Poetry Series

I AM THAT MOUSE

- poems -

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49 Card Deck

a jewel amongst thieves
yet no one percieves i'm a gem
they just condemn me to exile
when all the while they continue to loot

they take away my time
commit the crime and pass the bill
i'd kill to have my life back
i just want the attack to retreat & dilute

an emotional beat down
the frown i wear is truly real
i feel as if nothing is right
the fight has left me still and mute

a diamond in the rough
who's had enough of being taken
just forsaken by the buyer
an unfound desire just following suit
I AM THAT MOUSE

5 Star Cuisine

i bring you my heart
on a platter
pounds of beating matter
for you to splatter
on the floor

stitch up te emptiness
with some closure
i'll keep my compsure
no need for exposure
still they watch

they see you picking
up the pieces
while your hatred increases
and heart ceases
to exist

your hand may never
come clean
from washing the scene
did you like the cuisine
or was it bitter
I AM THAT MOUSE

A Date with the Devil

sitting on street bench, between satan and his high school sweetheart pondering the incongruousness of the lovers peering at eachother behind my back.

the prince of darkness is hiding his passion but i can see his red cheeks showing a hint of blush, and hers the same. how sickening that he finds love and the closest i've come is sitting between him and his princess.

i don't know love. i know what's like to date, to have sex, to go out for the evening, but i don't know what it's like to have breakfast with him in the morning. i don't know what its like to know love and to be loved.

what i once thought was deep couldn't have been more shallow. his wasted words were just things i hung on to in hopes they had a hidden meaning, it was more like a hidden agenda.

and here i sit on this park bench cursing the God who gave lucifer love. maybe it should cupid i have my beef with but either way, the devil has his due and i am still waiting to put my name on the list.

maybe i'll just kill his queen and take satan home tonight...he couldn't be any worse than the last one.

I AM THAT MOUSE

A Pill for You, A Pill for Me

kicking men disguised as drapes
(your face is making distorted shapes)
i try to scream but the sound escapes...
through the hole i dug in my leg.

this weed to me tastes more like grass
(blow in my eyes like fogging up glass)
the high we have now we will only surpass...
but only if you want to take another.

double time,12 hours or more
(do feel we fell upon a pill hardcore)
maybe we shouldn't have tried to score
as many pills as we did

unable to read and unable to write
(it might help if we turn on a light)
it's not much better and afraid that my sight
is being stolen by the man in the drapes.

I AM THAT MOUSE

A Rhyme for the Love of Tragedy

im done feeling like i need you
so im choosing to leave you
and if i ever i believed you
i know now it's a lie.

im sick of wanting what i can't have
that feeling makes me feel had
i'll go n then you'll be sad
and hopefully you'll cry.

don't turn the words to blame me
don't grab my hand to save me
i done with how you played me
and im headed for the door.

you'll find another who will need you
that one who'll never leave you
and maybe she'll believe you
when you say she's all you want
and more.

go show her what she can't have
go give her what i never had
love meant to make her sad
but do it with a smile.

soon she'll turn on it and blame you
and you'll look for me to save you
but i can play the game too
so i'll love you again
for a while.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Absynthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

surrounded by those who are lit by Your light
and i always stood in the shade
when i finally found myself almost believing in You
i found myself feeling betrayed.

a slap in the face for the sins i've committed
though i used my time to sit and repent
You got me to agree that You were all that I needed
but my 'i believe' was bitter spent.

my life has now been burned to the ground
and I pray to an absent Lord
no sense in trying to find that something in You
cause i'll just end up being ignored.

i thought you were giving me a chance to do well
instead you set me up once again
the final words froma girl not meant to believe
are i'm disappointed in You....amen

I AM THAT MOUSE

An Anthrax White Christmas

i sent you a christmas card with the anthrax you bought me for my birthday.
what doesn't kill you makes you stonger, right?
didn't you ask santa for a winter that's white?
now how much does my worth weigh?

i opened the card i sent you for christmas when i got home from work.
silly mouse, don't you know any better?
didn't you think i'd know what's in the letter?
i bet you feel like a jerk.
I AM THAT MOUSE

Aortic Heaving

do you want to know what your memory leaves?
just grab a hold of my heart, then tightly squeeze
you see that blood?
that's your cheating.
you see that tissue?
that's your mistreating.
you see it pooling, you see it dying

your memory is a disease

I AM THAT MOUSE

Ari's Treatises

political beings
of perfect virtue
family is to household
as husband is to wife
as father is to son
as master is to slave
as superior is to inferior
an all natural
state of organics
and instrument of action
take me to the
lyceum, and
scratch the academy
i want to observe
not idealize like
your teacher
i want to know your
thoughts on the soul
on rhetoric
classify me as
a guardian
a citizen of
your ideal state
but your long dead
and i'm a republican
I AM THAT MOUSE

