

Jillian
Jackson

Allen Ginsberg – “Song”

The weight of the world
is love.

Under the burden
of solitude,
under the burden
of dissatisfaction

the weight,
the weight we carry
is love.

Who can deny?
In dreams
it touches
the body,
in thought
constructs
a miracle,
in imagination
anguishes
till born
in human--
looks out of the heart
burning with purity--
for the burden of life
is love,

but we carry the weight
wearily,
and so must rest
in the arms of love
at last,
must rest in the arms
of love.

No rest
without love,
no sleep
without dreams
of love--
be mad or chill
obsessed with angels

or machines,
the final wish
is love
--cannot be bitter,
cannot deny,
cannot withhold
if denied:

the weight is too heavy

--must give
for no return
as thought
is given
in solitude
in all the excellence
of its excess.

The warm bodies
shine together
in the darkness,
the hand moves
to the center
of the flesh,
the skin trembles
in happiness
and the soul comes
joyful to the eye--

yes, yes,
that's what
I wanted,
I always wanted,
I always wanted,
to return
to the body
where I was born.

The Microphones – “I Felt Your Shape”

I thought I felt your shape but I was wrong
Really all I felt was falsely strong
I held on tight and closed my eyes

It was dumb I had no sense of your size

It was dumb to hold so tight
But last night
On the birthday in the kitchen
My grip was loose my eyes were open

I felt your shape and heard you breathing
I felt the rise and fall of your chest
I felt your fall
Your winter snows
Your gusty blow
Your lava flow
I felt it all
Your starry night
Your lack of light
With limp arms I can feel most of you

I hung around your neck independently
And my loss was overwhelmed
By this new depth I don't think I ever felt

But I don't know
The nights are cold
And I remember warmth
I could have sworn I wasn't alone

Shel Silverstein – “Where the Sidewalk Ends”

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go

To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

Sylvia Plath – The Bell Jar, Chapter 7

I saw my life branching out before me like the green fig tree in the story. From the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful future beckoned and winked. One fig was a husband and a happy home and children, and another fig was a famous poet and another fig was a brilliant professor, and another fig was Ee Gee, the amazing editor, and another fig was Europe and Africa and South America, and another fig was Constantin and Socrates and Attila and a pack of other lovers with queer names and offbeat professions, and another fig was an Olympic lady crew champion, and beyond and above these figs were many more figs I couldn't quite make out. I saw myself sitting in the crotch of this fig tree, starving to death, just because I couldn't make up my mind which of the figs I would choose. I wanted each and every one of them, but choosing one meant losing all the rest, and, as I sat there, unable to decide, the figs began to wrinkle and go black, and, one by one, they plopped to the ground at my feet.

Jordan A. Moore

Moment of Clarity, Jay-Z

The music business hate me
Cause the industry ain't make me
Hustlers and boosters embrace me
And the music I be makin'
I dumb down for my audience
And double my dollars
They criticize me for it
Yet they all yell "Holla"
If skills sold
Truth be told
I'd probably be
Lyricly
Talib Kweli
Truthfully
I wanna rhyme like Common Sense
But i did five Mil
I ain't been rhymin like Common since
When your sense got that much in common
And you been hustlin since
Your inception
Fuck perception
Go with what makes sense
Since
I know what i'm up against
We as rappers must decide what's most impor-tant
And i can't help the poor if i'm one of them
So i got rich and gave back
To me that's the win, win
The next time you see the homie and his rims spin
Just know my mind is workin just like them
(The rims that is)

Jordan A. W. W.

Once By the Pacific, Robert Frost

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,
The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.
There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last *Put out the Light* was spoken. .

Jordan A. Manning

Fight Club, Chuck Palahniuk

My boss sends me home because of all the dried blood on my pants, and I am overjoyed.

The hole punched through my cheek doesn't ever heal, I'm going to work, and my punched out eye sockets are two swollen up black bagels around little piss holes I have left to see through. Until today, it really pissed me off that I'd become this totally centered Zen Master and nobody had noticed. Still, I'm doing the little FAX thing. I write little HAIKU things and fax them around to everyone. When I pass people in the hall at work, I get totally Zen right in everyone's hostile little face.

