

# 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.