**Two More Pages**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

Two more pages before I have a heart attack

Two more pages and then I’m writing on the back

Two more pages sexy criminals descend

Two more pages, one more beer with an old friend

One more saga, one more sign upon the wall

One more saga, someone dials, I place the call

No one answers; the call did not go through

One more saga, that bursts inside of you

Three more questions; no more peace inside my mind

Three more questions; once invincible, now blind

On the edge now; looking at the pit below

Three more questions; answers I will never know

Calm and peaceful; now that death has intervened

Calm and peaceful; better now that I have dreamed

Moving slower; morning glories face the dawn

Calm and peaceful; I’m already moving on

Let the winds blow; let tomorrow come around

Let the winds blow; through this dead and dying town

Pitch black science whispers promise for today

Let the winds blow; blow the whole damn thing away

One more sentence for to serve without a crime

One more sentence; stumbling close to closing time

Moving closer to a place I crave and dread

One more sentence; walking slowly and walking dead

I’ve got nothing; but there’s nothing I expect

I’ve got nothing, nowhere men cannot detect

Sleep comes slowly; east of west without a spark

I’ve got nothing; I’m still wandering in the dark

Tap shoes, silent; in the corner, in the mist

Tap shoes, silent; dancing on the bucket list

Stolen memories spawning wishing wells of rhyme

Tap shoes silent; once they danced here all the time

It drove me crazy; when I found out I was sane

It drove me crazy; wild cats eating from my brain

I drifted off once; but my ship washed up on shore

It drove me crazy; and now it’s driving me some more

Feel the white noise; sometimes soothing and serene

Feel the white noise; while the prophets all turn green

Darkness glowing, young blood seeping through a crack

Feel the white noise; and then send the black noise back

Two more pages; soon I’ll write here upside down

Two more pages; before I finally blow this town

Two more pages; savage dragons on my left

Two more pages; and I’m breathing one last breath

**I Don’t Get High**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

It’s true you’ll never feel good, if you never felt bad

And you can’t ever miss, what you never have had

Life is alright underground, if you never fly through the sky

And you’ll never feel low, if you don’t get high

I don’t let myself get too high, or sink too low

When it hurts too much to say good-bye, I just go

So if you pass me on a dusty road, with a tear in my eye

It’s just the dirt; I can’t be feeling low, because I don’t get high

I used to fall in love, with just a wink and a glance

Then things would fall apart at the heart of romance

I used to drown myself in an emotional pie

But now I’m on an even keel, because I don’t get high

I don’t let myself get too high, or sink too low

When it hurts too much to say good-bye, I just go

So if you pass me on a dusty road, with a tear in my eye

It’s just the dirt; I can’t be feeling low, because I don’t get high

When life is spinning the wheel, I don’t scream or shout

The price is right for a deal, but I just do without

And when the stage goes dark and the spotlight fades

I’m left with a heart that can’t be cut apart by a thousand razor blades

I don’t let myself get too high, or sink too low

When it hurts too much to say good-bye, I just go

So if you pass me on a dusty road, with a tear in my eye

It’s just the dirt; I can’t be feeling low, because I don’t get high

**What Next?**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

The years have passed; good times don’t last; the answers to these questions has, turned out to be what nobody suspects

Feelings drown, the drumbeats pound, another year, another frown, I’m bound to stick around to see what’s next.

Words of fear and icy tears; flowed through the years; like kitchen shears and cut apart my heart so strong and firm

While simple lines like “closing time”; “please be mine”; and words that rhyme; are pantomimes and lessons I never seem to learn. WHAT’s NEXT?

Don’t touch my skin; I’m trapped within; a garbage bin; with walls so thin; I feel each pin that pokes into my world.

This cave, a dark amusement park; with dogs that bark; with teeth like sharks; reminding me just how I lost that girl.

A sultry wench, upon a bench; dug a trench with fists unclenched; admitted she was searching for a plan

I told her this, “I know that bliss is held within one single kiss; that you and I will miss if you never take my hand”. WHAT’s NEXT?

