A Gross Oversimplification

- John Rider

My heart used to be

so diverse, so complex

With a seemingly infinite

number of possible settings

Now my heart is broken

and reduced to just a few

Like losing a trombone

and replacing it with a trumpet

No more loops and spins

and circus fun house mirror

twisted reflections

Like going fom a thousand

possible notes to just ten

Still, I guess the trumpet

is a little faster and

less complicated