Sign Language

Love Speaks In Silence

The Moisture and the Mirror

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A Beer, A Glass of Ice and A Menu

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Katydid

Something I Can Keep

Remember To Forget

Molly's Moon

I Walk My Road

Speaking in Silence

By John T. Wurzer

Spring has finally sprung,

Regeneration has begun

She dropped the knife

he dropped the gun

They signed a truce

Became undone

and unwrapped another pair of healing hearts

The leaves are green, the grass has grown. The love he’d known, she’d left alone

Blew through the chimes, a xylophone. Of dripping music that begins before it starts

Spring is happening

The morning birds begin to sing

he wrote a check

She got the ring

And while this thing

Was happening

they unwrapped another pair of healing hearts

The garden grows, the passion seeps. The fear she keeps, he sows and reaps

A poison memory barely creeps. When lacy fantasy arrives before it starts

Spring is finally here,

Buy yourself another beer,

Twenty dollars for the seer,

I thought the crowd just gave a cheer

And unwrapped another pair of healing hearts

The diamond shines, the rough just grows. The April wines, the August snows

What someone finds, nobody knows. It can’t be found in business plans or corporate charts

Spring just went away

Left me with nothing else to say

Feet of mud and feet of clay

I get on my knees and pray

As we unwrap another pair of healing hearts

The sky is blue, the sky is black. The funnel cloud starts it’s attack

It shouts, “There is no turning back!” And whole is always greater than the sum of it’s parts

And it’s about time that things started growing

It’s about time that things turned around

When bankers start paying what others are owing

And love starts speaking without making a sound

Love starts to speak in silence…..can you hear it?

The Moisture and the Mirror of the Moment

By John T. Wurzer

If you look into the moisture and the mirror of the moment

And you find yourself at odds with how you feel

Would it make a bit of difference or distraction

If I told you that I knew it wasn't real

If you step into the looking glass of glamour

And find yourself alone without yourself

Would it make you feel the least bit resurrected

If I told you I had feelings on the shelf

If the moisture and the mirror of the moment

Is all that I'll remember when you're gone

Would it make a bit of difference that I love you

Or have I mistaken all these feelings for a song

When I call to mind the feeling of the ceiling I've been dealing

And I find myself exhausted by the sun

Does it make a bit of difference or distraction

That I'm staring down the barrel of a gun

If I bury all the broken bits of beauty

That you taught me to ignore and still admire

Would it cancel all this tension and rejection

Or ask my heart to silently retire

If the moisture and the mirror of the moment

Is all that I have left when we're apart

Would it make a bit of difference that I love you

Or have I mistaken your desire for your heart

No Requests

By John T. Wurzer

When you’re ordering a low calorie salad in the corner of a dirty bar and grill

Counting the mistakes in one short lifetime, and imagining another kind of thrill

And you see an aging, worn out, stylish, poet, slinging rhymes from an almost spent guitar

Just remember that he’s sitting where you’re sitting, as you’re sitting there just wishing on a star

When you’re stumbling down a sidewalk because you’re far too drunk to drive

Trying hard to make it home again, before the stainless saints arrive

And you see a filthy, sunburned, worn out, hobo, blowing smoke into the frozen air

Just remember that he’s sitting where you’re sitting, and thank God that you’re not sitting there

When you’re standing in the chapel on a Sunday morning full of weekends of regret

With your tired sweaty palms upon the hymnal, singing words you haven’t memorized quite yet

And you see a clean cut lawyer quoting gospel, pass the plate and whisper, “There’s a fee”

Just remember that he’s sitting where you’re sitting, and he’s sitting in a place I want to be.

Never tell the singer what song you want to hear

He’s not playing for your fancy

He just wants another beer

As he sits upon the stage with his barrel full of songs

Don’t tell him where he’s supposed to be

He’s right where he belongs

And he ain’t takin requests!

Miracle? What Miracle?

By John T. Wurzer

I was waiting for some kind of message or a sign

I kept staring into space at a moonless sky

I kept wishing that you were mine

Until I saw you at a table of emptiness divine

Picking through the remnants of a wedding feast

And emptying bottles of wine

I’ve spent all my life, sitting here waiting for the miracle

I used to lie awake nights, just a praying that you would call

But I guess that wasn’t a miracle at all

I was on my knees on a humid Sunday morn

I kept bowing my head in unworthiness

I kept wishing I had never been born

Until I felt the holy water dripping through where my shirt was torn

Seeping through a fracture of innocence

While my heart was losing it’s form

Now I’m burying eyes that used to break into my dreams

Just writing a song about an accident

And coming apart at the seams

My sarcastic remarks are starting to sound like themes

You were never even close to the miracle

As you balanced on invisible beams

The Original Box

By John T. Wurzer

Three lonely husbands killing time in a bar on the side of a hill

Are arguing fine points of history, politics, past lovers and “who should we kill?”

While a stranger walks in with a fresh warrantee

and he orders the house drinks and shots

he says, “they’re refusing to fix my computer for free”

“I didn’t save the original box!”

