

Generally More Worried Than Married

In The Woods...

What is addiction with absence of drug
What is grey without the presence of white
Days remain hollow with absence of night

When I fell into my absence and knew
Not what to do
I made a can of coffee - smoked a
Cigarette or two This is like a
Hunger - This day is like a feast
A last supper to materialize the
Wasted, slumbered beast in the closet

She lives in the attic
- A floor in between
My room and the comets -
Of chaos and dreams

I'm awaiting the crack of dawn - the smell
Of morning - where the sound of her
Footsteps can comfort and cure

It takes quite a while to get things
In perspective A bleak, coloured tile
Upon the wall - so pale and objective
But how would I gain from this knowledge
When I know not where to go