

shUFFLE mode

There's something about you, whoever you are
this time: Miss magnificent-red-hair
on the opposite block; Madam book-in-hand
exiting the optometrist; maybe Lady playing-pool
past a bar too crowded to cruise.
Nothing left to lose, but I don't know
if I've the right to say "hi,"

and since listening's easier than speaking,
the living room couch sounds better than ever.
So I lay back, inject headphones, and
as my thoughts bleed into music,
stare through the window to ponder

talking to her on campus.
A simple plan; the academy is right there—
but while I promised I'd never shout never,
I'm prone, falling in reverse to an all time low,
failing to escape the fate of your new found glory
ever since my beady eye met yours.

If cute is what you aim for, then nice shot;
right from the hips, as your face says "oasis"
but your flaming lips say "fall out, Friday night boy."
I picture a green day to remember:
You'd be queen, but I'd be prince,
'cause I'm still only King of Lyin'
Around, an all-American reject
eating meat loaf and freezepops
as I rage against the machine in a plain white T
and think of how to say anything
but *yeah, yeah, yeah*
before nature pulls a brand new cheap trick
on the hole in my heart.

It's all a blur outside, as
the cars, pickups beneath a silver sun,
run through a blue October sky
full of angels and airwaves.
The kid in me is waiting for discovery:
to play in the cold, patrol the snow,
look down a skylit drive at buildings and wonder if
they might be giants, if it's really thirty seconds to mars,
what's the sum of 41 + 44,
and blink 182 times by when sunset takes over.

But back here, buried between ear buds,
not even barenaked ladies on a band of horses
could distract my radio head, tuned to your playlist
as I imagine our chemical romance
would be like a baking soda Pele,
instead of oil and H₂O.

At least, that is, until my iPod dies;
and all I have is two new lines in mind: that
*it's such a pain, to cure infatuation—
you cannot stop, but only change the station.*