Phoenix

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PHOENIX

BY JAMIE LASDA

(making little creamer pyramids on the table)
twenty minutes late
i've never been any good at being on time
(no no no no no)
so i owe you now
anything, name it
call us a game
take me to fame
whatever you want, i'm ears
(elbows lean on table)
is everything so skewed?
my dreams stir with pen
i plan to write
no, i plan to tell
no, i plan to live
(sips black coffee)

then you told me a tale
a pretty little tale
of white horses and dandelions
and all the young love filling the story
... that's always the ending, that it ends
(fidgets with straw wrapper)
i like to think of quirk as hobby
lust as loss
and love as a four letter word
what are your plans
i plan to write
writing as word
every word strung together
change a life with a phrase, that's what i want
(bill, please)

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