So she and I; we chose to fly; said good-bye; and wondered why; a lovers sigh was tried as mortal sin

Now that she’s gone; I’m up at dawn; I carry on; and write each song; as if each feeling never soaked within

The decades creep; I’m counting sheep; emotions sleep; and drown so deep beneath a sea of apathy and sex

This world of sound; is underground; the nightmare lives here upside down; a wedding gown; another town; a train that’s bound to wreck. WHAT’s NEXT?

A union made; in heaven’s glade; beneath the shade; of trees that wade; in waters clear and soothing to the toes

They seem so fine; like vintage wine; that draws a line; from eyes divine; right back to mine; where love is blind and closed

A simple phrase; gets turned for days; offers praise; but mostly lays; around the room quite permanently lost

Goes on a spree; of therapy; there has to be; a price or fee; to set us free; and help us see; what freedom really costs. WHAT’s NEXT?

Absolutely no one else; could find their health; upon a shelf of wealthy visions stained with trite regret

Nature teaches; preacher preaches; that empty beaches; cannot reach us; blind; beseeched by scenes we can’t forget

I lost my saving; grace while raving; someone’s slaving away while craving; everything I purchased in this dream

There’s nothing here; but ice cold beer beer; a dried up tear; an icy mirror; an inner fear; I cannot steer; and lukewarm sour cream. WHAT’s NEXT?

So lock me down; around this town; I’ll sell my frown; to Mr. Brown; as long as he has money for to lose

He’ll click his heels; spin his wheels; make his deals; and eat his meals; until he steals the feeling from my shoes

A paycheck spent; an accident; ‘twas never meant; to pay the rent; or drive the bent up lunatic insane

But what I learned; each time they burned; everything I ever earned; is that years will turn and wash away the memories and pain. WHAT’s NEXT?

Goodnight my muse; thanks for the clues; I read the news; and wandered through; these absent minded nursery rhymes again

This little song; goes on and on; and I may write it ‘til the dawn; it feels so strong; that God chimes in, “Amen”.

Kiss me Liza; I won’t surprise ya; your bright blue eyes; and glassy thighs are; seeping deep inside my crippled soul

One more evening; passion seething; breathing, breathing; no one leaving; heaving like tsunamis on an ocean start to roll. WHAT’s NEXT?

Tell me mistress; lady listless; they must have witnessed; when we kissed; before we hissed and drifted far apart

Drive in movies; double features; swamp things; zombies; evil creatures; trying to reach towards places in my heart

Please don’t find me; gag me; bind me; laughter left a scar behind me; marked like cards in shady dealer’s decks

Still in all; I walk quite tall; chasing footsteps; down the hall; sticking around to see…what happens next.

WHAT’s NEXT?

**Mixed Bowl of Nuts**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

It’s a mixed bowl of nuts, that’s what it is

It’s a road full of ruts, rolls into town

It’s a warm bead of sweat upon her lip

It’s a passionate kiss that sips it down

We keep grinding our lives out day to day

In a play upon a prison stage

The very last scene is light and gay

But there are so many other scenes that we’ve yet to play

When the snow covered lawn is calm and still

And the icicles reach down to your toes

When the angels doze off and dream of sins

That’s when desire start to cough and true love shows

We keep grinding our lives out day to day

In a play upon a prison stage

The very last scene is light and gay

But there are so many other scenes that we’ve yet to play

It’s a mixed bowl of nuts, that’s what it is

It’s a bar full of sluts without a clue

It’s a warm bead of sweat inside my heart

And please never forget that I love you

**Madam Butterfly Giving Me the Blues**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

On a highway in a skyway; I just fly away ‘till I cry, “Hey, where you been!”

You say, “Honey, are you going my way? And if you are will you pick me up and take me there again?”

You’re fluttering you eyelids, like madam butterfly exhausted and confused

This is my first time down this highway and the sight of you is giving me the blues.

