

Christopher Walla, Our Plans, Collapsing

Our plans, collapsing: Our lives fall apart today,
and we cannot find the words to make it hopeful.
Our understanding brings no solace or repair,
and a storm now gathers hard above our heads
as we fade to sleep in newly single beds.

You cannot be my inspiration and I will not be
your light. I tried to give you everything. You
need to know I live to hold on, to hold on.

If I dreamt a bee sting, when I carved a gaping
wound, you made for me a sling and tied it, truly.

You understood me, and that clearly makes it
hard when I give myself to someone else's home.
You lived with me and now you live alone.

These hands of ours, they were a contract, those
pinholes were our sky. There is no easy way from
here to there; there is no kind consideration in
falling out of love, but bless us both for trying
to be there. So hold on, hold on.

Stories in stories, line between lines; photos,
postcards, and handwritten asides. We are stories
in stories in stories.