

# Exit, Emergence From Wing To Fingertip

in a forgotten room,  
the tenth day of August  
your voice as crystalline shadows  
with words from your mouth  
i never thought i'd hear again  
"you know i care;  
never tell me i don't"  
drained and lifeless  
without you  
if somehow i could push my way inside of you  
and make it known what you are for me;  
ideal mirror and only brother  
yet you never let me in  
forever outside i'm watching you  
with more depth to this than i have for myself  
and when you say,  
"i know i'll never..."  
know that i'll always,  
and never forget.

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