Worker bees can leave
Even drones can fly away
The queen in their slave

Jordan A. McCoy

Under The Bridge, Red Hot Chilli Peppers

Sometimes I feel like I don't have a partner
Sometimes I feel like my only friend
Is the city I live in, the city of angels
Lonely as I am, together we cry

I drive on her streets 'cause she's my companion
I walk through her hills cause she knows who I am
She sees my good deeds and she kisses me windy
I'll never worry, now that is a lie

I don't ever wanna feel like I did that day
Take me to the place I love, take me all the way
I don't ever wanna feel like I did that day
Take me to the place I love, take me all the way

It's hard to believe that there's nobody out there
It's hard to believe that I'm all alone
At least I have her love, the city she loves me
Lonely as I am, together we cry

I don't ever wanna feel like I did that day
Take me to the place I love, take me all the way
I don't ever wanna feel like I did that day
Take me to the place I love, take me all the way

Under the bridge downtown
Is where I drew some blood
Under the bridge downtown
I could not get enough
Under the bridge downtown
Forgot about my love
Under the bridge downtown
I gave my life away

Jordan. M...

A soldier, Robert Frost

He is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,
That lies unlifted now, come dew, come rust,
But still lies pointed as it ploughed the dust.
If we who sight along it round the world,
See nothing worthy to have been its mark,
It is because like men we look too near,
Forgetting that as fitted to the sphere,
Our missiles always make too short an arc.
They fall, they rip the grass, they intersect
The curve of earth, and striking, break their own;
They make us cringe for metal-point on stone.
But this we know, the obstacle that checked
And tripped the body, shot the spirit on
Further than target ever showed or shone.

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Kim Mack

"Map The Soul"

You turn a cocooned soul into a butterfly
And I, lose control, can never turn aside
You shine like summer skies,
like when a lover lies next to me and says to
me
You make me wonder why
You are a beautiful mystery
Every note carved into musical history
A simile, a metaphor, words not enough to
Entrust to you,
Trust that its true
We must have approved while we asked for
evidence
Dwell on past and sentiments, but we bask
in eminence
Every moment every day, busy getting paid
away,
The soul fades away into a grainy shade of
grey
I pray, that you'll listen to what I say,
Cause I feel like a missing shoe
This is to everything that you are,
The wild earth, a child's birth, sun moon and
the stars

(Chorus)
No reason to live, without you (x4)

By: Epik High

"Ballad of Birmingham"

"Mother dear, may I go downtown
Instead of out to play,
And march the streets of Birmingham
In a Freedom March today?"

"No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails
Aren't good for a little child."

"But, mother, I won't be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
To make our country free."

"No baby, no, you may not go
For I fear those guns will fire.
But you may go to church instead
And sing in the children's choir."

She has combed and brushed her night-dark
hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves on her small brown
hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know that her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet and wild.
She raced through the streets of
Birmingham
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
Then lifted out a shoe.
"O, here's the shoe my baby wore,
But, baby, where are you?"

By: Dudley Randall

"Penny For Your Thoughts"

Can I offer you a penny for your thoughts?
As a matter of fact, how about three?
One penny for you, one penny for me,
And one penny for our minds engaged not
so sexually.
Getting intimately closer as we approach the
Climatic altitude of nude, mental,
sensational... conversation.

Because I'm trying to get to know everything
about you
From the neck... up.

So these are not your typical, sexual,
poetical prose.
I'm trying to close the door on that all too
familiar freaky foreplay game.
With which most people have chose to
approach you.
While they are trying to get deeply imbedded
In the fine fibers of your bed sheets,
I'm trying to find and define the fibers of
which your mind speaks.
I want to engage you
By putting a two karat solitaire diamond on
your mind
and marrying your every thought!

I want to lick every inch of every crevasse
So I can get an oral fix from each orifice
And taste your passionate imagination.

I'd rather be naked and exposed, holding
you
As we're lying and you're crying
While confiding and describing the tough
times you've had in life
And how you don't know
If you can keep a relationship long enough to
be somebody's wife.

I wanna feel the heartbeat of all your inner
rhythms
As they lead me toward your warm, wet,
waterfalls of feminine thoughts.
...And I'll swim within them.
From backstrokes, to breaststrokes,
I'm penetrating every entrance... to your
mind.
Taking my time to find out everything about
you.

Did I ever tell you about how you
Fell asleep in my presence?
And your mere essence
Kept me awake for hours
As I cowered with this feeling
Of sexually unadulterated mental
connection.

And as you lay by my side
I pushed the blinds aside
And took the time in the moonlight of that
night
To count 72 eyelashes
On the upper eyelid of your right eye!
Because when you sleep
Your eyes remain open slightly.

And while we probably moves in too quickly
into some sexual shit
I've always cared more about the explicitly
illicitness
That came from between you lips.. meaning
your voice.

