

## **MICHELANGELO**

It hurts to be ground borne. These minutes take eternities.  
The courtyard breeze is taking with it everything not nailed down,  
Including a fire which starts as desire and ends in the clouds  
Change only the names and some characteristics. Details are not recalled.  
It's like mailing your soul to thieves and assassins who don't care how lost you are.  
Confusion is prelude to madness. I need a woman who'll be to me as would Michelangelo.

What pleases the eye won't please very long. If satisfied it won't stay gone.  
Those girls in a stream form a line of protection as thin as the rain.  
The cure's the disease. The poison is sugary sweet but won't hurt a fly or keep me alive.  
The winds of the Sirocco are cinders compared to me.  
I want to be finished or broken. I need a woman who'll be to me as would Michelangelo.

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