

## Akimbo / Second Intermission

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What dreams cause me  
To abandon my pillow each night?  
Push away each of them, in fact  
Since there always seem to be more than one  
Then wake to aching stiff neck twisted  
Tits and face smashed against the mattress  
Legs and arms akimbo  
Like the high pitched body of a jumper  
Waiting for her chalk outline  
Finally at rest

Second intermission  
anticipation  
you know the third act  
small talk drops out of the play  
you're standing in the lobby  
tightening your tourniquet  
waiting for it  
and then the bell sounds  
and the lights flash  
and there's all these questions milling around  
and there's no time to ask

No bliss for little miss leading  
cuz she's learning about bleeding  
but what is love if not exquisite  
our only saving grace  
or is it?  
and somewhere inside your iris  
blooms the reflection of my surprise  
as you stroll past every last do not enter  
and touch me at my epicenter  
and the bell sounds  
and the lights flash  
and there's all these questions milling around  
and there's no time to ask

I'm always trying to get there  
I never really get there  
to that quiet place where  
I accept myself  
instead I'm deep inside some high school  
locker room no clothing  
popping the zits of my self loathing  
under fluorescent lights  
and the bell sounds  
and the lights flash  
and there's all these questions milling around  
and you're too ashamed to ask

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