

Love is not caked in sadness,
Though one can see how some get
That confused, as lives, moving
Through sadness like a caramel
Sauce, see only the sweet goo
Of slow and pained transit.

And I might contend fatigue at
Having been confused with a
Weather balloon, perpetually
Pulling a soft lift from the ground,
But no sense can be found in
Randomly reassigning blame,
The Pilgrims learned that when
First they came to know the
Meaning of togetherness, Compact
And all, they just yelled out happy!

Everyone makes amends with their
Life, tucks away what corners they
Can, when they can, but I have made
Friends with mine, seen it expanding,
Like Brooklyn, the pressure moving
Outward, the lift, what has always
Been, internal and singular, and yet
I learned, for so long, that the goo
Was the inspiration point, that no
One creates without sadness, but
That's simply Zeus in his madness.

I believe that we have learned
Something here. Wash up for
Dinner because then you won't
Get sick, but not because you're
Worried, save that part for Prometheus.