



CADENCE

The city's slipping by, so **agile** and quick –
We're tossing off these words; not one of them will stick
The day unfolds, unthreatening, **benign**...
But these days of polishing and **burnishing** our dreams,
Through the idle hours, to me it only seems
Somehow we **bilk**, we cheat the divine

Be a **bard**, be a poet, sing a song to compete
With the rhythm of our lives, with the **cadence** of defeat

I can't standardize and **calibrate**
Each **capricious**, fickle twist of fate;
The **boisterous**, booming din,
The **cacophony** calls me in,
But its meaning seems to lessen and **abate**

I can't make up my mind, I **vacillate**
But they say destiny is always lounging at my gate
I'm not **gregarious** – I don't need the company
If I want to be friendly, I'll be **amicable**,
Amiable, affable, so genial,
With the debtors who always love to hear from me

But they're a sly bunch - so **wily** and **cunning**;
See how a little bit of **guile** keeps the machines running

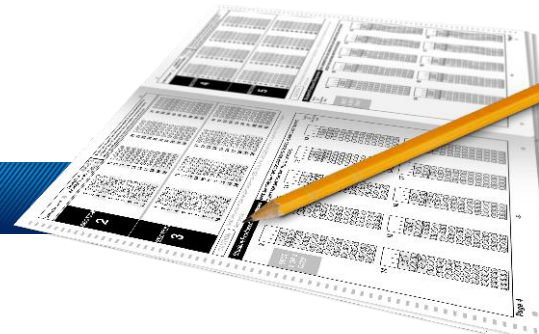
But they can't standardize and **calibrate**
Each **capricious**, fickle twist of fate
The **boisterous** booming din,
The **cacophony** calls them in,
But its meaning seems to lessen and **abate**
Until they give up, **capitulate**

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THE ANCHOR

Last night the moon rose high
And to the silver ocean sang a reply;
For her hungry dreams, a wild lullaby
And I wish I could sing it to you
But it's more than I know how to do

Hold on, the **acrimony** I fear
Is just a bitter discord – you **deride**, and you jeer,
'til I'll **dissipate**, fade away, disappear
Like music over the sea
Could you just hold on to me?

This malice, this deepening **rancor**;
Will bear the strain that pulls the anchor
Let the moon soothe you, let it **assuage** and **allay**
You; let its song take you away

My words, so **acerbic**, you say
Aren't half as **acrid** as the games that you play
For a bitter taste, try the wreck of the day -
Oh, I don't mean to **foil** and defeat
This **boon**, this gift you lay at my feet

Your dreams, they're calling me in,
Optimistic and cheery, they seem so **sanguine**
But in their sickly sweetness, they're only **saccharine**
No need to **retract** and withdraw
If you're too **impeccable** to show any flaw

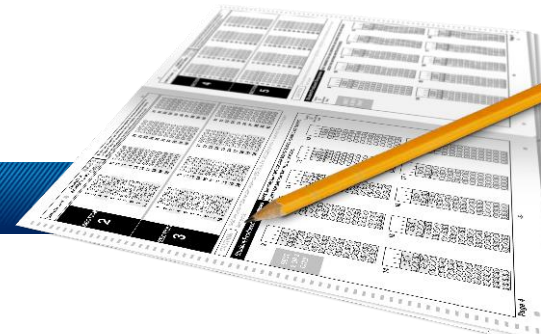
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THE ANCHOR (Continued)

Is this the way we'll talk about life;
Like it's full and abundant, **replete** and **rife**?
Can't you see it's **contentious**? Bound to quarrel and strife,
But it can **ameliorate** – it can improve
So why must you scold and **reprove**?

I'd take them back – I would **rescind** every scar
But how do you take back or **revoke** that which you are?

This malice, this deepening **rancor**;
Will bear the strain that pulls the anchor
I will sing this **dirge**, our little funeral song
And wait for you to **refute** it, to prove me wrong

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