

My Broken Emotions

(91)

Summer-72

My broken guitar is not very far
But anyway what could I do
I could sing some old song
Or just hum along
Or try to be still to include.

All the lessons I've learned
Now forgotten or burned
I'm trying to fill in the holes
like Steven Crane's heart
Whose heart was his feet
He didn't mind it at all

There's a Philippine tribe

They say has no give
Or anything extra or new

No marks on the wall

Can't believe it at all

But maybe there's something to it

I sure love this place

For its frightening space

That leaves me with what can't be
and right now my track

is to always come back

To respect what I never could choose.