

Black Sweatshirt

Sage Francis

Tonight I'm in the mood for some unscheduled affection
Spontaneous combustion...I'm playing with my fire inside
Burning my inner child blackened his skin to the tint of his sweatshirt

"Hey...when you play with the big boys, you get hurt!"

I used to suck my thumb while rubbing silk blankets across my cheek

Until my mom denied me access. I bawled for weeks

We don't speak to this day. I came to terms with my fear and loathing

Now I wear this clothing...like it's an extra layer of old skin
Afraid to shed...tears...in the fabric...from years that I've had it

Found abandoned on the stairs to the attic

Collecting runaway skin cells...absorbing memories

It's been to hell and back, dragged through the dirt and even worn by enemies

Born in the 70's of the 20th century

Making that distinction is for future reference...In case y'all remember me

And my genesis. What's most important is to remember this

Women and men are pissed. When they kiss they exchange spit that is venomous

Most of it is affection-

less and the affects of this has us quick to clench a fist

Don't get fancy with your paintbrush when you reminisce

I'm sentimental and I miss what used to be close to me

or maybe I've just got OCD and I can't break my old routines

Hopefully I reconcile with my inseparable...what lies inside from head to toes

Instead of symbolizing clothes...identifying with outside symbols...

Cut out the middle man...

But my woobie is in demand...

I'm feeling like a kid again.

"It protected me from the wind, sea and sand

Sanity was saved from the crazy cemetery walks

And every awkward moment spent talking with the Boogie Man

Man...managed unconditional comfort. As I've come to understand ...

The monsters are under my bed again...

The monsters are under my bed again."

Dedicated to the memory of my Black Sweatshirt