I wouldn’t take you if I could

Ain’t nothing better than what I’ve already got

It’s all been written there in blood

And they’re only gonna give me this one shot… Yeah, this one shot is all I got

You say you’re standing on your last leg, quite unbalanced, disillusioned and alone

You say, “Honey are you going my way? And if you are will you pick me up and take me home?”

You keep on fluttering your eyelids, like madam butterfly exhausted and confused

This is my first time down this highway and your perfume keeps on giving me the blues.

You say you’re running out of life force, but you’re forced into a lifestyle full of treasure

Another lost and lonely love song on the roadside, without pride or pain or pleasure

And you’re fluttering your eyelids like madam butterfly, exhausted and confused

This is my first time down this highway and your soft touch keeps on giving me the blues.

**Rat Race On A Train**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

I keep on bouncing down this railroad track, hoping it will take me back

Praying it will take me back to you.

Lord have mercy, God above, it’s obvious I’m still in love,

These feelings got me reeling, feeling blue

Statues, buildings, cemeteries, life out here is getting scary

Creepy cold and damp, but mostly dark

Whiskey, whimsy, waste and wine, haunt me now most all the time

A candle in my hand but still no spark

It’s darker now than once before, church mice marching off to war

Weary from the armor on their fur

Splashing through life’s rancid sewer, survivors growing ever fewer

Responding to commands with “Sir, yes Sir!”

They dig a hole and crawl right under, walls of words that fall like thunder

Crashing to the ground now bought and sold

Hiking through a subway station, lights are dim, their once great nation

Lifeless now and frozen in the cold

Shorty pauses, lights a match, whiskers twitch, he starts to scratch

His nose with rapid strokes of his right paw

Down the pipe around the bend, nothingness that never ends

Trudging onward constantly in awe

The sergeant starts to bellow loud, commanding the awaiting crowd

Of tattered soldiers once so proud and brave

He tells them to keep pressing on; this is the dark before the dawn

All those who have been wronged, he plans to save

Armed and dangerous rodents hooting, raising swords, machine guns shooting

Anything that moves and shows its head

Encountering a band of rats riding well trained alley cats

Shorty takes a bullet, and he’s dead

Bouncing down this freight train line, covered now in grease and grime

Searching for a chunk of time to spend

Soon I’ll drive up to our house, wrap my arms around my spouse,

And thank the Lord I’m not a mouse…AMEN.

**Hotel Bar Part 7**

**Poem – Written By John T. Wurzer**

Hotel bar, black granite, cold and harder

Wonder where you’ve gone, my muse in scarlet

Wonder if the sky has lost a star

Wonder if the night has lost a harlot

I remember a cold and damp October night

Begging for a chance to finally speak

Soaking in a hot tub or a fountain

A memory once sealed tight begins to leak

Leaking from a faucet in my conscience

Squeaky wet and subtle as it flows

Broken like a dirty warehouse window

Dying while the poison ivy grows

Once upon a time dark frozen nightmares

Whispered that true love had fallen apart

Demons skulked through shadows in the alleys

Of a worn out crippled weak and dying heart

Hotel bar is itching at my ankles

Like a pair of gray wool winter socks

Seems the night is over, house lights shining

Something’s ticking, sounds like a wind up clock

Corks inside the bottles, wine half finished

Wondering when next it will be poured

I’m standing on the dock, but my ship has sailed now

And I never even heard the “all aboard”

Hotel bar is where it all once started

Many years ago when I was young

Cold and dark black granite in the moonlight

Years once wound so tight, are now undone.

