



# Notes on Notes

V. Grant



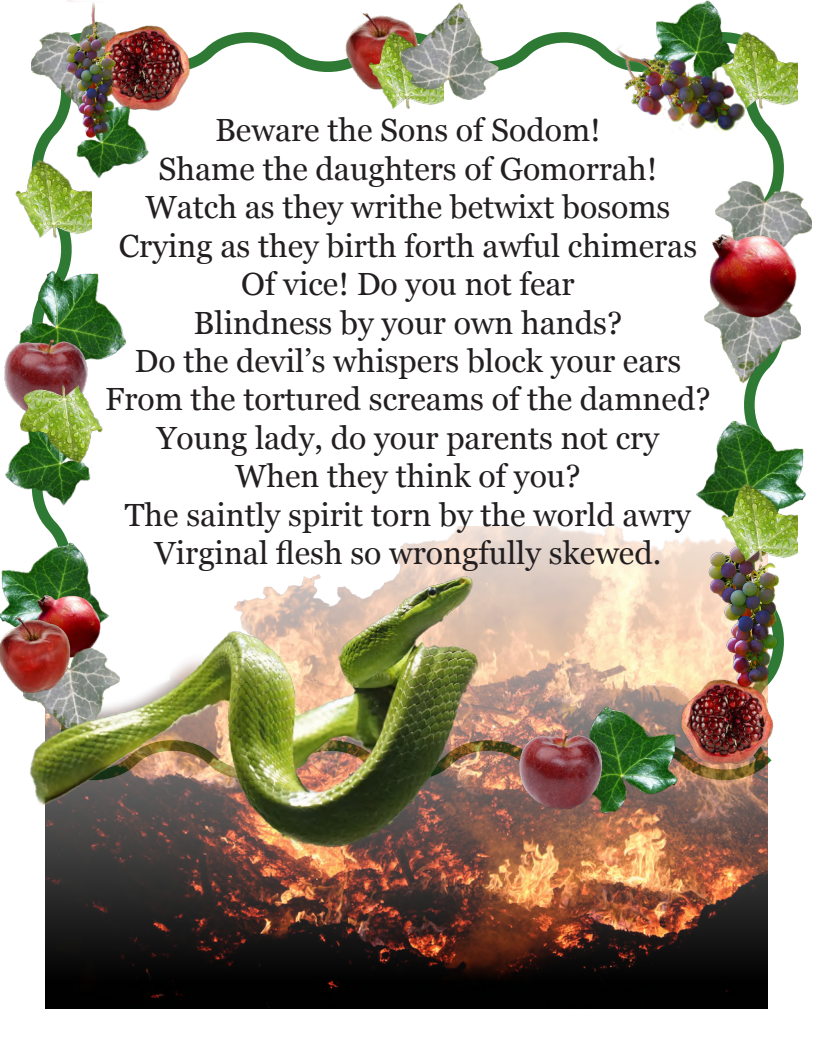
## Lamb of Davis

Here in Davis lives a godly man  
For who we have several names.  
Still, you'll see he's a famous man  
For the sound of fury in his claims.

Lily white skin suited in blue,  
A snow-white beard wrapped in flowers,  
Frail hands raised above us to soothe  
Our souls from some higher power.

I cannot say what came over me  
To approach the lamb as it bleat.  
But quickly he turned, bearing teeth  
Through fur, proud in his deceit.


And he whispered to me,  
Oh, he did it so forcefully  
That if my ears were to bleed  
I'd still hear his voice perfectly.



Beware the Sons of Sodom!  
Shame the daughters of Gomorrah!  
Watch as they writhe betwixt bosoms  
Crying as they birth forth awful chimeras  
Of vice! Do you not fear  
Blindness by your own hands?  
Do the devil's whispers block your ears  
From the tortured screams of the damned?  
Young lady, do your parents not cry  
When they think of you?  
The saintly spirit torn by the world awry  
Virginal flesh so wrongfully skewed.



He stopped to hear me speak,  
But I froze with awe and dismay.  
For the thought of a world so bleak  
Well, it left me with nothing to say.  
But the lamb goaded me on  
With eyes intense as night  
Waiting for me to come upon  
An answer; but the answer wasn't right.  
The lamb's eyes were alight  
With fury, Wool burned away by ire.  
Standing in its place was a fright;  
A beast both lion and fire.  
The beast's head was still that of man  
And I figured that it could be reasoned with,  
But as gnashing teeth denounced its clan  
I saw that great vice was not some myth—  
You just won't find it in the beasts of Davis.



*Avoid the lambs and refuse the cry,  
Learn to divide the old from the wise.*

## How to Be an Optimist

Often, I catch myself wondering  
How to be an optimist.  
Someone whose head rests beyond the clouds  
Where they're free to float adrift  
Of thought.