Blunted Verses The Mouse

remembering your blunted verses
how you cried and cursed
the paper did read
your bible, your creed
and that white owl became my first

reciting your blunted verses
cause my throat to choke
i followed your lead
signed over the deed
and inhaled the white owls smoke

hearing your blunted verses
take me back to harder times
when you planted your seed
out of lust, out of greed
and the white owl aided your crimes

feeling your blunted verses
reminding me how i crept
the hand that did feed
i did cut, it did bleed
and all while the white owl slept

recalling your blunted verses
echoing in my head
now there's no need
there's no more weed

and the poor white owl is dead

I AM THAT MOUSE

Broken Tiarra

are you pleased to see the blood i'm bleeding
staining the page you'll eventually be reading
the red covers the lines
as my heart defines
the real thing that it's needing.

im welcoming your pity into this world im creating
but you're too caught up in the new girl you're dating
so i'll just cry here alone
knocked of the throne
this princess forever in waiting.

i'll seal this with kisses and mail, silently praying
that you'll quit being the jerk that you've been portraying
i'll just wait and dream
i'll cry and i'll scream
and i'll be convicted of the slaying.

are you pleased to see the blood i'm bleeding
on this page that's covered in my tears & my pleading
will you give up and love me
and put no one above me
or will you give nothing to my needing?

I AM THAT MOUSE

Call Me Whatever...and Hold on Tight

he pulled her hair just enough to arouse himself
and she smiled, a coy and inviting grin,
this was her finest hour when her beauty was his fortress
and his strong hands were the guards at the gate.

she lead his motions with her eyes, he saw touch
he tasted sight, each blink drew him nearer
this was her finest hour when her beauty was his capter
and his chains were locked with his very own arms.

a summer night passed and a day-lived now gone through
her hair was pulled back as her fortress fell
no sight, no arms, no chains for her smile just wasn't enough
the gates closed on her in her finest hour

and the guards went home.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Cocaine Prayers

you know that i can spot your fear
like cocaine on your nose, my dear.

those things you think you locked inside
are the things that i can't look beside.

where you're afraid your dreams will go
is why i sleep so not to know.

for nights and daze i refuse to wake
to face those things we cannot take.

and if i should fade into this sleep...
you'll be awake with this burden we keep.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Cover Girl

transparent imperfections
clouded by my smile
clouded by my laughter
to know me well is to not see me
that is what makes me beautiful

animated expressions
draw people into me
draw people around me
to watch me while i talk to them
and that really makes me beautiful

comfortable silence
taking in the air
taking in the essence
to smell my perfume on my breath
i know is what makes me beautiful

honest emotions
knowing the room
knowing the answers
i am more than you ever thought
cause your not what makes me beautiful
I AM THAT MOUSE

Daylight Savings

Friday,8 am alarm
47 hours later
sunday,8 am still awake
weekend activites in which i partake

roll with the punches
on with the beats
live life: non stop
this the world and i'm on top

losing ounces
of vulnerabilty
neither predator or prey
stangers around me but oddly okay

fun times four
equals insomnia
the mouse locked up in her tower
wondering what happened to that missing hour?
I AM THAT MOUSE

Dear Me, Love Me

i cried for you last night when i turned out the light
i saw your walls of pain
your sadness was mine for a moment in time
part of it will always remain

my wounds bled for you and my tears i shed for you
left stains upon my sheet
i heard your echoing wales over the hammering nails
and my heart felt your defeat

your clouds raided the skies and battled sunrise
so to never wake from this sleep
where you're free from your cage and you're free from this rage
and where affection is no longer cheap
I AM THAT MOUSE

Dirty Divorce

his conscience grew as his thoughts turned to her
my conscience knew he would return to her
before the night was over.
after i rolled over,
to flip off the lights.

his selfishness desired to hold my hand in consolation
my selfishness tired in that cold conversation
i didn't want to talk anymore
or think anymore
about his other life.

his seclusion covered my room in a blanket of doubt
my seclusion recovered his gloom throughout
his body to find he felt regret
cause his regret
had pushed me away.

his insistance stilled my fear of him leaving for good
my insistance filled his tearless eyes with would
and want but all can't
i know he can't
and neither should i
I AM THAT MOUSE