So now I am standing here
Ready to trade in all the sexual acts that
we've performed
For the chance to reform the very foundation
And the basis of our relationship.

So I reiterate my opening statement
And I offer you another penny for your
thoughts!

By: Gemineye

"Float"

(Chorus)

If you must leave don't float away.
Even if we're almost sinking, it's okay.
Cause at least we were good together.
Nothing would be able to separate us,
forever.
We'd be in the same life boat, if we had a
float
Away...

(Verse 2)

You won't regret that you've given me more
time.
See the clouds went away, it's sunshine.
There's no storms, no pouring rain.
That we have to endure now.
Baby you have to know, that these calm
seas aren't a guaranteed
So please, look into my eyes just incase
something goes wrong.
And I don't know where I would be without
you.
Probably out there somewhere lost at sea.
Even though I might be just fine on my own,
girl you are all that I know.
I don't want my first mate to go.

By: Caleb

"Butterfly Effect"

All causes and all effects.
No college shit necessary to acknowledge it.
Some call it love and some call it sex.
opposites.
Call it what you want, but with one touch and
you're gone, so call in sick.
Human politics, from whispered hushes and
distant crushes.
Mental fits breakin' pencil tips and inkin'
brushes.
Simple rushes.
God makes man, and this is the devil's
finishing touches.
From dukes to duchesses and kings to
queens.
From dust to dust, this is the sinful theme.
The scene for crack fiends and gun-packin'
teens
High on vaccines, magazines and
saccharine.
From dukes to duchesses and kings to
queens.
From dust to dust, this is the sinful theme.
The scene for crack fiends and gun-packin'
teens
High on vaccines, magazines and
saccharine.
Lovescream.

By: Epik High

Fame is a Food That Dead Men Eat

FAME is a food that dead men eat,--
I have no stomach for such meat.
In little light and narrow room,
They eat it in the silent tomb,
With no kind voice of comrade near
To bid the banquet be of cheer.
But Friendship is a nobler thing,--
Of Friendship it is good to sing.
For truly, when a man shall end,
He lives in memory of his friend,
Who doth his better part recall,
And of his faults make funeral.

Austin Dobson

Tam Nguyen
Lupe Fiasco
kick, push

Uh, what up y'all!
Soundtrack what's popping baby?
Y'all ain't know, I go by the name of Lupe Fiasco
Representing that first and fifteen
Jyea, uh!
And this one right here
I dedicate this one right here
To all my homies out there grinding
You know what I'm saying?
Legally and illegally
Hahaha...
You know what I'm talking about?
So, check it out

[Verse 1]

First got it when he was six
Didn't know any tricks
Matter of fact first time he got on it he slipped
Landed on his hip
And bust his lip
For a week he had to talk with a lisp
Like THISSSSS
Now we can end the story right here
But shorty didn't quit there was something in the air
Yea, he said it was something so appealing
He couldn't fight the feeling
Something about it
He knew he couldn't doubt it
Couldn't understand it
Branded, since the first kick flip he landed
Uh, labeled a misfit, a bandit
Kakunk Kakunk Kakunk!
His neighbors couldn't stand it so
He was banished to the park
Started in the morning wouldn't stop 'til after dark
Yea, when they said, "It's getting late in here...
... so I'm sorry young man there's no skating here"

[Chorus]

And so he kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, coast
And away he rolled
Just a rebel to the world with no place to go
And so he kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, coast
So come and skate with me
Just a rebel
Looking for a place to be
So let's kick... and push... and coast

[Verse 2]

My man got a little older
Became a better roller
Yea, no helmet, hellbent on killing himself
That's what his mama said, but he was feeling himself

Got a little more swagger in his style
Met his girlfriend she was clapping in the crowd
Love is what what was happening to him now
Uh, he said I would marry you
But I'm engaged to these aeriels and varlels
And I don't think this board is strong enough to carry two
She said Bow, I weigh 122 pounds
Now, let me make one thing clear
I don't need to ride yours
I got mine right here
So she took him to a spot
He didn't know about
Something odd in the apartment parking lot
She said I don't normally take dates in here
Security came and said, "I'm sorry there's no skating here"

[Chorus]

And so they kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, coast
And away they rolled
Just lovers intertwined with no place to go
And so they kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, coast
So come and skate with me
Just a rebel
Looking for a place to be
So let's kick... and push... and coast

[Verse 3]