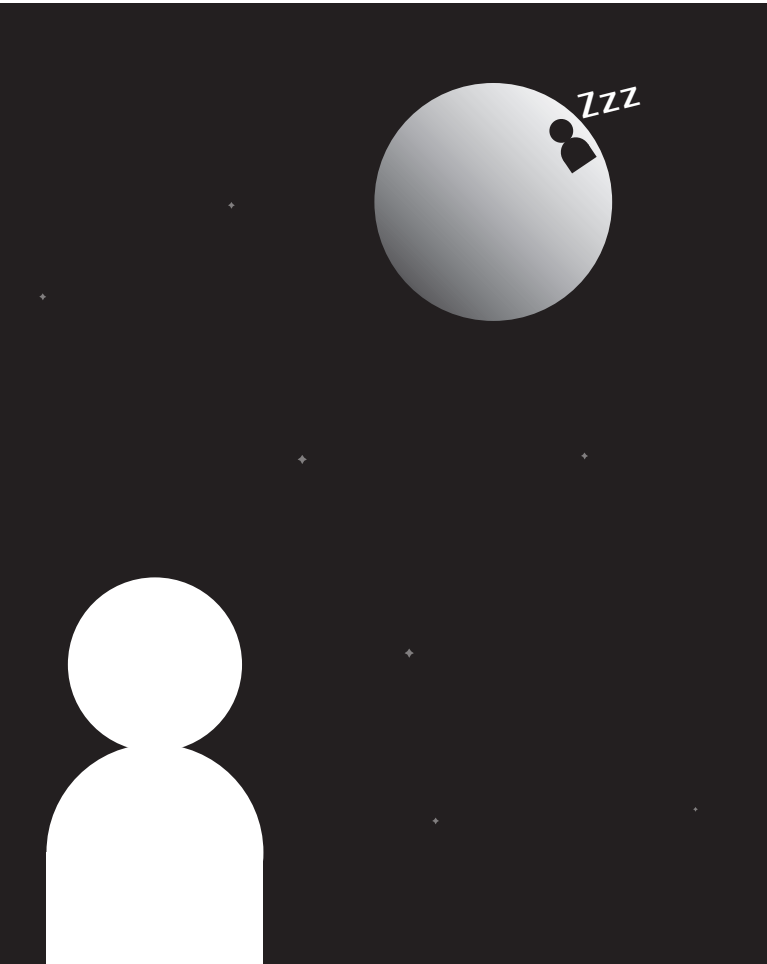
Does it get lonely up there?  
Far from the reach of stars and light.  
Or do they find comfort where  
Man, and even God himself feels fright.

Do their hopes and dreams tether  
Their minds to the world below?  
Or do they take them wherever  
Hearts embolden them to go.

They drift alone in the dark,  
Anchored to no one,

Not even the moon.  
How is one supposed to be an optimist  
In the face of eternal gloom?

As it turns out, the answer is quite concrete.  
I found it once on the corner of 5th and G.  
Despite a graceless fall, I kept on walking.  
What point was there stopping  
For small things?



## The Tiger Chases Its Tail



Darling!

Darling of mine,  
Give me a reason  
Why you sit within  
The dark.

My love,

I sit in my stark  
Silence for fear



Of the tiger

And his hateful eyes  
Of ice.

A tiger?

Where does the beast hide?  
From where does he watch?  
From where lurk his eyes?

Tell me, so I may



Kill it.








You can't!







The tiger does not die.  
It's lived beyond nine  
Lives. It's life and mine  
Are intertwined  
As one.









Darling,  
You live by the teeth  
On your skin. Don't you  
See? To that old beast,  
You are its captor,  
its feast.







But, love—  
Stop there! Spare the  
Story you'll spin,  
Listen now, closely,  
This is how the  
Tiger wins.



He starts  
As naught but a meek  
Nuisance, feeding on  
Curses. Soon, he'll seek  
A meal more daring.

A Man.

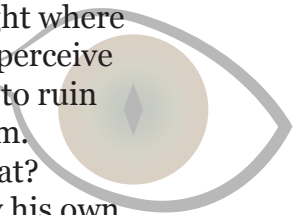
A man...



Man fears what Man sees.  
The tiger lends man  
His eyes. It's through these  
Man only sees the  
tiger.



Darling.  
Darling of mine,  
Man and feline  
Are not of a kind.  
Be above that mind  
And rise.  
I cannot!  
Not when it can see  
Me in the light where  
All that we perceive  
Will come to ruin  
By him.  
By what?  
By what? By his own  
Hands! The tiger strikes  
When it senses that  
I've grown all too fond  
Of life.  
Now here,  
Under its shadow,  
Is where I hide from  
Its gaze. From here no  
Life grows, neither does  
It fade.



Darling!  
You dare to suggest  
These eyes aren't mine?  
But those of a beast  
Beneath our design?

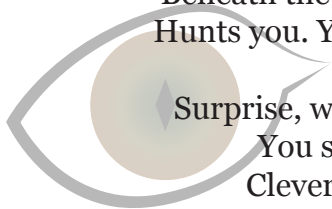
I do.

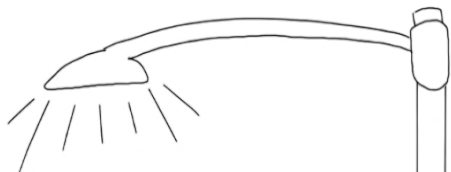
Tell me,  
You hide in the dark  
Beneath the beast who  
Hunts you. Yet, in stark

Surprise, woes befall  
You still.

Clever cat,  
It has lured you right  
Into its lap! Why,  
It hasn't attacked  
Because you walked into  
its trap!

Sweet man,  
You are your own prey.  
Tragedy befalls  
Those who choose to play  
Out calamities  
Completely straight.





Red Light Romeo

And what about me?  
You say, the streets and I, we're  
Well beyond our prime.

Dial tone, please call  
9-oh-9-8-7-5...  
For a real good time

Red lights shine

Down on your beautiful...  
No, I can't write that.

