

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