Before he knew he had a crew
That wasn't no punk
And they spitfire shirts
And SB dunks
They would push 'til they couldn't skate no more
Office building lobbies wasn't safe no more
And it wasn't like they wasn't getting chased no more
Just the freedom was better than breathing they said
Any escape route they used to escape out
When things got crazy
They needed to break out
They head to any place with stairs
Any good grinds
The world was theirs
Uh, and their four wheels would take them there
Until the cops came and said, "There's no skating here"

[Chorus]

And so they kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick push, coast
And away they rolled
Just rebels without a cause with no place to go
And so they kick, push, kick, push, kick, push, kick push, coast
So come roll with me
Just a rebel
Looking for a place to be
So let's kick... and push... and coast

Tom Nye

[Verse 1]

Girl im in love with you
This ain't the honeymoon
Past the infatuation phase
Right in the thick of love
At times we get sick of love
It seems like we argue everyday

[Bridge]

I know i misbehaved
And you made your mistakes
And we both still got room left to grow
And though love sometimes hurts
I still put you first
And we'll make this thing work
But I think we should take it slow

[Chorus]

We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
Cuz we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow (Take it slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow (Take it slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow

[Verse 2]

This ain't a movie no
No fairy tale conclusion ya'll
It gets more confusing everyday
Sometimes it's heaven sent
Then we head back to hell again
We kiss and we make up on the way

[Bridge]

I hang up you call
We rise and we fall
And we feel like just walking away
As our love advances
We take second chances
Though it's not a fantasy
I Still want you to stay

[Chorus]

We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
Cuz we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow (Take it slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow (Take it slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow

[Verse 3]

Take it slow
Maybe we'll live and learn
Maybe we'll crash and burn
Maybe you'll stay, maybe you'll leave,
maybe you'll return
Maybe another fight
Maybe we won't survive
But maybe we'll grow
We never know baby youuuu and I

[Chorus]

We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
Cuz we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow (Heyyy)
We're just ordinary people
We don't know which way to go
Cuz we're ordinary people
Maybe we should take it slow (Take It slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow (Take it slow oh oh ohh)
This time we'll take it slow

Tom Noyes

I'm holding on your rope,
Got me ten feet off the ground
I'm hearin what you say but I just can't make a sound
You tell me that you need me
Then you go and cut me down, but wait
You tell me that you're sorry
Didn't think I'd turn around, and say that...

It's too late to apologize, it's too late
I said it's too late to apologize, it's too late

I'd take another chance, take a fall
Take a shot for you
And I need you like a heart needs a beat
But it's nothing new
I loved you with a fire red-
Now it's turning blue, and you say...
"Sorry" like the angel heaven let me think was you
But I'm afraid...

It's too late to apologize, it's too late
I said it's too late to apologize, it's too late

Bridge (guitar/piano)

It's too late to apologize, it's too late
I said it's too late to apologize, it's too late
It's too late to apologize, yeah
I said it's too late to apologize, yeah-
I'm holdin on your rope, got me ten feet off the ground

A Dream Deferred - Poemby *Langston Hughes*

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore--
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

The Catcher in the Rye - Story SegmentBy *J.D. Salinger*

Holden's conversation with Spencer in Chapter 2

"Life is a game, boy. Life is a game that one plays according to the rules."

"Yes, sir. I know it is. I know it."

Game, my ass. Some game. If you get on the side where all the hot-shots are, then it's a game, all right—I'll admit that. But if you get on the other side, where there aren't any hot-shots, then what's a game about it? Nothing. No game.

All of the Above - LyricsBy *Maino*

Chorus [T-Pain]:

Tell me what do you see
When you looking at me
(woooahhhh)

On a mission to be
What I'm destined to be
(woooahhhh)

I done been through the pain and the sorrow

The struggle is nothing but love (nothing but love)

I'm a soldier, a rider, a ghetto survivor
And all the above
All the above (x7)

Verse 1 [Maino]:

Listen
Really what do you see
When you looking at me?
See me come up from nothing,
To me living my dreams
I done been to the bottom,
I done suffered a lot,
I deserve to be rich,
Headed straight to the top
Look how I ride for the block,
Look how I rep for the hood,
I get nothing but love now
When I come through the hood
Getting this fortune and fame
Money make all of us change
The new benz is all white,
Call it John McCain
How the hell could you stop me?
Why in the world would you try?
I go hard forever,
That's just how I'm designed,
That's just how I was built
See the look in my eyes?
You take all of this from me,
And I'm still gon' survive
You get truth from me,
But these rappers gon' lie
I'm a part of these streets
Till the day that I die
I wave hi to the haters,
Mad that I finally done made it
Take a look and you can tell
That I'm destined for greatness

