

## Parallel Lines

Junior Boys

If you found the words, would you really say them?  
Or stutter through the verse, with mumbled punctuation?  
Remembering the line, an empty metaphor  
That you savored by yourself, you're never cured  
If I forgot the lines, is it easy enough to fake it?  
Or do you need a moment to re-memorize  
And model it like a curse half-disguised?

Leers, jeers, whispers and the tears  
That final taste before you're taken away  
Odds, ends, final amends  
It's all right to say it  
Just as long as you don't really think so

Give me a little room  
To get on with concentration  
Just enough to know  
What I'm missing in education  
Borrowing all the hours that you gave to me  
It's a wonder I could ever breathe  
Under all your thoughts  
You'll hear the floating whisper  
Of all the things you were that have been paralleled  
All the voices that were raised and finally fell

Leers, jeers, whispers and tears  
That final taste before you're taken away  
Odds, ends, final amends  
It's all right to say it  
Just as long as you don't really think so

No lights  
No show  
No sex  
That's all you get  
No waits  
No calls  
No written tests for what you know

Leers, jeers, whispers and tears  
That final taste before you're taken away  
Odds, ends, final amends  
It's all right to say it  
Just as long as you don't really think so