

The Weak Link

Sage Francis

The weak link is feeling immense stress from a tense situation,
Stretching out in every direction and visibly shaken.
Its mistaken as durable, listen...
Its just the circumstance that has it standing in a verticle po
sition.
Hurting from the friction of abrasive personal differences.
People lose their grip when hands slip, and it gets worse when
fingers give.
The Lying Tamer is in the middle of the three-ring-
circus. "Bring the kids!"
Hanging by the last string it swings.

Cling to live. Strain to see. Gasp to breathe.
The father figure is...breaking free he has to leave.
I figure its...making me...want to pass the seeds.
The baby sitter grins...vacantly lying in dead grass and leaves
,
Laughing at trees. They hold their own.
Forbidden fruit of their manual labor pains don't fall far from
their home.
Every autumn calls for another poem devoted to growing old.
Every winter seems to get colder and colder its that same old s
tory overtold.

Let go of your hold...become a missing link in the chain effect
.
Out on the open road...kids'll think you became a wreck.
When hopeless souls begin to sink and disconnect
Its just a release.
Its such a relief.
Sometimes, we need to be alone.
But please hold your end of the bargain when I leave home.
Please hold the keystone.