

# 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