Family Values

left here with my own concern
i do not think i will ever learn
all i know is where to place my urn
right there, on your mantle

i see it now it's in my sight
and i see in it that the time is right
i wear sunglasses just in case i see light
but we all know i won't

go ahead and plead your cases
i can already see your pitiful faces
pretending that i held special places
in each of your hearts

well if you do then you'd better say
a little too late could be anyday
or maybe you'd prefer to do it that way
who knows i never knew you

i spent my life paying for his crimes
and he's the reason i write my rhymes
you've talked to me how many times
and yet sympathy you'll seek

i will leave you with this creed
YOU ARE ALL CONSUMED WITH GREED
here's my heart just watch it bleed
and pretend I never happened

I AM THAT MOUSE

Fifty-One

Marijauna cigarette.

My silhouette.

In the mirror of regret

I met with anxiety.

Paranoid.

Destroyed.

Annoyed.

Resisted, twisted thoughts

tthat existed.

Misplace waste, I'm thinking it was laced.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Following Poser

what is this i feel
jealosy amidst
flattery, my
vitruvian prince,
and his former
princess
following my every
move needing
affirmation
not finding it here
but she
searches for it in me
my vagueness
keeps her wondering
keeps him
wondering as well
her appearance
causes apprehension
on my part
maybe his too?
his words confuse me
apologetic or sarcastic
or reading to deep again
i fight the battle
with no offense
and weak defense

fearing that the

wall will not hold and

give way to

feeling like the

former

desperate for an answer

without asking

the question

I AM THAT MOUSE

Happy Holes

i dug a hole and i like it there
unconcerned with what to wear or how i smell
no heaven, no hell, inside this hole i dug.

i hate there's no one to hug
and no one to love, loving no one to hate.
this world i create, is deep inside this hole.

i and me have all the control
we own this soul and this body of dirt
this tattered shirt is a shell of what was.

reminding me of why's & because
all that does is make me love this spot
in this dirt i'll rot, happy and finally free.

my arms are sore, my back agrees
with swollen knees from shoveling home
yes this soul we own, me and i, loves this hole.

perfect for this mouse turned mole (tx todd)
these weeds i'll roll and smoke out smiling
and the dirt is piling on my new welcome mat

free of thatcat, happy and free

I AM THAT MOUSE

Hardcore Barbie

the sweat from the hand cuffs is pooling around my wrist
like blood pouring down from a vampires kiss

i can't get enough

my body starts moving to the beats of it's own vibration
he and i join to create the ultimate formation

i can't get enough

reckless on my own behalf but not caring about the effect
knowing that in the morning we'll reconnect

i can't get enough

arms around me clenching tighter as the heat increases
he feels my climax as it long last releases

i can't get enough

and then i awoke to find it was just my imagination
but tonight i'll give in to my hidden temptation

i can't get enough
and neither can he

I AM THAT MOUSE

I Hate Your Face

i put today on repeat and start all over again
i wake up in the morning and reach for my pen
and into a hiding place for writing i off and retreat.

the day then ends and i fade into the swoon
trying to remember how i spent my afternoon
ah yes, prescription cocktails and vodka blends.

comfortable with the haze i rolled another for luck
and continued to write about that miserable f cuk
oh how do i hate thee, let me count the ways.

now do you see the mistake of leaving behind the pills
they don't stop the pain but they give me the chills
and some even aid in keeping this girl awake.

my thought on tomorrow is what's in it for me
after cutting you loose i expected to run free
not to be drowning in liquors and sorrow.

so i continue to escape to where poets go
clouded by smoke and propelled by the snow
and write you as a distorted shape,
of existence.

I AM THAT MOUSE

I Heart Your Heart

i put my ear to your paper thin walls
and i could hear your heart beat
and my heart took a back seat
as i was consumed by your rhythm.

to tell you the truth i was not suprised
that by your heart i was disguised

my thoughts became thumps as you beated
sweat poured in my eyes with out a sting
for i knew there was only one thing
i could feel and that was your rhythm.

to tell you the truth i was not suprised
that by your heart i was disguised

i fell asleep with my head to your heart
and your arms around the one you love too
around the one you love to
consume with your rhythm.

to tell you the truth i was not suprised
but it was your heart that told me lies.
I AM THAT MOUSE

