

The window held no answer.  
Thoughts still ate my mind like cancer.  
I studied the tendons in my hand  
But I couldn't understand  
Their purpose.  
She struggled at the surface.

Now a line of fixed smiles.  
Keep your eyes fixed on the roofing tiles,  
Just a vacant gaze.  
These are strange days to grieve.  
A party of dead leaves  
And memories.

A series of soft speeches.  
Homeboys gather in their breeches.  
How can we find words that will  
Remember her without sounding trivial.  
I know I don't know how.

It comes as sure as the next season.  
But I can't find a plausible reason.  
We are infinitesimal,  
But our grief enwraps us all  
In it's breadth.  
Your breath  
Still hangs inside the receiver.  
The leave has it harder than the leaver.