

Stacked Smoke

Autumn

From this vantage point I might feel inclined to reminisce
Instead, I witness myself politely declining,
stacking mile upon mile of distance between us
Stacking smoke, curtains for film noir

Mirrors of sand, portraits charcoal and grime
Figure us out once for all. Stacking smoke
Figures of speech, free from harm,
like blackbird figurines fall silent on our high-rise
Stacking smoke

Unbeknownst to all, turn to your partner in grime
Unbefitting of smokestacks, we lit up the skyline
and true to our word built a forest of smoke. And stone,
hew me from you, a scarecrow statue
to clothe these wayward bones

Mirrors of sand, portraits charcoal and grime
Figure us out once for all. Stacking smoke
Figures of speech, free from harm,
like blackbird figurines fall silent on our high-rise
Stacking smoke

And fall as we did, aware that we might
have that night blotted out
Blotted out of a wayward, weary memory
of arson and a dream
and an eerie echo will ricochet
off a sole defiant chimney

Mirrors of sand, portraits charcoal and grime
Figure us out once for all. Stacking smoke
Figures of speech, free from harm,
like blackbird figurines fall silent on our high-rise
Stacking smoke

Mirrors of sand, portraits charcoal and grime
Figure us out once for all. Stacking smoke
Figures of speech, free from harm,
like blackbird figurines strewn like pebbles from our high-rise
Stacking smoke

Burning through poorly mended picture frames
and the last of my midnight oil
An arsonist's tale henceforth lost to all
For the life of me, I dare not recall