

Pollyanna Flower

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(through you I see I)
Between a broken nose and a fake smile
Between piety and gunpowder
Between fighting and fleeing the scene
Between murder and diplomacy
Between aggression and ?????
Between brutal and realistically well behaved
Between screaming and pulling in the reins
Between tiptoeing and ambleing

What am I to do with all this fire
(I'd like to hit you but I'd never hit you)
Would you stay with me in this red space
(I'd like to slap you but I'd never slap you)

Between violence and silently seething
Between my fist and my pollyanna flower
Between "fuck you" to your face and it's alright
Between war and denial

Between violence and silently seething
Between my fist and my pollyanna flower
Between "fuck you" to your face and it's alright
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Between flying vases and secretly weeping
Between loose cannons and ever downplaying
Between bruises and rudely differing
Between bursting and boiling

What am I to do with all this burning
(I'd like to hurt you but I'd never hurt you)
Do I overwhelm you in this place
(I'd like to kill you but I'd never kill you)

Between violence and silently seething
Between my fist and my pollyanna flower
Between "fuck you" to your face and it's alright
Between war and denial

What am I to do with all this fire
Can you understand me in this place?