

Lightning Rod

Jenny Owen Youngs

Heart attack
Junk in the box
I've been here so long
I'm starting to rot
And you're taking my fear
Selling it in jugs

Back on the playground,
My knee socks are bloody
I need someone to toss the confetti
At the ticker tape parade
I'm falling for myself

Look to the flower
She used to be pretty
Don't say a word,
But she's drying out slowly
You have the answers
I have the car keys

Lightning rod
Straps on my shoulders
I'm searching through windows
For rain & for thunder
That could bring to merciful
And this overdrawn way

Carpet burns
Up to my elbows
It's time that you learn
I guess I should tell you
That the things you know about me
Never were true

Look to the flower
I used to be pretty
Don't say a word,
But I'm drying out quickly
You have the answers
I have the car keys