

SongSmith

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a finger snapping groove
where meaning finds the sounds
is where I wanna live
where gems of words are found

I like to chase, kill, skin and cook em
Then feed them to the world
In this trial of sordid errors
My sentence will be heard

I plead guilty to conjecture
distortion, hyperbole
the ironic smile when I write
surely tells it all

in a world of first responders
to the misery of others
I observe and bide my time
until I put the truth to rhyme

a eulogy of love gone wrong
an anthem or a curse
whether real or conjured up
the message is the word

if you give me half a chance
I'll yoyo with your mind
I'll leave you thinking for yourself
not tow the party line

But attention span a commodity
That's handed out economically
Misconstrued, you're offended
With anger you apprehended

what you perceive to be the substance
when all you really heard
was the clutter of your mind
in four letter words

You think you have me in a choke hold
you've got the goods on me
no sense in moving forward
I'll get the third degree

You see my evasive antics
know my whereabouts
when all I wanna do
is to get lost in the crowd

anonymous obscurity
or a case of false identity
I aspire to no fame
it's your tinsel currency

No need for immortality
no fear of missing out
I'll live my life vicariously
through the stories I recount

whether I'm ignored, revered, laughed at
scolded, jailed or mucked
it's really all the same to me
I don't give a fuck

I had my joy pounding down
the words as I see fit
all the rest is ego
and superficial shit