

Dairy Queen

By

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It was July, the summer of '62,
About me my folks didn't know what to do

Sent to Colorado to spend with family
Jumping rope and climbing trees.

An innocent time playing baseball and catching bugs
Until the suffocation of a warm slow hug.

Rewarded with secrets and Dairy Queen
It felt like a really bad dream
It felt like a really bad dream

The quiver in my body was a testament
Of all the self-loathing, hatred, and judgment.

My feelings were a reminder, trying to come clean.
It feels like a really bad dream
It feels like a really bad dream

I carry that with me an emotional chase,
Celebrating the end of that warm embrace.

I left Colorado, left the scene
Left the secrets and the Dairy Queen
Left the Secrets and the Dairy Queen....