

There There There

by Tim G. Young

i hear the boom boom boom
in the room room room
while my head decides to split
while watching the candles that
i lit lit lit
think i'll take a hit hit hit
from my dream rolled cigarette
rolled like the night in my dreams
under my covers
where i binge binge binge

until i think of different moments
collecting outside my windows
like the wind signing my papers
ink stains all over my fingers
but if i blink blink blink
and i think think think
what do i have
beside my naked empty pillow
beside my empty naked head

is there a rule somewhere
about something that i said said said
or is it a roll off of the table of life
when i'm dead dead dead
who knows these things
who knows what words bring
who could say it really mattered
if the ice broke through
and civilization shattered

we could all cry a tear tear tear

we could all wish we were somewhere
out of here here here
or we could just gently stroke our hair
take a moment to care care care
and breathe a sigh of relief
that someone is near near near