It sent my mind into a daydream of nightmares

that I’d buried a long time ago

A half dizzy girl, with a strawberry curl

and a love that we couldn’t quite grow

I remember the day, that she went on her way

with my color TV and her socks

I was too cold to sing, I tried returning the ring

But I hadn’t saved the original box

When I rest in your arms, far away from the farms

That I see every morning and night

As I swim in the scent of the love that you’ve sent

Something comes and then finally goes right

There’s a fear in the air that we have to repair

I keep answering but nobody knocks

And no matter what’s wrong, I can heal with a song

If you’ve saved the original box

That’s not how it looked when you bought it

That’s not how it came off the shelf

And it’s not hard to tell, you didn’t treat it so well

You were far too concerned with yourself

It’s been used and abused, I believe you’re confused

You just gave me a sack full of rocks

You shouldn’t try to return what you didn’t quite earn

If you didn’t save the original box.

A Horny Jealous Woman

By John T. Wurzer

I can’t even remember how I did all this stuff,

It must have been quite natural, it must have been off the cuff

You were playing in the backyard, I was sipping on a beer,

My intentions were so foggy and your eyes were so unclear

I can’t believe I let you fetch and touch my old guitar

Another horny jealous woman, God I wonder who you are

I can’t believe I ever let you sneak inside my brain

It must have been another night when I was going half insane

I was sinking into places where I never should have gone

Singing and beginning in the middle of the song

I can’t believe I let you fetch and touch this broken heart

Another horny jealous woman, God I wish we weren’t apart

Time Misspent

By John T. Wurzer

When you wake up in the morning and wash the bloodstains from your eyes

Do you immediately start looking for someone to criticize

Before you let the sun in, before you raise the blinds

Are you already putting people down and messing with their minds

Did you ever have a lover who could make you feel alive

Or are you a sports car in a salvage yard, that’s lost it’s will to drive

When you wander through the nightmare that you call your poison life

And you dwell upon the struggle, the injustice, and the strife

When ten thousand little problems sting your flesh and start to tear

Into your bitter callused heart, saying, “Something isn’t fair!”

Did you ever have a lover who forced you to forget

The fear and negativity that makes you so upset?

When you see a naked stranger on the street or in your room

Do you wonder why he’s got no clothes, do you blame it on the doom

Is the half-full glass, half empty? Does the rainbow scream “It Rained!”

Is there sunshine moving in, have you lost the things you’d gained?

Did you ever have a lover, who washed the tears away

Or has everyone you’ve ever loved

Made you pay….and pay…and pay.

Are you making fun of Saints and angels at the altar of the sun

I swear you spend so much time on hatred,

It’s a wonder

That you ever get anything done.

A Beer, A Glass of Ice, and A Menu

By John T. Wurzer

I was looking for a question for this answer

As I sat there at the local bar and grill

Missing you was growing like a cancer

Too long without a spark, without a thrill

A beer, a glass of ice, and a menu

A notebook and a waitress and a pen

Seven hours without ordering an entree

OOPS, Looks like I drank my dinner again.

I stopped in just to read the weekly paper

Looking for some insight or some news

All about the way we used to dance here

With a stranger feeling stranger than the blues

A beer, a glass of ice, and a menu

It’s been eight long months, I can’t remember when

I last forgot exactly why I came here

OOPS, looks like I drank my dinner again.

And now it’s twenty seconds after midnight

I’m still ordering a beer and spacing out

The barmaid has the glow of lusty angels

And the mystery of fire laced with doubt

A beer, a glass of ice and a menu

And I’m thinking, What is not”, just might have been

Looking for a question to this answer

OOPS, looks like I drank my dinner again.

The Looking Glass

By John T. Wurzer

Does everything seem backwards?

Has your left become your right?

Do you feel like you’re not kissing me

When you’re kissing me good-night?

Did we pass into another world?

Did I ever make a pass?

Or are all these awkward feelings, the result of someone stealing

Something someone else was dealing, when they pushed the little kneeling

Child right through the looking glass

Do the same old streets look strange to you?

Are the neon signs all wrong?

Were you looking for a lover?

When I was looking for a song?

Is it the same old situation?

With a brand new blade of grass?

Or are all the things I’m thinking, the result of too much drinking?

While my eyes get tired of blinking, and our hearts are slowly sinking

Through the foggy looking glass

Does everything seem backwards,

must I say these things again

Is there anything escaping,

from the walls around this pen?

Have we finally found the party?

Are we really out of gas?

Is this wonderland of poetry,

A sign of what you meant to me

Before we had the time to be

Two people who could finally see

Behind the looking glass.

