

Poison The Well, Not Within Arms Length

Not within arms length
I'd sever the stars from the sky
and place them in your hands
if I thought another wish / they'd see the light of day
but you stand beyond the sun
Beyond the reach of just a friend
maybe if i grew wings / maybe if you lost yours
these words would flow like water
if you'd let them scrape your heart
Not with in arms length
embedded within my concise effort
a silent cry / I receive no comfort
and as I collapse we remain nothing more than friends
As I hold my breath / a throat full of cement
I'm disgusted by repetition I accept this curse
of friendship / your friend / friendship