

The Lion Inside of Me is Yawning

I've never considered myself
a tough man

sure,
I've broken a few noses
but mostly as a boy
on the playground

and I've drank
my fair share
of hard liquor
and spent
some time
with loose women
running my fingers
along the inside of their
bruised thighs

but I've always
thought deep down
that I wore a jacket that
could shield me from
that life

that the softness that
grew inside of me
was the thing
the *woman of my dreams*
would find in my eyes
when she finally
came along

but I am a confused man
for I look back upon
the times I've spent
with that woman

and part of me is ashamed
of how sentimental
she can make me

how she can
mix me up

how she can
wreck me
with her eyes

and all the
bravado
that was never truly there
melts from me

and I am
vulnerable

yes,
she has a good grip
around my heart
and she could squash it
like an olive if she wanted to,

I guess
that is the true
meaning of reckless,
putting your heart
in someone else's hands
and having nothing
but hope
that they don't
throw it away-

The lion inside of me is yawning
for it's been fighting and fighting for
so long

it just
wants to rest in lover's
arms

put its head down
in her lap and mumble,
"love me"

and
I've never cried
in front of a woman
but when she runs her long fingers
over my face and through my hair
and those very eyes
that wreck me
are staring into mine
telling me all the secrets
she is too afraid
to speak

my eyes redden

the tears struggling
to hide behind
them,

I am not afraid

and she knows
I'd be hers

if only
she'd ask
me.