

## **Mirage, Liz Davinci**

She asked me where I'm from  
It's a question I can dread  
I gave the compact answer - California  
"Oh from the sun," she laughed and said  
I looked away for distraction  
I grabbed a piece of bread  
She kept asking me things one by one  
Till it was too much for her head

I don't know why my life story seems so  
Damned complicated  
I just let the wind blow me  
Then I would land and recreate it

I feel like the mirage  
Is humming some tunes  
In the fridge in the garage  
There's beer as cool as you  
I see the mirage at the wild lagoon  
Dive into its songs  
In a red bathing suit

I'm making some coffee  
It's been years since you saw me  
Devour the dolly  
Is the carnival ride  
The grass turned mossy  
And somewhere you lost me  
You know what you cost me  
But I'm done and I'm fine

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Is humming some tunes  
In the fridge in the garage  
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I stared at the plum tree  
Until I understood  
Then the broken and the faulty things  
Burned off like they should  
I was at a crossing  
I just let it be and that got me free  
It sounds easy it wasn't but inevitably  
It got me back to the good

Ten wild, barking dogs  
Sensation typhoon  
Sustained by the cause  
As madness recruits  
It's no good way to dodge  
The things that bother you  
Temptation and response  
Can leave you black and blue  
But you know what to do