

Premeditated

Virtuous
 Is what its supposed to be, but
 Premeditated
 Is what it was,
 Last
 Night.

No attempt at morality
 No attempt at devotion
 It was for us—
 Alone.

It wasn't for love, and
 It definately wasn't for god,
 It wasn't ornate or elegant, but it was
 Comely.

It was near Dover Beach, and
 It was on the floor, and
 It was—
 Feeling
 Good.

--Michael Millington

Via cieca per umanita

Run, run as fast as he can.
 Can't catch him, he's a man.
 Under the sea of tranquility
 with a touch of madness.
 he falls numb.
 Faces blend together
 as his eyes dilate.
 Rubs the glass against his face,
 the only reality he knows.

School is hell.
 Walks through the maze
 searching for a piece of cheese.
 it's in the car
 with the others.
 Just another glass bottle,
 that breaks with stone.

Hours go by,
 with more of his mind.
 He laughs in the dark,
 at the dark,
 thinking he's won.
 in the distance, the stone is thrown.
 its target is his very existence.
 Glass with paper covering,
 covering the lies.

No problems, no pain,
 not even in the morning.
 all he needs
 all he wants
 behind the label
 behind the glass
 behind the lies
 Buried beneath the amber waves
 he found manhood
 at it's finest.

--Gretchen Zehner