

Wayne Andrews, The Old Bee Keeper

The Prize Fighter Inferno

I'm the keeper of the bees, as you've known.
Just a worthless memory in this house.
Through the light of day & night will you notice me?
I'm the keeper of the bees; I'm a dead man.

Dear Diary, I won't keep her awake anymore.
I won't love her anymore, she won't let me.
Just a journeyman's journey to the end.
Will this road hold home for good, will I ever see?
Against this broken street I'll gain, it will comfort me.