(Chorus)

Tell me what do you see
When you looking at me
(woooahhhh)

On a mission to be
What I'm destined to be
(woooahhhh)

I done been through the pain and the sorrow

The struggle is nothing but love (nothing but love)

I'm a soldier, a rider, a ghetto survivor
And all the above
All the above (x7)

Verse 2: [Maino]

It's easy to hate,
It's harder to love me
Ya'll don't understand,
Ya'll quickly to judge me
Put your foot in my Nikes,
Picture you livin' my life,
Picture you stuck in a cell,
Picture you wasting your life,
Picture you facing a charge,
Picture you beating the odds,
Picture you willing to bleed,
Picture you wearing the scar
Thank you for making me struggle,
Thank you for making me grind
I perfected my hustle,
Tell me the world ain't mine
You've been seein' me lately,
I'm a miracle baby
I refuse to lose

This what the ghetto done made me
I put that on my father
Tryna hope for tomorrow
When I think that I can't,
I envision Obama,
I envision the diamonds,
I envision Ferraris
If the world was perfect,
All my niggas behind me
Ain't you happy I made it?
That I'm making a statement?
Take a look and you can tell
That I'm destined for greatness

Verse 3 [T-Pain]:

Now if im up in the spot (spot)
Or if im out on the block (block)
I hustle hard cause it's all the same
And you know that grind don't stop
Just 'cause I rose to the top
And everybody knows my name
Still grindin (still grindin),
Still hustlin (still hustlin)
No more pain (no more pain),
No more sufferin (no more sufferin)
For my ladies and my shorties and my thugs,
keep that task, and the shine, and the love

All the above (x7)

Family Portrait - LyricsBy *Pink*

Uh, uh, some deep shit, uh, uh

Momma please stop cryin, I
can't stand the sound

Your pain is painful and its
tearin' me down
I hear glasses breakin as I sit
up in my bed

I told dad you didn't mean those
nasty things you
said

You fight about money, bout me
and my brother
And this I come home to, this is
my shelter

It ain't easy growin up in World
War III
Never knowin what love could
be, you'll see

I don't want love to destroy me
like it has done
my family

Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?

I promise I'll be better, Mommy
I'll do anything
Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?
I promise I'll be better, Daddy
please don't
leave

Daddy please stop yellin, I can't
stand the sound

Make mama stop cryin, cuz I
need you around
My mama she loves you, no
matter what she says
its true
I know that she hurts you, but
remember I love
you, too

I ran away today, ran from the
noise, ran away
Don't wanna go back to that
place, but don't have
no choice, no way
It ain't easy growin up in World
War III
Never knowin what love could
be, well I've seen
I don't want love to destroy me
like it did my
family

Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?
I promise I'll be better, Mommy
I'll do anything
Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?
I promise I'll be better, Daddy
please don't
leave

In our family portrait, we look
pretty happy
Let's play pretend, let's act like
it comes
naturally
I don't wanna have to split the
holidays
I don't want two addresses
I don't want a step-brother
anyways
And I don't want my mom to
have to change her
last name

In our family portrait we look

pretty happy
We look pretty normal, let's go
back to that
In our family portrait we look
pretty happy
Let's play pretend, act like it
goes naturally

In our family portrait we look
pretty happy
(Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?)
We look pretty normal, let's go
back to that
(I promise I'll be better, Mommy
I'll do
anything)
In our family portrait we look
pretty happy
(Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?)
Let's play pretend act and like it
comes so
naturally
(I promise I'll be better, Daddy
please don't
leave)
In our family portrait we look
pretty happy
(Can we work it out? Can we be
a family?)
We look pretty normal, let's go
back to that
(I promise I'll be better, Daddy
please don't
leave)

Daddy don't leave
Daddy don't leave
Daddy don't leave
Turn around please
Remember that the night you
left you took my
shining star?
Daddy don't leave
Daddy don't leave
Daddy don't leave
Don't leave us here alone

Mom will be nicer
I'll be so much better, I'll tell my
brother
Oh, I won't spill the milk at
dinner
I'll be so much better, I'll do
everything right
I'll be your little girl forever
I'll go to sleep at night

Where'd You Go - Lyrics

By Fort Minor featuring Holly
Brook

Where'd you go?
I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone.

