

Waiting Room

Signs of Betrayal

Your lights of fluorescent expose
the colorless objects
and offer reflections
below the footsteps that guide us
into the narrow obscurities that never end
aligned with everything that we depend

where life is death waiting
to take us in with contagious smiles
that we long for
hold out our hands begging
while we just sit in our righteous minds
that we long for

so capture us in this room
the darkest of hours
our pulsating eyes refuse
to focus attention
into the narrow obscurities that never end
aligned with everything that we depend

where life is death waiting
to take us in with contagious smiles
that we long for
hold out our hands begging
while we just sit in our righteous minds
that we long for

resenting your patience
confined in our questions
is this our conclusion

where life is death waiting
to take us in with contagious smiles
that we long for
hold out our hands begging
while we just sit in our righteous minds
that we long for