

Dear Ephesus, The Absent Sounds Of Me

No sounds yet echoes in the room.

Loud voices telling lies to their own truth.

Here's something for you to write down in your journal.

(Never wanted to be something picturesque).

Here's nothing for you to write down in your journal.

(Never wanted to be something miniscule).

Carry on you're a deaf man you can never believe just what you hear.

(Speaking where there's no words).

Carry on you're a blind man you can never believe just what you see.

(Speaking where there's no words).

Am I a documentary.

I must be a documentary.

Fly fishing across the rivers of Colorado.

Say mother do you think that I'm a man yet.

(Never wanted to be something picturesque).

Say father do you think that I'm a man.

(Never wanted to be something miniscule)