She said "Some days I feel like
shit,
Some days I wanna quit, and
just be normal for a bit,"
I don't understand why you
have to always be gone,
I get along but the trips always
feel so long,
And, I find myself trying to stay
by the phone,
'Cause your voice always helps
me to not feel so alone,
But I feel like an idiot, workin'
my day around the call,
But when I pick up I don't have
much to say,
So, I want you to know it's a
little fucked up,
That I'm stuck here waitin', at
times debatin',
Tellin' you that I've had it with
you and your career,
Me and the rest of the family
here singing "Where'd you go?"

I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone.
Where'd you go?
I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone,
Please come back home...

You know the place where you
used to live,
Used to barbecue up burgers
and ribs,
Used to have a little party every
Halloween with candy by the
pile,
But now, you only stop by every
once and a while,
Shit, I find myself just fillin' my
time,
With anything to keep the
thought of you from my mind,
I'm doin' fine, I plan to keep it
that way,
You can call me if you find that
you have something to say,
And I'll tell you, I want you to
know it's a little fucked up,
That I'm stuck here waitin', at
times debatin',

Tellin' you that I've had it with
you and your career,
Me and the rest of the family
here singing "Where'd you go?"

I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone.
Where'd you go?
I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone,
Please come back home...

I want you to know it's a little
fucked up,
That I'm stuck here waitin', no
longer debatin',
Tired of sittin' and hatin' and
makin' these excuses,
For why you're not around, and
feeling so useless,
It seems one thing has been
true all along,
You don't really know what
you've got 'til it's gone,
I guess I've had it with you and
your career,
When you come back I won't be
here and you can sing it...

Where'd you go?
I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone.
Where'd you go?
I miss you so,
Seems like it's been forever,
That you've been gone,
Please come back home...
Please come back home...
Please come back home...
Please come back home...
Please come back home...

“Slow Like Honey” – Fiona Apple

You moved like honey in my dream last night
Yeah, some old fires were burning
You came near to me and you endeared to me
But you couldn't quite discern me

Does that scare you ? I'll let you run away
But your heart will not oblige you
You'll remember me like a melody
Yeah, I'll haunt the world inside you

And my big secret, gonna win you over
Slow like honey, heavy with mood

I'll let you see me, I'll covet your regard
I'll invade your demeanor
And you'll yield to me like a scent in the breeze
And you'll wonder what it is about me

It's my big secret, keeping you coming
Slow like honey, heavy with mood

Though dreams can be deceiving
Like faces are to hearts
They serve for sweet relieving
When fantasy and reality lie too far apart

So I stretch myself across like a bridge
And I pull you to the edge

And stand there waiting
Trying to attain
The end to satisfy the story
Shall I release you?
Must I release you?
As I rise to meet my glory

But my big secret
Gonna hover over your life
Gonna keep you reaching

When I'm gone like yesterday
When I'm high like heaven
When I'm strong like music
'Cause I'm slow like honey, and heavy with mood

“Pale September” – Fiona Apple

Pale September, I wore the time like a dress that year
The autumn days swung soft around me, like cotton on my skin
But as the embers of the summer lost their breath and disappeared
My heart went cold and only hollow rhythms resounded from within
But then he rose, brilliant as the moon in full
And sank in the burrows of my keep

And all my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep

He goes along just as a water lily
Gentle on the surface of his thoughts his body floats
Unweighted down by passion or intensity
Yet unaware of the depth upon which he coasts
And he finds a home in me
For what misfortune sows, he knows my touch will reap

And all my armour failing down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep
All my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep

“Scale” - Interpol

I have a sequin for an eye
Pick a rose and hide my face
This is a bandit's life
It comes and goes and mends the breaks
Under a molten sky, beyond the road, we lie in wait
You think they know us now?
Wait 'til the stars come out
You'll see that
Well, I made you and now I take you back

It's too late but today I can define the lack
I made you and now I take you back
Sun, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right
My sun, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right
I can still feel it when you lie
Pick a rose just to hide my face
Well, if there's something I should know
I seek no science when there is no shape
Under a molten sky, let the days collide
Well, I made you and now I take you back
Sun, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right
My sun, you sleep in clouds of fire
That's all and that's right

“Lighthouse” - Interpol

It's the place that's said to break
It's just as safe from the outside tonight

And I want that
I face the storms at the tides
From the lighthouse

And I want that
Unleash the storm and the night

Oh...

What do the waves have to say now?
What do the waves have to say now?

Slow now

And let the waves have their way now
Slow, and let the waves have their day

And I want that

Here I've been living on roofs made from sin
Upward and outward, "Begin, begin."

