

# Blue Foundation, Sweep

The floor you walk on is smooth. There is no ground there.

Magic begins with blood. Outside, there are trees,

With concrete under their roots. But I have passed the tombs of kings,

Regaled them with pacing, checked bins for food and wrappings.

I have scoured the seas for miles, cloaked my face with ash.

My fingertips opening, accepting my time.

The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes

For me, I'm your sorrow

Calling in your dreams

For me, I'm your shadow

Howling in the streets

Tomorrow, I will walk the streets

And steel myself for the familiar. Your eyes

Will not settle, a hunger. You'd be happier in your grave.

When we meet, share stories, you stretch me. I see,

I see a semi-circle of teeth.

The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes

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