could be

since we all have hearts
beating frictionated fugitives
my heart is now a refugee
on a vast road inside of me

dust of "i told you so's"
i decide not to see
and feel better of
being a little less blind

as my hearts bruises teaches me
to one day see

and to understand its
defects.