Here I've been lucid I'm living within
Inwardly urgent, I'm sinking again

The Lighthouse

"Barter" – Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder in a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

"Faults" – Sara Teasdale

They came to tell your faults to me,
They named them over one by one;
I laughed aloud when they were done,
I knew them all so well before,—
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see
Your faults had made me love you more.

Amber Anderson
English 210 Section 2

“Heart We Will Forget Him”

By: Emily Dickinson

Heart, we will forget him,
You and I, tonight!
You must forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done pray tell me,
Then I, my thoughts, will dim.
Haste! ‘lest while you’re lagging
I may remember him!

“Sol Solis”

By: Moving Mountains, *Pneuma*

take your hands away from your face
so I can see everything you are
and everything you used to be
you used to be to me
something you don’t wanna be, I know.

you, you’re like the sun
and I am earth
together we’re one
but someday
your fire will die
and I’ll grow cold
without sunlight.
and I will freeze, baby
I will die, I’d freeze, I’d die for you.

things, they always die
just give it time.
but we, someday we’ll see
our love will shine,
our love will shine.

your love won’t fade, darling.
lover, I cannot do this alone
things like this are better off untold

Amber Anderson
English 210 Section 2

someday the sun will die and I'll grow cold
I hope someday your love finds its way home.

“The Sad Waltzes of Pietro Crespi”

Written and Performed by: Owen

could you love someone enough
after all you've had and you've lost?
it's a simple question
I'm only asking 'cause I don't want to die alone

could you love someone completely?
and yes, by "someone" I mean me
spoiled sick like milk you let sit too long
it's a simple question
as I lie awake waiting for you to lay beside me
I can almost hear the sad waltzes of Pietro Crespi

could you love someone who does whatever he wants to do
whenever I want to?
it's a simple question
I'm only asking 'cause I don't want to die alone

“Sleeping Sickness” (Feat. Gordon Downey)

Written and Performed by: Dallas Green of City and Colour, *Bring Me Your Love*

I awoke, only to find my lungs empty
Through the night, so it seems I'm not breathing
And now my dreams are nothing like they were meant to be
And I'm Breaking Down
I think I'm breaking down

And I'm afraid to sleep because of what haunts me
Such as living with the uncertainties
That I'll never find the words to say
Which would completely explain
Just how I'm breaking down

Someone come, Someone come and save my life
Maybe I'll sleep when I am dead

Amber Anderson
English 210 Section 2

But now it's like the night is taking up sides
With all the worries that occupy the back of my mind
Could it be? This misery will suffice

I've become, the simple souvenir of someone's KILL
Like the sea, I'm constantly changing from calm to ill
Madness fills my heart and soul
As if the great divide could swallow me whole
Oh, how I'm breaking down

Someone come, Someone come and save my life
Maybe I'll sleep when I am dead
But now it's like the night is taking up sides
With all the worries that occupy the back of my mind
Could it be? This misery will suffice

Someone come, Someone come and save my life

Someone come, Someone come and save my life

Someone come, Someone come and save my life
Could it be? This misery will suffice

An excerpt from This Boy's Life by Tobias Wolff

"When we are green, still half-created, we believe that our dreams are rights, that the world is disposed to act in our best interests, and that falling and dying are for quitters. We live on the innocent and monstrous assurance that we alone, of all the people ever born, have a special arrangement whereby we will be allowed to stay green forever"

The Valley of Unrest

BY: EDGAR ALLAN POE

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless-
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye-
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave:- from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:- from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

ASLEEP IN THE CHAPEL BY: THURSDAY

three chalk outlines sleep in the dirty street
and in our beds, under the sheets,
they're the halo of guilt hanging around your neck,
next to the rosary you count, falling asleep

and we're praying
to treat the symptoms of letting go of all our hope.

since we can't compete with martyred saints,
we'll douse ourselves in gasoline
and hang our bodies from the lampposts so that our shadows turn into bright lights
"white light, white heat" we'll make
as we're blacking out in the center lane,
we swerve to the beat, spill all the ink no revisions
do you hear the church bells ringing?

wake up!! wake up in an outline and try to speak
with the shattered voice of the lives we lead...
have we slept too long
between the bullet holes in a stained-glass window state?

when we repent,
we fall on the page
(read, in the margins)
we are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope.

someday we'll be complete like modern saints,
baptize our kids in gasoline
and hang our doubts up in cathedrals
so that they turn to faith in the colored sunlight.
"red rain, red rain" we'll make
as we're blacking out in the center lane...
do you hear the church bells ringing?
they ring for you.

we woke up this morning to a street are filled with a thousand burning crosses
and what we thought was the sunrise, just passing headlights

still the choir girls sing,
"oh lord, can you save us?
oh lord, sing hallelujah"

they are the symptoms of letting go of all our hope...
we're falling asleep with open eyes
falling asleep inside the chapel
falling asleep in chalk outlines
falling asleep as the headlights pass us by...