I'd Help You Hide a Body

no lectures needed..
i'm not backing down..
just hold my head under..
and help me to drown..
water will surround me..
my lungs will expand..
if i try to hold on..
just let go of my hand..
this is your duty..
as the one that i love..
take me to the edge..
and give me a shove..
our time spent was brief..
but you promised me then..
you knew this was coming..
you just didn't know when..
your eyes are now swelling..
please do not spare me..
though all of this water..
is starting to scare me..
there is no turning back..
we agreed to this deal..
i must drown now...
so you can then heal..
I AM THAT MOUSE

I'm Only Alive When Your Inside Me

take this with you to my grave
i am the soul you cannot save
this darkened world I cannot not brave
i'm only alive when you're inside me

some things now you cannot learn
caused confusion caused concern
alone i'll watch this cigarette burn
i'm only alive when you're inside me

of you i no longer think
but of your blood i want to drink
and i can't open from this long blink
i'm only alive when your inside me

lower my coffin with your bitten hand
i'm sure my mother would understand
condemned to dirt and dust and land
i'm only alive when you're inside me

destiny is no longer my desire
i could not get you any higher
no man alive could put out this fire
i'm only alive when your inside me
I AM THAT MOUSE

Imaginary Lovers

'he loves me, he loves me not'

thoughts while sketching stick figured lovers

on scrapped paper

she draws an arrow through the heart of her imaginary man

the one she saw as so much more than black & white

the one who she felt drew a straight line to her soul

the one who now bleeds red for being a failed prospect.

'he never loved me, not like i loved him'

thoughts while drawing popped balloons

on her old poetry

she can almost feel the air deflating on her fingertips

the air that she wants to breathe once again

the air that has a hint of his rum-stained scent

the air that has become bitter cold since his depart.

and there they are...two stick-figured scribbles...dead and breathless...all because imaginary lovers leave the real ones behind...

I AM THAT MOUSE

In an Attempt to Escape the DollHouse

a smile in a painted mirror
hung on a cardboard wall
an artificial reflection
in this world that's grown so small

nothing but porcelain tissues
are here to absorb the tears
so here i write with a feather pen
by the light of plastic chandeliers

the precious doll that you once loved
is now fading into imitation
the boy next door still waves at me
but now as if i was a decoration

in an attempt to escape where you left me
i find myself farther from what is real
in this multicolor dollhouse
i completely cease to feel.

I AM THAT MOUSE

In Response to Your Request

the girl is no longer of high society
she swallowed her tongue and spewed inpropriety
shackeled to three and then two and then one
(a freedom that is too close to come)
her will on a platter for the vamps to feed
an altruistic reason to bleed
she awakens after years of slumber
to lightening bolts and crashing thunder
smashing her body into bits and pieces
the rush she was feeling finally releases
a moment in that her body was raptured
is the moment in that reality was captured

I AM THAT MOUSE

In the Best Way Possible

bleeding heart of ego tall,
do remember what it's like to crawl?
do remember what it's like to fall?
into the arms of someone who loves you.

hacking up old memories get
the stench of your ultra cigarette
that's now a smoker's cough of regret
and i will die from your second rate cancer.

a story with no recitation
do remember the lack of hesitation?
consider me another donation
to the knotches on your bedpost.

things motivations lead to
i had my own reasons to need you
and all those who will succeed you
will never not love me like you did.

in the best way possible.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Just Another Night at Fridays

Nervous energy
not sure what to do
with herself these days
he called
she cared
he showed
she cared
two friends
two barstools
two issues
wallowing in eachothers failures
and celebrating eachothers triumphs
looking forward
to better days and
better men
better beer and
better shots
tommorrow is out there
and if we sit here
and wallow and celebrate
long enough
tomorrow will be here
sooner
and she won't care
if he called
I AM THAT MOUSE

Kind Strangers and Happy Hours

it's last call...

buy me one

more shot

make it a double

you're hot

and i'm trouble

dance closer

kind stranger

the night's still young

unaware of danger

just slip me the tounge

don't dare ask

my last name

you're not the one

but play the game

let's make out...it's fun.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Last Call Country Song

he vomitted on a canvas after a night he doesn't recall
four thousand on the auction block and he became a rich man.
i recall the night in all its haze and glory
and although not an amazing story
four thousand on the auction block and he became a rich man.

and me, look at this pot still calling the kettle black
the dog was dead long before the country song was written.
just another shot and we both forget it all
the saddest ending to the last-last call
the dog was dead long before the country song was written.

