

The Honorary Title, The Smoking Pose

With the color in your eyes ablaze
Sleeping but awake
Desperately, you're searching for remains
To feed that part of you
Crawling and scratching
Sifting through ashes
Your fingers are blistered
Right down to the filter
The blistering that carved that shape in you all night
With your chin down to your chest
Speech drooling out in a mesh
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of what you mean
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of how you seem
Your eyes were just blatant hints at your elevation
Allowing the two of you, completion
Singe your throat when the door is open
Beneath the smoke that I can see that,
I can see that you have come alive again