

Me Without You, Seven Sisters

He made the world a grassy road before our bare, wandering feet,
and crushed the stones into the softest sand between our toes,
but we're wondering where to sleep,
clever words on pages turn to fragments;
Circles, points and lines, and cover them like carpets, with graceful,
meaningless ornamental designs come quick,
you light that knows no evening
Come, alone to the alone!
I have a thousand half-loves well worth leaving for to take your madness home,
you dance inside my chest where no one sees you,
but sometimes I see you
rejoice, the cleansing of my lips
Rejoice, salvation of my soul!
But I still have a thousand half-loves
(Oh my God! I want to shoot myself just thinking about it)
And you think I don't mean what I say?
Well I mean every word I say.
I threw a stone at the reflection of my image in the water,
and it altogether disappeared.
I burst, it shattered through me like a bullet through a bottle,
and I'm expected to believe that any of this is real.