four thousand on the auction block for two washed up drunks and dead dog listening to a country song they never understood.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Lay Me, Love Me, Lie to Me

the man of my dreams
is not what he seems
yet i go to extremes
to find him

i just beg him to haunt me
i want him to want me
i allow him to taunt me
in my sleep

i don't want to breed him
i really don't need him
but i want to feed him
all my lines

the man i so desire
is not one i admire
he's just a plain liar
and i love him
I AM THAT MOUSE

Lay Overs?

layover passengers
make good company
a break between flights
have coffee, chit-chat
size up your mile high choices
you hear interesting stories
and less interesting stories
a new story forms
with each new face
its when the faces
become familiar where
you start to rethink
your flight pattern
different places, different times
same face
wondering if he is on
the same plane
if you were meant to meet
at this airport just
outside detroit
if you should trade in
your ticket to fly with him
to destination unknown
or if you should
just enjoy his company
board your flight

and hope

he trades his in

I AM THAT MOUSE

Letting Some Light In

i leave

without warning

and appear

without cause

two of my flaws

don't ask

me for more

be happy

i came back

please don't attack

thats what

pushes me away

and keeps

me in hiding

i do the deciding

no choice

do you get

no power

do you hold

i can be so cold

you know

i can see that

i notice

my true faults

my personal assualts

you need

not blame me

i already

have it covered

and what i have discovered

is that

i am wrong

and i

don't really care

but i need you there

when i

am lonely

and when

i need love

still it's you i shove

into a

dark corner

worrying about

my well-being

and who i am seeing

it drives

you so crazy

i tear

you apart

i break your heaart...

and i don't know why...

I AM THAT MOUSE

Listen Closely

lying thus far has got me this far

now what bar has been lifted...

you seem to be looking at me

as if i wasn't gifted...

i'm talented at it & you can't combat it

so you make me out as wrong..

you love my lines & my verbal land mines

and you've always played along...

so don't act shocked or come at me cocked

and ready to shoot at will...

you've listened thus far and it got me this far

you must not recognize my skill...

I AM THAT MOUSE

Marry Me, Marry Me

simple pacts, made drug induced
promises if i never reproduce
bloody treaty on which we agreed
that if i never marry, you'll plant your seed
no truth for you, no child support
but our dirty deception will be a last resort
i see you saw, me carmen, you dave
my wedding day will precede my grave
with open intentions the bodies collide
an all night husband and a one night bride

and if i should die before we wed
you will marry another and i will be dead.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Me and My Own Company

seven hours

and counting

dancing to my own

theme music that

plays inside my head

swaying my hips

from left to right

dirty dancing in the mirror...

the day is gray

and i'm jennifer

me and my own company

wait for sunrise

lying naked

in the sheets

after a hot shower

wide-eyed and

still swaying...

I AM THAT MOUSE

Me Without Me

the more i lose
the more i use
to help me get
through the day

the more i can't fake
the more i will take
so no one sees me this way

unnaturally willing
excessive milk spilling
to help me get
up from the table

no going out of my way
or going out in the day
so no one sees i'n inable

making my faces
asking for erases
to help me get
out of having to give

no fear of dying
though i fear i'm lying
so no one sees how i live
I AM THAT MOUSE

Mutual Terms

no news is good news
i could use
a drink

i stare at your stare
both aware
of the stink

my wants aren't your wants
this haunts
my dreams

my needs your needs
simply feeds
the screams

you go no i'll go
we both know
we're wrong

i won't say you won't say
why we portray
we belong

i see what you see
we can't be
too naive

i won't call if you don't call
now just crawl

out and leave.

I AM THAT MOUSE

No Longer a Child of High Society

it would be a grave injustice
to the overall balance of humanity
to become a better person...
it would worsen my insanity
and lengthen my days
in ways i can't comprehend....

i'll send out this application
to remain exceedingly offensive
to those on the reverse...
a perverse twist on apprehensive
eyes that watch my moves
i'll disprove a conquering good...

now should i tell my mother
i, born of her womb, dies by her dreams
no longer a child of high society...
a killer of sobriety as the liquor streams
down my face like saline tears
her biggest fears coming to life...

dropp the knife in the rusted sink
and wait for the sun to expose me
as the demon no one can fight...
was i right to allow him to repose me
and leave me alone in my head
where the dead lie
waiting for me to join them...

I AM THAT MOUSE

Peirene Springs

A vandalized Vitruvian

Inked and scarred

He stares at his reflection

He outlines his contours

with shadow and flex

He is not god-like but a candidate

for immortality

None dare to critique

his perfection

Perfections? Nose to the counter

My first veiw, yet oddly accepted

He is...

An Observer, a Listener, an Artist

An Astronaut?

