

# Temporary Basement, Two Radios

Your face in sleep□  
Entreats to me  
Ten oceans deep  
one waveless sea

Eyelids flickering  
Two radios speak  
Broadcasting broken  
Frequencies.

Oh I was last to leave  
I was buried deep  
But now I'm home with you  
And home with you I sleep

Breathing glowering  
The windmill brings  
A vacuum pace  
Of patience sings

I wake from cold  
Against your heat  
A break from dream  
Better unsleep

It's home I want  
It's home I choose.