

Line Please

What's that we say?
When our heads don't match the world,
And our fingers fumble as tight as the tongue?
Holding back real thoughts.
Implicitly censoring truth.
Losing the natural meaning
Of the glow in our cheeks,
The stars in our eyes,
The shine in our mind.

We come up with reasons
And bury the rest.
Beneath makeup and muscle and books
Our truth lays layered under lies,
Till we lose track of it all
Truths that are told of desire
From a society that's done nothing but lie.
And so that line gets ever more blurry
Till the curve in it looks straight again.

We fumble for the right lines to say,
But what we feel is true, is scattered.