Astronautalis, Astigmatism

A little kid turns the corner, quick on his feed My vision's no good no more; he's just a smudge in the street The colors blur in my eyes just like ink in the rain The city soaked in its light is slowly washing away

Everything is just a background, waiting to take shape and appear Inside my windshield eyes with Vaseline tears Muffled chuckles and leaky ceilings Hazy coffee stains, collectible keyrings

A scrapbook of snapshots taken in shaky concealment I never trusted my love and her wallpaper feelings There was something so comforting about her uncertain arms There's beauty in danger, there is safety in harm

A five dollar psychic offers bargain predictions Connecting my murdering a mantis to my moderate affliction Once when I was a child I ran to my door upon grabbing the knob I crushed the prostrate bug inside of my palm

I watched his little green frame fall from my hand (I guess his prayers were never answered by God, He'd got the upper hand) Struck blind over time inside flashes in steps We all pay for our sins in the most subtle respects

How quick we forget, how fast the past is washed away Diluted in music, TV, and the talk of the day How slick a little kiss can get her bony hips to block the way Lend the world your ears and they'll just sweet nothing it all away

You made your bed now You must sleep Underneath the sheets

There's something inside this house, footsteps by the couch It's all shade and shadows tracking the suspect silence down It's not the sounds we make, it's all the noises we never hear Old cliches on attraction, raindrops after the weather clears

Tapping fingers for living; counting out the notes
The door ticks when it sits and rattles when clicked closed
Twelve lines, one in the light switch, a chip in the globe
The radiator is always breathing like teeth clenched and lips float

It's more than I bargained for, but nothing I can't handle I learned to listen for the kitchen, hear dust fall on the mantle Everything is done in inches, fingertips, and little skills Nothing is done quickly except tying shoes and electric bills

The relentless drills, constant repetition, the daily grind, Same set of pants put on one leg at a time Every moment is filled with breath and the rest is just fine I never forget my mistakes but sometimes I forget I'm blind