**Time Pauses**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

Time pauses, stops my clocks

Rattles the bushes, turns over the rocks

Finds the memories and broken bones

Single mothers and broken homes

Time pauses, traffic stops

Raindrops floating, barber shops

Falling silent, fresh cut hair

Hangs suspended in mid-air

Time pauses, then it sneezes

The bright sides warms, the dark side freezes

Like the moon this world ain’t turning

The dark side dead, the bright side burning

Time pauses, rivers still

Streams are stranded on the hill

No cascading waterfalls

Nothing flowing, motion stalls

Time pauses, like a song

One verse finished, must move on

Silence soaks up everything

Leaves me words that birds won’t sing

Time pauses on my watch

I lose all feeling in my crotch

Passions wilts, desire wanes

Thoughts get lost in tired brains

Time pauses, gives me pause

Standing ovations but no applause

Bullets frozen in mid-air

Bombs aren’t falling anywhere

Time pauses, soldiers sleep

Jesus Christ begins to weep

Tears of joy while warheads snore

Time pauses, NO MORE WAR

**Tomorrow Comes**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

I wandered around, this lonely graveyard

Looking for life, looking for bliss

All I found was silent anger

And lonely whispers of one lost kiss

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If yesterday does disagree

I need a road that will not shatter

Under the weight of living free

The rivers rise at half past midnight

While lonesome skies fill them with rain

The howling wind is like a siren

Warning my heart to hide my brain

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If I refuse to go to sleep

Satellite plays its endless chatter

All useless waves on seas so deep

Tonight I’m downing in a poison

Ocean of blood and compromise

I’m going deaf from all the noise in

Side of this tomb where true love dies

Tomorrow comes, it does not matter

If I have blown up all my clocks

My thoughts are numb, hazy and scattered

Answering the door when no one knocks

**Descending Stares**

**Written By John T. Wurzer**

Three down and one to go

Flying high and flying low

Going up and going in

Never knowing if I’ll win…or lose

Three down and one to go before I know I’ve really got the news

Windows open, windows close

Ask them once, nobody knows

Ask them twice, nobody shares

And by the third time no one cares…about me

Seven days and seven nights

Turning on and off the lights

Watching stars move all around

The sun comes up and sinks into the sea

Barren branches on the trees

Someone falls down to their knees

Soon the leaves begin to sprout

Leaves of green are coming out…it’s spring

As I sit there in this room

Watching fresh ideas bloom

Watching raindrops wash the sky

Watching old ideas die…I sing

Now I’m struck so suddenly

That none of us are really free

It brought a temporary smile

Imagining a life worthwhile…so sane

In the shadow of that thought

Wrapped in darkness, overwrought

Throwing out the things I bought

I finally found what I once sought…in vain

Secret hallways, special doors

Ceilings gone forever more

Flying high above the earth

Speaking not of what it’s worth…to preach

As for matters now at hand

Dreams and schemes, desires fanned

Points of business oh so bland

Like the grains upon the sandy beach

Strangers faces, stranger still

As I stand here on this hill

Prone to swallow one last pill

Exercising my free will…to shout

Can all of these things I own

Make a house become a home

Are they reasons for to roam

Or sit alone and clutch the phone…in doubt

I finally dreamed a dream last night

That I climbed up another flight

Of stairs with flashing neon lights

Friendly, green, and in my sights…They burned

Eat at Joe’s you won’t get thin

Live nude girls, come on in

Please notify my next of kin

That originally born to sin…I turned

Three are down and one remains

They once were scars; now they’re stains

After dark someone explains that

If I had a hundred brains…I’d burst

Void of purpose, void of drive

Being careful not to strive

Too hard to keep myself alive

And find though I survived…I made things worse

Someone loves me, sweet and kind

I’m forever in her mind

She must be deaf, she must be blind

These ties that bind, won’t break while I’m alive

Though it’s true I love her too

In everything I say and do

Every day while coffee brews

I wander around this zoo and roll my eyes

In this marketplace of jewels

Once discarded ancient tools

Auctioned now by loudmouthed fools

Let’s start breaking all the rules…move on

Slowly falling from the sky

Or climbing down from way up high

With a sparkle in your eye

That’s a feeling I can’t buy…on Amazon

Goodnight, good evening, my good friend

It’s been nice to finally spend

Some time with thoughts I can defend

But it seems this night’s about to end…unwound

I’ll find you somewhere down the aisle

I promise I’ll have packed a smile

When? I don’t know, quite awhile

Whenever this brand new lifestyle…slows down