

Cue the Sun

Forgive Durden

It starts with a canvas
A starchy, blinding white.
Then comes the flash of illumination
And the tools to record the plight.
So I begin drowning the surface
With a swamp of acrylic swirls.
I'll get it right this time.
This time it will last.

Look at the world I've created.
Watch it as it turns like a top.
From the oceans and tides
To the clouds and blue skies.
It's more than you could ever
Dream to afford.

It ends with a loose thread
And a curious hand,
Like a boy who stumbles upon
His father's gun.
It's housed in a sock drawer
Next to cigarettes and cheap porn.
He loads the chamber with
One destined shot.
His father always regrets
He left the safety off.

Look at the world I've created.
Watch it as it turns like a top.
From the oceans and tides
To the clouds and blue skies.
It's more than you could ever
Dream to afford.

Look at the world I've created.
Watch it as it turns like a top.
From the malls and estates
To the smoke stacks and freeways.
It's much more than you could afford.
You've wasted this gift
Of beauty and science
And now my voice won't be ignored.
I'll pull back the blinds
And open all your eyes.
Let the sun drown you all.