

Temporary Basement, Hallways

Mornings spent
I'm walking past your office cube
Hold my breath in deep
I hope to get a glimpse of you

I'm walking slow
And I make it to my space intact
But the span of day
Is wasted on a worse attack

I start to work
With a blank stare for computer screen
Broken only by
The movement of your arms unseen

Oh my lack of nerve
Introduce myself forget my name
Oh we laugh in pairs
Is this good or bad despite a change?

Hallways we pass
want to
talk but all that comes from me is sound.

Each failed attempt to talk to you
Leave me stutter - to shake - become unglued
I want to, unable, to show you I'm stable

The distance in what I say and mean
Makes me tired from running in your speed
I want to, unable to show you I'm stable!

new excuse
With the Christmas party creeping in
I have tried before
Just to follow up my first instinct

I want to be direct
I want to make this pattern change
Casual - i start to talk with you
But it always just turns out poor

One day with my choices made
You'll spin
your world to me when work is done and gone

maybe in a week or two
i'll be drawn right back to you...