

# The Messenger

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## When I ...

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## When I...

When I walk down the street  
You hear the clip-clop  
Of my flip-flops  
While I hum a beat  
That moves your feet.

Atlas shrugged the boulder  
And it landed on my shoulder  
Like a bluebird  
Chirping spoken word  
Winking at me  
Because we see that reality  
Isn't a necessity  
He flies off into  
The sky so blue  
Clutching my heart  
For a jumpstart  
Sparks shower down like rain  
Emotions burning with pain  
Evaporating  
Satiating  
The hunger of my past  
Me of a former caste  
And all the while  
I'm really a mile  
Higher than high  
Waving goodbye.

When I walk down the street  
You hear the clip-clop.  
Of my flip-flops  
While I hum a beat  
That moves your feet  
Thank you mister  
Bluebird insister  
Of hope and humanity  
Swinging through calamity  
Along with Curious George  
And jungle George

Ignorance befriends stubbornness  
With jagged coarseness  
Razorblades on the wrists  
of a species so pissed  
Able but unstable  
Like broken cables  
And lost fables  
Meanings too true to believe  
Cover scars under the sleeve  
Bluebird hold me tight  
With all your might  
I'm not anything but  
Hardly somewhat  
Methodical  
Illogical  
Soon to be dead  
Lying in my bed  
I see enlightenment in dreams  
Coming loose at the seams  
Pouring into my lap  
Like pine sap  
Holding all my pieces  
Gluing what ceases  
To be identity  
Resiliently.

When I walk down the street  
You hear the clip-clop  
Of my flip-flops  
While I hum a beat  
That moves your feet.

by Matthew Harrison