

## Hands in My Pockets

I've got a whole life in my hands  
but my hands are in my pockets  
my destiny is down there  
among telephone numbers that I'll never dial  
change that I'll spend on a hobo's smile  
and the dust of all the days  
all the nights  
all the life  
that I've failed to spend gainfully  
and just slipped through my fingers  
never to be revived

and I've got music in my hands  
but my hands are dipped in silence  
my songs remain unsung  
among guitar picks that I thought were lost for years  
tissues with which I dried warm, drunken tears  
when listening to Bob Dylan  
or Beethoven  
or birds  
dare I pick up my guitar, afraid as I am  
I might never play anything again  
that actually hurts?

there are poems in my hands  
but my hands are locked in darkness  
full of fast-food napkins with scribbled daydreams  
pebbles, nearly perfect, that I forgot to throw downstream  
too busy thinking about my boyhood  
my manhood  
my death

turning all that vanity into lengthy sentences  
only to fill up the space in my pockets  
that was left

I've got my own life in my hands  
but my hands are tucked in dullness  
as I make my way through the rain  
among girls with soft lips that I'll never kiss  
buildings so grim I can't believe they exist  
and smells all around that make my heart reminisce  
of nights like this that I'd never thought I'd miss  
and suddenly I understand just how simple it all is  
as if I'm standing at the edge gazing down into the abyss  
and its irrelevance gives me a reason to persist  
so I clench the cold fingers of my right hand to a fist  
pull it out of my pocket and raise it up to the sky  
to the stars  
to that son of a bitch  
who keeps pouring water on me and I curse him real bad  
slide my hand back into my pocket  
going down the road  
still feeling sad  
well, fuck it