

Pain Barks while Misery Howls

pain seems to be the shrill note
that jars you awake at night
while misery comes softly, coyly
singing lullabies of sweet delight

pain barks like a dog
completely relevant, completely sound
while misery is abstract
waiting, waiting to be found

it is a lot to ask
for you to forget
to look forward at what
has not happened yet

but you must know
that storms never last that long
that seasons come and go
that every singer has their song

there is no point in crying
unless you are in the habit of lying to yourself
about what's good and right
about the color of the moon at night
or the grass that grows
or the cock that crows

it's all the same
pushing blame
onto everyone but yourself

weeping on the windowsill
feeding a devil you claim
to kill
while the mice in the corner
nibble and recite:

*Oh, pretty thing
no more sadness, no more plight
what a road you've laid
leaving memories only to fade*

*now hop in bed
for it's the one you've made*

and you must remember that
pain barks like a dog
and misery howls
like a wolf lost in a fog

an unforeseen fog
that you can lose yourself in
as simple as a cog
in some gigantic scheme

so just tip your hat,
smile, have fun
for you can't change it,
what's done is done