

Facing New York, You Might Not Feel It At All

Doesn't talk much, enters unnoticed by me
like a vapor drifting through the assembly
watching others, let down he is removed
from the masses, knowing not what else to do

he reaches out to her like wind when summer calls
don't change the temperature you might not feel it at all

he writes music and notes roll off of his tongue
like water, thick compared to the blood
of an artist afraid to look at himself,
in the mirror to see if anything is left
and she wants to feel his heartbeat again
but it's hopeless, a ghost, no longer a man

(the whispering you can figure out for fun)