An Addict

I suppose its a matter of opinion

I AM THAT MOUSE

Perfectly Problematic

perfection is a perception

of the expectations

we hold...

i don't fit the mold..

uncommonly inconspicuous

i randomly appeared

at your feet...

didn't have to re-meet...

an anti-social's suicide

when we died

and she was born

and i still mourn...

ungracious is your gratitude

for my solitude

in this matter...

no ruthless chatter...

i contemplate your concern

questioning your character

and your desire...

who will be your buyer, dear, when your supplier's no longer here...

I AM THAT MOUSE

Peter's Promise

i should have
heeded your warning
then i wouldn't
be in mourning
i should have
listened to reason
instead i went
and committed treason
i used the highs
to deny the lows
and i unknowingly
ignored the crows
losing ground and
losing weightt
i now cannot
deny my fate
i must pay
for the things i've done
hung upside,
with no where to run
I AM THAT MOUSE

Pretty Clowns.

color me pink and make me beautiful....
anything pretty will do, pretty like you.

sad girl, painted in blue and black and gray,
make me new.
take me back.
wisk me away.
anything to be pretty, pretty like you.

color me red and make me beautiful...
anything color you prefer, just make me as pretty as her.

sad girl, painted in white and green and brown.
end the night.
close the screen.
kill the clown.
anything to be pretty, pretty like her.

from one end of the spectrum and back...i still end up in the color black

I AM THAT MOUSE

Restraining Orders are for the Weak

she sits back and watches his life,

a silent partner...a silent wife.

at the drapes, peeks through a crack

imagining his lips are kissing her back

faking talkin to him on the phone

feelin like he's never alone

he feels her eyes as she watches his life

his silent partner that killed his wife.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Rock Stars = Crap Lovers

what brought me here
my dear, chasing confusion
and illusion, seem unclear
i hear you loved before
you adored her baby
but maybe you still do
who knew we'd end up here
i fear this more that we know
the show you put on is great
i'm late for it though
I AM THAT MOUSE

Royal Pain

one day, i'll walk above you all
six feet under, and never higher
dropping rain and spitting fire
forcing kings to thier knees

one day, i'll be a whispering voice
telling you where to put the knife
guiding queens to end thier life
death always comes in threes

screaming, crying, wailing, flying
reason, treason, killing season
drowning, carving, cutting, starving
reason, treason, killing season

one day, i'll be better than you
i'll watch you crawl to your demise
a rotten princess covered in flies
with her crown around her head

one day, i'll convince you to die
a life not worthy of you living
rulers of the palace of ungiving
learning the fruits are dead

life is a poem and then we die,
and thats when i'll be rich
life is a poem and then you die,
a cold and lonely bit ch.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Secret Agent Mouse

does anyone else hear the voices
echoing the mouse's choices
no one knew how hard she tried
all those secrets were hard to hide
away she was tucked inside her cave
slowly digging her early grave
it fed on her nutrional lines
no one really saw the signs
and then the mouse had to grow up and deal
and spend the rest of her life trying to heal
decisions made keep her constantly thinking
and they could be the cause of the drugging and drinking
wishing she had not fallen into adolescent traps
then made her world would not have collapsed
but here she is the rock that you see
far from bound yet far from free
wishing that once she'd hear the voice
that echo's the mouse's hardest choice
I AM THAT MOUSE

Silencing Daddy

To mend a broken heart, a tear.

Need no stitches, hide back fear.

Release in front of the one

Who took the sky and hid the sun

The moon and stars shine bright as day

This day's as dark as night

For every day from this moment on

Will continue on the fight

Gazing out the window pane

Wishing things were all the same

All is not quiet in the spacious home

A man surrounded yet so alone

Holding the hand of hand

Breathing on the hand of life

No longer aware of the encouter

Yet not over is the strife

All the world is darkness

No more feeling light

The cold hard truth is awakening

Be strong and hold on tight.

Emotion is the key to living

A cold heart is the key to dying

For death is life

For life is death

What is the point in trying?

