

Testimony

Sage Francis

It's not size, or force, form, or technique.
I battle you for custody.
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The weak link is quivering, determining the chain's strength,
Wimpering, vibrating! the wave length of its stress signals are more or
Less symbols. it just trembles,
Knowing it'll take the weight when the chain breaks and disassembles.
See, mr. wendell? he knew nothing of this daily struggle.
Sit under the dysfunctional family tree and prepare for trouble.
Could barely hear the mumbles beneath the ear-piercing rumbles.
Sharp tongues slashing mouths while lashing out with verbal belt buckles.
Friends crumble under similar circumstances within their own chain of events
,
From sloppy knots in family ties. the pain is intense,
The tension is thick. two sided arguments are upsetting to him.
Stretching the link, testing its endurance and spreading it thin.
Trembling, holding onto what's "familia," in the italian sense, i'm reading
intense drafts of sylvia plath.
Before breaking off into an unfamilliar path,
Faking coughs, divert the hurt by trying to act silly and laugh.
Making light of situations when i sense a panic attack.
I'm a fully licensed self-defense machanic, and my toolbelt is black.

She probably thinks i'm dead. she's probably dead.
When he left she said i was so strong, but i know she's wrong.
I need back support, my knees fold.
Please hold your end of the bargain when i leave home,
Please hold the keystone.

How far will he travel?
The essential interpretation watching the sequential falling of the dominos.

Which one will stay erect? a microcosm where every effort is just that.
It's just maps, papercuts, and the photos to prove the strength.
He followed the family, alone as the next member.
California dreaming of moving out there in september.
I sit in admiration, knowing that the weakest link
Is also the one that holds the pillars on the brink
Of collapse. relapse is the replay of emotional disarray,
Sustaining the stains of teardrops on his t-shirt.
Sometimes, taking for yourself is harder than giving.
Those who want to give up, living in the circumstance.
Dance around the issues of dealing with the problem,
Drudging through the uncomfortable streets of dispairity.
All's fair in love and clarity,
And also ignorance.
Chains don't always hold the fingerprints.

Their hearts pump pure, and then sweaty palms tellin' lies,
So blame it on a drug-addict, brother, and the cover-up.
One can't help become center of attention,
When everything is helpless, be realistic.
Ever since the goldfish died, daughter can't see past the make-up.

Stapling, "please become a savior to everything."
Photo album catalog, better order new hand holders,
Follow the odor to someone older and less experienced.
The whole choir is off key and forgets the words,
So ask later and get a free subscription to a diary,
Not even worth reading.
There was a time like this when mother's tears turned lakes and grew tree gardens.
Now overgrown, with homemade grapes,
But at least she can keep the whole family together.