Katy Did

By John T. Wurzer

She was a woman

Dressed like a lady

Black widow spider

Perfumed and shady

She spun a web, and ate another Katydid

Yeah, little Katy did

But what Katy wants, Katy gets, she sets her traps, she casts her nets

Another heart, another soul, just one last dance, let’s rock and roll

Like Katy did

Dressed like an actress, when she was younger

She heard the lightning, she felt the thunder

She fell in love with a man who had under bid

Yeah, little Katy did

Feeling her age, at half past thirty

Fell off the stage, got down and dirty

Turned a page and found another word he’d hid

Yeah, little Katy did

The night I met her, her skirt was swaying,

Out in the backyard, where we were playing

She followed me around just like she was a little kid

Yeah, little Katy did

But what Katy wants, Katy gets, she casts her spell, she spins her nets

Another heart, another soul, just one last dance, lets rock and roll

Like little Katy did

She was a woman, dressed like a lady,

Black widow spider, perfumed and shady

She spun a web, and ate another Katydid

Yeah little Katy did

Send Me Something I Can Keep

(I’ll Send You All My Money)

By John T. Wurzer

I’d send you all my money if you’d let me taste your sweet forbidden wine

Instead of lying there like someone else’s angel, whose been wasting precious pieces of my time.

Can you answer me just one more stolen question?

Can you bury just one fear and let me sleep?

I’d send you warmth and intimate suggestions

If you’d send me something else that I can keep

I’d send you all my money if you’d let me taste a portion of your thoughts

Instead of lying there like someone else’s princess, whose been filling other’s eyes with “thanks alots”

Can you breathe the scented air inside this chamber?

Strike a pose and tempt my thoughts with something deep?

Dressed in mystery, resolve, and shades of amber

Can you send me something else that I can keep?

I’d send you all my money if you’d let me bring a silent bit of wisdom to your mind

Instead of lying there in someone else’s memory. Someone that I left so far behind

Can you circle far above my heart and tell me

That there isn’t any reason I should weep?

Dressed in leather, taking moments from my lifetime

Can you send me something else that I can keep?

Send me something I can tape into a scrapbook and hang upon the walls inside the igloo of my heart

I can tell the ice is dripping into water you’ve been sipping since the day I started slipping far away and far apart

I’ve been looking for a ranger in this forest full of danger, feeling stranger as the night begins to creep

I’d send you all my money if you’d only be my honey, and give me something else that I can keep

Remember To Forget

By John T. Wurzer

It was the best damn thing you ever remembered to forget

When the walls dissolved in perfumed little smiles of nothing yet

When the morning answered, “Oh my God!” This isn’t what I want

Kind of half undone, kind of half released

The kind of mind you tend to haunt

And I was falling from the sky without a parachute or net

It was the best damn thing you ever remembered to remember

To remember you remembered to forget

Can you watch yourself wake up each empty morning?

In a crock pot full of vegetables and meat

When they ask you for your ticket and your license

Do you tell them that they ought to take a seat?

When you pass another exit on the highway

Does it make your heart go blank and skip a beat?

After years of traveling down the latest highway

Are you searching for a doctor for your feet?

Are the fated wheels of wisdom growing blurry?

Colliding with a truckload of regret

It was the only thing you ever remembered to remember

When you remembered to remember to forget

Molly’s Moon

By John T. Wurzer

In another place just like the other place on an afternoon in June

A Texas boy in Southern Illinois, still singing a New York tune

It’s a desperate face and a desperate place that came and went too soon

I don’t believe I’m here, with another beer

As the sun goes down in another town

Watching the earth revolve again

From a crater at Molly’s Moon

It’s another place just like the other place

But a long, long way from home

There’s a silent stare in the barroom air

Sitting nest to my pieces of tome

The window pane, never could explain

How the children escaped from the womb

I order one more drink and then I start to thing

As the sun goes down in another town

Watching the earth from miles away

From a crater at Molly’s moon

In another place just like the other place

I’ve been staring at the sun

Watching stranger men come and go again

Until solitude comes undone

When I try to laugh at the golden calf

I’m absolved and allowed to croon

That this nursery rhyme is out of time

Burning just enough of the evil stuff

To be watching the earth from a pedestal

In a crater at Molly’s moon

Road Song

By John T. Wurzer

I can’t believe that you found the courage to call me

When you found yourself in a ditch and out of gas

I’d just about convinced myself that you’d forgotten how to recall me

When you called me a perfect rogue and a pompous ass

And you asked me “how do you pick yourself up?”

“When you’re lying there on the floor?”

And you asked me “When does the loneliness end?”

And “Does it end with a little bit more?”

A little bit more of what? I can’t say.

I only know I’m not going back there,

It took a whole lot of leaving, to get where I am today

I just walk my road and I sing my song

And I don’t worry too much about right or wrong

I do what I do until I’m done with that

I take off my boots and put on my hat

I don’t worry about love when love is gone

I just walk my road, and I sing my song

I couldn’t believe that you found the courage to tell me

That re-ignition was a painful last mistake

I never meant enough to you for you to sell me

There was nothing in your eyes that could escape

And you asked me “Why does it hurt so much?”

“When the frozen night turns blue”

And you asked me “When does the loneliness end?”

I said it begins and ends with you

A little bit of you, I still pray

That we won’t be going back there

It took a whole lot of leaving to get where I am today