I AM THAT MOUSE

Silly Catholics, Forgiveness is for Sins

your faith is buried in doctrine and law
and i don't know how to find salvation
as you lead into this tempation
of leaving you behind me.

listening to pulpit preach the homily
forgiving killers and sentencing sins
this is how the cycle begins
for the wayward baptised.

i'm regretting the years i wasted on you
silly catholics, i see through your plan
endoctrining laws created by man
and using hell to instill that fear.

i don't know how to believe anymore
or what was real and what was not
a soul sold that the altar bought
with its tabernacle of riches.

you taught me little on who to love
but told me plenty of who to hate
& now i fear you sealed my fate
by not giving me a choice.

i turn my back on what was said as truth
the sins of the church are now my own
& i much rather wander to heaven alone
than to say i believed your stories.

i have one last thing before i walk away
i leave you with this pledge of exclusion
to never let my children believe your illusion
so maybe they have a chance to be saved.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Spite and Circumstance

that feeling is coming over me
like a cheap actress in a retro-porn.
feelings of regret and consequence,
of spite and circumstance.
and for myself i mourn.

a sinner's blood is sour to drink
as it streams from my eyes to my lips
and i taste the wickedness of his actions
still pained from contractions
on my bruised hips.

time passing only cuts deeper
into the skin burned by his evil flesh
unable to melt my frozen heart,
the life that he ripped apart
and i'll never refresh.

my brain aches with insecurties
and my body pounds like pumping blood
his whispers have now become screams
my anxiety is going to extremes
as i drown in this flood.

he gave me nothing for my death
and the sheets are left stained with intent
he wanted to kill me over and over again
just like he killed me then
a solid girl forever bent.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Stix and Stones

your sticks, your stones
do break her bones
but its your words that cut her deep
you trash the mouse, you destroy her house
and yet its you she tries to keep

your should have, would have
leave her hanging
and now you break her heart
what's up with that, you mangy cat
what was your intent from the start

your sticks, your stones
gave her bruises
and she still waits here for you
not letting her go, not letting her know
the plans you want to ensue

your should have, would have
is enough for this mouse
as she lays here in your arms
she refuses to see, she refuses to be
affected by my sounding alarms

your sticks, your stones
have beat her down
and she waits for you to save her
but she'll wait no more, i've locked her door

you will no longer enslave her.

I AM THAT MOUSE

Suck My Lips

she puckered her lips

towards the mirror in her compact

as she applied her shine gloss,

imagining the faces of the boys she would meet that night

and how they would be watching those precious lips

as she sipped her martini.

'how sad, ' she thought

being watched by desperate lusters

but she continued applying

hoping that tonight she would meet one her lips could kiss

without the thought of feeling dirty or worse, cheap

her lips draw them near

but its her heart that she wants them to capture...

I AM THAT MOUSE

The Dangers of Midnight Tripping

someone i've found along the way,
has taught me to hate the tastes of plain
has taught me to lust the walls of pain
and showed the black and white of gray.

someone hidden in a newspaper clipping,
has shown me the complications of being pure
has shown me the perils of feeling secure,
and taught me the dangers of midnight tripping.

someone i've met over a late night snack
has taught me to hate those who've hung the moon
has taught me lust those who've started too soon,
and showed the problems with looking back.

someone codependent on narcotic medication
has shown me the humor in other peoples distress,
has shown me the stain that ruined my dress,
and has taught me the true value of imitation.

but i guess you had to be there to truly be a fake.

I AM THAT MOUSE

The Luggage wasnt that Expensive

i dropped my bags at the gates and walked away.

i know he's waiting in the terminal to see my face in the crowd

but i'm not coming.

my luggage held my heart, my pride, and my discontent.

and they will arrive on time...on the red eye to buffalo new york

but i'm not coming.

i can see the expression on his face as he waits for me

i don't see a smile, i don't see wide eyes, i don't see his heart on his sleeve

that's why i'm not coming.

and he can keep my bags.

I AM THAT MOUSE

The Problems with Boys and Girls Rooms

girls hate girls who like boys who like girls.
and the boys who like girls are unware of the hate.
and these girls who hate girls tried to break up my date
therefore i hate girls who hate girls who like boys.
unecessary noise in the restrooms of girls
who talk about girls who like boys that they like
and they talk about sex like it's riding a bike
therefore i hate girls who have sex with my boys.
it destroys my chances with boys who like girls
and i'm not sure they know the trouble they cause
and how girls can like boys and then bring out thier claws
to protect the boys from the other girls that they want.
the girls who flaunt themselves for the love of a boy
are the girls who love boys for no reasons at all
are the girls who talk about boys in the stall
and hate on the girls they don't even know.
so i show myself to the girls who hate girls
and let them know there's no reason to hate
that i am just trying to enjoy my date
so stay away from him.
he's taken.

I AM THAT MOUSE

The Sound of Silence

hearts that didn't last
our now parts of my past
that made me the lover i'll be.
these hearts will be carried
'til the days that i'm buried
when the boys come 'round to mourn me.

