

# Temporary Basement, My Hands Laid Bare

If I could possibly  
Commit my heart down to print  
Pencil, ink down for you  
Document (within my head)  
And catalog (arrays unsaid)  
So I could give you  
all the words Ive held (in my palm years too long)

For each time Ive turned way my friends  
From each call for help I heard  
Oh even when mine was found

One permanent (etching of me)  
photographs (apology)  
In silken wrap bound with a  
rubber band so here for you is

My hands bare for you.

Forget my past promises  
From here I start vision new  
I keep my eyes from my shoes

Embarassments (and forgeries)  
And map my in (securities)  
Start challenging myself where I gave up for gone  
I give you