STEPS ASCENDING BY: THURSDAY

Steps ascend to a loaded gun.
The scent of matches hangs in the air
(A lit one flickers out in a heartbeat).
We don't want to see this:
A flash of light that's letting go
Of an empty bullet case,
By the time it hits the ground,
He's out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach.

The wolves are closing in.
There's no room left to make amends but
Do you remember when we'd fly that kite so high?

All the time we've wasted,
Spent fighting
Will burn
In the fire our regrets
All the time we've wasted,
Spent fighting,
It's blood
And it's running down the stairs.

Freeze the frame
Between the gun shot and the hole it makes.
A spinning bullet hangs in the middle.
There's no way to stop it,
It will surely hit the mark.
You can try to understand
But I'm giving up,
Giving up,
Giving up.
The synapse fires,
It's right in time.
I'm giving up, (giving up)
Giving up, (giving up)
Giving up.
This should always stay out of reach,
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go)
Out of reach, (let go, let go).

The wolves are closing in.
There's no room left to make amends but
Do you remember when we'd fly that kite so high?

All the time we've wasted,

KYLE MONTAGANO

STEPS ASCENDING

Spent fighting
Will burn
In the fire our regrets
All the time we've wasted,
Spent fighting,
It's blood,
It's running down the stairs.

I ran down the stairs and into the garden,
Put both my hands into the soil.
In the spring, you will bloom,
Like her heart, through the blouse, in the back of the ambulance,
As it turned and turned down the streets
(One more turn, won't you come back to me?)
As it turned its red lights,
You were turning into red roses,
Red roses,
Red roses,
Red roses,
I'm not giving up.

STANDING ON THE EDGE OF SUMMER BY: THURSDAY

In this room
I'm sitting by your side
Cause it rains for hours
and the phone is off its hook
Standing on the edge, casting lots to set me up
before you knock me down,

summer's edge and drown me
Betting on our own lives,
making up for all time we lost
In this house of cards we're all holding hearts and spades (one breath, one step could knock it all
down)
but you lead with your eyes and you give it away
(decide, design to cut from the clouds)
And the people you love get lost in the shuffle,
(When you leave, you leave nothing but broken hearts)
you let it go and then you fold

So we stay on the open road
We drive for hours and still no end in sight at all
Driving in your car, miss the stop sign, fall in love,
just to get knocked out

summer's edge and drown me
Betting on our own lives,
making up for all time we lost
In this house of cards we're all holding hearts and spades (one breath, one step could knock it all
down)
but you lead with your eyes and you give it away
(decide, design to cut from the clouds)
And the people you love get lost in the shuffle,
(When you leave, you leave nothing but broken hearts)

Pull your punches and burn with your cigarettes
Pulled like a punch and burnt like a cigarette...forever

FOR THE WORKFORCE, DROWNING BY: THURSDAY

falling from the top floor,
your lungs fill like parachutes,
the windows go rushing by.
the people inside,
they're dressed for the funeral in black and white.
these ties strangle our necks,
hanging in the closet, filed in the cubicle,
without a name, just numbers on a résumé
stored in the mainframe,
marked for delete.

please take these hands,
throw them in the river,
wash away the things they've never held.
please take these hands,
throw me in the river
but don't let me drown before the work day ends.

"Nine to Five"
and we're up to our necks
drowning in the seconds, ingesting the morning commute,
lost in a dead subway sleep--
now we lie wide awake in our parents' beds,
tossing and turning, tomorrow we'll get up
and drive to work, in single file,
with everyday just like the last:
waiting for the life to start,
it's always just always ahead of the curve...

just keep making copies, of copies, of copies,
when will it end...?

it will never end, until it gets so bad
that the ink fills in our fingerprints
and the silhouette of your own face
becomes the black cloud of war.
even in our dreams we're so afraid the weight will offset who we are.
all those breaths that you took have now been canceled in your lungs.
last night my teeth fell out like ivory typewriter keys,
and all the monuments and skyscrapers burned down and filled the sea.

Save Our Ship,
the anchor is part of the desk.
we can't cut free,
water is flooding the decks,
the memo's sent through the currents,
computers spark like flares--
I can see them but they don't touch me. touch me,
please someone, teach me how to swim,
please don't let me drown.