

Andrew Paul Woodworth, Thick Black Mark

In starless skies above the weather I only hide to sleep stretchers.

Another thick black mark upon a thin white heart.

And if I could prove my heart was bigger than my ego.

Could I expect my friends to forgive me for the things that made me wrong?

If my behavior made me better than my thoughts are.

Could I demand that I be counted among the cleanest and the strong, right or wrong?

We're primitive like roses, rocks and shells and the tiny grin of an infant.

I think we sleep too much and starve ourselves of sun.