

## David to Sarah

### Hotel Books

I know you don't want to talk, but I just don't feel the same  
I've seen more suitcases on your bed than times I've seen your bed made  
Bad days and sad ways to reconnect  
I can live without you by my side, but I can't live next to you showing neglect  
I need a parental advisory sticker on my regrets  
I need internal revival with dinner to find my vest  
I need a maternal but fatherly figure to put a heart in my chest  
I need bare rental of bodily fixtures to somehow feel the rest  
I need poison in my lungs and in my heart  
I need a staple gun with one bullet left to pin my insecurities to the front of my chest  
I need forgiveness  
I need a miracle  
I need the miracle we call "forgiveness"  
I need a witness  
I didn't move back in my dad's house, he has space for a vacant body  
The lab's out and the results are down  
The first failure of a forsaken robbery stealing the currency we used to bring peace  
Please, pray for the living  
I'll handle the deceased  
When a swan song is a wrong call, block numbers and shock collars in a studio apartment by the locked cellars  
Where every word is poison but the poison tastes like honey and money is the exception to the words we cannot speak  
It's a breach of betrayal, a renewal of pain  
Stain after stain, cut the nerve to the membrane and escape through the release  
I need less of what I have and more of what I lack  
I need to forgive myself so I can have my friends back  
I need to move up, I need to move down  
The sound of my voice bouncing off the walls is always a letdown  
So I set down the nightgown and hear the rain pound  
The same sound on paved ground or bloodhounds making a runaround  
Making the sun go around, making gravity hold me down  
Demanding gravity's attention every time I feel down  
So cut the nerve to the membrane  
Chemically speaking, I pray to God when we can breathe in space  
So the brave souls in grave cold can meet someday  
And we can all escape  
I need God to look less like me and more like God  
I need to look less than me and more like God  
And stop making photocopies of the same sheet music and use it to reach a pulpit  
To each a steeple of gold, melt it down to a calf as I feel the pain in my calves  
Spitting on the face of a man hanging on a tree then begging on my knees to also bleed  
So the grays that took place in my pain won't feel so foreign even though it feels complete  
I need to stop breathing quickly so I can breathe in deep  
I need to wake up my heart but let my mind sleep  
I need poison in my lungs and my heart  
I need a staple gun with one bullet left to pin my insecurities to the front of my chest  
I need forgiveness

I need a miracle  
I need a miracle we call "forgiveness"  
I need a witness  
I need sleep