

The rage will quiet
05-16-2000

Fair skinned, the store clerk glares
He can't get over their darker skin
The sorrow and hate of his own life flares
And finds a home in these unknown kin

The woman smooths her business suit
Declares the realm of her domain
Exports the rotting lack of competence
Falls on her staff like acid rain

But me, I guess I'm done with it
I've grown so tired of little minds
The nautilus of self served pathways
The empty nests, the barren pools
Somewhere up north there is an echo
Bouncing 'round the pine-spun hills
Love's the only thing that matters
The rage will quiet, this fever cools

The father whips a cruel remark
In earshot of his growing sons
They breathe his words as molten truth
Within two weeks they've found his guns

Insecurity's long tentacles
Knot up inside a weakened heart
And drain what drops of happiness
Lay hidden from an infant start

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The senator blooms up in a bluster
Accusing those who aren't like her
She knows the rules, and to enforce them
Her rules, her world, all confer

The billionaire sits on his island
Watching waves crash on the reefs
Crashing like his recent lay-offs
Rationalized to changed beliefs

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