

Celestial Season, Comfortable Mess

poetry in her window pane
see our faces in the moonless night
with no need for a spoken word
too afraid to be open now
innocent for as long as silence is our friend

spinning round in my belly wheel
in the garden behind veiled eyes
I'm the boy again, standing in the flood
so in love with the tides

should I save myself from you
and then drown in distant memories
should I give myself to you
or just throw it all away?

poetry in the window pane
her devotion, a mysterious smile
how long will we play this waiting game
how long will we stay on tricky ground
how long will we play this waiting game