

## My Beautiful Deep End

I Mother Earth

You held out and hurt yourself again did i not make it clear  
to look around my selfish queer with unlit eyes and average  
dope you're in the dream room all alone  
I have seen you before,  
holding out here in the deep end my beautiful deep end with all  
and odd  
You yell out and touch the sound so overwhelmed by simple thing  
s  
you tend to fear the time is now for ease and thought to come a  
round  
and let you know you're in the dream room letting go  
Wake up and drown don't swim, breathe or float away  
I'm sorry but I might have made it sweet in the gold drunken su  
nset  
where we'd lose our heads another time or close our eyes just r  
ight  
and try to imagine we're miles away at peace out in the open  
To precious hands holding tongues hard maybe one good word  
would tell us something whole and small.