

Hidden Poem

Glassjaw

This is a new garden over old flowers.
And old makes old jokes take on the feel of the lore.
And new lips are cradled sense of humor,
So don't waste wishes on him.
Wish that one day they'd figure out how to shrink stars and i c
ould keep one in my bedroom.
And wish that me and her could grow old together.
And wish that in my next life I come back as a tiger.
These are fun wishes. In about seven minutes you can start.
'Til then, you'll just listen to the radio from seat's edge.
As if then it's the look on your face. As if,
as if then you'll matter,
And then I can't wait.