

# Piano Magic, Bad Patient

There's rain on the line between his ear and mine  
Lost in translation, bad patient  
I'm a terrier, a black sheep, half-relation  
He's French, a hack, white, Caucasian  
We fuck in sadness, a cold frustration  
Then we're fine for a while, our hearts adjacent  
He types, I read and we clash on the keys  
He corrects, I direct the bones of the text  
But he's silent, too ill, too fragile, too still and I'm violent and rash, slow down for the crash