

# everything moved in circles

*by* Tim G. Young

everything moved in circles  
like the music, the booze and the drugs  
the nights would never sleep  
the days could only creep under covers  
the moon, the sun, and the stars  
were captured and kept in jars

the ceiling was there for breathing  
blue diamonds red rubies flung down  
everywhere was a trap  
everyone was free  
everything was as intense  
as it was meant to be

no rhyme no reason prevailed  
every decision  
hung quickly hammered like a nail  
mountains moved shifting their weight  
legs bared danced with bare feet  
the foundations gutted with dynamite

inside some place was very quiet  
and aching to be born  
because no mother no father  
ever sang a note to warn what really mattered  
if anything mattered at all

wasn't I standing at the window

wasn't i unnerved and afraid I'd fall  
wasn't I totally misunderstood  
until suddenly I reappeared the moment  
i heard you call

I just knew I could manage somehow  
no matter what the cost  
I'd spend my diamonds and rubies  
I'd succumb to forever being lost  
but if that fucking ship ever dared and decided  
to pull in

I'd be still standing there like a rocket  
tall straight and long  
anticipating my countdown  
singing my rocket song  
oh god how I missed the stars that night  
how I missed everything I knew that flew

