

The Fire

Television

Storms all that summer we lived in the wind, out in some room in the wind,
Your hands they were folded. You knew no demands.
My tongue, it clattered like tin, My eyes repeat. They take my seat.
Your eyes they say you resigned from the heat.
We leaned in the cold, holding our breath, watching the corners turn corners.
Coins on the table, the cards in the air, the face at the window kept smiling.
Storms all that winter we stayed locked away.
Waiting. Watching. Falling.
End of the street. Horizon retreats.
You ran with it. I wish I could.
Sleep is not sleep. My eyes repeat.
You take the voltage that watches you weep.
You caught the voice. I listen close.
All I heard was the echoes.
Praise emptiness.
Her rose-colored dress.
Her circling motions.
Praise emptiness.
Everything scattered, nothing was missed.
We took our house in the fire.