

Winter Solstice, The Hampton Roads 4th Annual

even your martyr wears his best suit to this affair
logical reasoning is something you should shoot for
i'll aim for the sky myself

soaring above our city
your heart loses its balance and plummets to this earth
now i walk in circles flipping through old photographs
i've been wounded but not fatally

don't even bother trying to assemble the puzzle
for my compassion is missing
and i'm canceling wishes by the skyful
moving forward i lose track of time and my sense of sight

visit him lord and kiss his cheek for me
and thank him for the glasses
you saved me from his grasp and cleaned all of my wounds

the towel in the ring
alone like yourself

all alone

i sit and read your letters and i force a smile

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i've been wounded but not fatally