

OLD SHOES

I
I am not at ease
for I was born with these
A fight behind the skull
and a pale contender

And nothing plays the part
better than him

And oh
there is science in the dark
The crooked twisted lines have
coded my relief
And now I can remember
All that can go wrong
in everyone

How can I undo this?

Here in my mind
There is a part
is a hole
with horizons
for all

And it's on to you
and it's on to me
and it loves the answers

Oh treacherous heart
treacherous hymn
ushering me
out of mind
out of mind