

The Cr, Sleepwalking

Life detaches
much less loved
a taste familiar
but watered down
and each day passes
into the next
like television
flickering unseen.
I breathe
but I don't often think about it
anymore
its become a habit
those embers fragment
that fire was
just a fracture
in the ice.
Do you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Do you hear a voice from my side?
sleepwalking
and poetry
fills an empty room
with science broken
and confused
and my desire...
becomes a pacifier
I need to feel
alive & awake.
Do you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Do you hear a voice from my side?
sleepwalking
something aging
in the water
in the damage
to my soul
the wishing fire
is still alive
and I think his heartbeat
will not die
how can I give
anymore of my life
away...
Do you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Do you hear a voice from my side?
sleepwalking