'round and 'round and 'round we go
the sound of silence is the song we know.
the sound of silence is what brought me home, 'round and 'round, i love you again.

this lingering scent of smoke and ash
reminds me of when we'd spoken last
and all the hateful things we said.
the fire was blazing
and you looked amazing
yet the fizzle was two steps ahead.

'round and 'round and 'round we go
the sound of silence is the song we know.
the sound of silence is what brought me home, 'round and 'round, i love you again.

i fell in love with what you didn't say
i loved was your face, it was your way
and your words were merely background.
now we pretend that
you never meant that
and i miss your silent sound.
i love you again.

I AM THAT MOUSE

UnMighty Mouse

i'm not made of steel
i am more real than i thought
and i caught myself slipping
on invincibility

no power for flying
i keep trying but land on my face
i am a disgrace to super
on the balance

i will die someday
no delay at the rate i am going
i should be slowing down now
for tomorrow

the reckless life i lead
will bleed me dry before my time
this prime i should be in is haste
and dangerous

less triumphs more fails
guard rails aren't breezeways
the blaze has ignited
who will save me?
I AM THAT MOUSE

V is for Virgin

going to extremes
as the screams increase
this release takes me lower
i throw her a bone
she sits alone
the love i have shown
he never did show her

what can i do
this glue cannot mend her
i pretend her pain isn't real
i feel she is dead
she's lost her head
from things that he said
that weren't in the deal

i'll let her die
my eye on something new
a view that is much clearer
i hear her fall
against the wall
giving up on it all
and finally breaking the mirror

blood around me
i found me a new friend
i intend to make this reality
my duality is true

i am me i am you

i should get a tattoo

of my virgin personality

I AM THAT MOUSE

Whores and Butterflies

sitting down beside you, i reached for a shot to kill the butterflies.
your eyes fixed on my lips as my hand gripped the glass,

i was on my way to making an assof myself.

words spewed from my mouth like an endless fountain of sh it,
i admit i should have held back but life in a shell isn't me.

so i continued to talk and let you see who i am.

i never expected you to see through this intoxicated stoner,
a loner by default who's been known to assault her own.

it's a crazy kind of world when the unknown is obvious.

you kissed me, and i know you could taste my last good bye,
a guy whom i loved who was shoving me into the dark.

i listened closely to your words hoping you'd remark on him.

but you didn't, your silence was appreciated in this matter.
no chatter about my wrongs, so i no longer doubted you.

if you thought i was a whore, you wouldn't pursue me.

and now i am left wanting to say what we are not ready for.
even before the night ended, i knew i'd send you a sign.

and prayed that you wouldn't decline my flirtations.

if nothing says i love you then i will continue to remain hushed.
and blush at your sweet nothings during heated affections.

i must say, i like the direction we're headed....

I AM THAT MOUSE

World War Negative 3

silent soldier speak to me
speak to me of bloody birth
quiet warrior tell tales of the beginning
born into this empty earth

sobbing soldier call to me
call to me you fallen foe
weeping warrior cry out like a child
tell me of your squandering show

surrendered soldier release to me
release to me your living losses
quitted warrior reveal all of my victories
won alone by carrying crosses

surviving soldier speak to them
speak to them of my fulgurous feat
wayward warrior tell tales of you were beaten
in the dust i recognized retreat
I AM THAT MOUSE

You Broke Up With Me on Myspace

'ONLINE NOW' blinks in my face
taunting me
wanting me
to message you again.
i'm stalking you on myspace.

why is she on your top eight
taunting me
wanting me
to try and add her
and see if she takes the bait.

did you reply to me today
taunting me
wanting me
to leave you a comment.
but i don't know what to say.

you deleted me from you friends
taunting me
wanting me
to go to your page tomorrow
and try to add you to mine again.

I AM THAT MOUSE

You Follow?

heed my warning
no turning back
i lack
self control
i have no soul
to free
you agree
i heard
not a word
to my face
i chase
it with a shot
i got
hit hard
with no regard
to my own worth
the earth
still turns
while my stomach churns
don't follow
or swallow
anymore pills
the chills
have started
uncharted waters
navigate

and sedate me

don't berate me

i have no more to give

i will outlive

you all

crouched in this stahl

head to the throne

all alone

waiting for his hand

i planned

things early

surely

i didn't plan this

i just wanted a kiss

not a slap

i'll snap

if i don't get out

of this self-doubt

what am i rambling about

oh, it's all coming back

i lack

self-control

heed my warning...

I AM THAT MOUSE