

Small Brown Bike, Day And Nightmares

Bend the corners of this dark room that we have built around our lives.
Run around in circles, thinking that we're getting further,
but it hurts to look now.
It's getting hard to sleep.
It's getting hard to breathe.
It's getting hard to figure out just where my senses meet.
So I've crawled up on the couch on this one day off
to figure out which one of us is done.
Take the silence that we keep here to break the tension that surrounds us
and look down towards the ground
to see the swirling dirt make signs like clouds.
It's getting hard to think.
It's getting hard to leave.
It's getting hard to understand just who is going to give.
So I went up to escape from our homeless state
to leave the rest and think about just us.
These day and nightmares fill my thoughts with despair,
but that's not what I think about.
I'm coming home now and it hurts to look down,
but that's not what I think about.