

# Lightning Rod

Jenny Owen Youngs

Heart attack  
Junk in the box  
I've been here so long  
I'm starting to rot  
And you're taking my fear  
Selling it in jugs

Back on the playground,  
My knee socks are bloody  
I need someone to toss the confetti  
At the ticker tape parade  
I'm falling for myself

Look to the flower  
She used to be pretty  
Don't say a word,  
But she's drying out slowly  
You have the answers  
I have the car keys

Lightning rod  
Straps on my shoulders  
I'm searching through windows  
For rain & for thunder  
That could bring to merciful  
And this overdrawn way

Carpet burns  
Up to my elbows  
It's time that you learn  
I guess I should tell you  
That the things you know about me  
Never were true

Look to the flower  
I used to be pretty  
Don't say a word,  
But I'm drying out quickly  
You have the answers  
I have the car keys