

Rearrange The Art

Sarah Jarosz

Maybe I could rearrange the art
That hangs upon these walls
Or maybe I should not

The masterpiece that lies within this room
Has yet to leave these halls
And break through every door

But I lie here on my back
I stare into the white
The lack of color blinds these eyes
With silence comes the sight

Maybe I could call you on the phone
Tell you all my thoughts
Or maybe I should not

These corridors and empty feathered beds
Are lacking what I'd hoped
In pictures in my head

But I lie here on my back
I stare into the black
The lack of color blinds these eyes
With darkness comes the night

Maybe I can do this on my own
Make way for solitude
Or maybe I need you

The ruby hues that outline all my words
Are chapped and humming chords
I've never used before

But I lie here on my back
I stare into the past
The memories cloud my mind
With dreaming comes the flight