

## IN THE ALLEY

EL MONREAL

Can we solve all of our problems with nudity?  
Can we heal all of our pain with sex?  
Can we find out who our demons are  
By losing our minds?  
Some of us, in the alleys,  
Think you can

Drugs were the gods of my conception  
Meth was a shadow  
In the corner of my eye  
Church was a breeding ground  
For idols & philosophies that made me  
Desperate to die  
Father, won't you please  
Come home again?  
Mother, I just want to be  
A son that brings you pride  
Brothers, keep your chins up  
Through destruction  
Sisters, let me know  
You're still alive

I can see you looking at me  
Through the photographs  
I can feel you breaking  
Through the boundaries  
I took acid & stared for hours  
In the mirror  
Wondering who I was & who I am  
& who I'm supposed to be

## STONED

EL MONREAL

I feel more reverence  
When I'm stoned

Gone  
Butterfly being tossed  
In the wind  
There's a butterfly  
Beneath your chrysalis skin

The pain your mini skirt  
Brings to my eyes  
The agony of never  
Touching your thigh  
What does it feel like to die?  
For your soul to escape  
Through the frail cells of your eyes?

The unspoken utterances of your soul  
Our longings cannot be detained by our lips