

October 2016

My Girl Can't Stand The Bloody Day Scenes

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Recommended Citation

Lynn, Dillon (2016) "My Girl Can't Stand The Bloody Day Scenes," *The Angle*: Vol. 2009 : Iss. 2 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/19>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 10, Issue 9, 2009.

MY GIRL CAN'T STAND THE BLOODY DAY SCENES

poetry by

DILLON LYNN

My girl can't stand the bloody day scenes
So she sleeps the night away in dreams.
She slips off to dreamland
To escape the smothering demands of humane demons,
Instead of shadowy streets and packed brick houses
Stuffed with zombies and parents with Ph.D.s,
She bathes in bassinets of gentle dream-pools,
A shimmering splash into a carriage of jewels,
Without sacrifice and a pyre of lost hours
Waiting to be burned like wood of forgotten memories,
Those smoky lines of black lost clouds drift away,
She cannonballs off the crowded cul-de-sac:
Dense in a sullen cool, filled with wooing foes,
Onto Imagination Avenue:
Illuminated by laughing indigo lights,
Below the soft moonlit silhouette
She warms her shivering heart in mother's natural stove,
Lost in the vast wavering wilderness behind closed eyes
She always finds a place that's nice and divine,
Stretched out on the blue-licked grass she rests her bones,
Tired after an all day tyrannical earth roam,
Of stumbling down smoggy roads infested with shriek cars,
She tries to dodge the tall deafening metal mazes,
Peeping towers bristled like night watch dogs,
She hopes to escape from the echoing screams
People zipped into the money-corrupted seam,
Drowning desperate souls in a sea of green,
My girl can't stand the bloody day scenes
So she sleeps the night away in dreams.