

## Trash Day

There may come a time in your life to make a serious change,  
When you've grown tired of the rat race and the same old games,  
You may look back on when you went along  
with what others said and now you're ready to rearrange.  
Maybe you're tired of conversations decades old  
With the same people who insist you fit into the mold  
Of stagnant relations filled with nothing to learn;  
And somewhere inside you desperately yearn,  
For a bigger world that has significance;  
A challenge, a passion to work toward with positive consequence  
I cleared out all that wasn't important to me,  
got rid of what I had outgrown  
Removed the clutter that others said had to be;  
I made the choice on my own.  
I took the deed to my future and I didn't need approval,  
That was the first day of my trash removal.  
I don't care to hear who said what or know the reasons why  
What's going on in someone else's life is their business, not mine.  
Or maybe you'll look back on the years  
Things you needlessly went through,

Fussin fightin and shedding unnecessary tears  
Fooling with people who stir the pot  
with nonsense and drama,  
and what they got?  
Pots and buckets of who told who a lie and did wrong.  
And you wind up in a mess not really knowing where you belong.  
Put your feet on the ground;  
put your own pants on.  
Look at the time that was wasted in the name of getting along.  
The revolution starts in your head. That's what you wake up with and put to bed.  
I made a commitment to myself  
Not to let a day go by without gaining some intellectual wealth.  
I like a good time just as much as ever,  
But don't bore me with small endeavors  
I know the banter in my sleep,  
I threw it away and closed the lid,  
And have a bountiful future to reap.  
There is so much potential in all of us  
And no room for doubt  
But you'll never have what's meant for you  
Until you learn to put the trash out.

### **A Heap Sees....**

You thought they were intelligent,  
Because they had a degree,  
Thought they were nice and sweet, well groomed and elegant,  
Because that's all they let you see.

It never occurred to the trusting mind,  
The dirt and foul odor facades leave behind.  
What you see and hear ain't always so,  
There's a heap that sees, but a damn few that know.  
The man that will break your heart is always kind.  
You'll never know the carnage he left behind.  
Bigots and racists are capable of smiles,  
They're hatred is graciously veiled behind impeccable style.  
And that couple you envied, thought was the perfect pair;  
Nice car, house, pool in the back,  
But you didn't know they were paralyzed in despair.  
Look twice at the grin of deceit whose mannerisms are clean and socially complete.  
Never know where thieves and lairs are gonna go,  
Because there's a heap that sees but a damn few that know.

### **Mouth Ain't no Prayer Book**

People will consume you,  
Eat you up with outer cares,  
Clog your head and heart with what they say is viable,  
But believe me when I tell you,  
They're mouth is no prayer book and their ass is no bible.  
They'll try to make you fit into this world and dilute your strength.  
Some will intimidate, manipulate—they'll go to any length.  
They know your shortcomings two miles high.  
They know what you need to do and they know the reason why.  
But in their mess of troubles their wisdom goes astray,  
They can't see as clearly and don't understand,

Why so many troubles fall in their hand..  
It'll be somebody else's fault why they're in a dilemma;,  
Their logic only prevails controlling your agenda.  
Their reasoning is obviously not reliable,  
Because their mouth is no prayer book and the ass is no bible.  
Catch the caution the wind took away;  
The caution that told you about your own bills to pay.  
Nobody knows the mile you walk except your blessed soul.  
The late fees, taxes and interest of life of which you're liable  
and remember;  
Their mouth is no prayer book and their ass is no bible.

### **Burn of Desire**

Felt so good—a slow burn of desire.  
Burn the heartache I shed.  
Cerebral and visceral synapses conspire,  
Painting pictures of a future in the canvas of my head.  
Never in pain as I lay in peace,  
No shame, no hurry, no urgency to release  
Erotica bred from the righteousness of understanding,  
Accepting the vulnerability that haunts us all.  
Desire in the intellect that stimulates abstract ideas into mysterious zones,  
And take the pain out of a clumsy fall.  
The burning desire of perception sends feeble minds into a frantic scare,  
The hope, the dream, the tear would bring the meager wit to despair.  
The slow burn of desire allows me to feel the Other side;  
Treat the wounds, heal the scar and permit my soul to abide.

Desire burns where it hurts,  
Passion purges deadly dirt,  
Finally soothed as we convalesce  
maybe a hot tub filled with effervesce,  
We'll make a toast to build a bountiful soul,  
That burns with desire to expand, enlighten and grow.