

Small Brown Bike, I Will Bury You In Me

I sit above the rooms of our home.
Expose myself to a loss that I've known.
No clouds exist in this blue sky.
I use my sense for the first time.
My hands hold on to the horizon.
Can't catch my breath, so I stop trying.
This small part of me counts down mathematically.
It will bury me with you.
I am here for just a short time.
You've been gone for this stretch of my life.
Please live through me.
Now this tragedy becomes reality to our family.
I am here for just a short time.
You've been gone for this stretch of my life.
This small part of me counts down mathematically.
It will bury me with you.