

Snowflakes

Just Jack

I'm moving your mental feet
In complex dances and jigs
I'll loosen up your consciousness
Like a syrup of figs
It's time to emerge from camouflage leaves and twigs
Time to throw the fake noses and fright wigs
Time to face the music
No more metaphor
Time to decide your fate
Will you be cooked or go raw
Will you be
Rare and bloody with your soul exposed
Or well done
a charcoal surface with your insides froze
and do you feel fear
as you hear
another door close
or will you just turn away
and flow where the wind blows
and are you still satisfied with the pathways you chose
or would you like to go back
and rewrite the old prose

Do you count the flakes
When it snows
And can you feel the heat
or only the afterglows
Do you count the flakes
When it snows

Does your life sometimes feel like one big fake orgasm
A gut reaction
Instinctive spasm
in the chasm
And do your problems metamorphose
into rubiks cubes
Keep twisting and turning
Becoming more confused
Do you sometimes feel
like you've been used and abused
Your not visibly black and blue
But on the inside bruised
And does your love life
leave you feeling kinda bemused
You've played all the games
And you're no longer amused

Sometimes it feels like I'm looking through a pain of glass
I can see your mouth move but can't hear the wo