

# Stolen Babies, Awful Fall

Seal the door (of which only one lock works)  
What is expected of me now who knows  
With tacks stuck in toes  
Debating on what's likable  
But certainly this isn't home  
Certainly not  
It's not so funny  
Skipping breath, inhaling rope  
It's always just when I need to see  
That the lights flicker and short out on me  
Rootless over-thinkers in the mirror  
One after the other after one after the other  
Taking turns in my behavior  
Taking their turns in my behavior  
It's not so funny  
Skipping breath, exhaling rope  
It's always just when I need to see  
That the lights flicker and short out on me  
I am the best at seeing things  
When the captive worms in the tin are freed  
But begin to lose sight one again  
When the dust is finished settling  
And my friends in this room are weakening  
With their penchant for conditioning  
And their dispositions on a swing  
From the toxins and distracting means  
Just when I need to see, the lights flicker  
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flicker  
It's not so funny, skipping breath  
Inhaling and exhaling rope  
Just when I need to see  
The lights flicker and short out on me  
It's not so funny, it really is such an awful fall